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Publisher's Bind.

Radio Romances

FORMERLY

Radio Mirror

JULY

15¢



The Strange Romance of
EVELYN WINTERS

•

THE WAY LOVE FINDS YOU

NAN GREY

HE8690
.R16

Just One Cake of Camay brings you a Softer, Smoother Skin!



There's a softer, more captivating complexion for you—and it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So change today—give up careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions under exact clinical conditions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, smoother complexion.

READ MRS. ERICKSON'S STORY



Courtship fun for Viola and Pat meant long rides over California's high hills—and Viola's skin sparkles fresh as mountain air! "I care for my skin with Camay," she says, "for the very *first* cake I used left it softer and clearer."



Artist and Model: Viola's cream-soft skin, auburn hair, inspire her artist-husband's brush. "I'm going to keep that softer, fresher look in my skin," she avows, "with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." YOU can, too! You'll find full directions on every Camay wrapper.



—the former Viola Gishaas

Mrs. Kilpatrick Erickson

of Hollywood, California

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last and last? Precious war materials go into soap.

Publisher's Binding

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
FEB 6 1946

COPY
GIFT

"You're a big help!"



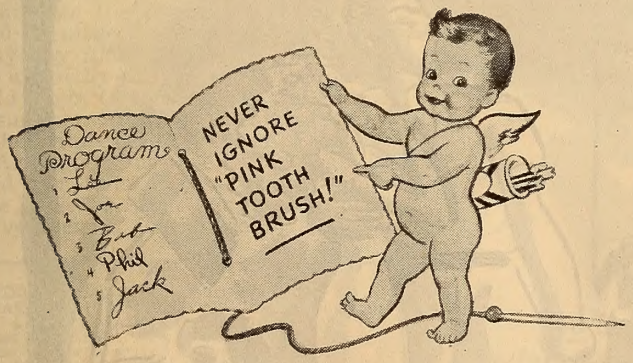
GIRL: Maybe I'm not a cover girl, Cupid. But it's moonlight. It's a party. And where's my date? Inside talking politics, that's where!

CUPID: Oh?

GIRL: Yes! And what're you doing about it? *Nothing!*

CUPID: How about *you*, Honey? What'd *you* do to keep him here? Did you turn on your sparkling-est smile? No! Did—

GIRL: Pardon, Cupid. But *my* sparkling-est smile is *no sparkler*. I brush my teeth, but—



CUPID: No sparkle, huh, Sis? And, lately, "pink" on your tooth brush? Right . . . ? *Right!* And what d'you *do* about it? *Nothing!* You just go gleeping along day after day with dull teeth! Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist!*

GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Sugar. See yours now. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But what's that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Lots! Because Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. And massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that keeps your date from talking politics at parties! Get going, Child!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

R R

JULY, 1945

Radio Romances

FORMERLY Radio Mirror

VOL. 24, NO. 2

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director
DORIS McFERRAN, Editor
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ON THE COVER—Nan Grey, NBC Actress
Kodachrome by Tom Kelley

ADVERTISEMENT



"They say he drinks only Pepsi-Cola."

Did You Know?

Fashion Futures—More clothes for us ordinary mortals, fewer for the girls who are able to buy at "sky's the limit" prices—that's what the government's new textile program will mean to us. The purpose is to channel about two-thirds of the fabric supplies into low- and medium-priced clothing, and you'll find the effects of the program beginning to show this autumn. . . .

Food Futures—When you go to your soda fountain this summer, you'll drink milk and like it—at least, part of the time. There are going to be fewer soft drinks in the coming hot spells, but there'll be more chocolate milk. That's because chocolate milk takes less sugar than fizzy mixes, and milk, too, has a priority on the things needed for distribution—tires, trucks and gas. . . . As ingenious as a Rube Goldberg cartoon, and not nearly so complicated, is the new self-heating soup can. It's been tried out by the Army, and the little invention not only provided a hot meal, but doubled nicely as a small, portable radiator to carry in pockets and against which to warm cold-stiffened fingers. Not for us now, but definitely for us when the war's over. . . . Canning food is just as important a kitchen-front task this year as last. Nearly half the canned vegetables we civilians ate last year, and about two-thirds of the canned fruit we consume, were put up in our own kitchens—and if we're to continue to feed ourselves as well this year, we'll have to equal or better this record. . . .

Furniture and Furnishing Futures—The same thing is happening in the furniture business as in clothing—that is, the government is attempting to stimulate the production of lower-priced furniture. (And if you've tried to buy any furniture lately, you know what a worthy project this is!) Results should begin to show up by the end of the summer. Another furniture item, for the future—longer beds! Soldiers, the Army tells us, are taller than in World War I, and they've taken a fancy to the longer, no-feet-hanging-out beds they've seen in foreign countries. . . .

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He didn't forget to kiss you, honey!



You are the one who forgot—to keep yourself nice to be near!

IF KISSES were rationed they couldn't be scarcer. But she doesn't dream it's her own fault. Poor, puzzled wife! *Foolish* wife—to trust just her bath alone instead of topping it off with safe, dependable Mum.

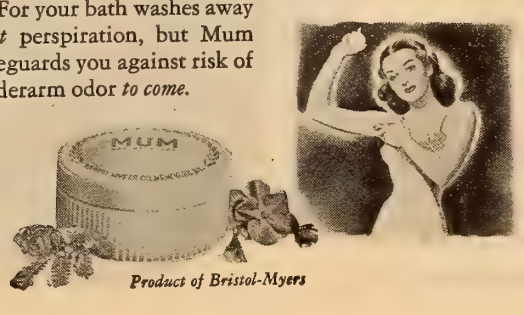
For your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum safeguards you against risk of underarm odor *to come.*

So take just 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. Then you will be free all day or evening from fear of offending. Free from the fault men don't forgive.

Mum guards charm. And charm and romance go together like love-birds. Ask for Mum today. (Note: You can use Mum even *after* you're dressed. Quick, safe, sure—Mum will not injure fabrics or irritate your skin.)

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Plan for Perfection

"I'M NOT an old hand at having babies," says pretty Joy Hathaway, who is Amanda, heard daily at 11 A.M. EWT on CBS. "But I do have two children—Charles Francis Kenny, Jr., who is five, and John Allen Kenny, one year old.

"And I have a theory. I really believe that if a girl plans her beauty for those nine months as carefully as a manager plans a career for a promising young radio star, chances are good for her looking lovelier than she's ever looked. She'll feel better—kept so busy, so interested, that her baby will arrive, cooing and being a cherub, before she or her husband know it."



But a plan for regular check-ups at the doctor's and dentist's, proper diet, more fresh air and stricter attention to grooming and correct make-up pay dividends for *any* girl who wants GLAMOUR for her middle name.

We're told we are what we eat and so is the baby. It's now a question of what's good for him, not what you happen to like. Gals who shunned milk before drink it now. And that goes for eggs, raw vegetables, fruits, liver and the special foods and pills your doctor may prescribe. Don't be surprised if you end up eating all these good things the rest of your life because they gave your eyes a sparkle, your hair a gloss, your health and heart a song they never sang before—to say nothing of that robust baby.

You'll ask your doctor early about exercise. And you'll follow his suggestions because you'll want your figure back after the baby comes and because fresh air and good muscle tone keep your insides and outsides looking and feeling their best.

If this is your first baby, you'll be amazed at how much sleep you'll want. A nap in the afternoon with cream on your face, feet propped up, windows open, is restorative to body and beauty. In fact, a siesta for everyone would be a good thing.

Your husband, your friends, everybody will take their hats off to you and practically ignore your forward-traveling waistline if you'll keep them looking at your bright, pretty, happy face. For your plan to be a Beauty Expecting a Baby calls, too, for emphasis on hair, eyes, skin.



Really brush your hair. Shampoo it more thoroughly. Try a tinted rinse, a new hair style. Take better care of your skin than ever, with more soap and water and softening creams. Glamourize it with a good creamy foundation — nothing drying. Your eyes register the state of your health, your happiness at all times—but especially now. So even if you've been spasmodic in your use of eye make-up, don't let even the butcher or baker see you without it, skilfully applied. In pregnancy, some women develop a "look," an expression around their eyes which is a dead give-away. Proper eye make-up does loads to camouflage this tell-tale look.

Absolute cleanliness from top to toe is a must—as is an even stricter observance of daintiness. Since some skins become drier during this period, follow tub or shower with a good lubricating cream or lotion applied all over.

It all adds up to working harder for beauty and good-grooming, but when people tell you, "You were never lovelier," aren't you going to be glad you made the effort?

If you continue working or have to see a lot of people, you'll probably be happier in dark colors . . . even in warm weather. Confine your gaiety, your splurge of color and decorative touches to a whopping big bow, bright flowers, frothy lingerie touches at your neckline. Good-size earrings, a very feminine hat, becoming coiffure and glamour make-up keep eyes on your pretty face. A mandarin-type jacket in a color meant for you is a gay eye-deceiver. But peanut-size hats, bold prints, dirndls, dresses with gathers or fullness smack in the middle front won't help you a bit.



You can, asserts Joy Hathaway, be both a mother and a pretty girl — she herself proves it!

"What had I said to him? . . what had I done?"



This was the night I had dreamed about for weeks . . . the gay places we would go . . . the sweetness of seeing him for three whole days on his first furlough since our love-at-first-sight meeting. And now, what a rude awakening! Home before midnight, after an evening which began romantically enough and then grew strained and different! What had I said to him? . . . what could I have done to change his attitude from one of warmth and admiration to cool indifference?

Never Take a Chance

When a woman attracts one day and repels the next, something must be wrong. The answer in this case, as in so many, many others, was halitosis (bad breath). This social offense puts one in the worst possible light, nips many a romance in the bud.

Since you, yourself, may not realize when your breath is "that way" . . . why not take a sensible precaution against it? . . . Why not use Listerine night and morning and between times, before social engagements when you want to be at your best? Listerine Antiseptic helps to make your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

If you would be pleasing to others never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your daily toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for Oral Hygiene

P. S. *Your money buys less today, so spend it wisely. You must try the new Listerine Tooth Paste.*

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast
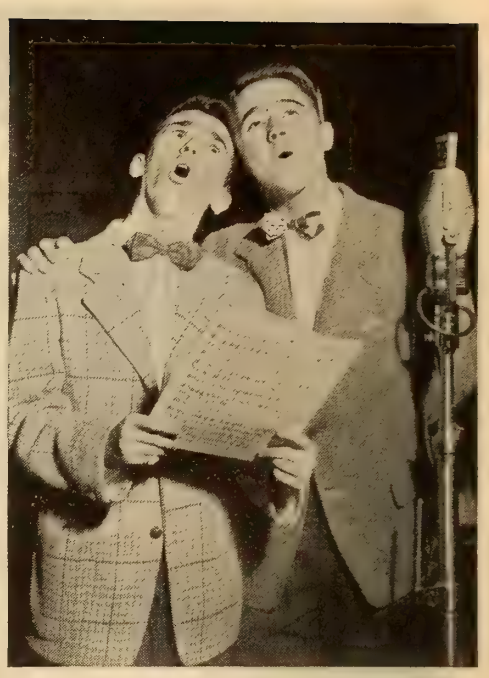
By DALE BANKS



It might be food, but it's more likely gags that Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore are cooking up for their Friday night CBS show.



Norma Jean Ross, whose face sparkles the way her voice does, is a busy NBC actress.



As though CBS' Aldrich Family hasn't troubles enough already, Jackie Kelk and Dick Jones, who play Homer and Henry, sing, too!

WE'VE been boosting the Army Service Forces Radio Unit for a couple of months, now. We're not taking back any of the raves, either. But it's time to give a little credit to the boys and girls who do the acting on the shows, too.

They get air credit, of course. But you don't know this about them—and you should. Regulars on the Radio Unit shows like Myron McCormick, Frances Chaney, Martin Wolfson, Frank Lovejoy and Joan Banks are very busy actors and actresses. They're always on demand for the biggest commercial shows on the air. But every one of these people is so wholeheartedly behind the Army shows and what they're trying to get across, that they'll give up a commercial job any time to perform for the Radio Unit.

Maybe it's because of what these shows are trying to do—to bring the war home to all of us, to make us feel what our boys are feeling, to make us understand what they have been through so we'll know how to treat them when they come home—maybe it's because these actors don't need this sort of thing. Martin Wolfson, for instance has had several of his closest friends killed in action. Frances Chaney's husband, David Lardner, was killed shortly after D-Day in France.

Maybe it's the way these people feel when they read their lines that gives the punch to the shows. And maybe that's something we can understand.

* * *

It's about time for the Andrews sisters to disappear from their usual haunts. They're among the busiest people in radio and the theatre and movies. They're hopping around all the time from studio to movie studio to personal appearances to recording dates and back again over the whole routine.

But three weeks out of the year nothing can touch. There's a little suburb called Mound, outside of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and that's the place the girls still call home. And that's the place they head for regularly every year for three weeks. Three weeks of rest with their family and all their old friends. And when they say nothing can interfere with this three weeks, they mean it. Last year, their manager, Lou Levy, had to cancel a movie deal for them, because the starting date of the picture would have interrupted their stay at Mound before the allotted three weeks was up.

* * *

GOING PLACES: Add to the growing list of NBC page boys who've stepped along up the names of John Gorman and William Malcolm.

John Gorman is a winner of the Purple Heart for wounds received at Anzio and has been working at NBC since his discharge. He and William Malcolm attended an audition for announcers given by Pat Kelly, supervisor of announcers, did their stuff and no longer have to wear the page boy uniforms. They're junior NBC announcers, now.

* * *

Odd notions strike people sometimes. Like Bill Stern and Betty Grable making a whacky promise to give one another a plug in their next pictures. And they've carried out their pact—with trimmings.

Betty worked off her promise in the filming of "Three Jills in a Jeep." At one point in the picture she said, "And now I will dedicate my next song to Sgt. Bill Stern, somewhere overseas." And a very "Sad Sack"-looking GI was picked to bear Stern's name.

Which may account for the way Bill carried out his end of the bargain. Bill does the commentary in a newsreel that's out now. In it a soldier is shown getting a pin-up picture of Betty. But—the photograph shows the glamour girl with her hair very much down and her tongue sticking out.

* * *

Have you been listening on Saturday afternoons at 1 o'clock to the Veterans Aid program over NBC? It's a good idea, especially if you have anyone in the service. You owe it to your GI to know as much as he does—maybe more than he has time to find out—about what he's got coming to him according to the laws that have been passed—and which will continue to be passed until all the problems posed by the war have been solved. And any questions you may have to ask about your own GI's status and rights will be answered by Tyrrell Krum. Listen in.

* * *

Vivian Barry told us the other day how she got her first real break on Broadway. Vivian plays Beth Nolan in the Just Plain Bill show.

It was twelve years ago. Vivian walked into her first audition—a singing role in "Of Thee I Sing." She walked on the stage, which was empty except for a man sitting at the piano.

"I'll accompany myself," Vivian told him offhandedly.

When she finished, the man who'd been sitting at the piano said, "You're hired," and smiled at her. It wasn't until a week later that Vivian discovered the man was George Gershwin—the composer of the music for the show.

* * *

Letter to Your Serviceman—a local New York show over WJZ, which many of you have never heard—has been televized expressly for the entertainment of servicemen in hospitals in the Metropolitan area.

It's a good show. It's too bad it has

(*Continued on page 8*)



Like velvety gardenias... like muted music... your soft, lovely hands spell romance.

So always, always keep your hands appealing. It's so much simpler when you guard them the Trushay way.

Before every household task, smooth on this new-idea, "beforehand" lotion. It's lush, fragrant, creamy... a joy to use.

And Trushay helps prevent rough dryness... guards lovely hands, even in hot, soapy water. Try it today.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

TO THE DAINTY BELONG THE MEN



STAY

Sweet and Lovely

WITH THE COOL ALLURING FRAGRANCE OF MAVIS

No man will ever forgive lack of daintiness. So keep sweet with Mavis Talcum, after your bath. Mavis leaves skin fragrant, pretty, cool; your whole body dainty. Keep truly lovely, the Mavis way!

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis on your skin, too!



The same delightful MAVIS fragrance in Talc Mit, 69¢ and $1.00 Dusting Powder with Puff $1.00

MAVIS *talcum*

FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢

All prices plus tax

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., *Distributors*

(*Continued from page 6*)

a local sponsor. Many of you would enjoy it and many of you would like to take advantage of the weekly letter that Bert Bacharach reads on the program. A newsy letter, full of little items about life around these parts, gossip that will cheer the boys and make them feel a part of things back home. The letter is available for you to mail out to your servicemen—all you have to do is write to Bacharach at WJZ, the New York station of the Blue Network. That's the American Broadcasting Company, Rockefeller City, New York.

* * *

The Apartment Shortage is getting so bad that a man can't tell whether his friends love him for himself alone, any more, or for the sake of the roof he hangs over his head, according to Jimmy Brown, until recently Guy Lombardo's vocalist. No sooner had word got around that Jimmy had received his notice to appear for his pre-induction physical examination than his telephone was busy day and night. Everyone he had ever known, it seemed, had to talk to him—BUT—it was mostly to put in first bid for his apartment in Queens.

* * *

Joan Merrill has a standing order with a Hollywood recording company to wax every song and line of dialogue she sings and says on the air. That's her way of visiting with her husband, Lt. Tex Seeger, who's stationed in the Pacific with the Navy.

When Tex left home, he took every record Joan had ever made with him. Now, she keeps him supplied with everything new she does. She waits until she has a half dozen recordings and then mails them all at once, along with a recorded Letter From Home.

It's a nice idea. Too bad lots of the rest of us can't do the same. The boys would probably love it—just to hear the voices they love and remember so vaguely in the din of battle.

* * *

We love those Quiz Kids. Young Harve Fischman was in New York recently and went to see the hit play "Harvey." After the show Harve went backstage to meet Frank Fay, who gives such a rave-inviting performance. Fay immediately introduced Harve to Harvey, the imaginary rabbit that's responsible for all the hilarity in the play. Nothing daunted, Harve bowed solemnly to the invisible rabbit and said, "I'd certainly like to see more of you."

* * *

Talking about the Quiz Kids reminds us of Joe Kelly, their quizmaster on the show. A swell character, Joe. And sometimes we have a good bit of sympathy for the spot he's in.

Joe, you see, stopped going to school when he was eight years old. It must be kind of tough on him on those occasions when the bright kids bring out answers that aren't written on the cards that Joe shuffles around during a broadcast.

Joe's father died when he was eight and Joe went into show business as a boy soprano to help support his mother. When Joe was the age of the Quiz Kids, he was traveling around the country as "The Irish Nightingale." Verbs, nouns and adjectives were things he'd never heard about. He learned arithmetic by figuring out his hotel bills. His knowledge of geography came from traveling through the Middle West.

When Joe was 11, he joined Neil O'Brien's Minstrels. There was a sixteen-piece orchestra and Joe made $75 a week for singing and wearing a splendid purple satin suit. He was a sensation and rode in the daily parade in a carriage drawn by two white horses. Everyone else in the show walked. This happy state of affairs continued for two years. Then one dire day Joe woke up without his lovely soprano voice. He woke up without any voice, at all, in fact.

Sadly, Joe returned to Indianapolis and became an office boy. During noon hours he learned piano by listening to the girls in the sheet music department of the five and ten cent store pounding out popular tunes. He couldn't read a note of music—and still can't—but he organized his own band and called it "Kelly's Klowns."

This was hot stuff and they got plenty of bookings for awhile. At 17 Joe gave



The cigarette shortage problem is attacked by George "Gabby" Hayes and Dewey "Alamo" Markham, of the Andrews Sisters Blue show.



Master of comedy Harold Lloyd stars in NBC's Comedy Theater, heard Sunday nights, 10:30, EWT.

up his career as a band leader and went into stock, playing with road companies until his marriage in 1923.

That made him settle down a bit. He settled down in Benton Harbor, Michigan, selling pianos and Victrolas. Later, he became a warehouse foreman and clothing store manager. Joe broke into radio in Battle Creek. He and Jack Holden—now an announcer, but who was then studying for the ministry—formed a comedy singing team, "The Two Lunatics of the Air." For six half hour shows a week, their dairy company sponsor paid the team $12 and all the milk they could drink.

Eleven years ago, Joe went to Chicago as a staff announcer for station WLS. He opened the station at 4 A.M. and closed it at midnight. Then, he was chosen as the emcee for the National Barn Dance show—and he's kept that job for ten years.

He got his job on the Quiz Kid show because he could keep the kids at ease before the mikes, when other people made them freeze up.

He's a good guy, this Joe Kelly.

* * *

People are never satisfied—which is probably a good thing for progress. Take Mary Small, radio's "little girl with the great big voice." She's not satisfied with her success in radio. And she gets almost more kick out of the checks she gets for her stories than she does out of her regular pay envelope which is much bigger. She's just sold her second story for $108.50 and is very proud indeed. Her first story sold for $25—so maybe she's got reason for feeling proud. Personally, we wish her all the luck in the world with the words.

* * *

If you've ever tussled with a telephone operator who wouldn't give you an unlisted number, you'll know how Danny O'Neill felt a while back.

Seems that Martin Block called Danny to talk over signing him for the Music That Satisfies show, but Danny was out. Block left his phone number. When Danny got home, he reached for the phone immediately, only to find that one of the numbers in Block's phone number was missing. Danny called Information, of course, only to hear that Block's phone number could not be given out.

Followed a hectic session. Danny was shifted from operator to operator—a

Are you in the know?



What would you do about this back view?

☐ *Wear a shawl*
☐ *Go informally*
☐ *Make up the difference*

If *your* swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it. Be fastidious about your *daintiness*, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a *deodorant*.

Yes, now there's a deodorant safely locked inside each Kotex. The deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this new Kotex "extra" helps keep you dainty, confident.



Is the pattern of this sport jacket a—

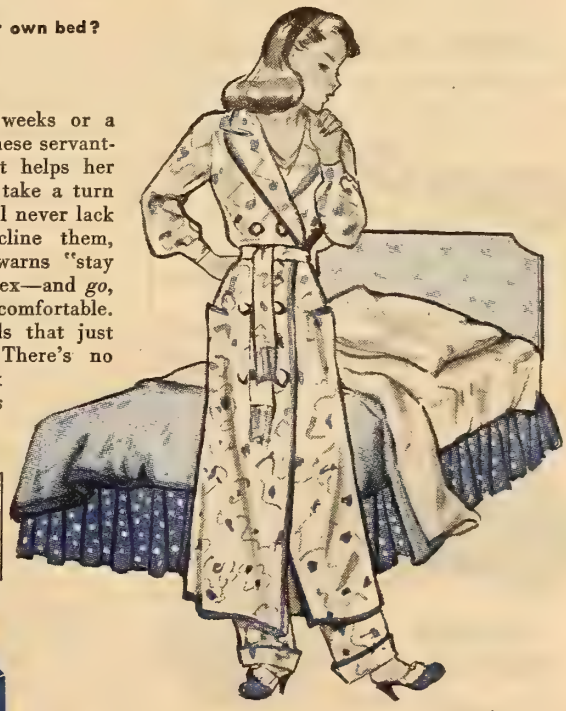
☐ *Gun Club Check*
☐ *Glen Plaid*
☐ *Herringbone*

Notice your date's new duds! He's probably duked up just for you. So if his jacket is a Gun Club Check (as above), show him you know. Boys, too, need reassuring. As for you, sometimes reassurance comes from just being worry-free. Like when you have the confidence that Kotex sanitary napkins give. With Kotex you risk no revealing outlines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. And you get *extra* protection with that patented *safety center* of Kotex!

Should a house-guest make her own bed?

☐ *Yes*
☐ *No*

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is *yes*, these servantless days. A thoughtful guest helps her hostess. Make your bed . . . take a turn with the dishes . . . and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and *go*, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. Kotex is the napkin that actually *stays soft while wearing!*



Now—A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

NEVER TRIED MIDOL?
It's my "periodic pick-up!"



This month, give Midol a chance to keep you brighter . . . more active . . . enjoying life at the time when menstruation's functional cramps, headache and blues might have you miserable.

Take Midol at the first twinge of pain. See how swiftly it acts to relieve your suffering. And *trust* these effective tablets; Midol's comfort does not depend on opiates. Millions of girls and women rely on it regularly as a "periodic pick-up." Ask for Midol at any drugstore.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

Bottle Colic
guard your baby against it
EXCLUSIVE Pyrex Patented Air Vent prevents nipple collapse, guards against your baby swallowing air.
GUARANTEED chill-and-heat-resistant.
PYREX BRAND NURSING BOTTLES

Here's the perfect gift!



MENNEN BABY BOX-$1
Contains the finest-
50¢ Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil and two 25¢ Mennen Baby Powder





John W. Vandercook, whose crisp, authentic news comments come to you weekdays, 7:15 P.M. EWT, NBC.

little practice known as passing the buck—until he was pretty desperate and explained to the umpteenth one that it was very important and might mean his losing the best job he ever had in his life. The little lady was very sympathetic, but she might lose the best job she'd ever had in her life, too, if she broke the rules.

But she was a little lady with ideas. She suggested to Danny that they play Numbers. Get it? Without breaking the rules, Danny was able to get the information he needed. Danny got Block on the phone—and he got the job.

"That girl should have studied law," Danny said, "at least, she wouldn't have to waste any time learning about how to find loopholes."

* * *

The war certainly plays havoc with the cast of radio shows, especially the ones that require youth. A Date With Judy is typical. Oogie, Judy's heart-throb, was originally played by Jimmy Smith. Smith was called into the Army and Dick Crenna took over the part. Now, Smith's been released from the Army—and—Dick Crenna's been taken in. Jimmy's back on the show.

* * *

Patricia Bowman, who directs the Aunt Jenny's Stories show, is wondering whether life is becoming less strenuous for the Fifth Army these days. She just got a letter from a WAC stationed in Italy, asking for details about writing scripts for the program. P.S. The WAC got the details.

* * *

Much as they belong together now, George Burns and Gracie Allen didn't start out on their careers together. Did you know that? Gracie was one-fourth of a vaudeville team known as the singing "Allen Sisters." George's first job was as a member of the Pee Wee Quartet, which sang at political dinners and rallies.

We like stories of early beginnings. (As if you couldn't tell that after reading a few of these columns!)

Back in 1939, Arch Oboler was very little more than a name in the Chicago telephone directory. Nazimova, that great lady of the theatre, had heard vaguely of him, however, and someone had sold her on the idea that he was a budding genius. She asked him to write a radio play for her.

And Oboler proved he was a genius, all right—in more ways than one. He not only wrote an original play for Nazimova and sold it to her. He also sold her on the idea of playing in it for the union minimum—21 dollars.

* * *

Our favorite mystery show for a long time has been Casey, Press Photographer. We like it because the people talk like human beings and there aren't any phony gimicks. Even Ethelbert, the whimsical bartender, sounds real. He sounds like a corny philosopher, instead of like an actor making fun of a corny person—of whom, leave us face it, there are many.

* * *

Hit Parade or no Hit Parade, Sammy Kaye says that in all the time his swing and sway band has been in existence, three tunes keep cropping up among the requests he gets: "Easter Parade," "Stardust" and "Begin the Beguine."

* * *

Morton Downey likes to remember back to the days when he had to use



Ed East and Polly brighten the morning with their NBC comedy show, heard daily at 9:00, EWT.

subterfuge in order to get a job. Downey was with Paul Whiteman's band then and the manager of one of the theatres they played wouldn't pay $75 a week for just a singer. So Downey used to hold a dummy saxophone and pretend he was playing it. When the time came for the vocals, he'd put down the sax and start singing.

He still can't play one note on a sax.

* * *

Major Bowes' Amateur Hour has proved to be a stepping stone to a brilliant career for several talented people, now. Baritone Robert Merrill, one of the two young men to win this year's coveted Metropolitan Auditions of the Air Award—which means a contract with the Opera company and a cash prize of $1,000 for further study—is the sixth graduate of the Amateur Hour to win his way to that Mecca of all singers—the Metropolitan.

Bob Merrill first contacted the Major about nine years ago and won a place for himself in one of the traveling units. He says that the year or so of singing with the unit was invaluable to him in his career. He feels it gave him stage presence, added to his repertoire and—"set him on his feet musically."

Don't ever make the mistake Ted Malone did. It's costing Ted 100 francs for having bet with an American Colonel in Europe that there was no such fowl as a gooney bird. It would seem that there are such birds. As a result of Ted's mentioning his bet on the air, to show how smart he was, no doubt, he's received hundreds of letters from people who have seen the birds in their native habitat, Midway Island.

* * *

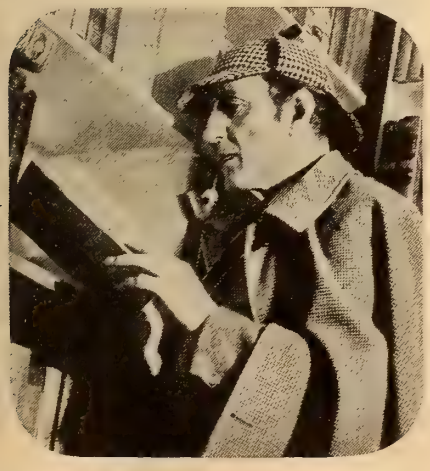
The movies had their Lon Chaney—radio has his counterpart. He's Allen Drake. Drake's most famous stunt with his trick voice was the "running travelogue" he did on a recent network show. He made a scriptual journey to all parts of the world—and used twenty different dialects in five minutes.

* * *

Pity poor Ed East. Because of the difficulty of getting maids, Ed had to give up his hobby. Ed used to be a tropical fish fancier—but no more. He had to give his fish away because cleaning up the fish tanks left such a trail of sand all over the kitchen floor that the maid threatened to leave. And that Polly couldn't have. So, Ed's fine finned friends lost their happy home.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL AROUND. . . . Ralph Edwards, emcee of that zany Truth and Consequences show, has received two bids from movie companies to star in comedy roles. . . . Guy Lombardo headed for Hollywood in the Fall to make a picture for MGM. This will be his third movie. . . . Sigmund Romberg and a 45-piece orch will summer substitute for Hildegarde's Raleigh Room show. . . . The new orchestra leader on Mutual's Double or Nothing is Victor Pelle, recently discharged from the Army with a Purple Heart to his credit. . . . Fritz Kreisler has signed a contract to appear on four broadcasts in the 1945-46 Telephone Hour season. . . . Gertrude Lawrence is using "I Want Someone Beside Me Beside Myself," the Milton Berle tune, in her entertainment program overseas. . . . The "Tall Tales" submitted by ailing servicemen and featured on the Kate Smith show will probably be compiled into a book in the near future. . . . The Army Hour is the only radio program that really wants to go off the air. Much as we like the shows—we would also like to see them off the air. Because that would mean the war is over. . . .



Basil Rathbone, armed with hat and pipe, ventures forth on one of Holmes' Adventures, on Mutual.



Exciting!

says Mrs. Charles Boyer—glamorous wife of the screen's leading romantic actor

MRS. CHARLES BOYER:

SMART MODERN MAKE-UP is a "must" for a wife who wants to hold the screen's leading romantic actor. Your exciting new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks are just what my lips were waiting for. And for super-excitement I choose that rich dark Tangee Red-Red.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

YES, MRS. BOYER, my new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks really are going places... they're going on the smartest lips in America. You'll find, also, that these heavenly colors have a perfectly delightful habit of staying on for many extra hours. There's no run... no smear. Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish insures lips that are not too dry—not too moist... lips with a soft, satin-smooth radiance that works wonders for your charm... In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

R
R



Stronger Grip

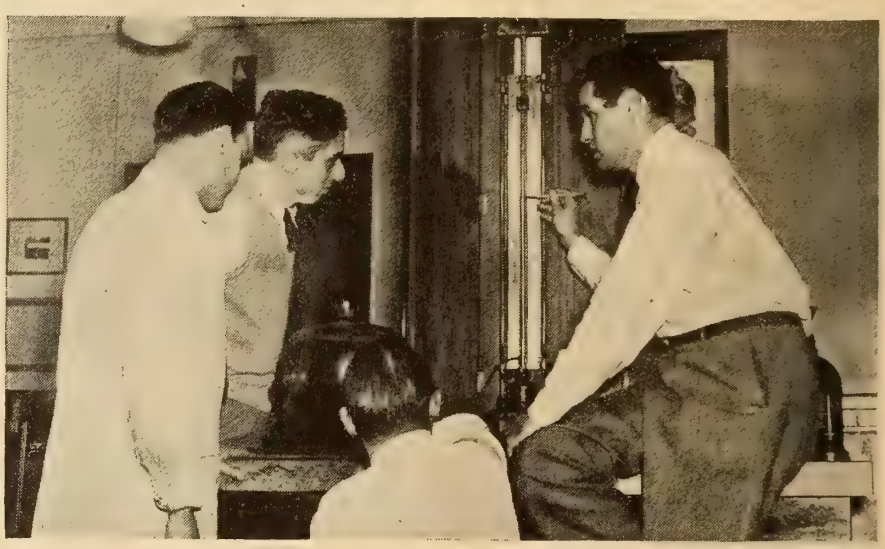


Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

Singer Jack Smith's day-by-day routine is not a blueprint for a lazy man's life. Besides his radio chores, he doubles as an instructor in aircraft instruments—making two full-time jobs!





Huttons everywhere—this one's Marion, of the cast of CBS' Romance, Rhythm and Ripley.

FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

DON'T be surprised if two of bandom's most famous married couples turn up with their own coast to coast network sponsored shows. Advertising agency representatives have been in serious huddles with Alice Faye and Phil Harris, Betty Grable and Harry James.

If these deals materialize, Harris may seek his release from the Jack Benny show and Harry James may ask to leave the Danny Kaye show.

* * *

Well, you won't hear Judy Garland on the air this season with her own show. After days of conferences, the singer, now enjoying her biggest popularity thanks to "Meet Me In St. Louis," could not convince Louis B. Mayer, her movie boss, that it would be a good idea. Judy even had a sponsor waiting. But MGM, fretful about Judy's health being impaired by too much work, and also sore because she wouldn't sign a new five-year contract, turned the bid down.

* * *

Handsome Jerry Wayne's Blue network show is such a success that his sponsor has rewarded the tall baritone with a new contract. On the domestic side, however, Jerry is not so lucky. He and his wife are legally separated and there's little hope of a reconciliation.

* * *

Black market operators in phonograph records are trying to peddle priceless Command Performance transcriptions of the memorable overseas transmission that pitted Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra in a hilarious song competition.

* * *

Deanna Durbin is the next likely movie singing candidate for a big time network show.

* * *

It's probable that by the time you read this Johnny Johnston and his cigarette sponsor have kissed and made up.

* * *

When Frank Sinatra had dinner recently in an Italian restaurant in New York, he escaped the adoring throng outside the bistro by sneaking out through the kitchen, but Bernie Woods, Frankie's friend and music editor of "Variety," got pushed around by the fans. Bernie wears bow ties, looks almost as anemic as Frankie, and in the brownout, it was difficult for the kids to tell poor Bernie from their idol.

* * *

Kate Smith back at Lake Placid for the summer months. She continues her noontime commentaries direct from her island paradise.

The town is talking about Benny Goodman's new-found ability to unbend when on a stage. Usually quiet and stiff, the master of the clarinet has suddenly revealed a pleasing personality and a gift of gab. Incidentally Benny's new band, featuring Red Norvo and Teddy Wilson, is the finest thing in the country.

* * *

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard are barnstorming one night stands until their all-comedy show returns to CBS.

* * *

JACK SMITH OF ALL TRADES

"Doubling in Brass" is an old show business term applying to multi-talented troupers who are proficient in more than one endeavor.

Jack Smith who looks and sings like an All-American, and is featured on two top network shows, The Family Hour and Gaslight Gayeties, has taken this axiom, turned it inside out and given it a practical wartime flavor.

"Today my singing, although pleasant and profitable, is not my important job. It has to take second place," explains Jack.

Jack is an instructor at the New York School of Aircraft Instruments, having graduated from a student. He has been at it for three years. For five days and three evenings each week, the six-foot, brown-haired West Coaster trains men in the construction, repair and maintenance of the various gadgets found in the cockpits of today's planes.

"Right now most of our trainees are honorably discharged servicemen seeking rehabilitation."

Jack's day-by-day routine was not blueprinted by a lazy man. It's a tough grind. I asked Jack for a typical day's routine.

The singer is at the school at 9 a.m. and keeps busy there until 11:45. While the students knock off for lunch, he hustles to Radio City for a noon Glamour Manor broadcast. He goes on "cold," sings two songs without benefit of dress rehearsal. A quick double malted and then he's back at the school by 12:30. At 4 p.m. he shoots back to the radio studio for rehearsals of his night time airings. By 5:30 he has dined with his attractive red-



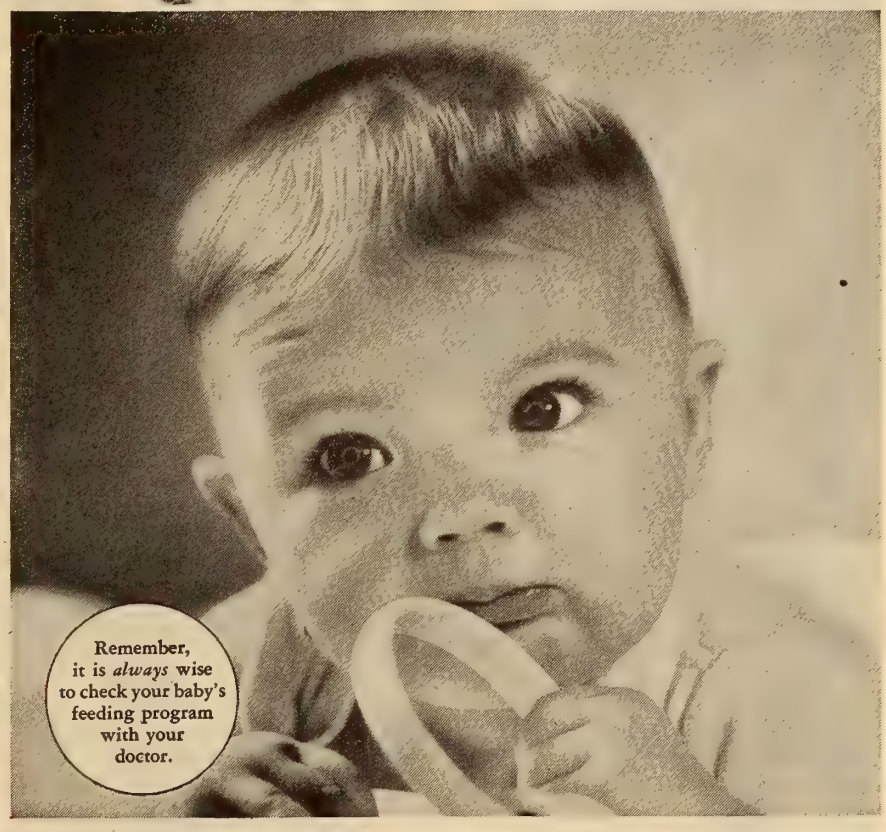
KP for Corporal George Montgomery, with assistance from his singing wife, Dinah Shore.



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Someone asked me why we call the Gerber baby "America's Best-Known Baby". This little fellow appeared on our early packages, and in 17 years he has become famous all over the country.

Mrs Dan Gerber



Well-fed— I know all about that!

It's just natural for Gerber babies to look well-fed and healthy! For Gerber's Baby Foods bring babies these four advantages: (1) Cooked the Gerber way *by steam,* to retain precious minerals and vitamins. (2) Famous for smooth, uniform texture. (3) Made to taste *extra* good. (4) Laboratory-checked at every step.

Your baby, like millions of other American babies, will do well on Gerber's!

Baby cereals with precious iron

Many babies, three months or more after birth, are apt to be short of precious iron. Gerber's *Cereal Food* and Gerber's *Strained Oatmeal* are especially made for babies and, for that reason, have generous amounts of added iron and vitamins of the B complex as a help to baby's well-being. Both cereals are pleasant tasting —both are pre-cooked, ready-to-serve with milk or formula, hot or cold.



Be sure to get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package

Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

Baby Foods

Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

15 kinds of Strained Foods, 8 kinds of Chopped Foods

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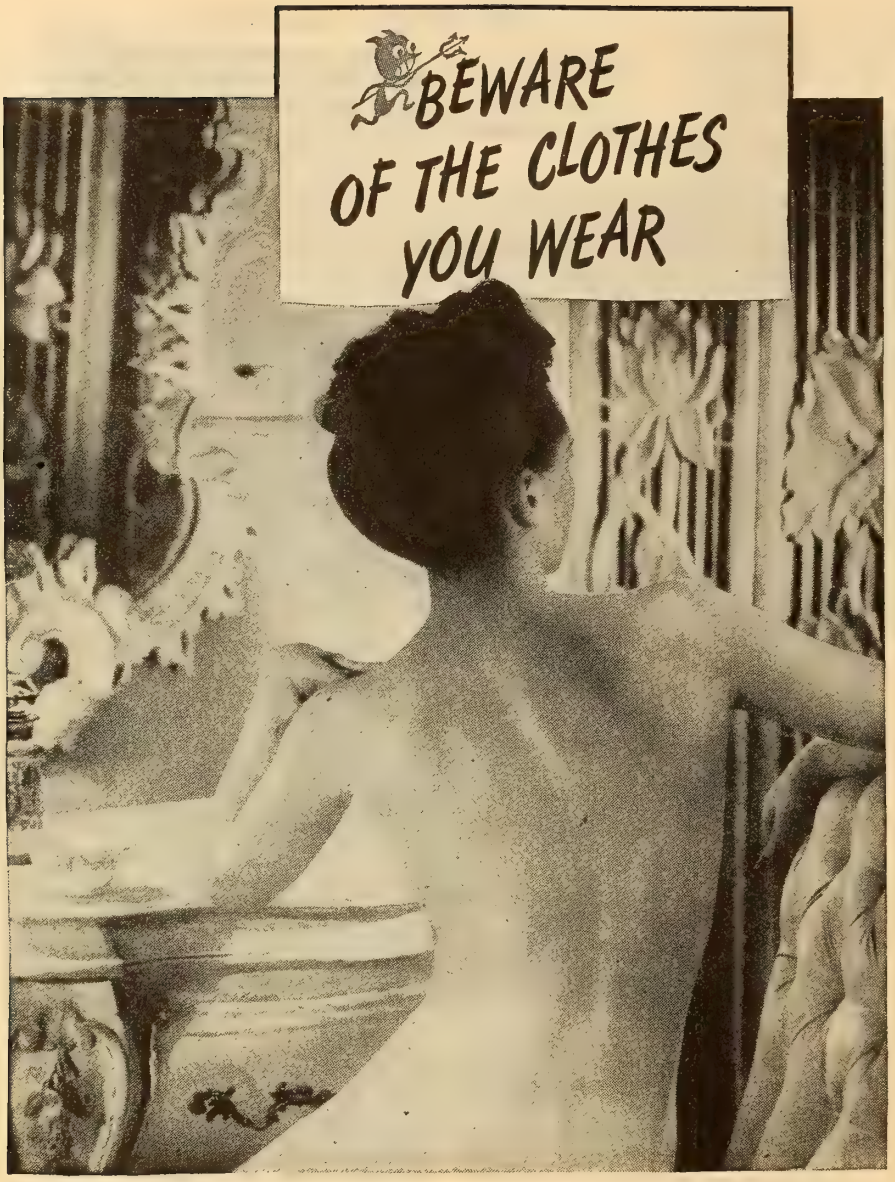
Free sample .....

My baby is now ..... months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. W7-5, Fremont, Michigan

Name.....

Address..... *City and State*.....



Protect your natural SWEET SELF with NEW ODO·RO·NO CREAM DEODORANT

It's true. The same pretty clothes that enhance your many physical charms, endanger your most *precious* charm—the feminine daintiness that is *naturally* yours. Because all clothes catch and hold under-arm perspiration odor!

Stop this threat before you dress with fast-acting, long-lasting ODORONO, the new cream deodorant that goes to work to protect you *faster than you can slip on your slip.*

New, soothing, smoothing ODORONO CREAM contains science's most effective perspiration stopper . . . protects up to three days. Doesn't irritate skin (even after shaving). Prevents perspiration stains, will not harm fine fabrics. No waiting to dry. Doesn't turn gritty in jar.

So before you think of what dress to wear . . . think of your Sweet Self and use immediately new, snowy white ODORONO.

39¢ Also 59¢ & 10¢ (Plus 20% Federal Tax)



BE JUST AS SWEET AFTER YOU DRESS WITH
ODO·RO·NO

haired wife, Victoria, and braces himself for the evening schedule. This includes a night instruction course at the school from 7 to 10:30 and usually a recording job at Majestic Records.

Fortunately Jack abhors night life. His wife feels the same way. As a matter of fact, Jack says they think alike on almost everything. There's a reason for it.

"Vickie and I were born on the same day, the same year, November 10, 1915. I'm fifty-five minutes older. We happened to meet because of this."

Jack was dating Vickie's cousin. He happened to tell her his birth date and she told him about Vickie. The cousin arranged a double birthday party for the two. The couple met over a mutual birthday cake and before you could say blow out the candles they were in love. Vickie's cousin never expected that to happen.

"She didn't think I would like Vickie," Jack added.

The Smiths married a year later—you guessed it—November 10. That was eight years ago.

Jack was born in Seattle, Washington, the son of a Naval officer. Soon after, Jack's dad was transferred to Honolulu and Jack and his brother Walter, who became a movie actor and is now in the Army, acting in "Winged Victory," went to school in Hawaii.

But when it came time for high school the Smiths were back in the States, this time in Hollywood. Jack planned to be an architect but at Hollywood High he joined the glee club, and with two other school chums, formed a rhythm trio.

"We were nuts about the Rhythm Boys, Bing Crosby, Al Rinker, and Harry Barris," Jack said, "then a big hit at the Cocoanut Grove. We copied their style."

When the Rhythm Boys went east, a friend got the high school copycats an audition at the Grove with Gus Arnheim. Arnheim hired them. Jack sang Bing's parts. In those days the Groaner sang three notes higher than he does today. Jack has a pleasing tenor.

The $65 a week Jack received seemed fabulous for a youngster used to getting $2 allowance every Saturday from a conservative father. No wonder he didn't go back to school.

Jack and his pals, Martin Sperzel and Marshall Hall, called themselves The Ambassadors in honor of the hotel they worked in, and teamed up with



Top man in two lines—that's Bing, long a topper on radio, now recognized as tops in the movies, too!



Lulu Belle and Scotty, belle and beau on the National Barn Dance, heard Saturday nights over NBC.

Anson Weeks and later with Phil Harris. The latter brought them east. Shortly after, the boys hooked up with Kate Smith, Eddie Cantor and Ray Block. It was Block who gave Jack his first real solo opportunity.

"Once Kate Smith gave me a solo on her show," Jack recalls, "but she never asked me to repeat."

Jack attracted Al Goodman's attention and he was signed—not as a soloist—but as a member of the Prudential Family Hour chorus.

It was just another chore to Jack who by this time was on a flock of broadcasts and getting $650 a week.

When Goodman introduced some Latin American tunes, Jack trotted out his high school Spanish and clicked with "Blen Blen Blen" and "Babalu."

But the strain started to tell on the overworked tenor.

"One night I got the shakes before air time. I was afraid of cracking up. I told Goodman I was going to quit and go to the Coast to rest."

This probably called for a major advertising agency conference but it got results. The sponsor signed Jack to a five year contract and a salary tilt that allowed Jack to drop all his choral work. He emerged as a top-flight radio singer to be reckoned with. In addition to the Family Hour show he's now featured on Gaslight Gayeties, Glamour Manor, and recently completed a recorded series for an oil company in which he was starred.

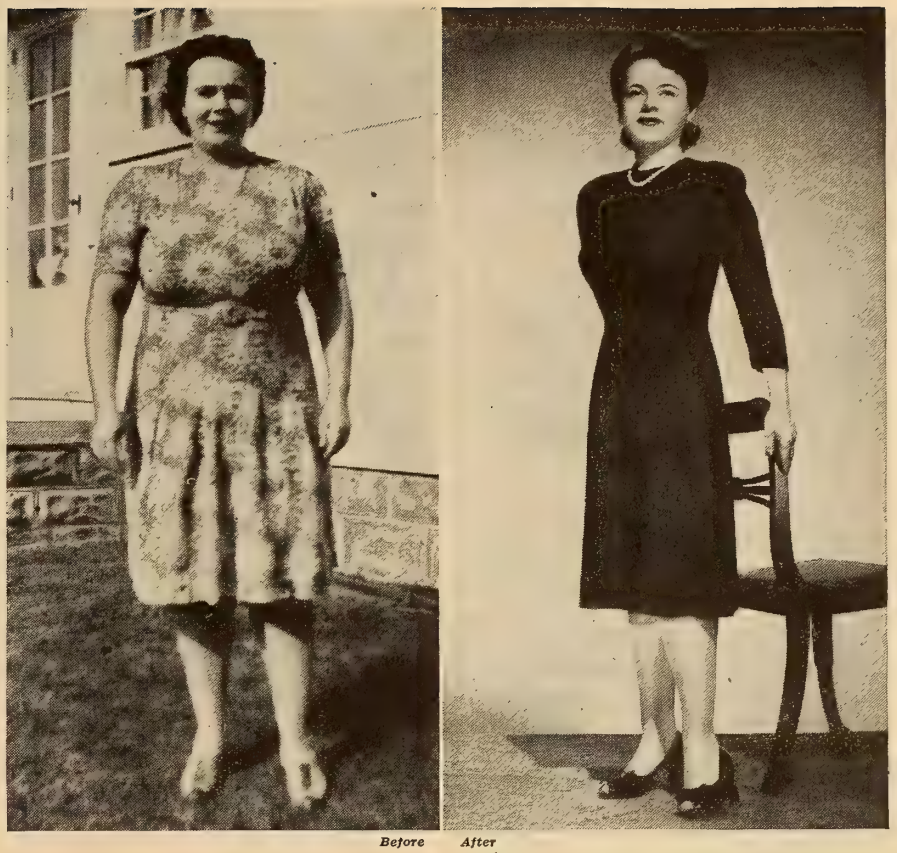
Jack is the healthy, masculine type. Only a slightly bumpy nose detracts from his handsomeness. Not having a press agent, the nine fan clubs that have sprouted up in his honor must be legitimate and loyal. Wife Vickie is the niece of the late composer and film director, Victor Schertzinger, of "Marcheta" and "One Night of Love" fame.

The Smiths are childless, live in New York with Vickie's mother.

"And," Jack hastily adds, "she's not the typical mother-in-law. She's a good sport and a great poker player."

Jack likes New York radio and doesn't want to go to Hollywood. He believes married couples, particularly those in showbusiness, have a better chance for uninterrupted happiness away from movieland.

"You can't be in a different and beautiful girl's arms every other day—making pictures—and not eventually succumb. Radio is safer. All you can hug is the mike."



Before *After*

"How I Lost 76 Pounds in 6 Months"

—as told by Mrs. Betty Woolley, of Port Clinton, Ohio

"Last summer I weighed 206 pounds, was so tired I had to rest every afternoon. Today I weigh 130, have a world of energy, and my appearance is so completely changed that friends do not recognize me. After wearing size 42 dresses, I now slip into a size 14 with ease and confidence. My skin and hair show great improvement. In fact, at 28 I look and feel so different that it is almost like starting life over.

"How did it all happen? Well, I had always been overweight and thought I was just naturally fat. But three months after my second baby was born, I decided to *try* the DuBarry Success Course.

"Results began to show surprisingly soon. In six weeks I lost 30 pounds. In six months I had lost 76 pounds and had reduced my bust 11 inches, my waist 13, my abdomen 12, my hips 11. Through improved posture, I stand an inch taller.

"To me all this proves what a grand and workable plan the DuBarry Success Course is. My only regret is that my doubts delayed my starting for a whole year."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that *you* might be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, look and feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It shows you how to follow, at home, the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—be at your best for strenuous wartime living.

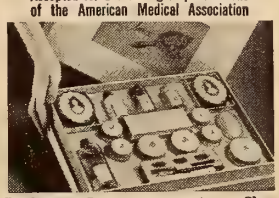
Why not use the coupon to find out what this Course can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing*

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
NEW YORK

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON,
Dept. SU-8, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — SATISFACTORY OR A REFUND OF MONEY — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Miss
Mrs. _____ R

Street _____ R

City _____ *Zone No., if any* _____ *State* _____



Be sure to take a supply of Tampax with you

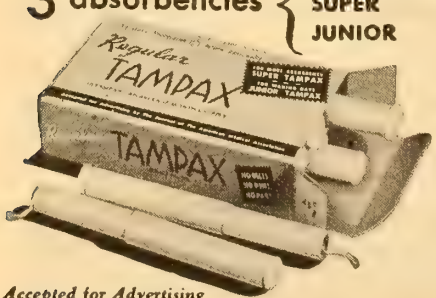
(Slip it in your purse)

Why not insure your vacation against all those belt-and-pin troubles and inconveniences that are so familiar? The *Tampax* form of monthly sanitary protection liberates you completely from belts, pins and external pads, and being worn internally, it can cause no chafing, no odor. Just imagine *those* advantages during hot summer days! You don't even need to use a sanitary deodorant!

WHILE TRAVELING you will appreciate the compactness of these neat, dainty Tampax, made of pure surgical cotton and each compressed into a patented individual applicator. A whole month's supply will slip into a purse . . . Tampax can be changed quickly and disposed of easily and inconspicuously.

WITH VARIOUS COSTUMES you will find Tampax a real comfort and a help to your morale. It causes no bulge or ridge under a sheer evening gown or a 1945 swim suit. You cannot feel Tampax when in place and you can wear it in shower, pool or ocean. Invented by a doctor. Sold at drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR** **SUPER** **JUNIOR**



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Beautiful Nan Grey, who slips so easily from one kind of success to another—in movies, in radio, as wife and mother.



COVER GIRL

By

ELEANOR HARRIS

FOR seven years now, you have been listening to Kathy in NBC's popular radio drama Those We Love. So maybe, after seven years, you'd like to meet Kathy in the flesh—who is Nan Grey. Nan Grey means to you a motion picture actress as well as a radio actress; you first saw her as Deanna Durbin's sister in *Three Smart Girls*. She wasn't even in her teens.

Now she's twenty-three; she's a lovely five-feet-six-inches tall; she weighs 112 pounds, and she has the bluest eyes and the most golden hair to be sighted around Hollywood. What's more, she has two little daughters—one-year-old Jan, and two-year-old Pam. She also has one of the nicest men in the country for a husband—Jackie Westrope. And thereby hangs a tale . . . a tale that proves love at first sight.

Nan was just twelve, and still a resident of Houston, Texas, when she begged her mother to take her to the races one ninth of December . . . truly wanting to go only to see the horses.

You can guess the rest. Her mother accompanied her down to the stables, 12-year-old Nan met 15-year-old Jackie Westrope—and it really was love at first sight. It was six years before they were married, of course; six years of letter-writing and brief meetings.

Originally, in the distant days before Nan and Jackie met, her name was Eschol Miller, and she was a native of Houston, Texas, where her father was an official of the motion picture operators' union. Nan didn't possess the faintest interest in films, however; she had only one ambition—to become a newspaper woman. She was still simmering with this idea when her mother suggested a two weeks visit to Hollywood during Nan's summer vacation.

Nan went with her, then—her head still spinning because she had met Jackie at the races only a month before. And the two weeks trip turned into a lifelong stay in Hollywood . . . for when Mrs. Miller's ex-agent saw Nan, he gave a cry of triumph and instantly got her one of the leads in *Three Smart Girls*. From then on, Nan was acting, despite her age and despite her lack of drama lessons. She's never stopped since!

It must be Fate again that helps her find time to act now, in the midst of her confusing life—nothing else would explain the miracle. Her household consists of her mother, a colored nurse-housekeeper called "Boo," the two little girls, and the Westropes. Nan and her mother divide all the cooking, and since Nan has a non-stop appetite this means plenty of cooking! She thinks nothing of putting away three full-sized meals, two milkshakes, four sandwiches, and a slice of cake in a day, none of which has the slightest effect on her slim figure.

Meanwhile, the Westropes entertain continually—most of their friends being from either the world of radio or the world of sports. Generally, any evening finds the Westrope living room full of friends, talking or playing gin rummy. Otherwise, you might discover the Westropes at a movie. But the most likely place to locate them on non-visitors' nights would be right beside the radio—with a carefully marked-up chart of the various programs they want to hear. In between programs, Nan pores over mystery novels.

Right now, though, they're bound to be home of an evening working on a new project. Since racing is over for the duration, they are planning on starting a business of some kind for Jackie to run. (Which kind remains their secret so far.)

But this, added to the house-buying-redecorating-and-then-selling business that they're in spasmodically; added to their teeming household of family and friends; added to Nan's radio career—should keep them busier than ever. And if, by chance, things should get a little slack, you may be sure the Westrope's energetic Fate will step in to pep them up.



No other Shampoo

only Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner! ✓ *Complete removal of dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it!





Learn about Hair-dos from the girls who know!

Here's DORIAN LEIGH, one of New York's most glamorous fashion models, Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl." On this page she shows you what just a hair-do can do to change your personality!

(*Above*) THE SMOOTH, SOPHISTICATED LOOK! Smart, new one-braid arrangement. All hair is combed up, but over to one side, then tied securely with ribbon. To braid, divide hair into two sections, use ribbon as third section. (Ribbon three inches wide.) Small bow conceals end of braid. For glamorous hair, Dorian always uses Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE DEMURE, DISARMING LOOK! For this beguiling effect, Dorian uses an Alice-in-Wonderland comb to push all her front hair straight back from her face. Ends of front hair blend in with back hair. Not a wave or curl, except for the smoothly turned-under ends. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for that gleaming smoothness. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

THE DASHING, DARING LOOK! From Paris—through Drene's Paris correspondent—comes the idea for this stunning arrangement! All hair is combed sleekly to one side—straight across back (held with combs at far side). Dorian's hair was first shampooed in Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONER

Product of Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

"I feel like Cupid!



Sister Sally's complexion has that Ivory Look . . .



. . . and here's the beauty tip that did the trick!"

How do you get that Ivory Look—that softer, smoother, lovelier complexion? The answer's simple—Ivory care! Stop being careless about your skin—change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap!

More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try a cake today—then see how soon your skin gets lovelier—gets that Ivory Look!

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—than all other brands put together!



99 44/100% PURE

Important: Don't Waste Ivory Soap. It contains materials which have important war uses. Make every cake last!

Next of Kin

Shirley had loved David, and now she must forget him. But is it possible to forget a man you have never really known?

I DIDN'T feel anything I should have felt. I wasn't afraid, as so many women must be when they walk, as I was walking, down Army hospital corridors toward doors beyond which lie husbands who are not the same men as they were when the women last saw them. No, I wasn't afraid. Nor was I proud, holding my head high—proud of the man I would presently see, and of the things he had done in the war. Nor did I have to force myself to be brave, to try to hide my real feelings behind the warmth of a manufactured smile. Nor did I feel, as some women must, that I couldn't face what lay ahead—that I must turn and flee, and somewhere find the courage to try another time.

I didn't feel anything. Not fear, nor pain, nor compassion. Nor love—least of all love, and the heady, sweet warmth of it that reunion should bring. It was simply, all of it, unbelievable,



like a story that is read and laid aside; like a dream that is dreamed and done with. This couldn't possibly be me. And the man I would see in a few minutes, as soon as I'd finished talking to the doctor—that couldn't possibly be David. David was part of the story, part of the dream, something finished and long past, and not a real man at all. He wasn't my husband . . . he was a boy I once knew, a boy who once had kissed me, the touch of those hands I had known, in whose arms I once had lain, when I was another kind of girl and lived in another kind of world.

Suddenly, desperately, I *wanted* to feel—to feel something, anything, but this uncaring, un-alive strangeness. I wanted happiness to wring my heart, or even pain. Or love, or even hate. But I couldn't feel. We were too far apart, David and I. We were separated by bitterness, which is a wider expanse than any shoreless sea, by years of not mattering to each other, which is a higher barrier to scale than any mountain.

I had come to the door of the doctor's office now. In a couple of minutes it would be all over. I'd explain who I was, and the doctor would tell me about David. Then he'd take me to see David, and I'd talk to him for a little while, cheer him up, and then it would be done with. I could go back to Port Hill, and to the business of living the days out.

But it wasn't that simple. Because there, on the threshold of the doctor's office, I began to remember. I began to remember a time when the days were not simply things to be lived out, but glorious, wonderful things, gifts presented me by the rising of each sun, to live in and love in, just as I chose. It wasn't the sort of brief recollecting I had done on the train. This was nostalgia, this was hurt-sweet. I was really remembering. . . .



I WAS remembering years ago—five, or was it six?—when I was just out of high school, and had started my brand new job as secretary to my uncle, John Fairfax, who was the owner and editor of our town's one newspaper, the *Port Hill Post*. The *Post* had been too big for a weekly paper, and Port Hill had grown too large for one. So the *Post* had become a daily—and Uncle John was finding out that it was almost too small to be that, and that Port Hill was almost too small to support a daily paper. However, Uncle John had good equipment and did a brisk job printing business on the side, and had the county "legals" as well, as Port Hill was the county seat. As for me, I thought that working for the *Post* was infinitely superior—and, more important, infinitely more romantic—than clerking in Clark's Emporium or Marshall's Glass Block, or working in the Port Hill State Bank, or in one of the several combined law-real estate-insurance offices or pushing and pulling plugs at the telephone exchange, as the other girls who had graduated in my class were doing. It was almost as exciting as going on to State Teachers' College—and after all, only one of the girls in our class had done that.

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David came to work as foreman of the shop after I'd been there about six months. The first I knew of his coming was an argument between Uncle John and Aunt Lil at dinner one night. I was living with them while I worked for Uncle John—my parents lived on a farm upstate.

Aunt Lil's mouth was firmly set in a little slit when Uncle John and I got home that night, and she planked the pork chops and sweet potatoes down on the table with uncompromising clatter. When we were seated, she apparently could contain herself no longer.

"John," she began, "what's this Harry



"Well," said Uncle John, in that sensible-sounding way of his, "it seems to me that you two could solve everything by teaming up."

Sweet told me about That Fellow coming to work for you again?"

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Aunt Lil sniffed. "Never mind about my digestion. Is That Fellow coming back to work for you or not?"

"Do you have to call him 'that fellow,' Lil? His name's David Lansdowne—David Forsythe Lansdowne," he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

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"He was paroled to your uncle when he was nineteen," Aunt Lil added. "And a couple of years later, after your Uncle had made him foreman of the shop, and all, he showed his gratitude by stealing Harry Sweet's car and—"

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"He's a real good printer," Red said slowly. "Knows his business backwards and forwards. Yes, he's a real good printer, considering he learned his trade at St. John's."

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This is the story of that incredible moment, that moment when the sun and the stars fuse into an enchanted mist, and you—and one other—are apart from all the world

way love finds you

EVER since I could remember, I'd been going to Sandy Cove to spend the summers with Aunt Emily and Aunt Fran. Those summers were what I lived for, what I dreamed about through the snow-bound winters of northern Pennsylvania, where I lived with Uncle William and Aunt Martha, and their twin daughters. It wasn't that I wasn't happy in Uncle William's house; my own parents had died when I was a baby, and he and Aunt Martha had been the only parents I'd ever known. It was just that Sandy Cove meant everything a young person wanted; it meant sailing and swimming and fishing with the crowd of teen-agers who hung around the docks; it meant never dressing up and practically never combing one's hair, and going around all day with a pair of old shorts and a baggy shirt pulled over your bathing suit.

That is, Sandy Cove meant no more than that until the summer of three years ago, the first summer that America was in the war. I was sixteen that summer, and in token of my new maturity, Uncle William let me take the train to Sandy Cove alone. Feeling very grown-up in my tailored suit and unaccustomed high heels, I changed to a north-bound train at New York City, and I didn't even wire my aunts when I was coming. I would arrive on Saturday afternoon, when they would both be busy at the little rental library they ran at the Cove—although on other days Aunt Fran took care of the library and Aunt Emily kept house—and it pleased my new sense of independence to get myself and my luggage out to the house without bothering them.

At the Sandy Cove station, I took a taxi, a luxury ordinarily used only by the summer resort people, and sat with my face close to the window, happy to see the sea again, happier still at the sight of the weather-greyed old house, standing tall and stern in the riot of color that was Aunt Emily's flower gardens. The driver carried my bags as far as the porch. After paying him, I picked them up again with some difficulty, and started into the house . . . and very nearly collided with a tall young man in swimming trunks.

We stared at each other, and then he said, "You're Grace Landon. Your aunts told me about you."

"And you're Ronnie Sears." I could have added, "Aunt Emily told *me* about *you*," but I didn't. I was too surprised. *You'll have company this summer, Grace, Aunt Emily had written. Ronnie Sears, from the Coast Guard base down the shore, has been coming to visit us. He's barely eighteen, and I think he enlisted before he quite realized what it meant to be away from home. He's been staying with us whenever he gets leave, and he seems to prefer the quiet sort of time we can offer to the places the servicemen frequent in town. Fran and I are very fond of him. . . .*

I'd been prepared to meet Ronnie, but somehow, I'd expected him to be a little boy, although I knew he was in the Coast Guard. I hadn't expected him to be six feet tall and broad-shouldered. Or perhaps it was his fairness that made him look big. His pale gold hair curled in crisp rebellion against a service haircut; his skin was pale gold, too, and satiny, utterly unlike the burned-black leathery skins of the Sandy Cove boys.

"You're . . . different." I hadn't meant to say it aloud.

He knew what I meant. "You are, too." He smiled, and I saw then why gentle, romantic little Aunt Emily, and even tart practical Aunt Fran, had lost their hearts to him. His smile was utterly appealing. Coupled with a direct glance from his dark blue eyes, it gave me a little shock of pleasure. "I thought you were just a kid. Your aunts showed me snapshots—"

I flushed. Any snapshots my aunts had of me were taken at the Cove, and in all of them I looked like nothing so much as some sort of marine animal crowned with seaweed.

Ronnie picked up my bags. "Where do you want these?"

"Upstairs." I led the way to my room. Ronnie set the bags down beside the bureau, and stood looking around him for a moment, at the heap of small pillows with old-fashioned embroidered ruffles, at the lampshade to match, with red ribbons run through the eyelet embroidery, at the long-legged doll I'd won at the carnival the summer before. "Girl-stuff," he said. "I used to kid my sisters for having things like that around, but it's kind of nice to see it now."

My heart turned over for no reason at all, and I was glad suddenly that Aunt Emily had redecorated the room last year, had taken out the plain dimity curtains, the neat, practical rag rugs. I hadn't realized until now how really pretty the room was, how—how feminine.

I went swimming with Ronnie that afternoon, completely forgetting my original intention of walking down to the library to greet my aunts. It was different, swimming with Ronnie, from swimming with the other boys at the Cove. We played the same rough-and-tumble water games, the same games of catch on the beach, but there was a difference. With Ronnie, it didn't seem important that I out-swim and out-dive him; it didn't matter that I missed the ball a few times. I wore a flowered cotton suit, too, instead of the patched knitted one I usually wore at the Cove, and I even took along a bathing cap—an affectation only a few vain older girls were guilty of. And when Ronnie took my arm to help me over the rocks at the point, I didn't tell him that I was surer-footed on those rocks than he. I let him help me. I discovered something about myself, too: I was happy. Oh, I suppose I had been happy before, but I hadn't thought of it in just that way; I'd thought of it in terms of having a good time, and there had always been something missing, something incomplete. Now, lying beside Ronnie on the warm sand in the warm, powdery gold sunshine, I was aware of being completely happy, of having nothing more to wish for, for the first time in my life. I smiled to myself, just thinking about it, and Ronnie asked me what was funny. "Nothing," I said. "I'm happy."

"I am, too. Happier than I've ever been, I guess." And then I knew that I'd been wrong a moment ago; I hadn't been completely happy then, not quite. I was now.

After swimming, we went back to the house and fixed ourselves a snack. We'd cleaned up the kitchen and were dancing around snapping dish towels at each other when Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily came in. Aunt Emily dropped her purse and rushed forward to kiss me, but Aunt Fran stopped just inside the threshold, saying, "Well . . . Grace. You could have let us know you were here—"

"I know," I said contritely. "Ronnie and I went swimming." It was no excuse at all, and I was surprised to see that Aunt Fran looked immediately mollified. A second later she did something even more surprising. She patted Ronnie's shoulder as she came over to me. "I found some more piccalilli for your friend," she said. I already knew about the piccalilli. Ronnie's buddy, Mickey, was crazy about it; Aunt Fran had been supplying the Coast Guard tables with delicacies from her own larder.

That night I was allowed to take the car out after dark for the first time—to drive Ronnie back to the base. There were no stars, but at the horizon, at the very rim of the world, there was a golden glow that meant the rise of a new moon. Ronnie made no move to get out of the car when we parked outside the station. "Let's wait for the moon to come up," he suggested. "We'll see who sees it first." We waited, almost holding our breaths as the glow paled in the sky, suddenly spread brilliant burnished silver over the sea. We both cried, "There it is!" and leaned forward to peer through the windshield. Our heads bumped; we looked at each other and laughed, and then Ronnie's lips brushed my cheek, settled delicately, tentatively on my mouth.

I dared not move; I hardly dared breathe for the few seconds the kiss lasted. It was as if all the bright new wonder of the day, all of the beauty of the moonlight were distilled in the kiss, given substance and meaning; it seemed that I'd explode with rapture. Then Ronnie lifted his head, took my hands in one of his—and his hand was trembling. "I suppose I shouldn't have done that," he said. "I mean—the first day of knowing you—"

I couldn't answer. I could only look at him, tasting love for the first time, not wondering how, in the space of a few hours, it could have come about. Just accepting it, just knowing.

"Or maybe—" there was his smile again, and the direct, disturbing glance of dark blue eyes, "—maybe it is all right, even if it is the first day. It's the first time I ever kissed a girl."

"Me, too," I whispered. I didn't make sense, but he understood. And I wouldn't have admitted it to anyone else. It would have seemed silly and naive, but it didn't seem silly now. I was glad that it was true.

"I'm glad." He burrowed his face in the soft hollow of my neck. Then, quickly, he got out of the car. "I've got to log in. You'll be all right—going back?"

I nodded—and I wasn't really alone on the three-mile drive back to the house. The touch of Ronnie's hands, and his kiss, and his concern for me, went with me.

In the days that followed, we moved in an enchanted world of our own. It didn't matter that there was nearly always someone around—other people on the beach, Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily in the house in the evenings. We could be alone for a few minutes when we walked out to the rocks in the evenings, and when I drove Ronnie back to the station. There was time, then, for the heaven of Ronnie's kisses, for the bliss of his arms holding me gently, with infinite care, as if I were something so dear and so precious that he was almost afraid to touch me. One day he brought his friend, Mickey, with him, a stocky redheaded boy with wise, humorous green eyes. Mickey swam with us, and afterwards we stretched out on the sand, face down, my hand in Ronnie's, and talked. At least, I thought we were talking, until I heard Ronnie ask Mickey, "Where are you going?"

I lifed my head. Mickey was on his feet, brushing sand from his trunks. "Back to the house, to read a good book. It'll be better company. You haven't heard a word I've said for the last half-hour."

I looked after his retreating figure. "Do you suppose he's offended?"

Ronnie laughed. "Mickey? Of course not." He pillowed his head on his arm, reached for my hand again. "And if he is, it doesn't matter." And it didn't.

Then there were three days when Ronnie was away on a training cruise, when I wandered restlessly about the house, making excuses to Aunt Emily for not joining the crowd on the docks, hoping that Ronnie might come back unexpectedly, knowing that he would not. On the night of the third day I sat up long after my aunts had gone to bed, trying to read myself sleepy. Tomorrow Ronnie should be back at the base; tomorrow, he should at least be able to telephone . . . A step on the porch startled me; then instinctive fear became incredulous joy as Ronnie came in. I sat up on the couch, and the book fell to the floor. "Ronnie!"

He came swiftly over to me. "I can't stay," he said hurriedly. "I've got to go right back. But oh, Grace, I *missed* you—" And then I was in his arms, lost in a kiss that was different from our other kisses. This one hurt, sent a stabbing pain of longing all through.

We sat apart at last, and looked at each other. There were tears in my eyes, in my throat. Ronnie laid his face against mine. His jaw was set, and

The Way Love Finds You was adapted from Ralph Rose's original story, "Theme With Variations", heard on the Stars Over Hollywood program, CBS.



I felt a little muscle jump in his cheek. "Grace," he said in a shaken voice, "people who feel the way we do ought to be married."

Married! I'd thought about it, dreamed of it—as I'd dreamed of a whole lifetime with Ronnie. But now his mentioning it left me speechless; it was too much to take in all at once. "We can't," I said finally. "We aren't of age."

"We can, though. One of the fellows at the base got married just last week, and he's under age. There's a justice of the peace over in Kingston who doesn't ask questions. And I know where I can borrow a car—"

"We could take Aunt Fran's—"

"No!" The word exploded from him. "I'd feel like a heel. I mean— Don't you see, Grace—we can't tell them."

I knew. I'd already accepted the fact that our marriage would have to be a secret. My mind was racing ahead; the wonderful impossibility was rapidly becoming possible. "It won't be for long," I said. "I'll be through school next year, and then I can get a job. If I'm independent, maybe we can tell people—"

Ronnie's arm tightened around me. "You don't have to get a job," he said almost roughly. "I'm going to take care of you, as soon as I can. I can't send you an allotment, because I can't tell the Coast Guard we're married. But I'll save all my pay, and— Oh, Grace! Grace, darling—"

We were married two days later, by a justice of the peace in Kingston. Not once did it occur to me to hesitate, to doubt the wisdom of the step we were taking. I'd been moving in a dream since I'd met Ronnie, a dream that shut out all thought of anything but our love, a dream that could have only one right, inevitable ending. It was only when we were in the justice's office, and had been given our license by a bored clerk, and were waiting while another couple were being married in a railed-off corner of the room, that I had a twinge of uneasiness. Somehow, it didn't seem right—this box-like, dusty room; the droning voice reading the ceremony . . . and the justice had a spot on his tie. . . . My hand tightened on Ronnie's arm, and then there was a stir behind the railing, and the justice was looking over at us, saying, "Next?" exactly as if we'd been waiting in line for groceries. All at once I was (*Continued on page* 54)



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All

this to me

Vin's arms were waiting for her; the old Villa, with its gracious, peaceful way of life, was waiting too; why, then, must Linda resist their sanctuary?



LOOKING down from the second-story window, above the First National Bank, I could see the siesta-quiet streets of Guadalupe and the hazy low hills beyond. The sun's rays struck the hoods of parked cars at the curb and spread out in a dazzling glare. A few people walked slowly down below but they didn't bother to look up at my window; didn't bother to read the newly-painted black lettering that read: VINTON MARA, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

The sun was making me dizzy but still I stood there, letting the peace of the day steal through me with its healing, soothing, stupefying power.

This is sanctuary, I thought, drowsily. *Here I can forget*—and, unbelievable as it would have seemed to me a month ago, I *was* forgetting. A week ago was like a year ago, and the memory of a handsome boy with a weak mouth, the familiar sights and sounds of a New England village, were already fading from my mind. I had known that town for all my twenty-one years and I had known Clyde Peters almost that long, yet already Guadalupe, after a month, was more real to me, and Clyde I could almost remember without pain.

The door behind me banged open.

"Hello!" Vin Mara came into the room, as he always did, like a pent-up tempest. "How do you do it, Linda—manage to look so cool and untouched on a day like this?" Vin was my boss and I had only known him a month, but his "Linda" was friendly and not familiar. "It's a scorcher down on the streets. I brought sandwiches and milk for us both so you wouldn't have to go out today."

In a second my tiny reception room had taken on the festive air of a picnic. We didn't worry about appearances—clients wouldn't be apt to call at noontime on a day like this.

"It's even hot out at Villa Mara today," Vin went on, after he had settled his long, lean figure into one chair and put his feet up on another, and we had eaten in silence for awhile.

I handed him a paper cup. "Villa Mara? Is it a hotel?"

"A hotel?" He glanced at me under his thick, straight brows quizzically. "Oh—I forgot . . . you're a newcomer here. No. Villa Mara is my house—grandfather's and mine." From the warmth in his grey eyes I could see this house was more than walls and roof to him. "Someday I'd like to show it to you, Linda. You see, the Maras were originally Spanish settlers who had a land grant—at one time it took in all of Guadalupe—but gradually my ancestors let the property slip through their fingers and now all that's left is the hacienda, Villa Mara, and it's pretty run-down. But I'm fond of it. I think you'd like it, too."

Something personal and direct in those last words sharply arrested my attention. For the first time I found myself looking at Vin Mara as a person—and not just an employer. And what I saw in his eyes made my heart suddenly skip a beat.

"I wouldn't have thought you were Spanish, Mr. Mara. Of course you have the straight black hair but—"

"Both my grandmother and my mother were English," he explained, getting to his feet in one quick motion. Abruptly he seemed to remember that this was a law office and we were dawdling over our lunch. "Is that summons ready on the Brunner case? I'm seeing him at four today."

I handed him the papers—Brunner vs. Brunner. Divorce proceedings . . . co-respondent . . . mental cruelty . . . *desertion.* Just typing out those words, even about people I didn't know, had made me feel sick inside. I was glad to get those papers off my desk—out of this room, behind the closed door of Vin Mara's office.

Too well I knew that word *'desertion'* and all it implied. My earliest memories were of my mother crying, and knowing that she was crying because my father had left her for another woman. I had brooded about it as a sensitive child. It had become the most important thing in my life—to find a love and a security that would never change, that would be mine and only mine, that I would not have to share with anyone.

The ordinary girl-and-boy romances were not for me. I didn't want any part of their momentary intensity,



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their quarrels and reconciliations, and their gradual, fitful wearing-away. That was why I had let Clyde Peters assume such importance in my life. Even when we had become engaged I had known I wasn't really in love with him—but his utter dependence on me, his dog-like devotion, had been enough.

I WAS luckier than my mother, I thought to myself, bitterly, while my hands automatically busied themselves filing Vin Mara's correspondence. At least Clyde Peters had jilted me *before* our wedding day—not afterwards!

But why? Clyde's sullen words that last day came back to me—I understood them no better now than I did then. "I don't want to be possessed, Linda. I want to be *free.*" But marriage—love—meant a kind of possession! It meant becoming one person, not two, and being *glad* to surrender freedom for the security of marriage bonds.

My hand trembled on the papers and I caught my breath in hurting self-control. I must try and forget! I *was* forgetting. Deliberately I had let the work at the office and the somnolent heat of the quiet lonely evenings drug me into forgetfulness. And I was finding it easier than I thought. I was even discovering that it was only my pride and my self-confidence that had been hurt and the ache in my heart was slowly lessening.

Now I wondered, remembering the near-intimacy of his words today, if Vin Mara wasn't a little responsible for my restored pride.

So much had happened in the past few weeks that I was deeply grateful for the friendliness of this tall, dark man. I had fled to Guadalupe without any knowledge of what might await me there—I had picked the name blindly because it seemed to me like the ends of the earth and that was what I wanted. But it is one thing to run away without hope or thought for the future, and quite another thing to find yourself stranded and without money. Vin Mara had given me a job. He hadn't asked for references or pried into my reasons for coming here.

I hadn't realized till now how much I had come to look forward to the daytime hours I spent working with him. I had always been a solitary person; here in Guadalupe I was lonelier still. Not that it was just loneliness that drew me to Vin; it was his sure strength, his direct openness in speech and action; the quick, immediate response of his emotions.

The days went by in quiet fashion. Vin's practice, begun only recently since his discharge from the Navy, was growing in leaps and bounds and we had little time for chats or picnic lunches. Still I knew, as any woman does, that his thoughts of me were not office routine.

More and more I could see his Spanish blood. It showed in his profile, with its resemblance to some seventeenth-century grandee. I could almost see him with his chin held arrogantly above a white fluted ruff, his hand on his sword . . . but there the resemblance ended. There was no haughti-





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"Let's close up shop, Linda," he said, smiling. "I don't care how many writs and summonses you have on your desk, you're fading away in this heat. Take the afternoon off."

He strode to the door but, with his hand on the knob, a thought seemed to strike him and he came back.

"Where will you spend the afternoon? In that stuffy little room at your boarding house? I can't let you do that—you'd be on my conscience all day. Come out to Villa Mara with me and meet my grandfather and Jean."

"I'd planned to spend the day looking for another room. I'm being evicted Monday for a war worker and his wife. But," impulsively, "I'll do it tomorrow. I'd love to come, Mr. Mara."

"Call me Vin," he commanded, holding open the door for me. Under his swift, warm gaze I felt my spirits rise in excitement and anticipation. It had been so long since I had gone anywhere—especially with an escort whose grey eyes spoke their approval of tawny-haired girls in green flowered jersey dresses.

Driving out of Guadalupe I felt like a different person. The last vestige of formality seemed to disappear in a puff of the orange blossom-scented breeze that tossed my hair, fan-wise, about my shoulders. Brief cases between us formed a toppling barricade; still I could feel the nearness of his wide shoulders and see the pleasure in his smile as he showed me lemon groves and eucalyptus trees and mesquite-covered dusty brown hills that were familiar to him and still strange and exotic to me.

"IT'S FUN playing guide to you, Linda. You don't say much, but when you're excited the color comes and goes in your cheeks and those long green eyes of yours actually shine." His tone made me happy out of all proportion to the compliment.

We turned off a lane bordered by pepper trees. Usually the sight of pepper trees, so much like the New England weeping willows, reminded me of Clyde. But today the thought of him merely touched me and was gone.

The car stopped by a gate set in a high stone wall, and we walked through it directly into a patio which was almost enclosed by three sides of the house. *But what a house!*

Big and white—not the white of newness, but the shaded white of years of weather and bleaching, with here and there a sign of crumbling adobe or a stain beneath an eave. White house and blackened timbers and great arched windows below, facing into the patio, and small balconies of lace-like wood perched above, framing shuttered windows as if they held mysterious secret invitations. And on the two sides, outside staircases curved upwards to second-story doors and to a balcony that ran the full length.

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The next day there were roses from Dan, and with them a note that was amusing and touching.

I DIDN'T understand. I'd heard about and read about women who broke up their homes and divorced good, kind husbands in order to marry someone else, but I didn't understand why they did it, or how they could do it.

But now I see how it's possible for those things to happen. I know that the things you love can sometimes fill your life too full, can crowd in upon you until the fire that is the very germ and essence of your love is smothered. I know that you can give until you wake up one day to find that the spirit that has made the giving worthwhile is exhausted, and that you have become less a person in your own right than a wife and mother and jack-of-all-household-trades. Yes, I know now how it's possible for things like that to happen. . . .

My moment of awakening came the evening Ed brought Dan Hewitt home for dinner. It had been one of those days when everything went wrong: the laundry hadn't been delivered; the sink had stopped up; there was no sugar at the grocer's; and Maxine, trying out the roller skates she'd got for her fifth birthday, fell and skinned her knees so badly that I had to take her to the doctor. At four o'clock, when Ed called and asked if he could bring a guest for dinner, I'd just got the beds made and the luncheon dishes washed. "Give me two hours," I said, and then after he'd hung up, I stood by the phone for a moment, wanting to cry, knowing that I wouldn't. It wasn't the unexpected company that I minded—that was part of my job as Ed's wife; it was just that there always seemed to be too much to do and only I to do it. There'd been a time when I hadn't had to do everything myself, when I could have left the sink for Ed to fix when he came home, when I could have called him at the office when Maxine came in with her knees red and lacerated, when he would have brought part of the dinner home when he brought a guest. But that had been before Ed began trying to fight the home front war all by himself to make up for his being turned down by the Army. Now his job as purchasing agent for a manufacturing company claimed him six days a week and, many times, half the night. And on the few nights when he didn't bring work home, he fell asleep in his chair in the livingroom before I'd finished my coffee at the dining room table. The war had divided our responsibilities neatly in two; I had the house and the children; Ed had his job.

The house was tidy, dinner was on the stove, and both Maxine and I were bathed and dressed by the time Ed came home. I was giving Dinah her supper in the kitchen when I heard the front door open and Maxine came limping out, calling excitedly, "Mummy! Daddy's home! Our company's here—"

"Well, you just go say hello to them then," I said, and then I didn't have time to finish because Ed brought his guest out to the kitchen. I saw the uniform first. I thought, "another Army man," and I knew that Ed would be too absorbed in war talk to eat. Then I saw the face above the uniform, the gray eyes light against brown skin, the arrogant yet appealing line of cheekbone and jaw, and my heart thudded with recognition. "Dan!" I exclaimed. "I'm so glad—"

The polite warmth in his eyes changed to incredulity. "Marian!"

Ed looked puzzled but pleased. "I didn't know you two knew each other."

"Marian's from Colton—my home town," said Dan dazedly. "But I almost didn't know her. I mean, she's changed. I mean—"

His confusion was a compliment; it said so sincerely that the thin, intense girl who'd followed Dan adoringly around Colton had turned into a pretty woman, that my hair had turned from carrot orange to a soft copper, that my freckles and gawkiness had disappeared with the years. Still, the moment very nearly became awkward; Dan hadn't let go my hand, and he seemed unable to finish his sentence. Then Dinah banged her spoon on her plate and bubbled her lips at him. Dan dropped my hand. "And this," he said hurriedly, "is the baby you told me about. She's the picture of you, Ed." Ed grinned because it was true.

Experiment in heartbreak

Marian tried to recapture a feeling—but the feeling was formless and nameless. The danger was that she might try to give it the wrong form, the wrong face, the wrong name

But at the moment, with her features screwed up and a froth of cereal around her baby mouth, the likeness wasn't flattering. "Not right now, I hope," said Ed, and we all laughed, and the awkwardness was gone.

Outwardly, the rest of the evening was extremely pleasant and uneventful. Maxine, after a first shyness, hung close to Dan until she was sent to bed. Proudly she showed him her kitten, Eenie, and her bandaged knees, and by some whim of her own she promoted him from his real rank of first lieutenant to captain. Ed kept Dan talking, listened avidly to everything he had to say. Dan hadn't seen actual combat; he'd been in Service of Supply, both overseas and in the States, and this trip to Ridgeville was the last he would make for the Army. He was being honorably discharged, and he was going home to Colton to take over his father's hardware store. I was content to listen, and I tried not to notice how often Dan's eyes turned my way.

Then Ed excused himself to get some drawings from his desk, and Dan turned quickly to me. "How long is it since you've been in Colton?" he asked.

"Three years. We were there just after Dinah was born—" And then Ed came back with a roll of blueprints. "Now this," he said, "is the sump pump we ordered—"

Ed didn't mean to interrupt; he was too engrossed in his own concerns to realize that we were talking. But Dan sent me a rueful, apologetic glance, and it was then that the queer flash of awakening came. I looked at Ed, and I was aware of him suddenly not as my husband, but as a person apart from myself—not as a stranger, exactly—someone I knew very well but who was separate from me. *I don't feel anything about him,* I thought. *We've been married for six years, and I've borne him two children, and right now I've no more feeling for him than I have for—for Dan.* And then I heard Ed laughing over something in the blueprint, and the strange, frightening moment was gone.

But it had been there, and I couldn't quite forget it. After Dan left that evening, Ed and I were straightening up the livingroom, picking up ash trays, when Ed sat down and said, "Hewitt's a nice fellow, and he's from Colton, too. How is it you never mentioned him?"

"I'm sure I told you about him," I said. "He was my hero all through high school, and for a couple of years afterward."

ED GRINNED. "Didn't do you any good, eh?"

"No," I said cheerfully. "He took me out a half-dozen times—but that was after his girl jilted him and married someone else. Then he left Colton to take a job in Chicago. That was the last I saw of him until tonight."

Ed's eyes were twinkling. "And then what happened—I mean, after Hewitt left Colton?"

"Then you came there to visit your uncle."

"I didn't see much of him after I met you, did I?"

"I guess you didn't." I sat down on the edge of his chair, remembering that summer I'd met Ed, wanting him to pull me into his arms now, to kiss me hard and eagerly as if it were the first time, wanting to be terribly close to him.

Ed yawned and loosened his tie. "Tired?" he asked sympathetically. "That was a swell dinner you gave us

I know that the things you love can sometimes fill your life too full until, one day, you wake...



on such embarrassingly short notice."

"Not very tired—and get *up*, Ed! You know you'll fall asleep if you stay in that chair." My voice was sharp, but my eyes stung, and I wanted very much to cry.

The next day there were flowers from Dan, a great sheaf of roses. I was amused and unexpectedly touched by the card that came with them. It read, "Many thanks from a hungry soldier," and it sounded exactly like Dan. There'd always been a touch of the dramatic about him—not much, just enough so that you remembered his gestures, so that a word or a phrase lingered long after he was gone. Ed hardly noticed the flowers when he came home that night. He admired them briefly when I mentioned them, and then he forgot about them. After dinner he took his paper into the livingroom while I still sat at the table, watching him over the rim of my coffee cup. I saw the paper lowered to his lap; his head nodded toward the back of his chair, and again the queer feeling of apartness from him came over me. I remembered suddenly that one time, when a dinner guest had sent a lavish box of roses, Ed had come home the next day carrying, very solemnly, one petunia in a pot, declaring that no one was going to get ahead of *him* in the matter of sending his wife flowers. Tomorrow, I thought, there'd be no ridiculous present of a petunia. There was no time for such nonsense these days, or Ed just wouldn't . . .

A few days after Dan's visit Ed told me that he was going away on business, and for a longer trip than usual; he would be gone for three weeks or more. It would be a good time, he suggested, for me to take the children to visit Mother and Dad in Colton. "I don't like leaving you alone for that long," he explained, "and if your parents are as anxious to have you and the girls as their letters sound—"

"Of course they are," I said. "For that matter, they'd be willing to look after the children for us, if you want me to go with you."

Ed grinned, the infectious little grin that was a permanent part of him, inside and out. It was his way of looking at life, of laughing at problems even while he was seriously, deftly settling them. "Sure," he said, "You'd have a swell time, sitting around a hotel room while I tramp through warehouses, and going to a movie by yourself at night while I wrestle with specifications."

"I used to go with you, and I never minded sitting around."

"You'd mind a month of it. And besides, things are a little different now. This job is for a government contract—"

I wanted to cry out, *Oh, yes, things are different, Ed—but they're different between us. It isn't the war, or your job—it's us. We've lost something. We worked hard when we were first married, when your salary was small and we had to do everything ourselves. But we did things together then, and you wanted me with you everywhere. . . .*

But I didn't say it. That was another difference, perhaps the biggest difference of all. I'd always been able to talk to Ed about anything, but now, with this new, invisible wall between us, this shadowy sense of separation, I couldn't bring myself to say the very words that might help break down the wall and let us be together again.

Ed left on his trip two days afterward, and a week later I arrived in Colton with the children, thoroughly tired in body and spirit. It had been an exhausting job, getting clothes washed and ironed and mended and packed, finding someone to care for Maxine's kitten and my house plants, keeping two small girls quiet and in reasonably good humor for a thirty-six hour journey. And somehow it seemed that Ed was to blame, that he had gone gaily off burdened with no more than a grip and a briefcase, leaving me to struggle with a welter of children and



Dan was the boy I had followed around, in adoration, for years.

bags and sweaters and lunchboxes and drinking cups. He could, it seemed to me, have delayed his trip long enough to put me on the train. . . . And then I knew that I was being unreasonable, and reason and resentment battled in my mind until I gave up, and tried not to think about it at all.

It was good to be back in Colton finally, to see the peaceful, small-town streets drowsing in the June sun, to be back in my parents' pleasant house. Still, I wasn't entirely pleased when Mother told me that she had already accepted for me a half-dozen invitations from my old friends. "I wanted to rest," I protested.

"That's what you think now," Mother said. 'You'll change your mind after a good night's sleep. And you're just going to leave the girls to your Dad and me all the while you're here. Believe me, I know what it is to be tied down



That sly little grin was a part of Ed's way of looking at life.

to a couple of youngsters, especially with the help situation the way it is these days, even if you don't say much in your letters. Now, tomorrow is Jenny Hewitt's party. Dan's coming to pick you up about eight—"

"Dan is!"

"Why, yes," Mother said. "I thought it was nice of him to offer, with gas so scarce. Didn't I tell you he's come back here to live?"

I murmured some sort of answer, but I was absorbed in trying to understand my own instinctive, unspoken objections to Dan's calling for me. I hadn't given him a thought since the day the flowers had arrived, but now I found myself remembering the way he'd looked at me the evening he'd come to dinner in Ridgeville, and thinking that it was odd that he should come after me when Dad's car stood unused most of the time in the garage. Then I told myself that I was being silly, that there was no reason in the world why Dan shouldn't drive me to his sister's party. I had never meant anything to him, and it was years since he had meant anything to me.

I know now that my first intuitive feeling was right, and that I should have known from the night of Jenny Hewitt's party that Dan had fallen—or was falling—in love with me. But I didn't believe it then. Perhaps I didn't want to believe it. I was having too good a time enjoying my temporary freedom, too good a time being Marian Spender again, instead of Mrs. Edward Cowles. Because that's how I felt, almost from the moment Dan called for me to take me to Jenny's. It was a beautiful June evening, with a few stars showing a dim gold through the powdery purple dusk, a night for young people. Dan smiled down at me as he helped me into the car. "Like old times, isn't it?" he asked.

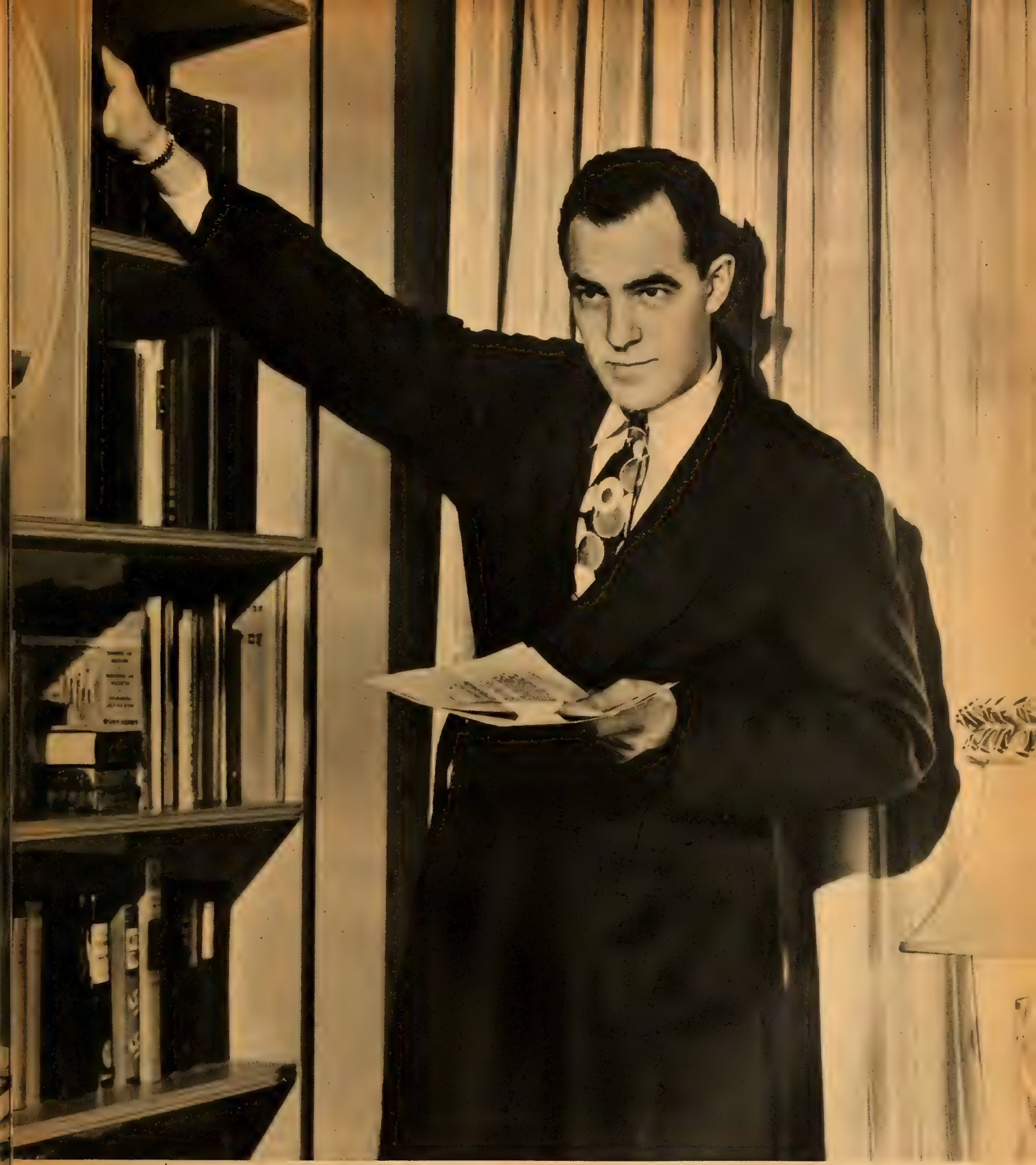
If I'd stopped to think, I'd have realized that it wasn't at all like old times. In the (*Continued on page 60*)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

THE STRANGE ROMANCE OF *Evelyn Winters*

The tender story of a love that lies unacknowledged, quietly waiting, in the hearts of two young people





EVELYN WINTERS, charming and gay as any twenty-year-old, is still mature enough to be deeply in love with her guardian, Gary Bennett, seventeen years older than she. Since the war, Evelyn, an orphan, has devoted most of her time to volunteer work with the Red Cross Blood Bank.
(Evelyn Winters played by Toni Darnay)

GARY BENNETT, successful playwright, who was made Evelyn's guardian by Colonel Winters before he died, is as much in love with Evelyn as she is with him. But he feels that his thirty-seven years make him too old for Evelyn, and so he goes on unhappily passing on her acknowledged suitors.
(Gary Bennett played by Karl Weber)

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert; heard daily at 10:30 A.M. EWT, on CBS.

JINNY ROBERTS, Evelyn's best friend, is helplessly in love with Ted Blades. Evelyn has tried in every possible way to bring these two together, but Ted can never see Jinny if Evelyn is near by.
(Played by Mary Mason)



MAGGIE, Evelyn's lovable, loyal old housekeeper, has been in charge of the Winters household ever since the death, many years ago, of Mrs. Winters. Under her guidance Evelyn has learned everything there is to know about the smooth management of her home in New York. Just as she did when she was a child, Evelyn brings Maggie all her problems; and although the problems are now serious, grown-up ones, Maggie can still be counted on for comfort and advice.
(Played by Kate McComb)





CHARLIE GLEASON is Gary's business manager. Under the toughness that he affects, he is a sincere, honest friend, concerned over Gary's welfare.
(Ralph Bell)

TED BLADES, a young Army officer who has loved Evelyn since their growing-up years together, persistently refuses to admit to himself that Evelyn's love for Gary is far too deep for him to overcome.
(Played by Stacy Harris)



JANICE KING, a successful actress, has not been quite as successful in the management of her personal life. Many years ago Gary Bennett wanted to marry her; she refused, because he was then only a struggling playwright. But now Janice, in her early thirties, has decided that she is in love with Gary. Knowing that Gary loves his young ward has not discouraged Janice, who is still a lovely, attractive woman; she has determined to compete with Evelyn.
(Played by Flora Campbell)





MISS BEAN is Gary Bennett's stern maiden-lady secretary. Many years ago she was secretary to actress Kitty Sales, with whom Gary was in love.
(Linda Carlon-Reid)

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Before we part

A PROBLEM FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR

THE STORY

LINNA FABRY hadn't been unhappy while Lance Jordan was overseas. She filled her days with little things that passed the time and that prepared for the future she and Lance had planned together. The love there was between her and Lance was, to her, so real and vivid a thing that it had an identity all its own; it was like a presence beside her, which kept her from being lonely. And in all of Lance's letters she found the same feeling, as though part of her were there in England beside him.

Then came D-Day and the terrifying knowledge that, somewhere, Lance was in the midst of that horror. Linna's heart stopped that day, and didn't start again until she tore open his next letter —the letter that told her he was safe. But it told her something else, as well. "Linna . . ." it said, "I have fallen in love. Her name is Angela Temple . . . we're going to be married."

Somehow, Linna picked up again and went on. But now the days were waiting, waiting—she hardly knew for what. She learned that Lance, wounded, was on his way home, and she knew that somehow things would be made right for the two of them, once he had come and explained to her what had happened; that was what she waited for. And Lance did come to her; he watched her home, waited for her to come out so that he could speak to her alone; and when they had done looking at one another, he said, "Linna . . . I've brought my baby back to you . . . I had to, Linna."

I'VE brought the baby back to you. That couldn't have been what Lance said. I couldn't have heard him correctly.

"To—me?" I whispered. "But what of Angela? What of the baby's mother?" The words hurt.

"Angela is in England. She's—going to stay there." Then he burst out almost desperately. "For God's sake, Linna, don't look like that. Let me tell you—"

"No! I can't understand. I don't want to hear." The baby had been the thing—the living, breathing instrument that had finally broken my faith in our oneness, had severed the tie between us forever. "Just go away. I don't want to see you, hear you, anything—"

"Linna, not for my sake—I don't deserve anything from you—and not for the baby's sake, either—but for the love we shared, for what we had that was so rich and living, let me talk to you. Oh, I know what you're feeling. You feel I killed that love because I denied it. But there are some things too strong to kill—I've found that out. Some things that just don't die, no matter what fools like me do to them. You've got to accept that, believe that. You've got to give me a chance to tell you, Linna."



Lance looked around the hostile, waiting room. It wasn't easy for him.

"I can't think now. It's too much—I —Oh, I've got to be alone."

"Tomorrow, then," he persisted. "Let me come to the house tomorrow."

I felt like an animal harried into a corner. "All right," I cried. "Tomorrow. Anything. Only leave me alone."

Driven beyond endurance, I turned away, half running from him. It was as if I were drowning, and I found I was fighting for air, struggling to quiet the roaring in my ears.

I walked and walked, until the effort to breathe hurt my chest and forced me to stop. Why did things like this happen to people? I'd never, knowingly or willingly, hurt anyone. Why then must I suffer for something I hadn't done, had had nothing to do with? The pain of his marriage I'd been able to take, sustained somehow by blind and instinctive belief that some day I would know the story then unknown, be told the answer then unsolved. And now when he was ready to offer it, it came in such a way I could no longer receive it. In the very trying to give it to me, he had taken it away forever.

Angela was in England. . . . Lance was here, having brought his child to me . . . tomorrow he would come and tell me why. . . . Slowly, those facts separated themselves and rose to the surface of my mind. I could refuse. I could shut myself away from him

And yet, in a numb sort of fatalistic way, I knew that tomorrow I would let him come and I would listen. I would let him because I was compelled to. Just as I had been caught up in something I'd had no part in setting in motion, now I was just as much caught up in following it out to the end. Once things start, they have to go on and on until they finish, and sometimes you have to play your part in them like a puppet whose strings are pulled by hands that cannot be withstood.

Mother and Dad were sitting on the porch. I knew they were waiting for me. They tried to greet me naturally as I came up, just as if nothing were wrong, as if I'd gone out to take an ordinary walk on an ordinary evening.

"Well, dear—" mother began.

"I've seen Lance," I said, and my voice sounded as I felt—at a dead calm. "He's coming here tomorrow. I told him he could."

"Linna!" They both spoke at once, with anger, protest, condemnation. They began to argue against it, to forbid it. Dad even said he would kick Lance out of the house if he dared to show his face there.

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that it happen at home than anywhere else. "But," my father finished grimly, "I intend to be here. Lance is going to talk to me as well as to you."

"Yes," I said. "I think he wants to."

The next day was Sunday. A lovely, soft spring day, full of the vagrant smells and stirrings of coming summer. It was a day made for peace. But there was little in our house. Mother and Dad were tense with a kind of grim-lipped waiting. And Dessy was sulky and raging, by turns. With all the violent, thoughtless feelings of sixteen, she let everybody know exactly what she thought as soon as she heard Lance was coming.

"You haven't any pride," she cried at me accusingly. "He's ruined your life and now you let him come back like this—if he'd brought his wife back, I suppose you'd invite her over for tea! You—you just make me *sick!*"

I didn't try to answer. What she said didn't mean anything. I was still held in the same, curious thrall of last night.

We were all sitting in the living-room when he came. The front door opens directly into it, and Lance just pushed open the screen and came in. We sat and looked at him and nobody said a word. Nobody could. Because in his arms, awkwardly and not too surely, he was carrying a pink-blanket-wrapped little bundle. Lance had brought his daughter.

He stopped a moment, caught in the strange silence in that room. Then he looked down at the sleeping baby and said, quite simply and directly, "Her name is Anne."

He made as if to put her on the couch. Mother spoke then, for the first time. "Don't do that," she said sharply, uncompromisingly. "Give her to me."

The baby didn't stir as she was given over. Lance looked at me. "I didn't want to bring her, Linna. I didn't intend to. But the landlady was going out and there was no one to leave her with. I'm sorry."

"It's—all right," I said with difficulty.

It wasn't. I didn't want to see that child, to feel any further its reality.

He looked around the room, that waiting, hostile room. And for one fleeting second, I could feel pity for him. Animosity was alive there—in my mother's unyielding expression even as she held the child, in Dad's hostile eyes, in Dessy's open contemptuous dislike, and in my—I don't know what I showed. It couldn't have been easy for him. In a way, perhaps, going into battle there in Normandy might have been better than the intangibles he was facing here, things he couldn't touch.

Lance drew a deep breath and squared his shoulders. I saw again the sharp lines around his mouth. I saw the shabby uniform—Lance, who had always been so neat and spruce. And I saw that he wore no ribbons—no Purple Heart, no service stars, no "brag rags." With intuitive understanding, I knew why. He'd left them off on purpose because he couldn't, wouldn't, use anything that would appear to beg for sympathy.

"I'm glad you're all here," he said in a low voice. "What I've got to say isn't an easy or a pretty thing to say, but it has to be done. I want to thank you for letting me come—like this."

"SIT down," my father said. There was no friendliness in it. No quarter.

Lance sat down in the straight chair by the desk. His hands were trembling and he didn't seem to care. "It's a long story," he said. "And I guess I'll just have to tell it in my own way."

Going overseas (Lance began) was a lot more for me than just getting on a boat and going from one place to another. Of course it was for everybody—we knew we weren't taking a joy ride but going somewhere where, eventually, in one way or another, we'd fight. But for me, it was more than that even. Leaving Linna was like an amputation. It was like leaving a part of myself—an arm or a leg—and I didn't feel complete any more. You know what I mean?

It was more than homesickness. It was like I wasn't myself any more, but just part of myself living in a dream. Of course they kept us busy, and being in England, knowing English people and getting used to their ways, was interesting. But none of it seemed real. I used to live for mail call and Linna's letters. I'd read them over and over, feeling our love was the only part of me that was really me and that the life we'd planned together was the only one that was really living. I knew we had a big job ahead of us and it would be a long time before I got home, but I tried not to think much about it.

So when I was off-duty, I'd keep busy. I'd take long walks around the country where we were stationed, and whenever I had weekend leave I'd go up to London, sightseeing and stuff. It was just filling in time. I got to know a few English people and once I got used to the fact that they were different from us, I liked them. You couldn't help it. The way they took the war and the blitz and the shortages—they were swell!

One Saturday night in London, there was an air raid. A bad one. I'd been by myself, walking along one of the residential streets thinking about Linna, when the sirens went. It was pitch black of course and I didn't know where the nearest shelter was, so I ducked into a doorway. The noise was awful—the worst I'd ever heard. They were dropping a lot of incendiaries, and I don't mind saying I was scared.

It was getting worse when all of a sudden somebody ran in beside me. Even in the dark I could tell it was a girl. But she wasn't panicky or anything. She even laughed a little when she saw me, all scrooged down like they tell you to do, and said, "Hello, Yank. Mind some company?"

I said I was glad of it, and I was, too. It doesn't sound very heroic or anything, but I felt a kind of comfort to have somebody else there, another human being in the midst of all that noise and fire and hell. We huddled down close to each other.

"It's a bad one, isn't it?" she said, and her voice was as cool as if we'd been waiting out a rainstorm.

"It sure is! What are you doing out in it?" I was making myself talk so I wouldn't feel so damned scared.

"I was trying to get home, where I've got a nice comfortable Anderson shelter out in the backyard. But I couldn't quite make it."

There was a terrific blast, real close, and just sort of instinctively I threw my arms around her. It must have stunned us a little for a minute, or something, because when my head cleared, I found she was holding on to me, too, and looking up at me with the strangest expression on her face. I felt strange myself. It was like there was nobody else in the world but us two, and that we might get hit any minute, and that all that mattered was that we were alive right now and in each other's arms. It's hard to describe but I felt an excitement, an exhilaration—I know it sounds crazy but I wanted to laugh out loud. And more than anything I wanted to kiss her because the next minute I might be dead.

So I did. And she kissed me back, and it was like—well, it was like some of that fire outside was burning right inside of me.

Then a bomb hit about a block away, and for a little while everything seemed to black out. When it got clear again, the girl was standing at the edge of the doorway looking out into the street in the direction of the blast.

"There were people in that house!" she cried. "Come on, Yank!" And she did something I'd never have had the courage to do. She ducked out and started running down the street. There was nothing else for me to do but follow her. I couldn't let a girl show me up, scared though I was.

By the time I caught up with her, she was already pulling bricks and stuff away from what had been the front door of the house where the bomb had struck. I began to help her. By the flickering light, I could see her face; it was like she was on fire with something inside. We worked feverishly there together, trying to clear a space, and it was all crazy but it was all *real*—realer than anything that had happened to me in my whole life. The war was real and I was (*Continued on page* 69)



Before We Part was adapted from one of the problems originally presented on John J. Anthony's weekday program, broadcast at 1:45 P.M. EWT, on Mutual.

What can a girl do when her heart says "love", but his eyes say only "friendship"? Helen Donald didn't do anything—and that was just right

"Where have you been?"



By MRS. PETER DONALD

OUR love story really belongs to radio. It began in Radio City and has never wandered far from the microphones. I never will forget the first time I met Peter.

It was shortly after I'd left my sophomore year at Massachusetts State College to seek a radio career. I had done some work in summer stock and also in plays at school, and was convinced I wanted to become a radio actress. I didn't know many people in New York, and it was rather lonely at first, because breaks in radio don't come overnight. Peter was just beginning to make a name for himself; he was doing a number of important shows. Mutual friends had been singing his praises to me several weeks before we actually met.

"You'll just adore Peter Donald," they'd cry whenever his name came up. They gave him a terrific build-up, so that when we did meet, I was terribly taken aback when he smiled briefly.

"I've heard so much about you," I said, and in this case it was an understatement.

"It's been swell meeting you," he said, "I'm sorry I've got to run."

In a moment he was gone. I felt completely let down. Instead of the charming guy with the delightful sense of humor that my friends had been raving about, I found a preoccupied young man, who obviously was in a hurry to break away. Anyway, I was used to college boys with sport clothes and crew cuts, and smooth, dapper radio stars didn't seem to be my type.

I was to find out later that he was rushing over to register for the draft (you see, that was October 1940—October 16th, to be exact) and he was late. But the fact remained that we got off on what is popularly known as the wrong foot.

About a week later I bumped into Peter in the famous Kauffman-Bedrick Drug Store. That's the drug store in Rockefeller Plaza where all radio people gather before and after shows and rehearsals. I had just had my first dramatic audition with NBC. I was terribly upset and excited; I was so anxious to know if I'd made the grade.

"Hi, Helen Janis," he greeted, and I was surprised that he remembered my name, "You look as if you're as far down in the dumps as I am."

Over our cokes I told him about (*Continued on page* 74)

"With all my

By MARY NOBLE

THE other day I was walking along Broadway, on my way to the Comedy Theatre for an evening performance of "Blackout" in which I play the lead. I was just sort of daydreaming along, when a truck whizzed by. There was a poster on the side of the truck. "Write Often," it said. "Write Often, Be Brief. Be Cheerful."

Of course, the first thing I thought about was Larry and how far away he was, way over there in the Pacific. I felt a wave of loneliness that almost made me cry. And then, when a young Coast Guard Lieutenant passed by, tears actually came, for his uniform was exactly like Larry's.

And then, I began to see everything through Larry's eyes in a way and I knew I would have to describe Broadway to him as it is now, the people, the difference without all the brightly lit signs, the curfew. I gathered many ideas for my daily letter to Larry in that short walk, ideas that would give him a pleasant picture, without any feeling that I was complaining, or going through any great hardships—except that I miss him terribly.

It seemed to me as I walked along thinking of the things I wanted to write to Larry, that there was something strange about the poster on the side of that truck. I felt that there must be something very wrong with us, if we have to be reminded to write to the ones we love.

But that poster set me thinking, remembering. I remembered a young soldier at the Stage Door Canteen, one night. He couldn't seem to relax.

After awhile, he talked about himself and it began to come out in little things he said. He'd just come back from overseas for his first furlough in two years. He was anxious to get home to his wife. Anxious, but also afraid.

"It's her letters," he said. "For months they've been bothering me. I can't make out what goes on at home."

I wanted to know what kind of things were going on, but he couldn't put his finger on anything specific. His wife was worried. She quarreled with his mother. She stopped seeing her best friend. His father was sick and he didn't know whether he was better. Lots of scattered things like that. It all sounded to him as though home were no longer a pleasant place, certainly not the place he'd dreamed about.

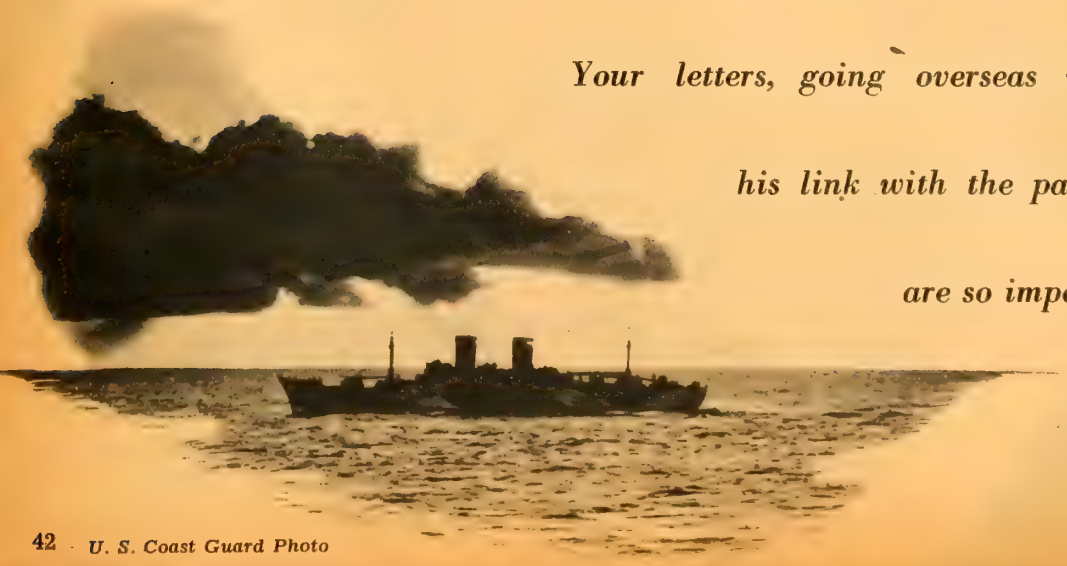
The important thing about this story is that I saw the same soldier two weeks later. He was a different man.

Just two weeks later he'd seen for himself there was nothing wrong at home. His father had had a cold and got better before his wife wrote to him again—and she forgot to mention that. The quarrels weren't serious. There wasn't any privation or discomfort. Everything was fine.

Think of the mental anguish that wife could have saved the man she loved! It would only have needed a little rereading of her letters before she sealed them. It would only have taken a moment to see whether she'd written anything that might depress or worry him, that might paint an unhappy picture of a place which she must have known he kept in his memory as a very special thing, an ideal, a dream to cling to.

Men don't always want letters full of unusual news. I've talked to Red Cross workers and men in the morale divisions about that. They say men like the kind of letters that chat the way the family does over a late snack from the refrigerator. You know, the movie you've just seen—and remember he's probably seen it, too, and would like to compare notes the way he would if he were at home—and who's getting married, or had a baby, or what sister's new beau looks like. Little things!

One Yank magazine correspondent told me there were certain letters soldiers definitely do not like. Those are letters that describe gay evenings in night clubs, especially if there are too many of them and other men involved. I don't think our boys overseas want us to hide away in a dark room and twiddle our thumbs all the time. But surely you can see how it might be a bit annoying to be sitting in a foxhole, all covered with dirt, surrounded by noise and danger, and read about



Your letters, going overseas with all your love, are his link with the past and the future. They are so important that more than love must go into writing them

U. S. Coast Guard Photo

love—"

an evening in a swanky club with the war very far away, indeed.

You know, there's a great deal to be said for V-Mail in this kind of discussion. I send about four out of every five letters to Larry that way. I only send ordinary mail when there's very special news, or pictures of Larry, Jr., or clippings I want him to see.

When you're writing to someone very dear to you, whose understanding you take for granted, whose concern for your well being you know is very deep, it seems to me using V-Mail is one guarantee that you won't let yourself go overboard and write and spill out all the small troubling things that come into your mind.

I know many people object to V-Mail because they say it isn't private and it isn't as fast as Air Mail. As for privacy, V-Mail isn't censored any more than is any other type of mail. V-Mail forms are opened automatically at the rate of 300 letters a minute and checked only for correct addresses and enclosures Otherwise, the letters are run through microfilming machines at the rate of 1500 an hour. After being flown overseas, the microfilms are printed at the rate of 2000 an hour and folded, inserted in envelopes and sealed by machines. That's private enough, it seems to me.

Your V-Mail still has priority. When you know that 1800 V-Mail letters fit into a single carton three and a half inches square, while 1800 ordinary letters would fill six postal bags, you can understand this preference. Also, V-Mail is probably the safest postal service ever devised. All original forms are numbered when they are first processed and are not destroyed until an outpost station radios that the film with the corresponding numbers has been received. If the film fails to arrive, the letters on the roll are reprocessed and sent through again.

What our fighting men need more than any other form of morale building is letters from home. I know that from Larry, writing to me from his ship in the far-off South Pacific. I know that from all the boys I've met at the Canteen. I know that from all the men and women whose concern it is to keep the fighting spirit high and good, the Red Cross workers, the morale officers, the nurses and doctors.

Surely, in return for what they are doing for us, it is a very small thing to ask—that we write them often, short, cheerful, good letters that will show them how we love them, how we are waiting for them, how we are safeguarding the things they're fighting for.

I feel better, now. That poster on the truck doesn't haunt me so with the thought that there may be people who have to be reminded to write to their servicemen. I feel better, because I can say to myself, "It isn't much that I've done, but I have tried to do something for the war—more important, for men who are awaiting news from home."

You know, taking care with your letters now means that you are strengthening your future, strengthening ties that might, through carelessness, be weakened instead.

And, I'll have something cheerful to write to Larry, too. I can start off my next letter with, "Darling—I'm a writer!" But my letter is for Larry....



Vivian Fridell has been "Mary Noble" of Backstage Wife ever since the serial's inception in 1935. It is heard over NBC each weekday afternoon at 4:00, EWT.

Tears are behind us

MY love, I said, when it came, would never be a little or a light thing. It would be an overwhelming thing, without doubt or questioning, and it would possess me. I would give of it stintlessly, able to meet any test it asked of me. That was the kind of love I used to dream of when I thought of marriage and a home and children. I knew myself, I thought; I knew what I wanted. I heard other girls talk of how they wanted to marry a handsome man, or a rich one, or somebody who "was somebody." And I used to feel sorry for them, and infinitely superior. I didn't care about those things; if the man I loved was any one of them, that would be fine. But I knew that I would have to love him for himself first, and that nothing else would matter.

How sure I was! How very, very sure. And how I failed, in my heart, when the time came!

It was a natural failure, I suppose, when you remember the way I was brought up. But that doesn't excuse me. It was a failure many of us make, in many relationships besides love, without thinking or being aware of it. That still doesn't excuse it. Or me.

When love came, bringing its own kind of pain and its own special betrayal, I was twenty-two. I was teaching school in a midwestern town of about ten thousand people. You know the kind. Quiet, tree-shaded streets, except where the factory was. Nice, substantial homes, except, of course, for the section where poor people lived. Main Street with a few movies and the drugstore on the corner where the gang held out, the Country Club where you were invited sometimes for the Saturday night dance, everybody knowing about everybody else, especially those people in town who "were anybody," like Mr. Clarke who lived in the biggest house in town and owned the block on Main Street that contained the department store and the drug store. Like Mrs. Harwell, who was on the school board, the library board, and headed all the charity committees, who was regarded as the social leader of Newtown.

I'd been born and brought up in Newtown and I liked it. I'd never had the urge to go away, to a big city. I liked the friendliness, and the living with trees and lawns and growing things. And I liked my teaching. I had just finished the State Normal School for teachers the year my mother died, and getting a position in the Newtown grammar school right away meant a lot to me. It meant that in spite of the fact I had no family, I still belonged, I was not alone. I had the same friends, did the same things, and even kept on living in the same big, old house. I could do that by fixing up the downstairs spare bedroom and my father's den into a two-room apartment for myself, and renting out the rest of the house. It was an ideal arrangement. I had my own side entrance and could come and go as I pleased, and yet it was not like living completely alone. My tenants, the Millers, had been friends of my parents', and Max, their youngest, was in the grade I taught at school.

So I worked all winter, and had my summer vacations at the Lakes, and went to parties and had dates with the boys I'd known all my life. And all the time I was waiting. Waiting for the day that love would come and take possession of my heart.

And when it did, I wasn't ready.

One night I had to go to the public library to look up some special references for my history class. I wasn't in the mood to study. It was one of those April nights that don't belong to April at all, but to late May. It was warm and soft, and the moon was bright. It was a night for—oh, for anything but sitting in a stuffy library reading musty books. A night to be driving along a country road with the top down. A night to be dancing on the terrace at the Club. A night to be walking arm in arm on a shadowy street with Somebody—somebody I was waiting for.

I got my books at the reference desk and carried them over to one of the long tables. A young man was there, on the opposite side, reading and making notes. I glanced at him. He was slimly built, though his shoulders were broad, and his concentration was so intense it was as if he were reading with his whole body. Every line, every movement was absorbed, and he didn't even look up as I sat down. I opened my notebook and then glanced at him again. His face was lean, too, and his hair was dark and his eyes—his eyes were arresting. A sort of dark gray-blue. I had never seen him before.

With a kind of impatient dissatisfaction, I reached for my books. And my gesture sent the whole pile toppling. The top ones spilled over onto the papers spread out in front of him.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" I cried in that sort of stage whisper people use in libraries. "I didn't mean—" And then as his eyes

Phyllis was afraid of her love for Robert,

until courage and faith grew up to kill the fear.

And then she discovered that because she

had courage, she had the whole world on her side



"Don't be upset, Phyllis," he said. "It has happened to me many times before."

caught mine, I didn't feel apologetic any more. I felt, instead, oddly happy and at ease. I laughed. "I guess I don't really want to study tonight and I just took it out on the books and on you."

He laughed, too, then, and his teeth were white and even. "I know," he said, and handed me the books. "People ought to have to go to the library on rainy nights only. There ought to be a law."

I took the books and opened them and tried to read. But I couldn't. I knew he wasn't reading either. I could feel him looking at me occasionally, and I could sense his restlessness. Finally I glanced up, and we both smiled.

"Look," he said, leaning across the table. "I'm going to give up. Will you give up too and come out and have a coke or something with me?"

This wasn't a pick-up. This was just a friendly gesture. "I'd like to," I said. "Thank you."

We took our books back to the desk, and walked down the library steps together. "My name is Robert Lesser" he said. "I haven't been in Newtown very long."

"Mine is Phyllis King. I've lived here all my life." Then I said, "What was it you were reading so hard when I came in and interrupted you?"

"Architecture . . . Oh, I'm not an architect. But I'd like to be. I studied for a while but then my money ran out and I had to give it up. Now that I've been left a little I decided it was too late to go back to school, and I've gone into the real estate business—opening new additions and buildings, you know. I looked around and decided on Newtown because there was all the good, undeveloped land out there by the river and not too far from the factory. I'd like to build inexpensive houses for the workman."



"You children go over there to eat," Mrs. Harwell commanded.

I REMEMBERED then why his name had seemed vaguely familiar. There was a new, neat little sign in one of the windows of the Clarke office building that I'd seen. It said, "Robert Lesser, Real Estate."

We sat on the high stools at the counter of the drug store and he told me more about his plans. His dreams, really. He dreamed of low-cost houses for people who didn't make much money, people with children, who needed sun and light and air and space, instead of living all cramped together. His eyes glowed as he talked, and I knew this was more than a business with him. It was an ideal. "There's no reason just because they're poor that kids can't have sunshine and lawns to play in," he said. "I'd like, somehow, to help them get it and this seemed a good place to start."

Then he asked questions about me and I told him all there was to know. And as we walked on down the shadowy street to my house, I felt happy and expectant. Expectant of the promise that this evening held—like being on the verge of something rare and lovely and exciting and yet not quite daring to believe it.

"Where do you come from?" I asked him. It was no idle question. I wanted to know. I found I wanted to know everything about Robert Lesser.

"Chicago. My grandfather settled there after he came to his country. He had had to leave Europe, with his family, during one of the pogroms."

"Pogroms?"

"Against the Jews. I'm Jewish, you know," he said, quite simply.

I felt as if something had stopped me dead in my tracks. It was so unexpected I couldn't think of anything to say. There were Jewish people in Newtown, of course. But only a few. There was old Moses Abrams, the junkman, who had a black beard and drove an ancient horse and wagon, collecting bottles and old rags. And there were the Rabonowitzes who ran the tailor shop and spoke with a heavy Polish accent. I taught their ten-year-old Reba in school. When I thought of Jewish people at all, it was in terms of them. But this man wasn't like that. He was just like—anybody. Any-

body at all—except that I liked him better than any man I'd ever met and had felt with him, for the first time in my life, that strange and exciting sense of promise.

I couldn't see his face clearly in the darkness but I knew he was looking at me. And waiting. I could sense it. It wasn't aggressive or defiant. It was just—waiting.

"Oh," I said. "No, I didn't know." We had reached my house by that time and had stopped on the sidewalk leading to my door. And right there, in that moment, I knew something. I knew I wanted to see Robert Lesser again and that he wanted to see me. But he wasn't going to ask, unless I gave him an opening. It was all part of the waiting that had started in the little silence after he'd said, "I'm Jewish, you know."

And so I said, "I hope you're going to like Newtown. And I hope you'll come to see me."

He smiled then, and the curious, self-aware tension in each of us relaxed. It had barely existed but now that it was gone, I knew that it *had* existed. "May I come Saturday?" he said. "Would you like to go to a movie or something Saturday night?"

"I'd love to," I said. And after the goodnight, after I'd walked up the steps and into my little apartment, I felt again the promise that trembled on the verge of something— the promise I didn't quite dare look at . . .

Saturday night I dressed carefully. I wore my newest dress. I brushed my hair until its latent reddish highlights shone, and then piled it up on top of my head, fastening it in back with an old-fashioned comb that had been my mother's. I even opened my carefully hoarded bottle of expensive perfume and used it lavishly. And I knew I must have been successful in my efforts because when little Max Miller knocked at my door to bring me a message from his mother, he said, "Gee, Miss King, you don't look a bit like a schoolteacher!"

SO I felt good when Robert Lesser came. I felt—eager. And I saw the same, though unspoken, admiration in his eyes that had been in Max's. Just as we were getting ready to leave, the telephone rang. It was Louise Humphries, my best friend.

"Jack's taking a bunch of us out to the Club tonight," she said. "Come on and go."

"I've got a date—"I said tentatively.

"Bring him. We'll need an extra man anyway."

It would be fun to dance with Robert, to introduce him to my friends. I turned from the phone and asked him if he'd like to go.

"I'd like to very much—if you would," he said.

"Then we'll come by for you about nine," Louise said when I told her. "By the way, who is he?"
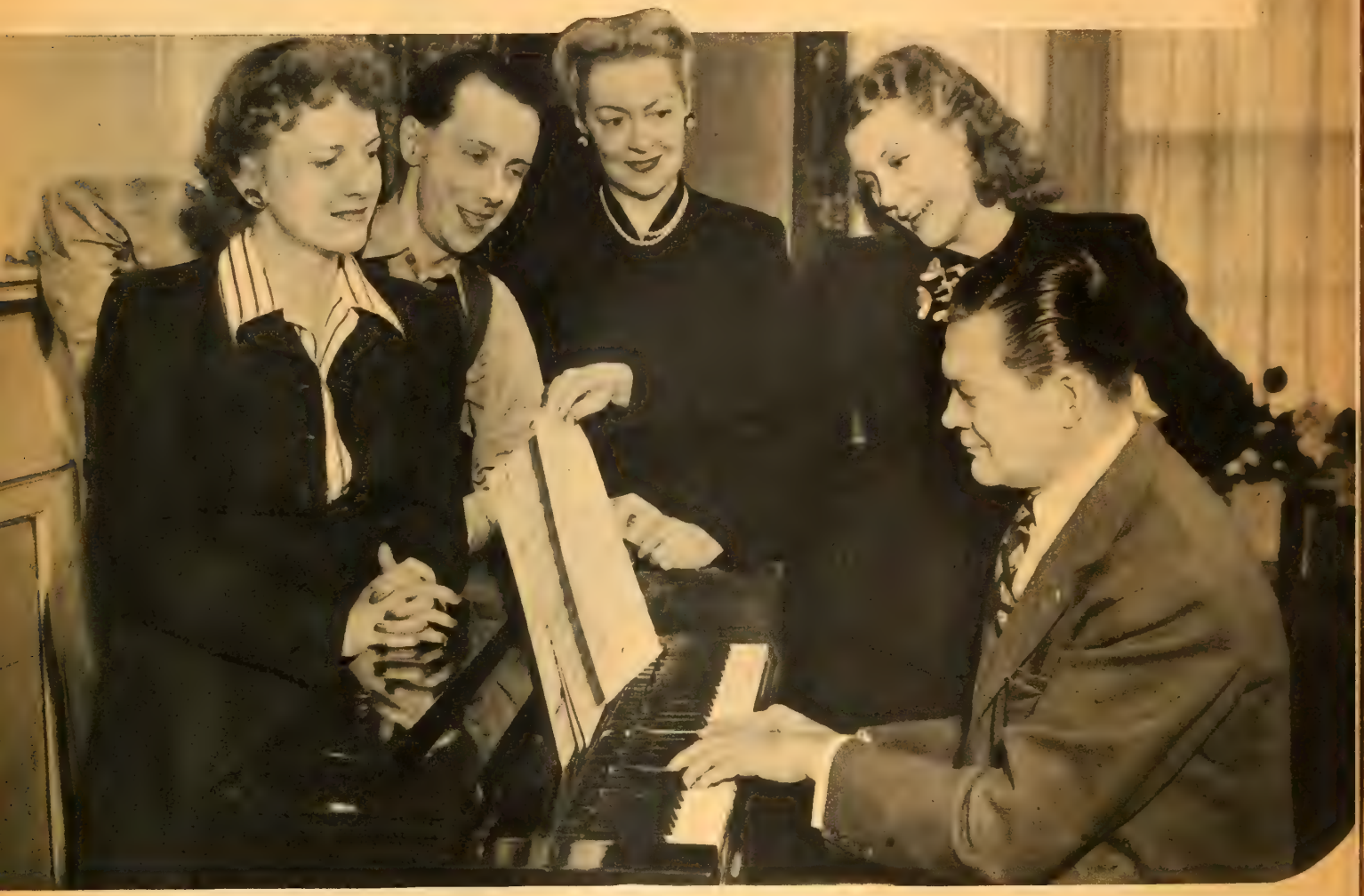
"Robert Lesser."

There was a moment's pause. I could feel Louise's embarrassment like a tangible thing. "He's Jewish, isn't he?" she said (*Continued on page* 64)



Robert smothered a furious exclamation.

"Forsaken", an Old World folk tune, loses none of its charm in its new American setting as the theme song of CBS Bachelor's Children, heard daily at 10:45 A.M. EWT. Here are Ruth Ann (Marjorie Hannan), Sam (Olan Soule), Ellen (Hellen Van Tuyl), Janet (Patricia Dunlap) and Dr. Bob (Hugh Studebaker) gathered round the piano, of an evening, to see how well the lyrics match the melody.



FORSAKEN.
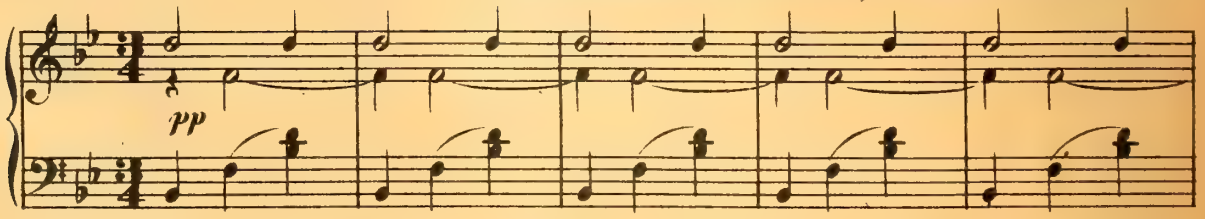
English version by F. W. ROSIER.

THOMAS KOSCHAT.

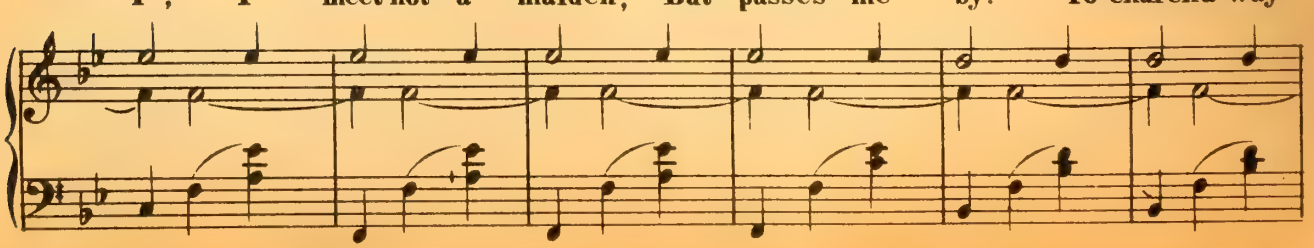
dolciss.

For-lorn and for - sa - ken, For - sa - ken am

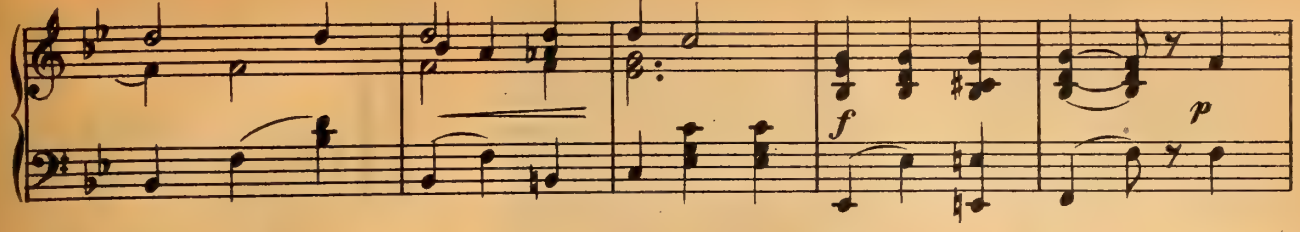
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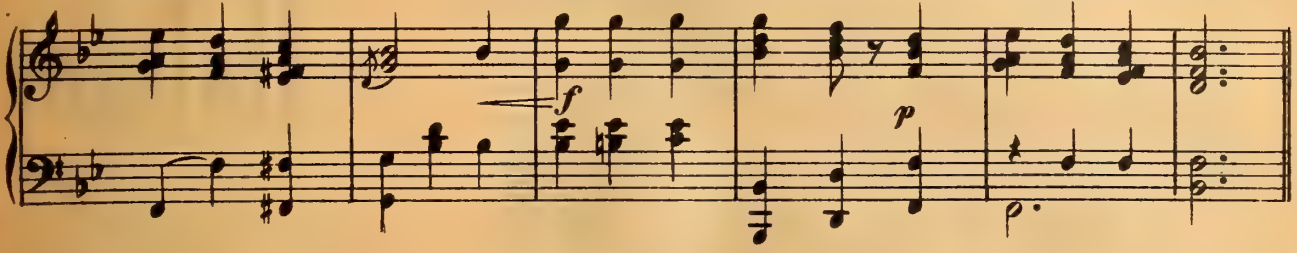


I ; I meet not a maiden, But passes me by. To churcha-way



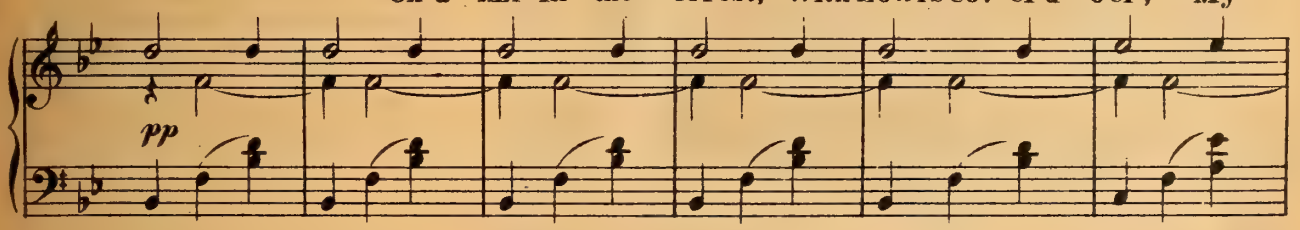
yon - der, In sad-ness I go;---- And there low - ly kneeling, I
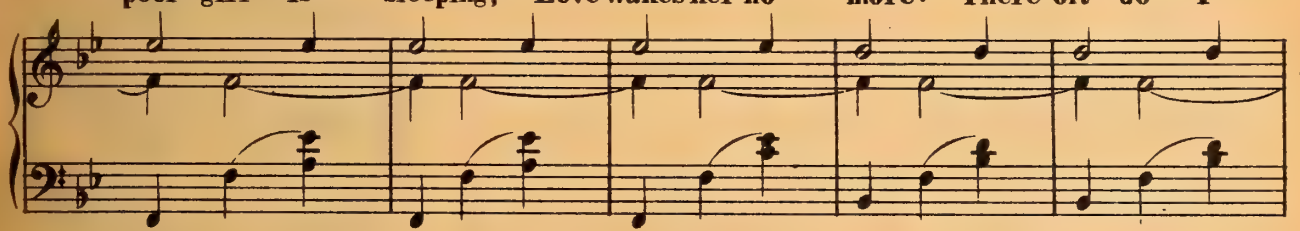


weep o'er my woe, And there low-ly kneel-ing, I weep o'er my woe.



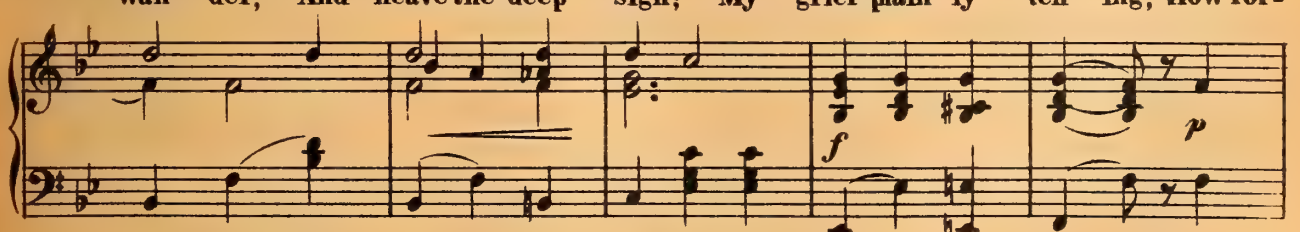
On a hill in the forest, With flow'rs cov-er'd o'er, My



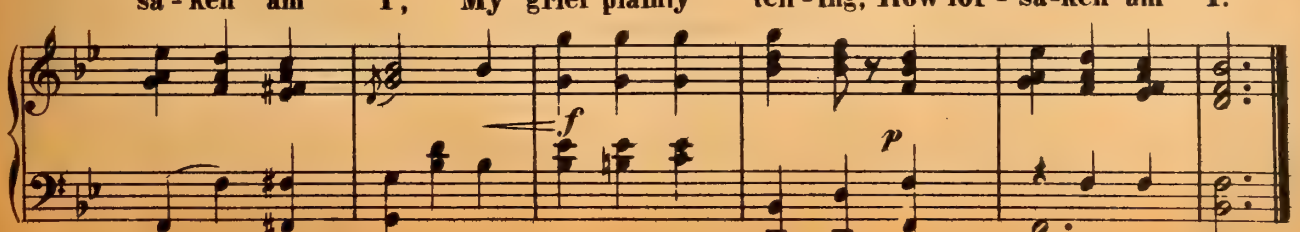
poor girl is sleeping, Love wakes her no more. There oft do I



wan - der, And heave the deep sigh; My grief plain - ly tell - ing, How for-



sa - ken am I, My grief plainly tell - ing, How for - sa-ken am I.





Homemade Holiday

There's neither time nor means of transportation for the old-fashioned Fourth of July picnic. But you can bring the tradition up to date with a new kind of celebration; learn that good food tastes every bit as good if the picnic is in your own backyard.

FOURTH of July is nearly here and the best way I can think of to celebrate it is to have a picnic in the traditional fashion—and since we are all pledged to do no unnecessary traveling, the best place I can think of to have it is right at home, on the porch or in the backyard. That is modernizing the tradition. Also in the modern tradition are this month's recipes; they all stem from picnic fare of our grandparents' days and are as delicious now.

Chicken and Ham Sandwich Filling

¼ cup cooked chopped chicken
¼ cup cooked chopped ham
½ cup celery, chopped fine
¼ cup mayonnaise

Combine ingredients and chill. Serve on cracked wheat bread, or prepare filling only and let the guests make their own sandwiches. Makes 1 cup.



BY KATE SMITH

RADIO ROMANCES FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon on CBS. She is vacationing from her Sunday night show.

Picnic Hamburgers

1 lb. ground beef
1 onion
1 clove garlic (optional)
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tbl. prepared mustard

Grate onion and garlic into bowl. Stir in salt, pepper and mustard. Stir in ground beef and mix well. Let stand for 15 minutes so seasonings will be well blended. Form into patties and broil or pan-fry on both sides. Makes 4 to 6 patties.

Less highly seasoned and a good meat stretcher is Hamburger Toasties.

½ cup ground beef
1 cup 40% bran flakes
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
6 tablespoons milk or water

Crush bran flakes slightly, add remaining ingredients and mix well. Makes 6 patties, 3 inches in diameter. Broil or pan-fry. Both recipes may be prepared and formed into patties in advance ready for the guests to broil their own over an outdoor fireplace. Serve on round soft buns.

Cottage Cheese Sandwich Filling

1 cup (½ lb.) cottage cheese
1 pimiento, chopped fine
1 green pepper, chopped fine
½ cup celery, chopped fine
3 slices crisp broiled bacon, crumbed
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
½ cup mayonnaise

Combine ingredients and chill. Serve on brown-bread. Makes 12 sandwiches.



Strawberry Sponge Pie

½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
1½ cups crushed strawberries
1 package strawberry flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Sprinkle 4 tbls. sugar over crushed berries. Let stand 10 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Drain ¼ cup juice from berries, add to beaten egg yolks and cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove from fire. Stir in gelatin and cool until slightly thickened. Fold in strawberries. Beat salt and remaining sugar into egg whites and fold into gelatin mixture. Turn into cold pie shell. Chill until firm. Garnish with strawberries.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	The Jubalaires
		8:30	Blue:	Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichord.st
		8:45	CBS:	The Symphonettes
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Concert Orchestra, direction Josef Stopak
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	George Hicks From Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow (from London)
		1:15	NBC:	Armerica United
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
10:15	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Ford Show
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.
11:00		2:00	CBS:	Stradivari Orchestra
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	Blue:	National Vespers
11:55		2:55	CBS:	Olin Downes
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
		3:00	Blue:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
		3:00	NBC:	WEAF World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
		3:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Your America
		4:30	Blue:	Andrews Sister Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Nelson Eddy
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Music America Loves
		4:30	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Mary Small Revue
		5:00	MBS:	Let's Face the Issue
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		5:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera Presents
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Harriet Hillard and Ozzie Nelson
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
7:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Fannie Brice
8:00		6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		6:30	MBS:	Upton Close
		6:45	MBS:	Dick Brown
		7:00	MBS:	Cleveland Orchestra
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Kate Smith
	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cleveland Orchestra
4:15	5:15	7:15	Blue:	Don Gardiner, News
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen
8:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:15	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson, News
		8:30	Blue:	Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Eddie Bracken Story
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Steel Horizons
7:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Cedric Foster
8:15	8:30	9:45	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	The Life of Riley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Earl Wilson Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Comedy Theater, Harold Lloyd
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We The People
		10:45		"What's the Good Word?"
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Searchinger
		10:15	MBS:	This Is Helen Hayes
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



THE HUNCH GIRL

The lovely blonde lady with the hazel eyes is Helen Forrest, whose singing sends you on the Dick Haymes show, Everything For The Boys, heard on the NBC network on Tuesday evenings at 7:30.

By the time Helen Forrest got around to a singing teacher for the first time, she was already one of the top vocalists in the country. Knowing that her voice was okay commercially, Helen wanted to know how it rated technically.

After hearing her, the teacher said, "I have to work a week to earn as much as you do every time you open your mouth. Just keep on singing the way you do." And that's what Helen has been doing ever since.

Helen started singing professionally in 1933 under five different names on five different broadcasts over WNEW in New York. The names were Marlene, Bonnie Blue, Helen Forrest, Helene—and one other which she honestly can't remember. It was in Washington, however, that she got her first real break, after her five-name, five-show stint in New York. She was at the Madrillon Club there when Artie Shaw offered her a job singing with his then not too well known band.

This was in 1937 and lots of people thought she would have done better taking an offer from another band leader who was then riding the crest of the wave of popularity. "But I had a hunch to go with Artie," Helen says. And it turned out to be a swell hunch, because in a short time Artie Shaw was the idol of a swing loving generation.

Helen always follows her hunches. In 1939 she had a hunch to join Benny Goodman. In 1941, the little voice whispered to her to tie up with Harry James. And in 1943 she just knew she was ready to spread her wings on her own.

A couple of the records she made with the Harry James band—"I Don't Want To Walk Without You, Baby," and "I Had The Craziest Dream" made wax platter history and paved the way for a successful personal appearance tour for her. Upon her return to Hollywood, she joined Dick Haymes, with whom she had sung when they both worked for Harry James.

Helen still can't read music, but learns tunes after one hearing. She's what's known as a natural singer. In musical circles she's regarded very highly for her fine phrasing. Helen says she picks that up from instrumentalists like Harry James and Shaw.

She is single, but, according to every poll of GI's she is one of the most popular girls in the world. She has no hobbies, because she has no time for them. Camp shows, broadcasts, recordings and picture work keep her far too busy.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed & Polly East
1:30	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winter
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Lisa Sergio
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment With Life
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
		4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	"I'll Buy That"
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
		4:30	MBS:	Never Too Old
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
		6:00	NBC:	Hoagy Carmichael
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Tim Healy
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone From Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Sherlock Holmes
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Happy Island—Ed Wynn
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please R
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players R
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Cameron Andrews Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nations Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Army Air Forces Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	The Woman's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		3:45	Blue:	"Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
	3:40	4:45	CBS:	The Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	CBS:	Service Time
		5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:40	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:35	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	News
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:30	Blue:	The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Dick Haymes
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Theater of Romance
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:30	Blue	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Big Town
		8:30	MBS:	Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gracie Fields Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Listen, the Women
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Service to the Front
R 10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
		10:30	MBS:	Wings for Tomorrow
7:30			NBC	Hildegarde
		11:15	CBS	Joan Brooks



SWEET YOUNG THING

When Henry Aldrich phones his favorite girl friend, Kathleen Anderson, to see if he left his rubbers at her house, or maybe invite her to a party, it's blonde Mary Shipp who picks up the receiver and generally helps to add to the confusion on The Aldrich Family broadcasts over CBS on Friday nights.

In the role of Kathleen, Mary Shipp sounds like a typical high school girl, pleased and a bit coy when she gets a call from her Henry, but not letting him for one minute think he's the only beau on her string. In real life, Mary said goodbye to all her other suitors when she married an advertising executive, Harry Ackerman, in 1939.

Mary was born in Los Angeles. Her early schooling was taken care of at the Immaculate Heart Convent and Hollywood High School. She went to Los Angeles City College for three years, majoring in dramatics and winning several awards for her acting.

By that time, of course, it was easy to win awards because she was an old hand at this theater business. She made her first appearance professionally, too, in a stock company production of "The Little Princess", when she was eight years old. Most of her acting has been done in radio plays, although she did do some stock company work. Her first radio job was way back on "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" in which show she played Becky Thatcher, of course.

Young and impish looking as she is, she has played with some of the greats on radio. On the Cavalcade of America show she played leads opposite Charles Boyer, a very coveted place to be, indeed. She also worked on the Silver Theatre with Orson Welles. And to her record leads on Sherlock Holmes and with the Blondie and Burns and Allen shows.

In 1940 Mary and her husband moved to New York and Mary went to work on the Aldrich Family show. She also plays ingenues on My True Story and the role of Linda, the oldest sister—all of 17—on My Best Girl. Between broadcasting engagements she studies French and Spanish. She and her husband love Cuba and want to get back there again after the war. She serves two mornings a week at St. Vincent's Hospital as a librarian, her way of answering the constant plea for help in hospitals which will relieve nurses for war duty.

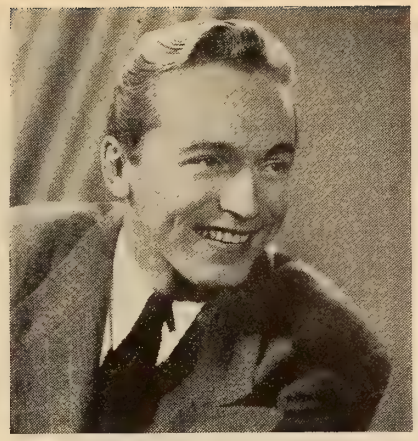
Mary by no means limits her interests to radio. She writes, too, occasionally and has sold four scripts for the Kate Smith Speaks show. She loves the theater—something which she may have got from her cousin Jeanne Eagels, the only other member of her family who ever had any connection with the stage—and would like very much to appear on Broadway. So far, nothing she's liked has turned up in the way of an offer. But it probably will. And she has plenty of time and lots of good experience behind her. We'll be looking for her.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC	Ed East & Polly
1:30	2:30	9:10	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Wood
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	1:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Three Pianos
		2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	The Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
3:00	5:00	5:00	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mystery
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:35	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
		7:00	Blue:	On Stage Everybody
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone, from Overseas
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	David Harding—Counterspy
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	"Carton of Cheer"—Henny Youngman—Carol Bruce
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Keep Up With the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Which Is Which
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
		9:30	MBS:	Brownstone Theatre
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	College of Musical Knowledge
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Hire's Program
7:30			CBS	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Colonel
		10:30	Blue:	Scramby-Amby Quiz
		10:30	MBS:	Human Adventure
	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Casey, Press Photographer
		1:30	NBC:	Words at War

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:40	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:40	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
		3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:45	Blue:	Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Sheriff
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Dinah Shore
		8:30	MBS:	Agatha Christie's Poirot
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Joan Davis, Jack Haley
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Fred Waring Show
7:00		10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
		10:00	MBS:	Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Swing's The Thing
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	John Daly, News



WITH A SMILE IN HIS VOICE

Johnnie Johnston, singing star and emcee of Music That Satisfies over CBS Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights at 7:15 (EWT) is fast becoming another "Voice."

He's six feet tall and handsome and he's got a wonderful smile that somehow manages to convey itself over the air to listeners. There's something warm and nice about his voice—friendly.

But Johnnie didn't get that smile from leading a soft and easy life. He's a hep character who's been around plenty. He's come to grips with reality often and in lots of places that were strange and unknown to the average American before the war.

At the age of 15, weighing a scant 124 pounds, he was an amateur boxer, scoring 30 wins, six draws and three losses in 39 bouts with the Heart of America boxing team. At 17, Johnnie left Kansas City and turned his eyes westward. He hitch hiked and rode freights to the West Coast and landed a job as a busboy in Hollywood.

He saved his money on that job and when he had enough he went to Mexico City. From there, he thumbed his way to Central America. Once there, he signed as a mess boy on a passenger liner bound for Hawaii, Australia, China and Japan. He worked his way back to America as a steward, landing in Los Angeles just in time for the earthquake in 1933.

But the wanderlust hadn't been beaten out of him yet. He was still restless. He "bummed" his way to Chicago; became a door-to-door match salesman, a job which netted him enough to buy himself a ukulele.

This really opened up new vistas for him. It was the beginning of his career as a singer. He became a "stroller", singing in one tavern after another for whatever he could pick up, until he hit a spot that paid him $8 a week and tips.

After three years of this kind of wandering, Art Kassel offered Johnnie a job, singing and playing guitar with his "Kassel In The Air" orchestra. Six months later, Johnnie joined Roger Pryor's band. Then, in May, 1937, an audition netted him a five year radio contract and he began a strenuous routine of 12 shows a week. In 1941 he added to this schedule the making of a movie for Paramount. Remember him in "Sweater Girl"?

Soon after his current radio series began, Johnnie made a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre in New York. This, combined with his radio schedule and benefit and camp performances nearly knocked him out, since he was just recovering from an appendectomy. But Johnnie's tough days, banging around the lesser known places in the world stood him in good stead. He held up under the strain, although his director Bill Brennan nearly collapsed trying to figure out what he'd do if his star folded up on him. Johnnie's not the collapsing kind.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
1:30	2:15	9:15	NBC:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:00	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	The High Places
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	2:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Friday on Broadway—Frank Parker
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	"Stars of the Future"
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cecil Brown
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of the Thin Man
		8:30	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Those Websters
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Amos and Andy R
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore R
		10:00	MBS:	Fights
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Danny Kaye Show
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:30	Blue:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shipping
		8:30	Blue:	United Nations News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		9:30	NBC:	Encores
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Armstrong and Company
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	What's Cooking—Variety
		10:30	NBC:	Bern Klassen, Tenor
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC:	Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Land of the Lost
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:30	Blue:	Transatlantic Quiz—London New York
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Hookey Hall
		11:45	Blue:	Chatham Shopper
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Kay Armen, Songs
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
		1:00	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
		1:15	NBC:	Music as You Like It
		1:30	Blue:	Soldiers With Wings
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Baxters
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
		1:30	MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
1:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC.	John Mac Vane From London
		2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:00	NBC:	Musiciana
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Grantland Rice
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		3:00	NBC:	Symphony
12:00		3:00	CBS:	The Land is Bright
12:00	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors Look Ahead
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Assignment Home
		4:30	NBC:	Music on Display
		4:30	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Concert Orchestra
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
2:00	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Viva America
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Hello, Sweetheart
		6:00	MBS:	Hall of Montezuma
3:15		6:00	NBC:	I Sustain the Wings
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
		6:30	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	American Eagle in Britain
		7:15	Blue:	Leland Stowe
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
		7:30	NBC:	Robert Q. Lewis Show
		7:30	MBS:	Arthur Hale
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue:	Early American Dance Music
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
		8:00	NBC:	Gaslight Gayeties with Beatrice Kay
		8:00	MBS:	Frank Singiser
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. In Peace and War
		8:30	MBS:	Detroit Symphony Orchestra
8:00		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequence
		8:30	MBS:	Symphony of America
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
		9:00	MBS:	Jean Goldiettes Orchestra
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
		9:30	MBS:	Mysterious Traveller
		9:30	MBS:	Calling All Detectives
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	B ue:	Coronet Quiz
		10:00	Blue:	The Man Called X—Herbert Marshall
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova Show
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
		10:15	CBS:	Al Pearce
R 7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
		9:00	NBC:	Night Editor
R 11:05	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	11:30	Blue:	Hoosier Hop

The Way Love Finds You

(*Continued from page 25*)

terrified. Was that all there was to it—just a few words mumbled at you, and your signature in a book? Was that all it took to change your whole life? It couldn't be; it didn't seem real; something was terribly wrong. Then Ronnie was smiling down at me, reassuringly, as if he knew how I felt, and everything was all right again.

We drove back to Sandy Cove, stopping on the way to eat the basket of lunch we'd brought along—not because we were hungry, but to substantiate the story we'd told my aunts about going on a picnic. We left the car with the garageman from whom Ronnie had rented it, and then we walked back along the shore to the house.

That night there was no walk to the rocks, no nonsense and towel-snapping as we did the dinner dishes. Ronnie and I hardly dared look at each other, for fear the electricity between us would leap forth in visible, betraying flame. We played cards with my aunts, hand after hand, until at last Aunt Fran yawned and said, "This is too much for Emily and me. You children can sit up if you want, but we're going to bed."

RONNIE rose when they did, and said goodnight to them. Then he went out to the kitchen, where I heard him running water in the sink, taking a glass from the cupboard. I turned off all the lamps except one, and then I curled up in the big chair, waiting for Ronnie to come back. This was one of the things I'd dreamed of whenever I thought of being Ronnie's wife—the two of us sitting in the one big chair, talking about our future, making plans, or not talking at all, just being contented. It was the way we would be every evening after dinner, when the war was over . . .

Then I was aware that the water had stopped running and that the light was out in the kitchen, and I realized that Ronnie must have gone upstairs the back way, that he wasn't coming into the livingroom at all. I got up and turned out the light, blinking back sudden, foolish tears. It was silly to be disappointed about such a small thing.

In my own room I undressed and crept into bed, where I lay waiting, watching the band of moonlight shorten on the floor as the moon rose, listening to the distant murmur of the sea, to the soft creakings of the old house, holding my breath, because each creak sounded like a footstep. It had been a tiring day, and in the very stillness and tenseness of my waiting, I must have dozed. I didn't hear Ronnie's step in the hall, didn't know that he was in the room until he was close beside me in the dark, reaching for me with hungry arms and hungry, searching lips.

We had five nights together, and very nearly five whole days, and then Ronnie was transferred. When twenty-four hours had passed in which we had no word from him at all, we knew that he had gone. Aunt Fran's face was unusually set that night, and Aunt Emily's soft blue eyes had a suspicious brightness, as if she were very close to tears. After dinner we sat talking in subdued voices, trying not to speculate about what might happen, or to think about how very dangerous the shipping was. The murmur of the sea seemed no longer friendly, but had an ominous sound, and my aunts and I drew closer together, trying not to listen, trying not to feel the emptiness of the house.

I kept wanting to talk about Ronnie to someone. He hadn't been gone a week before I knew that I was no longer one of the crowd at the docks. I got out my old knit swim suit, and pulled a pair of disreputable shorts and a baggy shirt over it, and went down to the docks every morning, just as I always had before I'd met Ronnie. But digging for clams, and going out to the lobster pots, and tinkering with the boats wasn't fun any more; they were as far behind me as the dolls I'd used to play with. The only thing I still liked was sailing, and that was because I could pretend that Ronnie, and not Jigger Harris, was with me, sharing the delight of the swift motion, and the wind on our faces. Disgustedly, Jigger told me that this summer I was the worst crew he'd ever had—I, who used to be the best. "Next thing I know," he said, "you'll be getting in the way of the boom." A year ago I'd have been crushed by the remark, but now I smiled tolerantly.

The fact that I'd outgrown my friends was no compensation for loneliness. I stayed in the house more and more, and wrote endless letters to Ronnie, who was stationed now at a southern port, and I developed a sudden interest in cooking, an interest that gratified Aunt Emily and puzzled Aunt Fran. Aunt Fran wanted me to learn to cook, but she didn't understand my volunteering to do so in blazing July weather. I didn't tell her that in a way, cooking was like sailing; it brought me closer to Ronnie. I could pretend that the meals I planned were for him, that he'd be home at five to sample the batch of cookies I'd baked in the afternoon. And I was very careful to write down her recipe for piccalilli, so that I could can some.

THAT was the world I lived in the first weeks after Ronnie left, the dream world in which we would be together again. And the only times the dream and reality met were when there were letters from Ronnie in the mailbox. Aunt Emily noticed how often they came, how I jumped at the postman's step, and it was she who gave me the opening I'd been wanting. "You thought quite a lot of Ronnie, didn't you?"

I nodded. Now that I had a chance to speak of the precious subject, it seemed so big that it choked me. "He—we wanted to be engaged," I blurted finally.

Aunt Emily smiled wistfully, as she smiled sometimes when she saw something pretty and frivolous in a shop window. "Maybe you will be, some day," she said. "Of course, you'll wait until after the war."

That pushed everything I wanted to say right back inside me. If Aunt Emily, who was the most sentimental person in the world, took that attitude, there wasn't any use talking.

But that night I tried again. At dinner, Aunt Fran told me that Jigger had stopped by the library to ask if I were ill. "He thought you had a date to go sailing this afternoon," she said.

I'd forgotten about it. "It wasn't a date. I just said (*Continued on page 56*)



AIRLINE HOSTESS is airman's fiancée! Mary Ann Long helps servicemen and their families feel "at home" in PCA planes. She works in one of the war jobs where women are so badly needed. Ask your local U. S. Employment Service about *your* war job.

Flyer to Wed Mary Ann Long

Popular Tennessee girl, the daughter of the H. C. Longs, engaged to Richard H. Albrecht. She is a graduate of Virginia Intermount College and was May Queen in her senior year. He was at Yale before entering the Air Force



She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

The day that Mary Ann pinned his wings on her officer-fiancé—he slipped a diamond engagement ring on her slender finger.

She is *another* lovely girl with an engaging soft-smooth *Pond's* complexion.

Mary Ann says of Pond's Cold Cream —"It's perfect, I think! I don't know anything that makes my face look and feel so clean and fresh and soft-to-touch."

This is the way she uses Pond's:

She smooths snow-white Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's coating —swirling her fingertips quickly over her face. These *two* creamings make her skin feel *extra* clean, *extra* soft.

Copy Mary Ann's twice-over way of using Pond's Cold Cream—*every* night, *every* morning, and for in-between clean-ups.

Ask for a luxurious big jar—you'll love the quick way you can dip fingers of both hands in this wide-topped, *big* Pond's jar!





A few of the Pond's Society Beauties.. The Lady Morris, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Mrs. James J. Cabot, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, The Countess of Radnor



(*Continued from page* 54) I'd see him at the docks." Then I added, "Besides, I don't care to hang around with the kids—after Ronnie."

My aunts exchanged glances. "We all love Ronnie," said Aunt Emily gently. "But you'll have lots of boy friends, and Ronnie will have lots of girls, before you're old enough to know how you really feel about each other."

"I don't know why. Lots of girls my age are married."

There was a silence. "Lots? Do you know any?" asked Aunt Fran.

I knew that I was on dangerous ground, but I'd roused real interest in them now, and I persisted. "Ronnie does. One of the fellows at the base got married this summer. He's nineteen and his wife is sixteen."

"I can't imagine what sort of parents would consent to it."

"They didn't," I said recklessly. "They don't know about it. There's a justice of the peace near here who doesn't ask questions."

AUNT Fran caught her breath. *"Near here? Where?"*

I'd gone too far. I picked at my food and murmured that I didn't know—which, of course, gave less credibility to what I'd told them.

Aunt Fran sighed with relief. "I'd hate to believe that a public official would be that conscienceless. If there is one, he ought to be horsewhipped. A sixteen-year-old girl.... The boy could be sent to the reformatory for a crime like that, and I'm not sure but that he deserves it."

Aunt Emily was smiling softly, reminiscently. For the moment she had forgotten me. "*Our* mother was married when she was seventeen. William was born on her eighteenth birthday."

"Emily!" Aunt Fran sounded appalled. "You know there's no comparing that day and this. Young people matured early, especially in little out-of-the-way communities such as the Cove was then. They knew what responsibility was almost from the day they were born. The whole world was different, and life was far simpler—"

As soon as the dishes were done, I escaped to my room, where there was no one to see how shaken, how frightened, I was. *The reformatory... a crime....* What was criminal about marrying the person you loved? Our happiness hadn't hurt anyone. Aunt Fran was just being—disciplinary. I swallowed, and shook my head back, and tried to calm myself. That was it. Aunt Fran was just talking. All that about life being complicated, and responsibilities—there weren't any complications when two people loved each other as much as Ronnie and I did. As for responsibilities—I could keep house, and I was learning to cook. What else was expected of a wife?

I didn't mention Ronnie again unless my aunts spoke of him first. I spent more time at the docks in the next few days, and on Friday I went to the Boathouse dance with Jigger. It was pure luck that I dressed up that night, and put on a tailored sports dress instead of the cotton dirndl I usually wore to the dances, because Jigger came calling for me in an immaculate linen suit. I just gaped when I opened the door to him. Never had I seen him in anything more formal than white ducks—and those usually with a paint stain here, an oil smudge there. "I'm celebrating," Jigger explained.

"Celebrating?"

"I enlisted last week, on my birthday. Passed the physical today."

"Coast Guard?"

"Certainly. What else?"

I was too surprised to answer, and shock faded into uneasy wondering. Jigger—in the Coast Guard! Was it possible that only a few months ago Ronnie had been like Jigger—a high school boy, interested only in lobster pots and sailboats? Was it possible that he was really as *young* as Jigger—as young as my aunts thought him?

At the end of the evening I had a second shock. Jigger kissed me goodnight—and I liked it. He pulled me to him as we shook hands, set his lips on mine briefly, lightly—yes, very much as Ronnie had kissed me that first night outside the Coast Guard base. Then he said, "I like you, Grace, a lot. How about writing to me?"

"I like you, Jigger." I meant it. I hadn't realized until then how much I did like him, how much a part of my life he'd been in the years we'd played together.

I promised to write to him, and I watched him go down the walk with tears crowding in my throat—tears of regret at his going, tears of bewilderment and dismay. I'd liked his kissing me—and how could I, when I was Ronnie's wife? How could I, when Ronnie and I belonged to each other, had been destined for each other from the beginning? That was the frightening thought: perhaps destiny wasn't as all-powerful as I'd believed. Perhaps if Jigger had been with me as much as Ronnie had, I'd have fallen in love with Jigger. And—yes, perhaps even now, if I were to see Jigger often enough, if I had more of his kisses, I would come to feel about him as I felt about Ronnie. And if that were true, mightn't Ronnie be able to care for another girl as he cared about me? How could I be sure?

A WEEK later I was sick. I staggered when I got out of bed in the morning, fell against the pillows as if a hand had jerked me back, lay there paralyzed with terror. All that week I'd gone about the house frozen with fear, trying to thrust aside the knowledge that was too awful to believe. But the truth kept flashing back, relentlessly, until now I could not longer escape it. We had whispered about this sometimes, Ronnie and I, lying close in each other's arms in this very room. We wanted children. We meant to have a lot of them, some day. Some day.

I didn't want a baby now. I was terrified at the very thought, and I knew that Ronnie would be terrified, too, if he knew. I could see him opening my letter, see his face stiffening, paling. I couldn't tell him until I'd figured out some way of taking care of myself.

"Gra-ace! Breakfast—" That was Aunt Emily, calling from downstairs. "Coming!" I called back. I set icy feet on the floor, stood up slowly. I was better now. By the time I was dressed, I could go downstairs. I would pass before Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily. *...sent to the reformatory for a crime like that...* Those words, too, had pressed at my mind all week long—and then anger born of desperation revived me. I was being hysterical, letting my fear run wild. You couldn't take a boy out of the Service and send him to a reformatory, and Aunt Fran wouldn't.... Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily wouldn't know; that was all there was to it.

That afternoon, I walked down to the business section of the village and got a job (*Continued on page* 58)

IS THIS THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION?



"YES!" say DEANNA DURBIN'S fans

"*Goodness, no!*" says this lovely young star modestly. But her enthusiastic admirers insist her smooth, exquisite complexion is the loveliest in the world.

To guard its million-dollar beauty, the lovely Deanna Durbin depends on Active-lather facials. "Lux Soap care really makes skin lovelier!" she says. "I cover my face generously with the creamy lather, work it in thoroughly. Then I rinse with warm water, a dash of cold. Pat gently with a soft towel to dry." *You* try this gentle care!

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

Lovely Star of
Universal Pictures'
"LADY ON A TRAIN"



This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier...
no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!

THIS WONDERFUL NEW

after-shampoo hair "make-up"



GIVES GLORIOUS SPARKLE—
SMART COLOR EFFECTS!

Drab-looking hair is as "out of place" with a pretty face as shabby shoes with an otherwise lovely outfit. So keep your hair radiant, color-bright—with Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse.

A simple chart on the package shows which of the 12 Marchand Rinse shades will give you the most flattering color effect. With Marchand's Rinse, you can accent your hair's natural color . . . give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone . . . even blend gray streaks in with the original shade!

After your shampoo, simply dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, all soap-film vanishes! Your hair sparkles with highlights and glorious color!

Not a bleach, not a permanent dye, Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse is *absolutely harmless*. It rinses on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash



Just to get acquainted, we will send you smart new 10K yellow gold engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, Rose cut diamond solitaire in sentimental, sweetheart mounting. Wedding ring is deeply embossed, 10K yellow gold, set with 3 genuine chip Diamonds. Either ring only $5.95 or both for $9.95 plus postage and 20% Federal tax. SEND NO MONEY with order. Just name and ring size. Pay on arrival, then wear rings 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 13-DS, Jefferson, Iowa

(*Continued from page* 56) I wasn't feeling anything except an all-pervading, numbing fear, and a kind of grim hope that came of the knowledge that the very worst had happened, that something else would happen to save me. Then I saw the sign in the window of Lyman's bakery: Girl Wanted. I walked in, answered Mrs. Lyman's surprised question glibly, as if I thought all the answers out beforehand. And at dinner that night I told my aunts that beginning Monday I was going to wrap packages at Lyman's for fifteen dollars a week.

Aunt Fran was surprised, but she approved. "I don't see why you shouldn't work if you want to. You can use the money for little luxuries, with your last year of school ahead of you. We'll go to the bank some noon and open an account. I'll have to sign, of course, because you're a minor."

NEXT afternoon Aunt Emily came into the bakery. She ordered a loaf of bread and a dozen rolls, and then stood back, beaming with pride, to watch me work. When she opened her purse to pay me, she took out an envelope and slipped it into my apron pocket. "I thought you'd want this right away," she whispered.

I read the letter after she'd gone. It was shorter than Ronnie's other letters, obviously written in haste. I mustn't worry if I didn't hear from him for weeks, even months, he said, and he would be thinking of me every minute.... Ronnie had shipped out.

I put the letter back in my pocket, feeling nothing but a kind of dull wonder that his going should be a shock, when I'd known all along it would happen. And of course, I wouldn't write to him tonight. I didn't want my news to reach him when he was overseas, and anyway, it would reach him too late. I didn't ask myself, "Too late for what?" I wouldn't admit, even to myself, that I needed his reassurance and his help, that I wasn't strong enough to carry the responsibility alone.

I knew then that the plans I'd made were fantastic, but I stayed on at the bakery because I didn't know what else to do. I fought to stay there, fought nausea every morning, evaded my aunts so that I got out of the house without their seeing my puffy, green face. I fought the heat, and the warm smell of baking bread, and the sickening sweetness of sugar and raisins, the penetrating odor of cinnamon, fought the black oblivion that threatened to close in on me a dozen times a day. Once I fainted, it would be the end of my job, the end of everything. The Lymans would tell Aunt Fran, and Aunt Fran would insist that I go to Dr. Jacobs.... And then, in the middle of the second week, I did faint, just before closing on a blazing hot day.

I came to to find Mrs. Lyman standing over me, fanning me, calling to Mr. Lyman for water. "It's the heat. I was afraid she couldn't stand it. You'd better call her aunts to come for her—"

"Don't." My own voice sounded far away. I waited a minute until I felt stronger. "They'd worry. I'll get home all right."

"Mr. Lyman will take you home."

"I'd rather walk. I want the air."

I didn't go home. I went to a coffee shop at the end of town, a small place patronized mostly by truckmen, where I wasn't likely to be recognized. I called Aunt Emily from there, told her that I was going to dinner with one of the girls in the crowd. "But, Grace," she protested. "We're supposed to have dinner with Mrs. Bromwell tonight. Fran won't like it—"

"But I've *promised* Margie—"

"Well... suppose you join us after dinner, at Mrs. Bromwell's."

I promised, and then I went back to the counter and took tiny sips of the coffee I'd ordered, and waited, and tried to nerve myself to attempt the one possibility left to me.

It wasn't the first time I'd thought of appealing to Ronnie's parents, but surely, if I couldn't go to my own relatives, I dared not go to his. But now, in my desperation, all my former thoughts were reversed. It seemed easier now to tell a stranger than to tell Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily... and perhaps I wasn't really a stranger to Ronnie's mother and father. He hadn't told me much about them—but maybe he'd told them about me; he must have written to say he'd met me, maybe—even—that he was in love with me? Surely it was the right thing to do, since I was their daughter now. Of course that would be a shock to them, but then, after I met them, maybe they would like me. And then the nightmare would be over; I would be safe.

I ordered more coffee.

The hands of the clock crawled past six, past six-thirty, toward seven. And then, not because I'd finally found courage but because I was getting a little sick from the coffee, I asked the counterman for change and walked quickly to the booth in the corner.

IT seemed hours before the call went through. I almost hung up a half-dozen times before I heard a woman's voice, a distinct, reserved voice, saying, "This is Mrs. Sears. Hello? Hello?"

The operator said, "Here's your party." I swallowed. The words would not come. Then I said, "This is Grace."

"Grace?" The voice was louder now, but more reserved, even cool.

"I'm sorry—I don't recall—Grace who?"

"Landon. Grace Landon." There was silence; I don't think I even breathed while I waited. "I *am* sorry," Mrs. Sears said at last. "If you'll tell me what it is... oh, you must be the Church Fund. Just a minute—" My pent-up voice came out in a sob, cutting across hers.

"No—oh no, it's about Ronnie, Mrs. Sears."

"Oh, well!" Mrs. Sears laughed, apologetically. "Of course, you're phoning Ronnie. But he isn't home now, my dear. You must forgive me; there are so many of his friends whose names I *never* find out—"

Gently, without a sound, I replaced the receiver.

It's odd what stray thoughts come to you when you have reached the end of everything, when there's no use thinking any more, no use trying. As I sat on the little stool in the coffee shop telephone booth, staring blankly at the silent mouthpiece, it occurred to me for the first time that Ronnie had never said that he loved me. There'd been endearments, and caresses, but not once had he said in so many words, "I love you, Grace."

Does tragedy come of this fervent young love between Grace and Ronnie, or does it become, instead, the shining thing for which they hoped? The strange conclusion of The Way Love Finds You will appear in the August RADIO ROMANCES, *on sale July 18.*



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in "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY"

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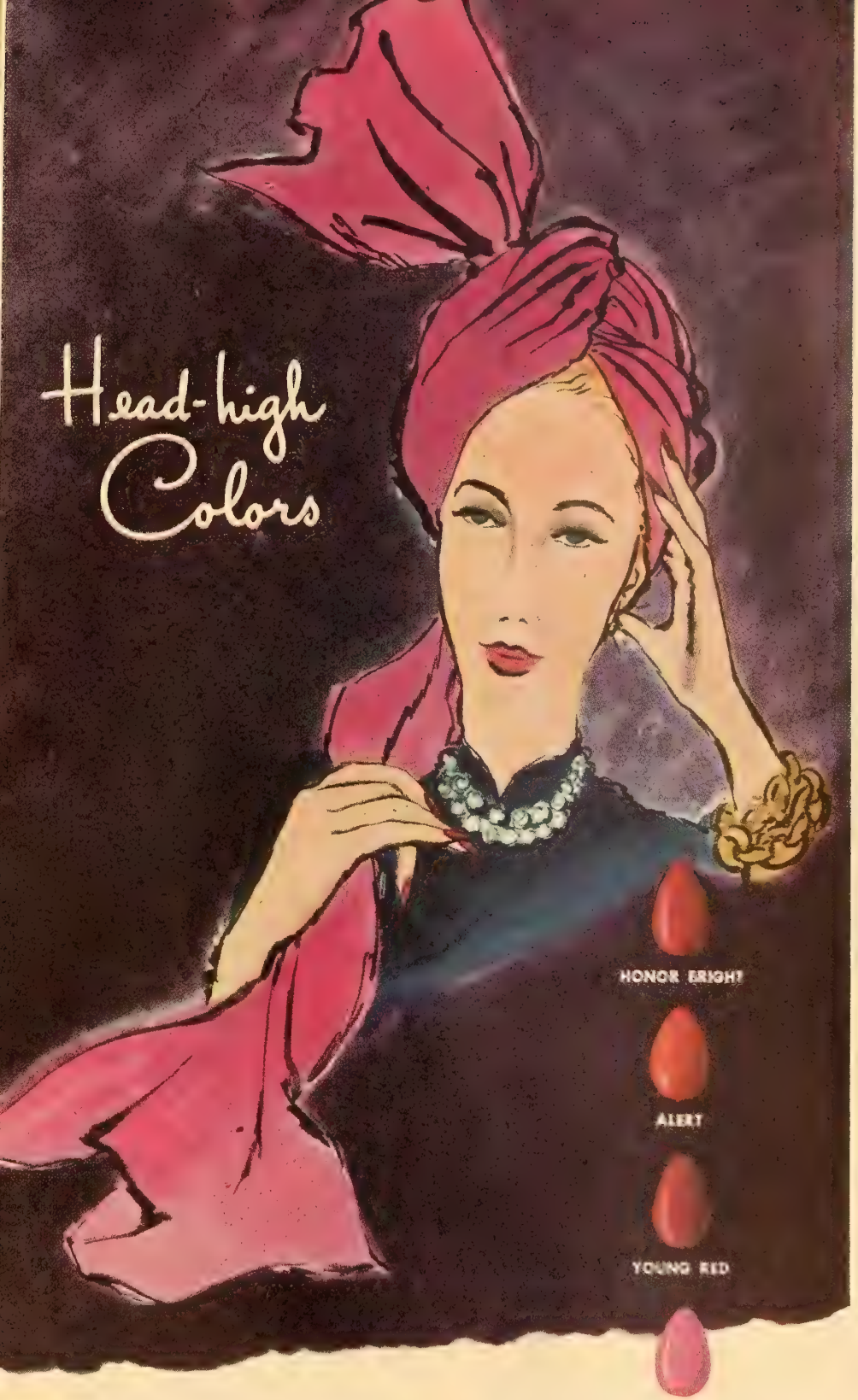




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Spirited colors—latest Cutex defiance for beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli wraps up their heady excitement in a sky-stretching turban to celebrate the return of Paris . . . We dare you to find a lovelier polish at any price!



Experiment in Heartbreak

(*Continued from page* 33)

old days I'd been blind and mute with a painful happiness whenever Dan had deigned to take me out, and I'd been so anxious to please him, to make him like me, that I'd never really enjoyed myself with him at all.

But I didn't think back. I laughed and said, "A little grander than old times, Dan. This is a beautiful car. Do you remember the one you used to drive?"

He grinned. "It's a miracle we didn't get killed. Remember when the steering gear broke on the river road . . .?"

And that's the way we rode to the party, laughing and reminiscing, and without talking once of anything serious, and we were just as gay and impersonal on the ride home. At the party I had one dance with Dan; otherwise I hardly saw him at all. Nearly everyone there was an old friend, and the evening wasn't long enough for me to talk to all of them. Still, there were little things that should have warned me. There was the tone of Dan's voice when I thanked him for the flowers, and he said, "I'm glad you liked them. They looked like you." There was Dan's keeping me within eyeshot all evening, much as I had used to watch him, years ago, when he danced with other girls. There was the moment when we were dancing, and another couple jostled us and I was thrust against Dan. In catching me, his arms made an instinctive, suppressed movement as if to close round me, and for a split second he held me so closely that I felt his heart beat, held me tenderly, as if a precious treasure had been miraculously delivered to him.

EVEN if I had taken warning, it would have been difficult to avoid seeing him. All of our friends wanted to entertain us, and there were dances and bridge parties and dinners planned for a fortnight ahead. A few times Dan drove me to these gatherings as he'd driven me to his sister's; more often Jenny was with us, and one or two of the married women whose husbands were in service.

I liked being with him, more than I cared to admit, liked the little unobtrusive attentions he showed me, liked it when, casually, he began stopping by the house at noon on his way home for lunch. I was usually out in the back yard then, giving the children their lunch at the doll table that had once been mine—a procedure suggested by Mother and one that did wonders for their appetites. Dan would lean over the fence to talk to me for a few minutes; nearly always he brought candy or a small toy for Maxine and Dinah. One day he was late, and Maxine fussed over her lunch, refused to eat until the tall, familiar figure stopped at the fence. Then she ran to him, crowing with joy, holding out her arms to be picked up and tossed. Dan was laughing when he set her down. "What's all this?" he demanded. "Such a reception—"

I laughed too. "She thought you weren't coming," I explained. "You've been around so much lately—" And then I stopped, because Dan's eyes were suddenly very grave.

"Too much, Marian?"

I didn't know what to say. Then I said lightly, "Perhaps. You're spoiling the children." The gravity of his expression deepened, and I sensed that he was disappointed in me. He'd asked a serious question, and he'd wanted a serious answer. That night he wasn't at Loretta Vale's bridge party, and although I told myself that I didn't miss him, I went home feeling that the evening had been unaccountably flat. The next noon he didn't stop at the house.

It happened that there was no party that evening, no gathering of any kind. I had dinner with Mother and Dad, and afterwards the three of us sat on the front porch until the long midsummer twilight turned to darkness. Then Dad began to yawn. "Time for the old folks to be in bed, I guess," he said, rising. "Do you want me to put the light on for you, Marian?"

MY parents said goodnight and went upstairs. The light from their room shone for a while on the elm branches outside their window, and then it went out. Still I remained on the porch, waiting—without wanting to think what I was waiting for—in complete darkness now, except for the light from the street lamp that filtered through the vines. The street was utterly quiet; I started as a car passed, and again when there were footsteps on the walk. The footsteps slowed, stopped, and were about to go on, when I started up, my heart beating high with certainty, my pulse filling my throat. "Dan?" I called from the top of the porch steps.

"Marian!" He came hurrying toward me. "I thought— The house was dark—"

We talked for a while as we'd always talked—lightly, impersonally, about everything except ourselves, about last week's parties, and about Colton. Then Dan said, "I'm glad I came back here to live, glad the town hasn't changed much. I didn't realize how much the old place meant to me until I'd spent some time in the Army. I was a fool to leave here for that Chicago job. I was a fool about a lot of things in those days, Marian."

I stirred restlessly in the swing. I'd had three or four postcards from Ed since he'd left Ridgeville. All of them said that he was busy and would write a letter soon. I'd written him a letter when I first arrived in Colton, and thereafter, when his promised letter failed to arrive, I'd answered his cards with cards.

"Marian," Dan asked abruptly, heavily, "when are you going back to Ridgeville?"

"I'm not sure that I'm going back." I said it evenly, astonished at my own calm, astonished that I'd spoken the words at all.

I felt rather than saw him start; when I looked at him, it was as if a light had been turned on inside him. "I'm sorry I spoke," I said quickly. "I shouldn't have said anything, Dan. Because I'm not sure what I'm going to do. I'm not sure at all. And—I can't talk about it."

"Of course," he said quietly. "I understand." And I knew that he did. He added, "Well—I'll be going now. I—suppose I won't see you for a day or two?"

I shook my head. There was no party scheduled for the next night, and I was grateful that he didn't ask to see me alone. He walked to the edge of the porch, down the steps. I followed a step or two behind him, searching for conventional words of goodbye, finding that my mind was shut fast, my heart pounding in my throat. We reached the walk; I held out my hand. "Goodnight," I began, and then our fingers touched, and it was as if a current leaped between us, igniting the banked fires inside us into flaming, relentless life. Dan's kisses hurt, and his arms hurt, and I gloried in the pain. We had been cheated of each other too long; all our frustrated longing for each other made this moment of release more sharply sweet.

Then Dan was saying, "I love you, Marian, love you. Marian, you've—"

I PULLED away from him and stood trembling, fighting for breath, for balance. "Love," I said shakily, "is a big word."

"Marian," he said pleadingly, "don't joke."

"I'm not joking. It is a big word. There's so much to consider—" I turned toward the house, and Dan followed me, talking low and rapidly, as if he must get everything said at once.

"We love each other, Marian. We've got to do something about it. You can't go back to Ridgeville—"

I could only shake my head. "Dan, please—I have to have time to think—"

"I'll call you tomorrow—"

"*No!*" My voice was firm; I had control of myself again. But inside me, I didn't feel at all firm. My heart was singing, and my blood was racing, and at that moment I didn't want to go back to Ridgeville at all.

I awoke the next morning with the feeling that something climactic had happened. I lay drowsing while almost without my will my thoughts traveled back over the evening before, lingering over the memory of Dan's voice, of the way he had looked at me, over that explosive moment when I'd held out my hand. There they stopped. Just the recollection of Dan's kisses was enough to think about for now; I didn't want to think what they meant.

Mother had the children dressed and outside. Their voices reached me faintly from the back yard, and after a while I dressed and went down to join them. It was an enchanted morning, cool and dewy-fresh. From the back porch I saw Maxine and Dinah at the far end of the yard, two elfin

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figures on the sun-dappled grass. I waved to them, feeling enchanted, too, set apart in the knowledge of Dan's love. Then the telephone rang, and I turned back into the house. It was Dan. It couldn't be anyone else on a morning like this.

My own voice shook a little with excitement as his voice came over the wire. I made myself say severely, "I thought I told you not to call today."

"This is special," he said. "Some friends of mine, the Harrisons, have a country place on the river. How would you like to go out there for dinner tonight? It's going to be a beautiful evening."

I hesitated. I really hadn't intended to see Dan at all. And I wasn't ready to go anywhere alone with him. But then, what harm would there be in visiting his friends? We wouldn't be really alone, and besides, it was going to be a beautiful evening, too beautiful not to be shared.

Dan called for me around six that evening, when the air was still golden with the late afternoon sun. As soon as I got in the car, he took my hand and gave it a little squeeze, and when I looked at him reprovingly, he laughed. "I won't say a thing," he promised. "I won't talk about us, won't say a word unless you want me to—until we reach the Harrisons'."

I laughed, too, and sat back to enjoy the drive. The sun turned to a bright red ball in the west as we rode through the lowlands; the river was a still violet ribbon under an opal sky. The Harrisons' cabin stood on a little rise above the river, and I gasped with delight when I saw it, saw the little spring that splashed happily almost at the very door. As soon as we'd stopped, I got out and ran to the spring and stood over it, marveling. So absorbed was I in the leaping water that I paid no attention to Dan's taking a basket and packages out of the car, and the significance of his taking a key from under the door mat didn't strike me immediately. Then I crossed quickly over to him. "What's happened?" I asked.

Dan didn't answer. "Take these," he directed, handing me a couple of the packages. His hands thus freed, he unlocked the door, held it open for me. I stepped inside. "Dan! Where are the Harrisons?"

HE took the packages from me, set them down along with the basket. Then he faced me, and his expression was indescribable—mingled guilt and triumph and appeal. "There aren't any," he said. "I mean—they won't be back until later tonight, and they said I could use the place. I—Marian, don't you see I had to arrange something so that we could be alone for a while, so we could talk? I brought food along, and I thought we could fix dinner, and—Marian, you aren't angry?"

I *was* angry, too angry for a moment to speak. "You might have told me—" I began, and then his expression stopped me. He looked so apprehensive that my anger vanished in an inexplicable impulse to laugh. "No," I said, "I'm not angry. I was, for a minute, but it's all right I guess, Dan."

His breath went out in a sigh of relief. "I—hoped you'd see it that way, Marian." Then very quickly he began unwrapping the packages, as if he were still afraid that I'd put my foot down and demand to be taken back to town . . . and that, I thought would be childish of me indeed, and it would be making far too much of the situation. I would stay, and we would have dinner, and afterward we would talk—and then at the thought of dinner with Dan, long hours with Dan, my heart shook a little, and some of the feeling I'd had when he'd kissed me the night before, some of the enchantment of the morning, came back to me.

Nevertheless, all the while we were getting dinner, putting up salad and frying the par-boiled chicken Dan had brought, there was that lurking, treacherous impulse to laugh. I mistrusted it, couldn't understand it . . . except that it was somehow absurd to think of me, Marian Cowles, who'd always led a quiet suburban life and who was the mother of two children, being maneuvered so high-handedly, being so impetuously carried off. Ed would—*Ed.* I knew then what was wrong, why I couldn't give myself wholeheartedly to the delight of being with Dan—it was because I was seeing the situation through Ed's eyes, and Ed would be a little amused. He would be concerned, of course, and really worried, but he would see the funny side of it, too.

IN uncomfortable silence I carried food to the table in the cottage living room. Ed's eyes, dark and anxious, but lighted with a gleam of humor, followed me. Too clearly I heard Ed saying, "You're having quite a vacation, Marian. Nothing like this ever happened in Ridgeville." After that I couldn't push the thought of Ed away. As surely as if he'd been there in the flesh, he sat down to dinner with Dan and me, created a gulf between us. I found it difficult to concentrate on the conversation, hard to form replies, and once, when Dan asked softly if I was happy, I said with a nervous laugh, "I—don't know. I don't feel quite like myself. Nothing like this ever happened in Ridgeville."

Dan frowned, and his mouth tightened, and I knew how flippant I'd sounded.

I was glad when the meal was over. I reached quickly for the dessert plates, the coffee cups, carried them out to the kitchen. And even then Ed was at my elbow, saying in mock surprise, "Why, Marian, you're not lingering over your coffee? That's the first time I ever saw you anxious to do dishes."

Dan helped me with the dishes—but we weren't alone in the kitchen any more than we had been in the other room. And when I washed the china and silver with unnecessary care, trying to put off the inevitable discussion with Dan, there was Ed, saying sternly, "Come on now, Marian; you're stalling. You brought this on yourself, and you've got to face it. Be honest. Marian. Remember how you felt last night."

But that was just the trouble—I couldn't remember how I'd felt the night before, couldn't feel again the sweet fire that Dan's kiss had kindled. It might have happened to someone else, not to me, so surely was it gone. And it was beyond recapture. I knew that when Dan took me in his arms, when his lips moved from my forehead, my temples, tenderly, seekingly toward my lips. I stood woodenly in his arms, thinking, "Love Dan? How can I, when the thought of Ed is more vivid than Dan's presence? Leave Ed? How can you leave a person who's so close that he's like a part of yourself? I must have been crazy . . ." Gently I released myself. "Don't, Dan."

"I'm sorry. It's just—Oh, Marian, I love you so much—"

"But you don't," I heard myself saying clearly. "You're not in love with me, Dan, really. You're in love with Ed Cowles' wife."

His mouth twisted. "Please, Marian. I know how you feel about hurting Ed. I don't want to hurt him, either."

"You don't understand," I said softly. "I said that you're not in love with me—and you aren't. You knew me a long time ago, and you didn't care—"

He stepped back angrily. "That's not fair!" he cried.

I shook my head. "That isn't it, Dan. I remember what I was like, and I know how I've changed. And all of the things you like me for now are the changes that Ed has made; they're the part of me that's grown to be like Ed." And as I spoke, I knew it was the truth. The blessed security of Ed's love had given me confidence and courage and self-assurance, just as Ed's kind, dry humor had taught me the value of laughter in a world too full of tears. And my body, that thin, taut body of mine, had filled out, had grown softer and more desirable in the bearing of Ed's children.

"I was tired," I said, and that was the flat truth, too. "My whole viewpoint was a little out of focus. I think that everyone gets tired sometimes—But they're only trying to escape themselves. That's what I've been doing—but I can't get away from myself, and I can't get away from Ed, either. I'm sorry, Dan—"

I'D wondered, the night I sat with Dan on the porch, what it would be like to be uncertain of Ed. I found out, on that ride back to Colton. Perhaps it was reaction to the weeks of being away from Ed, from not even thinking of him—but I was suddenly frantic to see him, to hear his voice, to be close to him. And, as always when you want something very much, there was a chilling fear that somehow I might lose what I wanted. I thought with shame of the time I'd spent with Dan, of my neglect of Ed, of the skimpy notes I'd sent him—and of the postcards he'd sent me. If he'd grown apart from me a little, it was my fault; I'd nurtured his indifference with my own. . . . My throat tightened painfully, and while Dan sent the car racing out of the river road into the highway, I urged him silently to greater speed. I'd write to Ed the minute I reached home; no, I would call him.

I don't remember exactly how Dan and I parted. I know that it was a brief parting, that I was out of the car almost as soon as it had stopped at the house—and then I went flying up the walk with no more dignity than Maxine. The screen door banged behind me—and then an arm reached out of the shadows, and a voice spoke, a voice that sent my heart rocketing in a burst of incredulous joy. "Marian," said the voice, "you're too big a girl to slam doors."

I just clung to him, hardly daring to believe that he was there. "You're here," I said, over and over again. "Oh, Ed, Eddie, darling, you're really here—"

"Of course I'm here. I cut the trip short. My golly, when your best girl starts sending you postcards, it's time to do something about it—" He was laughing, and his words were light, but there was nothing light in his kisses, in the pressure of his arms. They were all I wanted, all I ever would want.



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Tears are Behind Us

(*Continued from page 47*)

at last. "Oh, honey, I'm so sorry but—well, you know. Jews aren't supposed to come to the Country Club. I'm sure he's very nice and none of *us* would mind but some of the members might—"

"We'll just forget about it," I said numbly and hung up. I turned to Robert and tried to mask what I was feeling.

He looked at me and I knew there was no use in trying to cover it up. There was pain in those gray-blue eyes but it was pain for me as much as for himself. "If you'd like to go with them—" he began.

"Oh, no!" I meant it. I was both angry and hurt for his sake. "I'd much rather go to a movie with you."

THE evening was ruined for me. All through the movie, I kept thinking about it. I felt constrained with him. He'd been hurt through no fault of his own and I wanted to make it up to him somehow. But how?

After the movie we stopped at the drugstore for a soda and then we walked on home. We didn't talk much. Robert was as natural as he had ever been, but I was still constrained.

We stopped in front of my door. The moon that had been full three nights ago was beginning to wane and it seemed to hang, silvery and distant, above the trees. Robert looked up at it. "Lovely and remote," he murmured softly. "Like you are."

"Remote? Am I so far away?"

"I'm afraid you are," he said and his voice held such sadness I made an instinctive gesture toward him. He turned to me—and then I was in his arms. I felt the glory of his kiss. And everything else was gone—the moon, the night, all that had happened. There was only Robert and me and the response that swept us together.

It was a timeless interval before he said, "I love you, Phyllis. I love you more than—anything." And another timelessness before I answered, "And I love you."

When we parted, there was still no room in my heart but the knowledge of that love, no room in my mind for anything but his dear face. I knew the love I'd waited for had come to me.

It stayed with me all the next day—in its sweet and exciting acknowledgement. It colored everything I did.

Mrs. Harwell came after school hours to ask me to be on her committee for the Charity Fete. Every year the Parent-Teachers Association gave a big charity bazaar and supper for the benefit of the city orphanage, and since Mrs. Harwell had taken over the chairmanship, it had become one of the big social events of Newtown. Everything Mrs. Harwell had to do with became "big." Everybody deferred to her, everybody flourished in the favors she saw fit to bestow, because she was a power in Newtown.

". . . a chicken dinner, as usual," she was saying. "We'll charge fifty cents a plate. And Mr. Clarke had promised to donate the ice-cream. Mr. Crawford and some of the other merchants will give the prizes for the games and contests. The only difficulty," she hesitated as if she were affronted by the fact that, as long as she was running things, a difficulty should *dare* exist, "is the place to have it. It's grown too large to hold it on my lawn. And we don't want to rent the Fair Grounds because we want all the money to go to the orphanage. . . ."

"I'll do anything I can to help, Mrs. Harwell," I said.

When Robert came that night, he took me in his arms. "Is it true?" he said. "Is last night still true—or did I dream it because I wanted it so much?"

"It's true, darling. All true."

"I—I haven't been able to think yet," he said. "It's so wonderful all I can do is feel its wonder." Then his face sobered. "Maybe it's because I don't want to think. I don't want to think of what you've let yourself in for—"

"Don't!" I cried. "Don't let's think about anything or talk about anything but—just us."

And so we sat on the couch together and, to keep from facing the thing that nagged, ever so faintly but persistently, at the back of our minds, I talked of other things. I told him all about my teaching and the various children and then I told him about Mrs. Harwell.

"Why don't you use my land to hold it on?" he said eagerly. "It's out there by the river, easy to get to. And I'll see to the construction of the booths and stuff myself—I'd like to do it."

"Robert, that's wonderful. That's terribly nice of you, darling. You're very generous. I'll go see Mrs. Harwell tomorrow! She'll be delighted," I told him.

But Mrs. Harwell was not delighted. "Who did you say this young man was?" she demanded.

"Robert Lesser. The new real estate man here. And he—"

"These Jews!" she said scornfully. "Always trying to advertise themselves and get in with the right people."

I stared at her unbelievingly. "But he's not like that. He's offered it because he wants to help—"

"My dear," she said pityingly. "Don't let him fool you. No Jew ever does anything to help unless he's got a motive back of it to make money."

I was so angry I could hardly speak. "Then you want me to tell Mr. Lesser that we don't want to accept his offer."

"Not at all," she answered quickly. "We'll take him up because we haven't any other place. But we won't let him get away with trying to push himself in where he's not welcome."

SUDDENLY what was happening in Europe took on new meaning. I had been horrified by the persecution of the Jews that was going on in Germany, but it had seemed far away and unreal. Now I was thinking of them as people, in terms of Robert Lesser whom I loved. Some of them were like him. Some of course were not—no one race or people is all good, and there were bad Jews as there were bad anybody else. But they were being imprisoned and tortured and killed only because they were born the way they were.

That marked the beginning of something for me. The beginning of something frightening and full of anguish.

All my friends knew I was seeing Robert all the time. I knew they were talking about it behind my back, whispering. *He's a Jew, you know.* A lot of them liked him and made him welcome. But even they could say—and I knew this as clearly as if I heard

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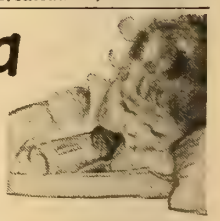
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them—"He's awfully nice, awfully attractive, but—" It was the *but* that did it. But he's Jewish.

And there was the time I myself told him about the hotel at the Lake where I'd spent last summer's vacation. "It's a heavenly place, darling. We must drive up there some time so you can see it. Somehow I want you to see every place I've loved and been happy in, to share it—" And then, suddenly, I was seeing again the sign that bordered the road leading up to the hotel. I saw the smaller letters under the big ones that spelled out the name, that one word that looked so little and now loomed so large, the word, *Restricted.* And my voice trailed off.

My love for him was the kind of love that meant marriage and home and children. It was the kind that answers everything, the kind some people never know. And yet, for me, it didn't answer everything. It left, still questioning, the fact of Robert's origin, the thing over which he had no control.

I FOUND I was growing sensitive to the words *Jew* and *Jewish.* Whenever I heard them, in no matter what connection, I was instantly on the alert and on the defensive. I looked at little Reba Rabonowitz in my class with new eyes. I watched to see how the other children treated her. She, of course, came of a distinctly foreign background, but as far as I could see, the others treated her pretty much like anybody else. I grew more aware of other things, too. Like Billy Johnston, in my class, and his younger sister Ollie. They were Negroes. I'd never thought about them, either, before, but now I did. Theirs was the only colored family in town, and their widowed mother took in washing for a living. The children were always neatly dressed and polite. Billy was good in his classes, and that was as far as I'd noticed them. They, too, belonged to what was known as a minority group; they, too, were sometimes made to suffer for being born to the way they were. But, no matter how I thought, I could never find any answer.

I saw Mrs. Harwell frequently over the plans for the orphanage bazaar, which was to be held the evening of the last day of school. She never referred to our previous conversation and neither did I. I knew she disapproved of me for going with Robert Lesser, and I disliked her. But, like everybody else, I was also afraid of her.

But I did what I had to mechanically. My whole soul seemed occupied with the problem that now obsessed me. *Could I—should I, in fairness to us both—marry Robert?* Everywhere I turned, I met it. Everything that happened, there it was. There was no rest from it and the agony of my indecision grew. Great love had come my way and I was afraid of it and for it.

The school year drew slowly to a close. With its official closing the night of the Charity Fete would come, inexorably and implacably, the need for my decision. Robert and I couldn't go on much longer as we were.

It was a beautiful evening, warm and still. The booths Robert had had built were gay with crepe paper. There were colored lanterns strung among the trees, over the long tables where people would dine. Mrs. Harwell was presiding over the food booth, the most important, where for fifty cents one could buy a plate heaped with fried chicken, potato salad, pickles, olives, and a big dish of ice-cream with a slice of pie

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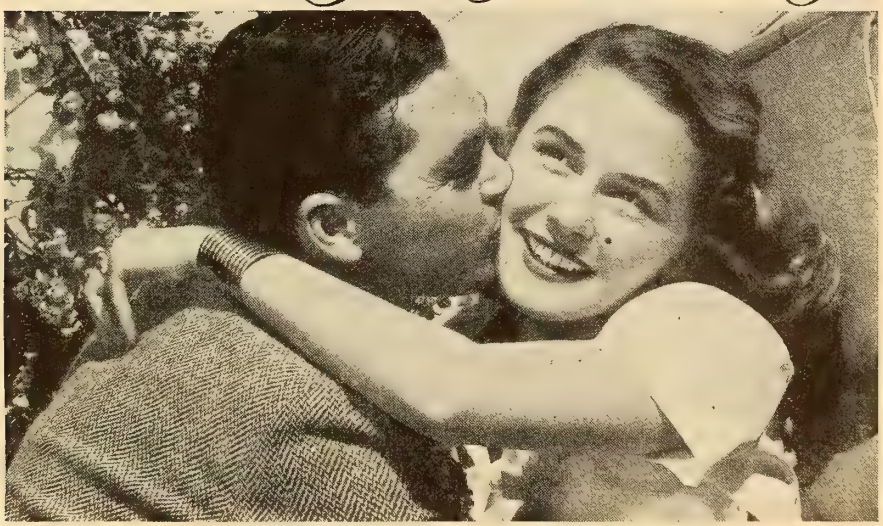
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or cake. It was a good meal—the housewives had been generous.

There was a slight tug at my arm. I looked down. Billy and Ollie Johnston were standing there, hand in hand, their little black faces shining with soap-and-water and anticipation. "Hello, Miss King," Billy said shyly.

"Hello, children. I'm glad you could come. Are you going to buy your dinner now?"

"Yes'm." They looked timid and uncertain.

"Right up here," I said, and pushed them gently forward until they were standing in front of Mrs. Harwell, waiting to be served.

I watched them carefully count out their fifty cents apiece, in dimes and pennies, and I felt the quick sting of tears against my lids. I whispered to Robert. "A dollar is a lot for them, and for their mother, too. It makes me feel—oh, you know."

He did know. His eyes were warm and tender as he looked first at them and then at me. "Yes," he said. "It's —good."

MRS. HARWELL glanced at the children and swept up the small pile of change. "I'll attend to these plates myself," she said to the woman next to her.

I watched her fill those plates—if you could call it filling. I watched each little piece of neck and back and odds and ends she put on them, the tiny dab of salad, the complete absence of olives and all the other "extras" that children love so well. She handed them over, and there was no ice-cream, no cake.

"You children go over there to eat," she commanded. And she gestured to the space behind the booth, the space that was filled with the ice-cream freezers and the empty cartons, where there were no tables, no gay lanterns, no people, no laughing.

Robert, beside me, gave a smothered exclamation. "Wait a minute," he said to Billy and Ollie as they were timidly turning away. He stepped up to Mrs. Harwell with the plates in his hands. "I know you're terribly rushed," he said politely, and very clearly, "and so of course you didn't notice that these plates are not quite full. May we have a little more chicken, please, and some olives—and you seem to have forgotten the dessert."

Mrs. Harwell's face turned a dark, angry red. "I filled those plates myself, Mr. Lesser. I'm sure those children will find them quite satisfactory."

"Perhaps they would," he said evenly. "But I don't." He put the plates down on the counter. By this time you could feel the tension around us like electricity. "Will you give me four fresh plates, please—for Miss King and myself, and for Billy and Ollie." And he put two dollars down in front of her.

I was proud of him. And yet it was terrible, too. Maybe it seems a little thing—an unimportant, petty incident. But Mrs. Harwell, whose every word was law, was being challenged publicly. She was being called to account for an ungenerous and unjust act. Her furious flush deepened. "Are you presuming— ?"

"Only to point out that you have made what must have been an unavoidable mistake," Robert said smoothly, but his voice was cold with anger. "And also I understood that everyone was entitled to eat dinner at the tables."

If I have ever seen hate on a woman's face, it was on Mrs. Harwell's then. It made her lose her head. She could still have retreated—not gracefully perhaps but without making an issue of it.

But she didn't. She cried out in a shrill, carrying tone, "You'll apologize for this! No one can talk to me like that, you—you young *upstart!*"

She might just as well have said "you young Jew!" That was what she meant. And everybody knew it.

And right there, in a blinding flash, I knew that if I married Robert Lesser this is what I would have to stand. Scenes, contempt, unjustified insult. Hurt and humiliation for both of us.

Robert stood there, quietly, looking at her. Then he said, "I think the apology should come from you, Mrs. Harwell—to the whole community. These children came here in good faith. They paid their share like everybody else. You have taken it on yourself to rob them of that good faith."

The crowd was stony still. I don't know what would have happened then if little Max Miller hadn't impatiently pushed his way toward us. "Hi, kids," he said to Billy and Ollie. "What are you waiting for? We gotta get the ball game started as soon as we eat."

ROBERT took my arm and we walked away. I could feel his hand trembling. "I'm sorry," he said finally, not looking at me. "But I couldn't stand there and let her get away with that."

"Oh, darling," I said. "You were wonderful. I was proud of you. Only—"

"Yes," he said grimly. "Only now she's going to hate me forever and that won't do me any good in Newtown. Or you either. Oh, Phyl—" he went on miserably—"I've let you in for something. She might even keep you from getting your appointment next year—"

He looked at me then, and the words hung between us. Significant, questioning. I felt the panic closing around me. "It doesn't matter now," I said. "What you did was right. You *had* to do it, you—"

I stopped talking then, because I found that I was talking into a great silence. The cheery hubbub that had been going on before Robert spoke to Mrs. Harwell had died away. People were standing in a rough circle about us—not close enough to be a circle of friendliness, of support—and watching us. As they might stand around the monkey cage in the zoo, I thought bitterly, interested, but keeping a cautious distance. Soon someone would nudge someone else, and ask, "What *is* he going to do next?"

I looked about me at the sea of faces, so familiar a few moments before, so strange and hostile now. Surely someone, *someone* would come up and speak to us, would shake Robert's hand and tell him he'd done the right thing, would come close and give my arm a friendly, encouraging squeeze, would smile at us, at least. But no one moved.

"Take me home!" I meant to fling the words out proudly, letting those people know that I didn't want to be a part of them any longer, but somehow the words came out in a whisper.

In silence we left the bazaar, and everyone moved back in silence to let

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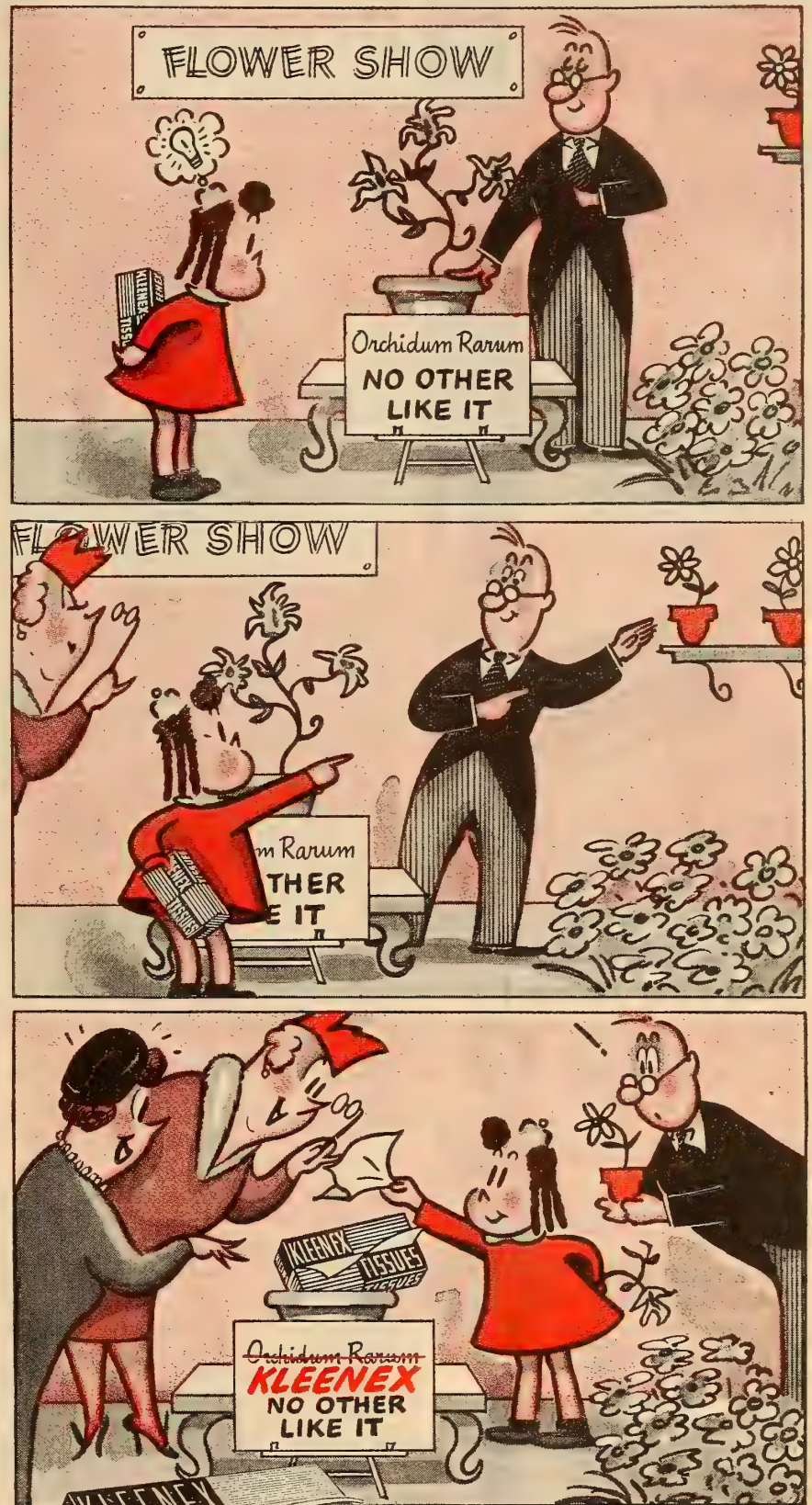
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us pass through. In silence, too, we went home, and the ten-blocks walk seemed ten miles, because there was nothing to say. Bless Robert, he understood—he understood, better than I did, that I had finally faced the issue, that I had finally come up against a thing that, as his wife, I would have to face all of my life. And he understood that I must have time, alone and in peace, to settle it once and for all in my mind. When I opened my door he said, only, "I won't try to talk about it now, while you're upset. I want to give you time to think. But I've got to see you tomorrow, darling. Tomorrow morning, before school, as early as you can."

"I'll meet you downtown, in the drugstore," I said hurriedly. "We'll have coffee together."

Slowly I went in, and slowly I got undressed and went to bed. But not to sleep. Never, during the whole night, to sleep. And as the hours passed, the knowledge came of what Robert would say to me tomorrow. I knew as surely as if he'd said it tonight. He would offer to free me, to take himself out of my life—offer it for my sake.

AND I—what would I say? The moment at the booth came back—when I had realized *this* is what it will be like. All the other moments, too—when the facts of Robert Lesser's origin were forced on me with their own peculiar kind of pain. Was I equal to living the rest of my life that way? If I weren't equal, and I married him, then I would hurt him more than I could ever hurt him now by refusing to marry him. It was for Robert whom I so dearly loved, as well as for myself that I must know.

As I tossed restlessly, as I got up and paced the floor, and then wearily came back to bed to seek the rest I could not find, I grew afraid. I was afraid that tomorrow when he gave me the chance of release, I would take it . . .

When I started walking toward town, I was glad it was early. I didn't want to have to see people. The story of what happened with Mrs. Harwell last night must have spread like wildfire. It's the sort of thing a small town talks about and takes sides on. Too many people had witnessed it, Mrs. Harwell was too prominent, and Robert and I had already been too much talked about, for the incident not to have become one of the town's choicest morsels of gossip. And this morning I couldn't stand gossip.

I saw Mr. Crawford, the hardware merchant, walking toward me along the empty street and I wanted to cut and run.

"Good morning, Phyllis," he said and stopped. "I wanted to see you today, as a matter of fact. That little Billy Johnston—he's in your class, isn't he?"

I nodded. It was like having an aching tooth probed.

"Well," Mr. Crawford said in an offhand manner, "I've been thinking of taking a youngster on this summer, help around the store, you know. Didn't know who. Then last night I figured I'd give it to him if you thought it was okay. His family could probably use the money . . ."

"They could!" I cried. "That's—that's terribly nice of you, Mr. Crawford. *Really* nice."

I felt suddenly warmer. Toward everybody. If Robert hadn't done what he did last night, Mr. Crawford would never have done this. It was, in his way, taking sides against Mrs. Harwell, showing that he, too, had felt injustice.

Turning the corner by the bank, I ran full-tilt into Mr. Clarke. I stepped back apologetically, and turned away.

"Just a minute, Miss King," he said in his courtly manner. "If you should happen to see Robert Lesser any time today," and his eyes twinkled at me, "will you ask him to please step into my office? I'm going to sell some business property and I'd like him to handle it for me."

"Oh!" I cried. "Oh, that's wonderful! He'll be glad to, I know—"

"He'll be doing me a favor to take it on. I like what he's doing with that property of his, and also, I must say, I like his spirit. Yes," he gave a reminiscent little chuckle, "I certainly like his spirit. You tell him I said so."

Tears were very close to the surface now. These two were on Robert's side! They had heard him defy something tangible and intangible that was wrong, they had seen him stand up there alone and challenge injustice, and this was their way of backing him up and helping him stand by his guns.

I walked on faster now. And just a block from the drugstore, Miss O'Bannion hailed me. She had always been rather austere and distant with the teachers under her, but this morning she greeted me affectionately. "I just wanted to tell you," she said in her forthright manner, "that I think you've got a fine young man. I was never so proud of anybody in my life as I was of him last night, standing there and raking Mrs. Harwell over the coals. She's had it coming to her for years! My dear, if you're wise, you're not going to let that Robert Lesser get away from you. *That's* a man to snag for life!"

Then she took my hand. "Phyllis, I've heard about you and Robert. I couldn't help hearing. And at first I was afraid for you—even though I knew you didn't have the hurdle of religion or anything like that to get over. But I'm not afraid now." She looked away from me then and her voice was very low. "I've learned a lot in fifty years of living, my dear. And the most important thing I learned is that you can't put labels on people. You have to see them as they *are*. He's strong and he's good and he loves you. That's all that matters. It may not be easy—but you're strong and you're good and you love him. Don't let other people's prejudice ruin your life."

You can't put labels on people.

BUT that's what I've been doing. I'd always said that when I loved, it wouldn't matter about the outside things, it would be the man himself who counted. And here, when this blinding, lovely thing had come, I'd seen the outside only. I'd let the fact that Robert was Jewish obscure the fact of himself. He was all I wanted, all I'd ever want, in life. But every time I'd thought of marriage the word Jew had come between. In my heart, I had betrayed him. I never would again.

But life is never easy. The world has many hard and hateful things in it. One doesn't stop living because of them. One doesn't turn aside from life. I might have to accept "restrictions" and ostracism all my life. There were still the people who didn't restrict or ostracise, the people who thought as I was beginning, just at this moment, to think. And they were the only people who mattered. They, and our courage and strength and belief in our love.

I began to run to the drugstore where Robert was waiting for me. He wouldn't ask to marry me now. I wouldn't let him. I would ask *him*.

Before We Part

(*Continued from page 40*)

real and that girl was real. Or that's the way it seemed then.

Right away the air raid warden came, and the emergency crew and the ambulance. They all knew their jobs better than I did and I didn't want to get in the way, so I stepped back, just helping out where I could. In the confusion, the girl disappeared. I never did see her go. She was just gone. I looked and looked for her, but I couldn't find her. I stayed until they got the people out—an old lady and a little girl—and then the all-clear sounded and I went on back to where I was staying, because there wasn't anything else to do.

I couldn't get that girl out of my mind. The moment we'd had when we'd kissed each other, and then the way she'd run out to help those people. I couldn't get over it, or the feeling I'd had when we were caught up there together in something bigger than ourselves. Of course, I figured I'd never see her again, but every time after that when I went to London, I'd find myself looking for her, hoping.

And then one day I did.

I got off the train on Saturday at Euston station and went to the canteen, and there she was, serving coffee. For a minute I couldn't believe it. I stood and looked at her. I knew I couldn't be mistaken because I'd recognize her anywhere. In a little while, she looked up and recognized me.

"Well! If it's not the Yank," she said. And smiled.

IT was like Fate or something. Out of all the millions in London to run into her again. I talked to her a little and found out when she was through and waited around to take her home. It was then I found out her name—Angela Temple.

Being with her did something to me I can't describe. It was like that first time all over again—the same excitement and exhilaration, and the same sense of reality. I wasn't living in a dream any more. Now it was home that was the dream, and this was life. Linna and the house we'd planned and the love we had—*that* was the unreal part. And we couldn't stay out of each other's arms, Angela and I. We didn't talk very much, as people do when they're getting acquainted. It was all too intense for that, and as if each time we saw each other might be the last on earth. And in a way, that was true—what with talk of invasion and the raids on London.

I didn't even know much about her except she didn't have any family any more, and that she lived alone and worked day times in an office. I used to worry about her staying on in London, but she'd laugh and say, "If you're going to get it, you're going to get it. Running away won't help." That was Angela. There was a sort of recklessness about her and everything she did that somehow made you feel that way, too.

I was wretched when I wasn't with her. I'd think about Linna and what I was doing, and it was awful. But all the time Linna kept getting farther and farther away. I couldn't write as I used to. I'd lost touch somehow. I found I was just living for the times I could be with Angela.

And then one night we'd been out dancing and we got back to her place



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pretty late. There had been a lot of rumors about the invasion, and we all knew it was coming soon. You could tell. Angela and I knew, without saying anything about it, that this might be one of our last times together; it didn't make us sad. It made us laugh more and drink more and act crazier. When we got in her room, we kissed each other and then—well, suddenly it was as if we'd both been waiting for one single moment, been living for it, and here it was at last. We didn't have to say anything—we recognized it.

I spent the night there—with Angela. It didn't seem wrong. There wasn't any right or wrong any more—there was just that wonderful, excited recklessness that drove us. The next day I asked her to marry me. I didn't do it because of what had happened, or because I thought I ought to. I wanted her and needed her, regardless of anything. She'd known about Linna of course, all along—I'd told her as soon as I saw how things were going to be between us. She knew I was miserable about it, but she said, "But that's the way things happen sometimes, Lance. You fall in love and then you fall out of it and there's nothing to do about it."

So we made the necessary arrangements. My C.O. tried to talk me out of it—he said it didn't seem wise—but he finally said okay when he saw how sure I was. It was then I wrote Linna and I was sorry the letter was so short but there wasn't anything else right then to say. I got leave, and we got married and had a few days together. And they were like all the times I'd ever been with her, only more so, if you know what I mean.

THEN my outfit was alerted. I went back to it and I didn't see Angela again. We didn't get to France until some time after D-day. I won't try to tell you what it was like—I couldn't anyway. It was just war, that's all. During the waiting part of it I thought of Linna and wanted to write again. But I couldn't. I got letters from Angela—quite a few of them at first. In one she said she was going to have a baby.

She was unhappy about it, real upset. She said she didn't want it. That worried me a lot because I did. I thought she was just scared, being alone and all. I tried to comfort her but then her letters stopped coming and I was more worried than ever. I thought maybe they just weren't getting through, though. I never figured on the real truth.

I got wounded, and it doesn't matter about that, either, right now. I was evacuated to a hospital in England. It was there that Angela came to see me. And it was there she let me have the truth, both barrels right between the eyes.

The baby was due in about six weeks, but she still didn't want it. She said she'd have gotten rid of it if she'd dared. Right there in the hospital ward, with me with both arms in a cast, she said that. And she said she didn't want me either and that getting married had been a fool thing to do. That's what she said—"a fool thing to do." Here she was tied down with a baby and a wounded guy for a husband.

She was hard—hard as nails. What she said hurt more than the shrapnel ever had, and after she left that day I had a relapse. The doctors said she couldn't come again. Everybody felt sorry for me, but everybody sort of figured that she was hysterical what with the baby—they said pregnancy

sometimes makes women do strange things—and my being wounded, and that she hadn't really meant what she said. After the first shock of it passed, that's what I thought.

But her face kept coming back to me, as it had looked when she'd said that. And other things about her. All that courage of hers I'd admired so on that first night when she ran out to save the people in the bombed house now didn't seem like real courage at all, but just a part of that crazy recklessness of hers. War does that to people sometimes—I've seen fellows in battle act the same way. It's as if it made them drunk. And what had been so real to me had been like a drunken spree to her, and after I'd gone and she found out about the baby she'd waked up sober. It had made her almost hate me.

WELL, finally I was well enough to leave the hospital, though I'd still be having treatments for a long time to come, and I went to the place where Angela and the baby had been staying. I hadn't seen her again or had any word from her except about Anne. She—she hadn't changed. She was calmer, but she still felt the same way.

"It's just no good, Yank," she said. She could still call me that! "I was crazy, to get married."

"But Angela, we *are* married! We've got a child. You can't just say it was all a mistake and let it go at that. Maybe it was, if you feel this way, but we've got to try to make it work."

It was like arguing with a stone wall. She didn't seem to have any real feeling at all, and nothing I said made the slightest impression. But I swore that no matter what happened with Angela and me, I was going to look after the baby. None of it was her fault, and she was mine. I told Angela that.

I left after a while and went on back to the hospital. A couple of days later they called me in and told me that Angela had left the place she was staying—cleared out without a word and left the baby behind her. The Army authorities had been notified and they were taking over.

Well, there's no sense in trying to tell you what I went through then. By that time I wanted a divorce. I wanted it more than I'd ever wanted anything in my life. The Red Cross helped, too, and when I insisted that I wanted to bring Anne back to the States and look after her the best way I could, they arranged that, and she came over on the boat with me in charge of a Red Cross nurse coming back home on leave.

You see, I felt I had to bring her back here. Bring her back—to Linna. It was as if Linna were so much a part of me that what had happened to me had happened to her, too, and this was the way it had to be.

Lance's long story was finished.

I lay back in my chair, exhausted. I had lived every moment of it. I had been in the blitz, I had seen Angela, I had gone through that emotional hell there in the hospital. It had all happened to me as if I had been Lance, and yet to me as Linna, too, seeing the man I loved in the arms—if ever so briefly—of another woman.

There was a long silence. Then my father cleared his throat.

"I want to be fair, Lance," he said. "It took courage to come here and tell us this—this sordid story, and I respect you for it as a man. But what it boils down to is this: you've brought home your child—another girl's baby—to my daughter. By that I suppose you mean that as soon as you are legally free, you want to marry Linna. You want to go ahead as if none of this had ever happened, expecting her to take you back, expecting her to look after this child as if it were her own. Is that it?"

Lance looked tortured. "Yes sir, I suppose you might say that was it. But put that way, it's all too simple. I mean, those words don't seem to mean what I feel at all. It's as if—"

"Well, whatever you feel, I won't have it!" my father burst out. "It's—it's unthinkable."

"NOW wait, Fred," my mother cut in. "He had to bring the baby back with him. Imagine deserting a poor, helpless little thing like that!" She cuddled the baby closer to her. "It's not *her* fault—it's her dreadful, unnatural mother's! He'd have had to put her in an institution somewhere—"

"I won't do that," Lance said. "I'll never do that. I'll get somebody to look after her while I'm in the service, but after I'm out she's mine!"

"Well, she's not Linna's," Dessy cried vehemently. She turned on Lance. "And I think you've got a nerve to—"

It was more than I could bear. "Oh, please, please, everybody—stop talking! I—I feel as though I'm being torn into little pieces. *You* can't decide what I'm going to do. Nobody can, but me. I've got to think, I've got to be quiet."

They all hushed then. They felt I'd been driven almost to the breaking point. Lance got up. He looked at me,

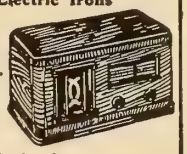
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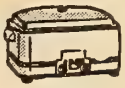




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and there was a strange expression of struggle in his eyes—the struggle of a man to lay bare his soul when words are inadequate, a plea for understanding that goes beyond those words.

"I'm going now," he said. "But there's one thing you've got to know, Linna, while you're thinking. I haven't come back to thrust my baby on you because there's no place else to put her. And I haven't come crawling back to you myself, begging you to excuse an awful mistake I made and pretend it hadn't happened. I know I hurt you, and that no matter how hard I try I'll probably never be able to make up that hurt—though I'd willingly die in the effort. No, I came back because I had to, out of the wonderful, whole togetherness we had that somehow never stopped, no matter what I did. Can you understand that?"

I DIDN'T sleep that night. I hardly went to bed. Instead, I spent the hours pacing up and down my room in the dark. There was darkness in myself as well—the darkness of confusion and doubt and pain. From my parents' room I heard the murmur of voices for hours, and I knew they were talking it over—talking it over endlessly. And I knew there was no sleep for Lance, either; that he, too, walked a lonely path, back and forth, back and forth, tortured in his way as I was in mine.

I understood his story. I knew how it had happened—far from home, facing something terrible—as terrible as only the upheaval of war can be—meeting a girl whose reckless abandon matched his own, needing desperately that feeling of kinship in the ultimate aloneness we all must feel at one time or another in our lives. Yes, this was the explanation I'd waited for, had faith in. I knew, even, that he loved me more than ever though he did not say so.

But what of me? How could I trust that love that had once betrayed me so cruelly? How could I now know the intimacy of marriage without the shadow of that other girl—that strange, unstable girl made ill by the war—always between us? Pride rose up in me. To take him back, rear his child, to suffer the indignity of what the town and my own proud heart would say—it was impossible. He had brought all this on himself. Let *him* suffer.

But he had suffered, he was suffering. There was not only what Angela had done to him, but what he had done to me—and, knowing Lance, I knew that was by far the greater suffering. He had acted from what made him the person he was and the man I loved.

For I did love him. I knew that.

But now—no! He was asking too much of me. No love in the world was worth what he asked. It would color our whole lives, become bigger than we were. I couldn't do it!

Breakfast was a silent, worn-out meal. None of us mentioned what was pre-occupying, possessing us all. But from their eyes, I knew what each of the others was feeling.

I went on to the office. News of Lance's arrival had spread, of course, and I knew the other stenographers could talk of nothing else. I set myself to bear their whispers and their glances. What would they be saying, how would they be looking, if they knew?

I went through mechanical jobs mechanically—typing, filing, "Yes, Mr. Moresby, no, Mr. Gregory"—like an automaton. There was pressure, like an actual weight, on my brain. *What to do, what to do.* I had to sort things out, find out how I felt. I had to decide.

As I was putting on my hat and coat ready to go home at the close of the day, Mr. Gregory called me into his office. He motioned me to sit down and then he gazed out of the window a few minutes without speaking.

At last he turned around. "Lance Jordan came to see me this noon," he said.

I still sat silent.

"I've lived a long time, Linna," he went on. "And I've practiced law a long time. There are a couple of things I've learned, doing both. Now the *facts* of what Lance told me are simply these: he was in love with you, engaged to you; in England he suddenly married another girl without a word to you of having met her; she deserted him and their child; and now he has come back, asking you to forgive him, take the child, and marry him when he's free. On the face of it, you'd be a fool to do what he asks.

"BUT one of the things I've learned, my dear, is that sometimes facts don't have anything to do with truth. They can even contradict it—human beings being the poor, mixed-up things they are. Truth is always bigger, Linna.

"I'm not trying to advise you, or make up your mind for you. Only you can do that. But in trying to decide, I want you to remember what I've just said. Look for the truth, the real, deep-down, underlying truth. Examine your heart as you never have before, and examine what you know of his. And somewhere in there you'll find the only honest clue to what you should do. You've got your life ahead of you and



you can make it what you want to, mostly. Just discover on what fundamental basis you want that life to be lived." Then he smiled and put his hand on my shoulder. "That's all, my dear. I only wish I could help. . . . One other thing. The last time we talked about this, I was doing the easiest thing and looking only at the facts. I'm wiser now. And I'll be glad and proud to have Lance Jordan back in his office when the army is through with him."

When I got home, I went up to my room and closed the door. The truth, he'd said. Find out the truth . . .

Then I did something I hadn't done in months, that I'd thought never to do again. I got the key out of the jewel case and I unlocked my hope chest.

I didn't look at the linens, at the handmade lingerie, or the tea service. I hadn't opened it to pull out old, sentimental dreams. I brought out the package of my letters that Angela had returned without a word. And then I untied the ribbon around the letters Lance had written me—those creased, well handled pages. I sorted them out by dates, and I read them all through, each one. Separated from any joy or pain they gave me, shaking off the memories they evoked, I read between the lines of them, trying to find what their essence said and not their words.

After a long, long time I knew.

I WENT out to the telephone in the hall and dialed Lance's number. "Please come," I said when he'd been called. "I'll meet you out in front."

I waited there, in the soft spring dusk, and I felt a strange kind of tired peace. My decision had been made for me; there was no need to fight any longer. When Lance came, I joined him and we walked together down the quiet street, under the new-leaved trees.

Finally, I stopped and turned to him. His face was shadowed, hard to read; but his body was tight with tension.

"It's hard to say what I'm going to say," I said. "It's hard to explain. But maybe there's not any need for explanation. I'm going to do what you ask, Lance. I'm going to marry you."

"No—wait, darling." I stopped him as he started to speak. "I'm not doing this because you ask it. But because I want to, I need to, I *have* to. I know now why you brought Anne to me and what you meant when you said she was part of the whole. I found out when I read over our letters today. They weren't just love letters, Lance. They belonged to people who had found each other, forever and ever, who had something between them that just wouldn't stop or die, no matter what seemed to happen to it. I'm not 'forgiving' you, Lance, for what you did, nor 'taking you back' after it. What happened to you happened to me, too—because—well, because that's just the way our kind of love is."

Lance has been assigned to training, now, at a camp not very far away. He won't be sent overseas again, and it is not too much longer that we have to wait until he will be free to marry.

I am looking after Anne. Or rather, Mother, Dessy, Dad and Lance and I are looking after Anne. And the town—well, the town talked and talked. Presently some of it will understand and the rest forget, and I really don't care.

All that honestly matters is Anne and Lance and me. That, and the day that she will have brothers and sisters to play with—brothers and sisters that will be as truly hers as she is mine.

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"Where Have You Been?"

(Continued from Page 41)

my audition.

"That's nothing," he assured me glumly, "I've just come from seeing one of my best girls marry another man."

"But everything I've worked for depends on this audition," I sighed.

We were both feeling so sorry for ourselves that each of us was more or less oblivious to the other's blues.

We took a walk up Fifth Avenue then, making conversation, but little sense. Finally Peter took me back to NBC. "You sit here and relax," he said "and I'll see if I can get the good word on your try-out." "Do you really think you could?" By this time I felt I had to know one way or another. "I can try," he shrugged comically. Right here, in the midst of all that suspense, I remember I had the fleeting thought that he couldn't have been so crazy about the girl who'd gotten married that afternoon. In about fifteen minutes he was coming toward me with a perfectly blank expression.

WAS I very bad?" I managed to ask, feeling sure that I had flopped miserably. Still without cracking a smile, he held up his hand and counted off, "1—You came over beautifully, 2—They like you, 3—You're in!"

I'm afraid I babbled for the next half-hour—about how grateful I was.

Three or four days later Peter called me up and said—in a very off-hand manner—"I'm going over to Cafe Society Uptown to look over a performer. I thought maybe you'd like to come."

I had my hair up in curlers at the time, so I hesitated about accepting, but he swept all my objections aside, and this time we had fun.

At this point I think I should explain about Peter's foible. He has the goofy habit of giving girls masculine nicknames. He started calling me "Joe" almost at once, and simply wouldn't drop it. Before I knew it, I was Joe to practically everyone. My real name was Helen Janis, and I did do a number of radio shows under that name, but as the Joe business continued, I gave in and compromised—I started working under the name of Jo Janis.

It must have been a week before he asked me for another date. This time we went to see "Hellzapoppin." Peter knows Jay C. Flippen, who was starring in the show, so he took me backstage before curtain time, and introduced me to him. I got a terrific kick out of it when Jay used our names all through the performance.

We went on to a supper club, and the master of ceremonies recognized Peter. He had the spotlight thrown on us, and made Peter take a bow, and introduced him to the guests, "Here, folks, is Peter Donald—one of the fastest-rising young comedians in radio." I just ate it up. Not only was I beginning to suspect that I was falling in love with this Peter Donald, but everyone else thought he was wonderful too.

Although he didn't say anything, we seemed to have a silent understanding, and I just knew he'd call me the next day—but he didn't. In fact, days and days and days went by. I read about Peter's new radio assignments and his big success on Can You Top This? I knew he must be very busy, but after all, a telephone call doesn't take but

a few minutes. I tried to convince myself that it was because he was so busy.

I knew this, of course, but as the weeks slipped by with no word from Peter, I began to get miserable. By this time I knew I was in love with him past all doubting. What can a gal do when she discovers herself in love with a man who is very sweet to her, but certainly couldn't be accused of being romantic? Well, I guess there are several possibilities, but all I wanted to do was go away for a while. Before I left, I dropped into Kauffman-Bedrick's to grab something to eat between rehearsals. There was Mr. D.—poring over a script.

"Hello, Jo," he greeted me with that gay smile of his. Then, maddeningly, "Where've you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, I've been busy," I answered with a brightness I didn't feel.

"I hear you're coming along fine, Beautiful," he said, as he pencilled a few words on the margin of his script.

"I'm going home for a trip," I blurted out then, "I'm leaving tomorrow—I mean the day after."

"Well, have fun, Beautiful, but don't stay away too long." A quick glance at his watch, and he was gathering his stuff together.

In a flash he had told me to have a good trip, and was off.

SO I went along home. It was good to see everyone, but I kept thinking about Peter. I was convinced he would never love me, and I made sincere efforts to put him out of my heart.

I'd hardly got through unpacking, on my return, when the phone rang.

"Well," said the man I was trying to forget. "It's about time you got back."

After some of our usual banter, I agreed to see him that evening after his show.

At 1:00 o'clock we found ourselves outside the old Plaza, at the entrance to Central Park. I was very tired, what with my trip and our night clubbing, I'd had a big day. "Let's go for a ride in a hansom," Peter said.

"I think I'd better go home, Peter," I said.

"Oh, come on," I was surprised at the urgency in his voice, "you'll love it."

I gave in, and we boarded an open cab. Driver and horse sprang to life and we started through the Park. The big August moon filtered through the trees and threw a pattern of leaves and moonbeams on us and the roadway. Peter took my hand and I relaxed.

"Jo," he said, turning toward me. "Did you miss me?"

"That's a funny thing to ask," I said after a moment. "When I was in town we hardly ever saw one another."

"I know. But when you left, and I began to realize that I couldn't pick up the phone and talk to you, that I couldn't see you when I wanted to—the blues really came in and met me."

"Oh," I said, "you like to have me handy." I didn't want to be hurt.

"I love you, Jo," he said, in that same, quiet tone.

Then I was in his arms, and a few minutes later when the hansom clip-clopped back to its place, we had set our wedding date.

In September we were married in a lovely old church on Fifth Avenue, and ever since we've been busy with radio and with living happily ever after. You can see why I think it must have been a very wise person who first said, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." I think he most definitely had something there!

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Next of Kin

(*Continued from page* 21)

smiled with his heart as well as his lips.

It isn't easy to explain—or to remember—how David and I fell in love. It wasn't, certainly, "at first sight," nor was it even suddenly. It was a gradual accumulation of things, I guess—exchanged "good mornings" and smiles when our eyes met down the length of the shop, and hands that brushed together when Dave handed me copy.

We found a great deal to laugh about together, somehow, and more often than not I let my hands lie idle on the keys of my typewriter while I dreamed a little about a man whose eyes were grave and whose smile was sweet.

BUT those dreams of mine were always—it's hard to find the right word to explain it. *Abstract,* I guess. They were like the absurdly romantic serial-story I used to tell myself before I went to sleep each night when I was in my early teens. I dreamed of thrilling last-minute rescues, of love scenes in some far-off, enchanted land, instead of dreaming of a little white house on Post Hill Road and a baby who would be David, Junior, as any sensible girl dreams of a man with whom she's fallen in love, whom she hopes to marry.

It was Uncle John who brought my feet back to earth, one morning as we stood looking at the bright red-and-white posters Dave was pulling off the job press. The posters advertised the annual Post Hill American Legion Dance and ice cream social.

"You kids going?" Uncle John asked idly, looking at both of us.

We answered almost in chorus, David saying, "I haven't got a girl," and I, "I haven't been asked."

"Well," said Uncle John, in that way of his that sounds so sensible you can't find any arguments against him, "seems to me that if you two would team up it would solve everything." Whereupon he picked up a batch of the posters and walked away.

David ran off three or four more posters in silence, and then cut the switch of the press and came around it to stand beside me. "Well?" he asked, and I looked up to find that I was seeing laughter in his eyes, as well as on his lips, for the first time.

I pretended to think about it for a minute. Then I shrugged, and said, "I guess there's no way out—he's the boss, after all."

Dave's grin widened. "You're quite right," he answered, making his voice very solemn. "It wouldn't do to offend him." And suddenly we were both laughing—and we *knew* each other. We were friends, in that moment, and potentially lovers.

I went to the dance with David—over the bitter protests of Aunt Lil, who had a great deal to say on the subject of "It's bad enough to expose that poor child to That Fellow in the office all day long, John, without deliberately *making* her go out in the evenings with him!" We went to the dance, and people looked at us strangely, or were a little too glad to see us. And when we went to the South Side Church basket party the next week, people treated us the same way. And when we walked down the street, on the way home from the movies, at night. And when we went to the beach to swim. Wherever we went! David was an outsider, and being with him made me an outsider, too. All the things that

marked him an outsider were little things, but they were there, and they added up to so much. The fact that he was not allowed to charge at Weiller's Drug Store — when everyone else in town ran monthly bills for aspirin and sodas and what-all. The fact that I was invited places and politely—oh, so very politely! — given to understand that I was welcome, myself, but I mustn't bring Dave along. Such little things . . .

Ours was a funny love affair, progressing from simple dates, through held hands, to kisses, without any feeling of growing permanency at all. And it came, finally, to marriage in the same way . . .

David was living in the room off the print shop—the single men on the staff took turns living there, ever since the place had been broken into by vandals several months ago, and some of the expensive machinery wrecked. (Dave's work, too, Aunt Lil always said, when she was listing her grievances against him.)

One night, at the table Aunt Lil was holding forth on her favorite subject—Dave had been invited to dinner the night before. "He can't even eat like regular people," she was saying. "Holds his knife and fork like a savage, and all but puts his feet into the plate. I must say, Shirley, that—"

"All he needs is some nice girl to look after him," Uncle John put in, softly but firmly, but I hardly heard him. Suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer.

"I'm going down to the shop," I said, getting up abruptly. "I'll do the dishes when I get back, Aunt Lil—just leave them. I left my knitting, and I want to finish that afghan for Mom by her birthday. I can work on it tonight."

I put on my coat and hurried out of the house. Dave would be at the shop, I thought idly—I'd see him. But the whole place was dark when I got there, and there was no answer to my rattling of the front door knob. So I found my key, opened up, and felt for the light switch.

The door to Dave's room opened and softly closed again.

"Who's there?"

"It's only me—no vandals this time, Dave."

And then I found the lights and switched them on. He was standing at the rail that separated the entrance from the offices, and it seemed to me, oddly, that he was breathing hard.

"What—what do you want?"

I moved closer to him. "That's a fine thing to say. If you were glad to see me, I might have said I'd come to see you. But as it is, I'll tell the truth—



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I came down here after my knitting."

"Oh."

Suddenly I was exasperated. "For goodness sake, Dave. Don't stand there with your mouth open. You look as if—"

There was a resounding crash back shop which drowned out the rest of my sentence. For a moment Dave and I stood staring at each other. Then I cried, "Dave—who've you got back there?" If I'd stopped to think, I might have thought it strange that not for a second did I believe that it might be an intruder, someone Dave didn't know about.

"NO one," he said, lamely, after a moment.

"David—don't lie to me. Who is it?"

"I can't tell you, Shirley."

"Dave—is it a—a girl?"

He came across to me then, and put his hands on my shoulders, compelling my eyes to his. "Shirley—I guess I'd better tell you. I don't know who I can trust, if I can't trust you. It's a boy—a boy who escaped from St. John's this afternoon. He hurt his leg getting over the wall, and he came here to me. I—I'm going to give him a while to sleep, and then get him out of town before morning." He said this last half-warily, half-defiantly, waiting for my reaction.

St. John's—the reformatory. I had, for a moment, a vivid picture of its soot-grimed grey walls with watch towers at the corners, of the ugly pile of the building, with its small barred windows and heavy, solid doors. This was where David had spent the years of his life that should have been the gayest, happiest years. For a moment I felt only compassion for the boy hiding back in the shop. And then I realized what it would mean to David if he were caught here.

"Dave, you can't! You've got to get him out of here—send him back! You've got to!"

"Send him back—turn him in? Shirley—"

"You've got to. It'll prove, once and for all, to the people of this town that you're just as decent and law-abiding as they are! Don't you see?"

There was a long moment of silence. And in that silence, we heard the soft closing of the back door of the shop. Dave turned on his heel and went out there, and I never knew what his answer might have been. In a moment he was back. "He's gone," he said shortly. "He must have heard you."

I sat down, weak with something that was probably relief. At least, no one had caught the fugitive with Dave!

"David," I began after a moment, "Don't you see—don't you understand? You can't ever be a respectable citizen if you do things like this! No one will ever trust you—no one will ever—oh, Dave, sometimes I wonder if you know right from wrong?"

He stood very close beside me, but not touching me at all. "Sometimes," he said, "I wonder if I do."

I looked up at him, and I think I loved him more in that moment than I ever did before, than I ever did afterwards. He seemed, somehow, more of a person than ever before, and yet farther away, more unapproachable. All this, for just a moment, and then he was close to me, vulnerable, for he dropped to his knees and buried his face in my lap.

"Shirley—Shirley—I *want* to be like other people. I *want* to know right from wrong. I want to be normal. I don't want to be *looked at!* I don't want to be the way I am—"

I felt as if my heart would break with the welling of tenderness in it. I put out my arms and gathered him in, holding his head close against my breast. "David, darling—"

"Honey, do you suppose people will ever trust me? I don't do wrong things because I want to. I don't fight with the printers and the guys down on Peters' Corners because I want to—it's because I feel I have to so they won't think they can say anything they want to about me. How can I be like other people, if other people won't let me? Shirley—help me. You can help me. You can show me how to be right. If I could have you, if you were always with me, nothing else would matter. I wouldn't have to do things to show what a great guy I am. I wouldn't have—"

"David," I said, very softly, "you can have me. I'll help you—I want to help you!" And, heaven help me, it didn't, it *didn't* sound so condescending when I said it as it does written down here!

AND so we went away and were married. I had flowers, but no bridesmaid to throw them to, and there were no people to crowd around and kiss the bride and shake the groom's hand and wish us well. Then we came home to a stiffish dinner at Uncle John's and Aunt Lil's, where Dave said little and ate less (he realized full well Aunt Lil's opinion of his table manners) and then we went home to the two-room apartment we'd rented in Post Hill House.

We had no possessions—just Dave's clothes and mine—so unpacking took very little time. Once, Dave turned

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from his big bag and came across the room to me. In his hand were several green-and-white felt letters, a couple of photographs, and what looked like a high school year book.

"Did I ever show you these?" He dumped the pile into my lap.

Something turned cold inside me, and I couldn't bring my fingers to touch them. "What—what are they?"

"Letters I won at St. John's," he answered off-handedly, but there was pride in his voice. "And a picture of the track team. And the Annual—I was in charge of printing it, the last year I was there."

I looked down at the elaborately entwined felt SJ's and felt sick. Why, he was proud of these things, *proud* of them—just as proud as if he'd won them at a—at a regular school, a decent place like Post Hill High. I didn't want to hurt him, but I couldn't find one solitary thing to say, nor could I bring myself to open the cover of the Annual. At last I managed a feeble "They're nice," and David gathered them up and took them away again, his eyes very grave and his mouth tight.

IT was things like that that kept our marriage from ever seeming completely real, I suppose. Things like that, and the fact that our marriage didn't belong to us alone, but to all of Post Hill. To the Wednesday Club, where I knew at each meeting Aunt Lil and the other ladies tsk-tsk-ed and deplored; to Harry Sweet, who felt it his duty to keep everyone reminded of Dave's unreliability, thus keeping their minds off his own son, to people I met on the street, who always so scrupulously asked me how my husband was "getting on" as if he had been seriously ill and now might possibly be on the road to recovery. It was the attitude of people—oh, and to be fair, my own attitude, too—that kept me from feeling quite right about our marriage, even when we were alone. I think that feeling of mine must have been very like the feeling of a girl who is not married at all, when she lies in the arms of her lover. Happy—and a little guilty, as if at any moment someone might come into the room and discover them.

But I had definite plans about what I must do to help David, to make him more acceptable to Post Hill—and, although I wouldn't admit it, to me. He mustn't hang around the pool hall any more. He must learn to use his knife and fork properly. The ain'ts in his speech must be replaced with aren'ts, and the thems with thoses. I must guide him, show him the way . . .

Poor David—I must have sounded much more like a schoolmarm than a wife, sometimes. And I felt more like one. He was terribly sweet about it, at first, but after a while the sweetness soured a little. He became silent around the house, as if by saying nothing he could protect himself from my finding flaws in what he said.

Once he suggested, "We ought to get out of Post Hill, Shirl. We ought to go some place where we aren't known at all, and start all over again. It would be easier on me, and a whole lot easier on you."

"Easier on me, Dave?"

"Yes—you wouldn't be so conscious of people talking about me, of me offending people. You wouldn't have to nag me so much about—"

I sat up very straight. "Nag you—*nag* you? I'm only trying to help you make something of yourself, Dave. Be-

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sides, a lot of employers wouldn't be as kind as Uncle John. We wouldn't have things so easy in a strange place. Lots of print shops might hesitate to hire—"

I stopped. "Hire a convict?" he finished for me. "You might as well say it, Shirley. Or were you going to be polite, and say 'a man like you'?"

And suddenly, we were quarreling—our first quarrel, but not our last. Everything Dave did, everything he said, seemed somehow a little wrong. Even things I wouldn't have thought twice about if they were done by other men—like walking home with the new girl Uncle John had hired to take my place—seemed wrong, in David. I felt that he was, in a sense, on probation, that he had to prove himself. Like the business about the money, for instance. —I naturally assumed that Dave would turn his salary over to me, and that I'd handle the household finances. But he didn't see it that way. And how could I tell him that it seemed better, *securer* to me, for me to handle them, without hurting his feelings? There was no way, and I *did* hurt his feelings —I could see it in those grave eyes of his, in the very gesture with which he gave me that pay envelope, unopened, each Friday.

AND yet, so insecure a marriage it seemed, so unreal a one, that it didn't surprise me when it came to an abrupt end after a course of a brief few months. I was hurt; I was frightened —but somehow I was not surprised.

It happened the night that Daly's Hardware Store was robbed. The store was just a few doors down the street from us, and we were asleep when the wail of the burglar alarm wakened us. I sat straight up in bed, crying "What's that?" but Dave was already out of bed and plunging toward the window in the darkness.

"Sounds like a burglar alarm," he called back over his shoulder. "Turn on the lamp, will you?" While I groped for the bedside lamp, he flung the window wide, leaned out, turning back in a moment to report, "Yes—crowd's already gathering. Looks like Daly's. Wonder if they got away?"

He was reaching for his trousers when I finally got the light on.

"Dave—where are you going?"

He grinned. "Down to see the excitement—slip on something and come along."

I caught my breath. "Oh, Dave—you'd better not!"

He paused in the cinching of his belt about his waist. "Better not? What do you mean?"

"I mean you'd better not. It'll look funny, your hanging around down there. They might think you had something to do with it!"

He came slowly across the room and stood looking down at me. Suddenly the anger I saw dawning in his eyes exploded. "For pete's sake, Shirley, why? *Why*? There are lots of people down there. Probably your Uncle John, by now. Are they going to think *he* had something to do with it?"

I shook my head. "No, of course not. But Dave, don't you see? It's different —oh, it's just that I don't want you to get into any more trouble, Dave!"

"More trouble—what trouble have I got into, except what you've thought up in your own head? I'm going down there."

"No—no, Dave—you're not!" I got hastily out of bed, throwing my robe about my shoulders. "Dave, you're not!

Oh, what good does it do for me to talk? You—you asked me to marry you to help you, and then every time I say a word—"

The look on his face stopped me. But he didn't say anything. He just finished dressing—finished dressing much more completely than was necessary in order to run downstairs to see what was going on. I felt suddenly cold, a little sick.

"Dave—where are you going? What are you going to do?"

He picked up his hat. "I don't know where I'm going. I don't know what I'm going to do. *But I do know that I'm going—and I'm going right now!* I've had about all of this that any man can be asked to take, Shirley—that's all."

My throat felt tight, so that the words came out in little high, jerky sounds. "Dave—you can't! Dave, what do you mean? I only try to do what's best. I only want to help you. I—"

He looked at me levelly. "You only want to help me—how do you know, when you've never tried? Maybe it's not your fault—maybe you just haven't sense enough to see what you're doing, but I can't take any more of it. I'm all through!"

I'm not quite sure how I got through the first few months—going back to work for Uncle John, meeting the pity in the eyes of everyone who passed me on the street, listening endlessly to Aunt Lil's "I told you so!"

I found that it was better not to remember David at all. My memory played me tricks, and brought back to me, I found, only the nice things—the sweetness of his smile, the gentleness of his hands, the little-boy expression I'd surprise on his face when he wasn't sure how I was going to react to something. Kisses, and kindness, and the sound of his voice, and the little gifts he had brought, trying to please me. And so it was better to forget entirely, make believe that never, anywhere in the world, had there been a David.

The weeks slipped mercifully into months, and the months carelessly into years. Once in a while I'd hear something about Dave, usually through Uncle John, by way of the printers. He was working on a small paper in Iowa. He had a job doing color for a big plant in Chicago. He was running a linotype for one of the Minneapolis dailies. And

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD—WAR BONDS

then, with the coming of the war, he had enlisted. After that, no one seemed to know anything about him.

And I had forgotten. I mean that—I had made myself forget, completely. Only in forgetting lay sanity and peace, and those I had to have, in order to live my life in Post Hill.

I didn't get a divorce. You don't do that in a place like Post Hill unless there's a very good reason—and the only good reason I could ever have had would have been wanting to marry someone else. There simply was no one else I liked well enough to marry. I'd find someone someday, Aunt Lil kept telling me, and I'd agree with her, and agree with her, too, that then would be time enough to start all the fuss and mess of divorce.

In the midst of the peace and contentment a bomb burst one day—one day in the second year we were in the war. It came in the form of a telegram, sent up by the office in the railroad station because it, as the messenger explained, "seemed important enough so's Mr. Hill didn't think he oughta just telephone."

I read the telegram three times before it made sense—before I could understand that it was from the War Department, to tell me that Captain David Lansdowne had been wounded in action on the South Pacific. I wandered, dazed, out into the backyard where Uncle John was, and put the telegram into his hands.

He read it, looked up, raising his eyebrows. "Well?"

"But why, Uncle John? Why tell *me*? I mean, I'm sorry he's been hurt—I don't mean to sound callous. But I don't understand."

Uncle John let the little yellow slip fall into his lap. "They notify the next of kin, Shirley. You're his next of kin—his wife! Damn it all, Shirley, *you're his wife!*"

The strange feeling of unreality I'd had in first reading the telegram was still with me. I remember wondering, as I walked away, if that anger of Uncle John's against me hadn't been festering inside him all these four years, since David went away. But it didn't seem to matter at the moment. *Captain David Lansdowne* . . . it was like repeating a stranger's name. Who was he, this captain, this soldier, this man who had been fighting for how long—two years?—and had been wounded?

That was all there was, for a while—that telegram. Uncle John made inquiries through the Red Cross, but there had been no answer, yet. It was as if the telegram had been something that happens suddenly, like a summer shower in the midst of a sunny day, so that when the sun comes out again, you forget it. I forgot it—I put it out of my mind, and went on with the business of living each day in Port Hill.

Went on with it, that is, until a letter came. David had been flown to a hospital here in the United States—to a hospital not too far from Port Hill, as a matter of fact. And I, as his wife, would be allowed, of course, to see him.

My thoughts, on the train that took me to the nearby coastal city where the hospital was, were simply chaos. I couldn't make them come in a straight, orderly pattern. All I knew, and that I clung to, was that David was quite alone in the world. He had no one but me. Even though we no longer meant anything to each other, even though we were as nearly strangers as two people who have loved each other can ever be, I was closer to him than anyone else in the world. I had to go to him—he needed someone now, and there was no one else.

I was sent to see a doctor, when I arrived at the hospital, a doctor who somehow put his finger, at once, without knowing that he did it, on the crux of the whole matter.

"There's nothing really wrong with your husband, Mrs. Lansdowne," he told me, "that time and what we can do for him won't heal. Nothing physical, that is. But there is something wrong with his mind—and I don't mean that he's insane," he added hastily. "He doesn't want to get up, to face life. Tell me frankly, was there any trouble between you and your husband?"

My throat felt suddenly dry. Trouble? "I—doctor, you don't understand," I began. "I'm not really David Lansdowne's wife at all."

The doctor's voice had changed, when he answered me. It was a little harder. "Perhaps you had better begin at the beginning, and tell me the whole story."

And so I began at the beginning, and told him the whole story.

The doctor, when I had finished, was silent for a minute that seemed to stretch into years. Somehow I was afraid to look at him.

At last he said, and his voice was brisk, with none of the friendliness with which he had first greeted me, "That's quite a story, Mrs. Lansdowne. It all boils down to this—no one seemed to have much confidence in your husband, did they? Including you."

I felt, queerly, as I used to feel when I'd been brought before my grammar school principal to be lectured. No one had much confidence in him—no one had very much reason to."

The doctor leaned forward. I still,

without knowing why, wanted to avoid his eye, but he was compelling me to look at him. "You're wrong, Mrs. Lansdowne," he said flatly. "You're wrong on both counts. Can you tell me one thing that David ever did that gave you reason *not* to have confidence in him? Did—"

"He was a reformatory boy," I cried a little wildly. "He had stolen cars—"

"When he was a child," the doctor finished for me. "I'm talking about the *man* David Lansdowne, now. Did he ever steal anything? Was he brutal to you? Did he—"

I felt as if I were being unjustly accused of something. "No, no—I've told you the whole story. I've *told* you . . ." And I heard my voice fall away under the sharp, unpitying eyes of the doctor.

"Yes, you've told me the whole story. And you've said that no one had any confidence in David Lansdowne. Well, there you're wrong. Some one did—someone pretty important. The United States Army. We had confidence enough in him to send him to Officers' Candidate School, and he repaid the confidence by coming through with honors, by becoming the kind of soldier who is winning the war for people like you and your Aunt Lil and your Uncle John—by risking his life—nearly by sacrificing it—for his men, and for people like you and your Aunt Lil and Uncle John and all the people in Port Hill who had no confidence in him. That's all I have to say to you, Mrs. Lansdowne—except that I think you'd better turn right around and go back to Port Hill. I don't want you to see David Lansdowne—it would be the worst thing in the world for him—and if he has the sense I think he has, he doesn't want to see you, either. You'd be no help to him."

I've never known a silence quite like the silence in the office when he finished speaking. And then I didn't even mind the silence any more, because I was thinking. I was thinking of David, who was somewhere in this maze of white corridors. I wasn't thinking, as I had on the train, *I should see him and help him along—give his morale a boost, if I can, because he's so alone.* I was thinking, only, *I want to see him—I want to see him!* And I heard myself saying it aloud, "I must!"

The doctor stood up, and automatically I got to my feet, too. He came around the desk and stood very close to me, compelling my eyes to meet his once more. "Why—*why* do you want to see him, Mrs. Lansdowne?"

I didn't have any answer in my mind; I didn't even know how I felt. But the words came of their own volition.

"Because I *want* to see him—doctor, let me see him! I love him. I've just found it out. I never knew it before. I said the words so many times, but they had no meaning. Let me see him—please, *please* let me see David!"

I didn't care about anything in the world, just then, except seeing David, except putting my arms around him, and feeling once again the gentleness of his hands, seeing the sweetness of his smile. It's a hard feeling to describe—it was a sort of wonderful *completeness*—and I had never in my life felt this way before. Because, perhaps, I'd never been awake to love, never been truly in love, before.

In the corridor the feeling of strangeness, of unreality, came again. But I understood it now—I understood that it was because in a moment I would be with my husband, and until I was nothing would be quite right. But *when* I was, the whole world would be right for me—and for him, too. *Oh, let it be right for him, too,* I prayed silently.

The doctor opened the door, and I went in.

David was propped up in bed, staring out the window. He didn't hear us—or didn't care.

I found out what fear was, in that moment, what wild, unreasoning terror could be like. Perhaps he wouldn't care at all, even when he turned around and saw me. Perhaps he would say a casual, "Hello, Shirley," that would hurt more than any violent rebuke. But I had to try . . . I had to try!

"David—?"

He turned, very slowly, a little warily, as if he felt someone might be playing a joke on him. And I saw the fingers of his hand, lax on the white bedclothes, stiffen and curl a little—as if he would have liked to open his arms to me, and didn't dare.

I dared. I had to. I said, "David, dear, I've come—"

He smiled at me—the smile that was in his heart as well as on his lips. And he said, as if it were something he hadn't let himself hope for, "You've come!"

Somehow I was in his arms. I was knowing the gentleness of his hands, the sweetness of his smile, the *goodness* of his love. I was feeling his kisses, warming my mouth to laughter, my heart to humble thankfulness. I was hearing him say the words for which there are no other words in the language, "Honey, I love you—dearest, dearest, I love you so!"

We would go home, together. But I was already at home, in the place from which I had been too long a wanderer.



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All This to Me

(Continued from page 29)

shadow and for the riot of color—hibiscus red and oleander white and pink—splashed against the walls; if it hadn't been for the evidences of lack of money for new awnings to replace the old and faded ones, the effect would have been overwhelming.

When I could get my breath Vin led me over the crumbling pink and turquoise flagstones into the house, to where a tall, thin, erect old man was waiting for us.

"You're home early, Vinton." The words were nothing—it was his tone that told me how much Mr. Mara adored his grandson. After introductions the courtly old man turned to me.

"Welcome to Villa Mara, my child. We can't give you the hospitality this house once could offer—you will find us living very simply. But I hope your visit here will be as pleasant for you as the sight of your lovely face is to me." I was not used to such flowery speeches, but his manner made me feel suddenly very much at ease.

"Thank you, Mr. Mara," I murmured.

"SHE'S a gringo from New England, grandfather. Can't you tell by the way she talks through her nose?" Vin's smile was teasing.

"Hello, everybody!" The greeting was as breezy as the girl, herself. Blue jeans tucked cowboy fashion into her boots, striped cotton shirt accentuating the width of her shoulders—"Vin, why didn't you tell me you were bringing a guest? I can't promise anything but a very skimpy luncheon."

All through lunch, while we laughed and chatted, I studied Jean. Vin had told me something of her story on our trip out here. Her parents had died very tragically, leaving her alone in the world, and old Mr. Mara had become her guardian. She had lived at the Villa for the past seven years. I had pictured her in the role of a foster-sister to Vin. But now I wasn't sure—there was something more.

With me she was natural and friendly. With Grandfather Mara she was both child and nurse. With Vin—oh, but with Vin I felt a subtle difference in her. Something in her tone, in her look, a hint of feeling so slight I could never quite put my finger on it.

And I was sure I must be mistaken when she added her voice to Vin's, urging me to come out to Villa Mara and stay until I could find another boarding house.

"You're being very kind, both of you. But I'm sure I'll find something tomorrow." I would have loved to live at Villa Mara—and there was a thrill in the thought of riding with Vin every morning and night . . . but I prized more my independence. Still, when I saw the disappointment on his face I wanted to reach up and touch the corners of his lips with my fingers—

It was that exact minute when I fell in love with Vin Mara.

Is there an extra-sensory perception that makes people we love hear our thoughts even when we don't speak? Vin suddenly turned to me, breaking off his conversation in the middle of a sentence, to ask:

"Want to come with me, Linda? We've just time to feed the pigeons before dinner and that's something I want you to see."

"I'd love it"—how could my voice be so controlled?—"but I think I'd

better stay here and help Jean with dinner."

There was a swiftly-masked expression on Jean's face before she answered generously, "No. You two go ahead. I'll stay—I can manage easily."

We walked back to what had once been the stables and was now a rotting timbered building nearly buried in huge geranium bushes and jasmine creepers. We had brought handfuls of grain with us and now Vin sprinkled some on my shoulders and hair, persuading the tame white pigeons who perched along the roof to come down for their evening meal.

"Here, Linda—there's one on my shoulder. Give him some of the feed. Here—" He grasped my hand as I hesitated, and guided it to the pigeon's sleek white head. To my surprise it pecked daintily and didn't hurt in the least. Vin could easily have let my hand go.

But he didn't. Startled, I looked up at him. And for a long, quiet, heart-hushed moment we stood there, breathless in the wonder we saw in each other's faces. The expression in his eyes I knew—because it was the counterpart of mine.

"Vin—"

"LINDA, darling . . ." his voice was gentle . . . "my own darling—"

His lips on mine were gentle too, at first, and wondering; and then as each beat of our hearts spun its length in thrilling, awakened realization, his lips grew more and more intense, more and more demanding. He pulled me hard against him. And power and weakness were a rhythm in my body, pounding against the strength of his embrace.

"I wanted you to kiss me." I murmured shamelessly, after a while.

"I know." His voice was shaking. "I think that's why I love you so, Linda. On the surface you're so reserved and so demure, but to me, and only to me, you show the passion that is below the surface. I knew it was there and I knew when the time came you would meet me half-way. I'm drawn by the mystery of you, Linda; by the secret rebellion I've glimpsed in your eyes. You come to me with your thoughts and your feelings and your desires for only me to know."

"Only for you," I echoed softly. "But—oh, Vin darling—there's no mystery in me, really. I'm afraid what you saw was just unhappiness."

"No, dearest. Not unhappiness. Because—" He turned my face up to his and smiled into my eyes. "Look at you now. That's not unhappiness in your eyes now, Linda. But the mystery is still there, darling, and I love you even when you look happy."

"And I love you . . ." But he stopped my words with kisses.

Stopped my words, yes; but as we were on our way back to the house I realized suddenly that he hadn't stopped my thoughts, and my thoughts were of Jean. Somehow I knew, knew deep inside me with a lover's sure knowledge, that Jean loved Vin too. It had been in her eyes, in her hand on his arm. It was there, in the pain that flashed over her face, when we got back to the house and Vin took her aside to tell her about us. But she was gallant.

"I know you will be happy, Linda," she said softly. "Vin is—Vin; and you are just right for him. I—if Vin had a sister she would be feeling toward you as I do now."

I took her hand with a momentary pang of pity and a greater feeling of admiration. But I strengthened the resolve I had already come to: Vin and

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Nothing could spoil the glorious, fulfilling joy of those next few hours; perhaps it was the taste of that joy that made our quarrel on the way home so horrible.

It started so innocently. Vin wanted us to be married soon—and thrilled and comforted that he felt the same way I did, I suggested we start apartment-hunting Monday morning. There was a war factory in a near-by town, and gradually more and more families were coming as far afield as Guadalupe in order to find living room. I knew we would have to hurry.

I felt Vin's arm around my shoulders stiffen even as I spoke. And when I had finished he turned to me incredulously.

"Why in the world should we look for an apartment? Villa Mara is big enough for all of us, darling, and, besides, it's my home. I couldn't imagine living anywhere else. Don't you like it? Don't you like Grandfather and Jean?"

"It's not that I don't like them. I do. But marriage should mean a fresh start for two people. Every couple should have that chance to be alone, at least for while, so they can make their own adjustments without interference or advice."

I was near to tears now. How could I make Vin understand how important this was—even if I hadn't known that Jean Garber was in love with him? I *must* have him to myself for awhile. I *must* know that we belonged only to each other—not part of us to other people, to old habits, to a house! Villa Mara could never be mine. It belonged to the generations of other women who had lived there—and to Jean.

"Promise me, Vin. Promise me we'll have our own place, at least just at first. I can't explain why it's so important to me—but I know I couldn't marry you otherwise."

"What a funny, intense little thing you are," he said, half in amazement, half in anger.

But in the end he agreed. And when we stopped in front of my boarding

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house we both tried, in the warmth and the seeking of our kisses, to banish the ugliness of our quarrel.

My bed that night was a floating cloud. At least I knew it couldn't be the same bed upon which I had tossed in feverish, troubled sleep—how long ago?—the same bed where I had cried myself ino the next day. I had come to Guadelupe to find sanctuary, and I had found ecstasy. I had come to forget a man, and I had found a man—a man who loved me deeply and truly.

But morning brought a disappointment. Not only was it impossible for us to find an apartment, but there was not even a temporary room for me, alone, There was only the miserable, dirty little apartment of Mrs. Truby's. And Mrs. Truby was a slattern. I could see that Vin had instantly dismissed both apartment and landlady as impossible.

IN the meantime, there was only Villa Mara.

The next weekend found me again in Vin's home, but with a difference. Now I was there with a room of my own, and a place in the family life. And the house wove its lovely spell about me; nobody could have resisted it. It was heartbreaking to me to have to try to resist, to try to convince myself and Vin that I could never live happily there. Because, if it hadn't been for Jean, Villa Mara would have been heaven. Impulsively, I told Vin, "I do so love this place, darling. I feel as though I had carried it in my mind for years, not ever dreaming that such loveliness could ever be seen and touched."

And then, of course, I wanted desperately to catch back the words, sincere as they had been, as I saw the eagerness flare into his eyes. "Linda, darling—then you'll stay and be happy."

"No, Vin. I—I can't. It wouldn't work out. We've *got* to start out alone, together." And he bent again to his unpacking, with his face suddenly remote and closed against me.

"Where do you want this box to go, Linda?" He was carrying my few possessions into my room. "Do you want to unpack it—darling, you have no right to stand there looking like a beautiful green-eyed sea nymph when my hands are so dusty I can't touch you!"

"Who cares about dust!" I went into his arms in a whirlwind of gladness. Thunder pounded in my veins as his mouth closed on mine.

After a few days I began to love Grandfather Mara, as I already loved the Villa. It was easy to love him; to do little things that pleased him; and he was so ready to accept me that often I felt my heart go out to him in a rush of gladness. And he was wise, too; each evening he spent only an hour or so with us, on the patio, withdrawing before the dusk so that Vin and I could linger there together—isolated intervals of pure rapture. But there was no real happiness for me while Jean was there. Jean and the running of the household—the trees that had to be pruned, the crumbling stone walls that were patched and fell down and were patched again; the faded, shabby tapestry chairs that needed mending. I was the outsider, though Vin sometimes tried to draw me into the talks. But this was something they shared between them with mutual pride—and I felt out of it.

At such times I came close to hating Jean.

I was still working at the office for Vin. And whenever possible, when he had to lunch with a client instead of

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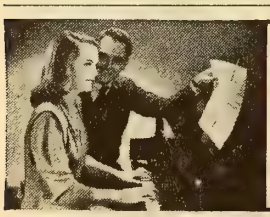


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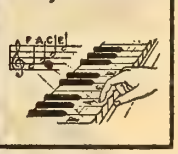


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with me, I went apartment-looking. But there was nothing—except Mrs. Truby's. And daily the distaste for her dirty rooms lessened in my mind and the conviction that we *must*, somehow, make our home there strengthened. I spent hours thinking of ways to transform its ugliness.

Then, one night, something happened to make me realize I must act soon.

It was Jean's birthday. After dinner we wandered into the big, cool, shadowed living room and I curled into a chair where I could watch the flickering play of the candles in their fireplace niche. Vin came in last—with his present for Jean.

"Oh, Vin—it's beautiful!" And it was—the simple, inexpensive Indian-silver bracelet was exquisite in design. But it was Jean who was suddenly, arrestingly beautiful in her pleasure.

I wasn't the only one who noticed it.

"Why, Jean, amigo—I hadn't realized how grown-up and how pretty you are! My little sister is blossoming like a rose. Can I still give you 'one to grow on?' Smiling, Vin bent over to kiss her cheek—but Jean broke out of his grasp and ran headlong out of the room.

I FELT stifled, not only because of the tension that grew in that room out of Vin's surprise—but from the jealousy that raged within me.

"Let's go outside, darling," I suggested. "There's a sliver of moon just coming up."

I felt his abstraction as we paced through the garden. And suddenly I could stand it no longer.

"I wanted to talk to you alone, Vin. You asked me the other day when we could be married and I think, now, we should set it for next Sunday." His arms went around me in a quick, glad gesture and my heart eased of its burden. *It wasn't too late—he hadn't understood what he had seen in Jean's face.* But if I waited—? If he should ever come to see that she blossomed for him and because of him—? "I went over to Mrs. Truby's again today—please, Vin, let me speak! I can fix it up so that it will be lovely and just like new."

"I know you would," his voice was angry and perplexed. "You'd work till you dropped to make it into a pleasant home for me—and yet you could never understand why it isn't my home—why it never could be. You think that because we can go to those three rooms and close the door we will be alone. Can't you see, Linda, that as long as we love each other, no matter how many other people are around we will always have a place for ourselves? That we can look at each other and know the key is turning in the lock and that the walls of our love can keep us safe—together?"

I had no words to argue with him.

"Kiss me, Vin. Hold me tight. Don't talk." And when his mouth was on mine and his arms were around me, I let my body yield itself in half-surrender, let all the passionate love that was in my heart speak to him through the mounting, throbbing of our pulses. I knew—and despised myself for knowing—that the spell was working, that his desire for me was a hardly-checked and growing thing—fearing and yet depending on the force of the emotions I was unleashing.

"If I have to choose between you and Villa Mara, darling," he said, huskily, "you know I couldn't ever let you go. You're a witch and I'll follow you—even to Mrs. Truby's."

I had won. Yet, walking back to the



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house, for the first time I wondered if I was doing the right thing. If I were just protecting our happiness, then why should I feel so miserable? Was there something else—something mean and despicable—in my desire to keep Vin to myself? Was it love, or was it—possession? Could the two be separate things? My mind was a confused, unhappy turmoil.

"Linda—Vin—" It was Grandfather Mara calling. His agitated voice hastened our steps.

The first person we saw was Jean standing by the long refectory table. In her pose was a kind of unconscious defiance and her face showed stubbornness.

"Vinton, this child has gone out of her mind. She says she is going to leave us. She's going to be a nurse. She wants to leave tomorrow."

The astonishment on the faces of the two men was reflected, I knew, in my own. Jean leaving! Under cover of their excited protests I slipped away to my room. That was a family conclave and as yet I was not part of the family. Besides, I knew, intuitively, that my presence only made things harder for Jean.

I paced the length of my room, bewildered. Why was Jean leaving? Because of me? Because she couldn't stand the sight of my happiness—and Vin's happiness in me—any longer?

No, it was deeper. For just a second I wondered, with a shock, if she could be voluntarily withdrawing from what she knew might—could—become a triangle. *Was she going away because she was unwilling to come between Vin and me?*

I couldn't credit the thought. I couldn't believe that any woman would be so generous. And yet I was troubled. And, strangely, there was no joy—scarcely even relief—in the knowledge that she would no longer be a threat.

Driving home the next evening from work, Vin seemed remote from me. He was worried.

"She's such a kid!" he exploded, finally. "Oh, I know—lots of girls as old as she are on their own—you are only a year older, yourself—but she's been so protected all her life, with just Grandfather and me. I'm worried about her. She's too pretty—"

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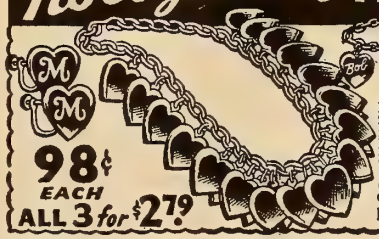


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The sight of her bags piled in the tiled entrance hall made her going-away a reality. After tonight, there would be no Jean in our lives—no sister to take up so much of Vin's time—no danger to our marriage. But there was no joy in the thought for me, somehow.

Even the atmosphere added to the strain. The heat was oppressively heavy for seven o'clock and the air was still. A kind of brooding, sullen watching seemed to hang over the room, pressing down upon us.

They say an earthquake gives no warning. I don't know—but I remember that breathless expectancy, that ominous stillness just before the first shock came.

It came with an unbelievably sickening jar. I didn't know what it was—I felt my bones turn to water—my heart lurched—my eyes caught the swinging chandelier, the pictures askew on the walls—I heard old Mr. Mara's quick shout—"It's all right. It's only a little one!" but the words seemed to come from a great distance and they meant nothing—I was dizzy and nauseated. And over and above the confusion, above Vin's call of *"Earthquake!"* was a woman's high, shrill, piercing, terror-stricken scream.

AS quickly as the jar was felt, it stopped. But still there was that same feeling of waiting for something more, for something worse—and still the woman screamed. I knew now it was Jean. But it wasn't real, somehow. Jean was calm, capable, sedate. She wasn't the panicky girl who had run to the doorway in mad flight, who was crying at the top of her voice and trying, with insane frenzy, to pull herself free from Vin's restraining grasp.

Even as I grasped this fact and felt the first bewildering, fearful wonder that it was to Jean he had rushed—not to me—that the second temblor came. This was worse. It lasted no longer, but it differed from the other in that it was not a quick jar but rather a slow, earth-tilting roll that carried the heart plunging to my throat. From the dining room came the splinter of falling plates.

I couldn't speak but I knew that my eyes were imploring Vin for help. In that brief second that the earthquake lasted I read the steady assurance in them but that wasn't enough. Why were his arms around Jean? Why was he holding her, soothing her, pinioning her arms to her sides, talking to her, his cheek buried in her hair? Why hadn't he come to me?

I hadn't realized that old Mr. Mara had moved but now he was beside my chair. "It's all over. Just a small one." But his eyes, were on Jean and Vin.

They were passing me — passing me!—on their way upstairs. He had picked her up as if she were a doll and was carrying her in his arms. He paused by my chair for a second to whisper "All right, Linda? Did it scare you?" I shook my head, mutely, and he smiled—a tight, strained, weary smile—and went on. With her. Carrying Jean to her bedroom.

I heard a horrible rasping sound in that room after they had disappeared up the stairs, and for a second I couldn't realize it was my own breath escaping from my dry, hurting throat. I wasn't frightened. Not of the earthquake—not any more. I was caught up in another, a much more terrible fear, that was squeezing my heart and my throat and making me sob in that harsh, terrible way. I was afraid of what it meant—Vin caring so tenderly for Jean,

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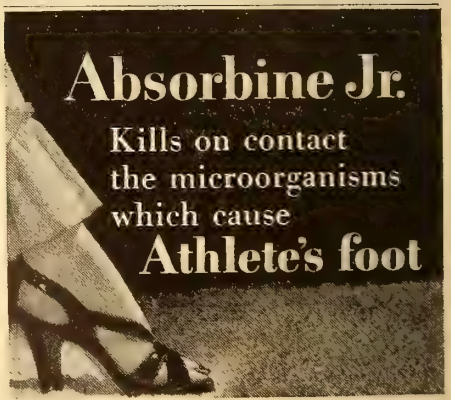


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his first, his only, thoughts for her, the way he had picked her up in his arms!

And what of me? Had his love for me come into conflict with some more powerful and more compelling instinct? I was the stranger; Jean was a part of him. His first reaction had been to look after her. To me he had given only the common courtesy of a polite glance and a polite inquiry. Vin might not know it or realize it but there was a hold on him stronger than his love for me.

So my shocked and dazed mind reasoned. And suddenly the room became a prison. I found myself running out into the patio. I found my eyes going without thought to the balcony window that was Jean's.

The light was still on. I could see a tall shadow moving behind the window. He was still there.

He belongs there, a voice insisted inside my mind. I fought against that voice. *What about me? Where do I belong? He loves me. His place is with me.* But Vin wasn't here in the patio. He was with Jean, in her room.

For a second a fierce jealousy made my whole body shake. I could see them together: Vin tenderly lowering her to the bed—his hands smoothing her hair—loosening the cotton shirt she wore at her throat—his voice whispering his soft "amigo" in her ear—his head bending down—

I jerked myself up short. I had no right to think anything wrong about those two. Not of Vin who I knew was good and honorable. Nor of Jean, who I knew now had planned to leave Villa Mara tonight just so that she wouldn't stand in my way.

It wasn't she who must go. It was I who was the intruder here. That knowledge came suddenly in a blinding pain. I looked around the patio with unseeing eyes and the dim shapes and shadows of wall and shrub and fountain were suddenly unfriendly things who wanted my alien presence out of there. I didn't belong in Villa Mara. I had no roots there. The love that Vin and I had for each other had no strength against the will of this house that was a living, powerful force.

I HEARD footsteps, loud steps inside the living room and a man's call. It was Vin; perhaps he was looking for me.

But the light was still on in Jean's room and against my will, against my wishes, my feet led me up to the patio staircase, to the balcony that ran its length, and to the floor-length window that was the source of that light. Impelled by I knew not what, I stepped across the sill and into the room.

Once I was inside and facing Jean, standing by the bed, I knew why I had had to come.

"You mustn't go," I said to her without preamble. "You must stay here, for Vin's sake. I'm the one to go. He'll be sorry for a while, but he'll get over it and he'll have you. You're a part of him. He couldn't lose you."

I was too heartsick to look at her unbelieving eyes. I watched her hands, and saw they gripped each other tightly, the fingers curling as if in anger.

"Is this a trick?" and her voice was almost harsh.

"No." I explained wearily. "When the quake came he turned to you. His only thought was to protect you. I think he has a kind of love for you, Jean, which is deeper and stronger than anything he has ever known. And someday he *will* know it."

This was humiliation—and it was re-













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lease, too. My love for Vin was stronger than it had ever been, but it had in it now a joy of freedom I had never known before. A freedom from the unhealthy desire to possess the one I loved.

Now her hands were still. And, slowly, reluctantly, their grip relaxed and they moved, in a sudden gentle motion to my shoulders.

"You're wrong, Linda. I lived in hope that someday it might be true and that Vin would come to care for me. But it isn't so." I moved impatiently, but she went on talking. "Oh, I was tempted—especially tonight. I knew you were jealous and your jealousy was a cruel thing that was hurting Vin. I thought I was justified—I was going to let him go on downstairs to you. I was waiting for the kind of scene I was sure you would put on, accusing him of neglecting you to care for me. I knew what that would do to Vin. I was hoping that his disgust would turn him away from you and to me."

She took a deep breath. "I thought, then, that the second-best he would someday want from me would make him forget, a little, of what he dreamed of from you. If that had happened—if you hadn't come in here tonight—"

She let me go and walked over to the window.

"It wouldn't have worked. He loves you. And the kind of love he has for you will never let him be satisfied with anything less."

AND in that moment, I knew that this was the truth that my fears and my jealousy had kept me avoiding all evening. Vin *did* love me!

"I'm your sister, too, now, Linda. So I have the right to tell you—his feelings aren't just surface ones. They go very deep—his love for you and for his grandfather and for this house and his friendship for me. If you take any of that away from him, what do you have to offer in return? Just be sure you're willing to let him pay the sacrifice you're asking of him."

I thought about her words, going downstairs. A strange embarrassment had fallen between us as she finished speaking. I wasn't angry—only terribly confused. And I think she regretted having spoken so plainly. *She's only a kid,* Vin had said of her. But now, walking slowly down the steps, I wondered. There was a kind of simple wisdom, of knowledge founded on goodness and trust, in Jean that defied her years. From my mother I had learned only that love meant *having* someone. Her grief had come because my father had left her, because he belonged to another woman. Those were the words she had used and the ideas I had absorbed.

But from Jean I saw another kind of love, that could weigh a man's happiness in the balance, and know a kind of fierce joy in giving up a chance to share his life—if it meant increasing his chances for happiness.

I had seen love in only its own form. She understood it as a whole. I knew now, that sharing love was not losing it but enriching it. If I had taken Vin away from his family and his home, some very real and essential part of him would have stayed on here at Villa Mara and I would have had only a part of the man whose every thought and mood were precious to me.

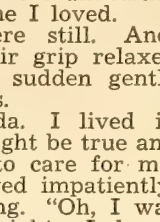
I would have to accept, I thought, his protective instinct for Jean. But still I was troubled that he had rushed to her side in the earthquake—and not to mine. I couldn't understand it.

"Linda!" He had come upon me sud-

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denly as I stood, lost in thought, under the arched living-room doorway. The relief in his voice was apparent. "I couldn't find you and I was worried. I was afraid of a bad reaction for you after that shock."

"I'm all right, darling. I was upstairs talking to Jean."

"Poor Jean." His arm went around my waist in a gesture that brought us close together. "Poor kid. She goes out of her mind, even when it's only a slight quake like tonight. Grandfather and I have to watch her or she would start running and keep on running until she was exhausted and had done herself some real harm. You see, her mother and father were killed in a really bad one years ago. She was old enough to understand; she saw the room shake and the ceiling come down and bury them. She, herself, was unconscious when they dug her out of the ruined house. It all comes back to her every-time there is a quake."

I was so thankful I had not come to him with jealous questions, that for a moment I was dizzy. "Vin, darling—don't let Jean go thinking our home is no longer her home. I'd want her to stay, if she weren't so sure going away would be the best for her. . . ."

THERE was a light in his eyes that hadn't been there before—a look that was more exciting, more rewarding, than any other he had given me. "*Our* home, Linda, I've waited for you to say that." His arm held me closer. "Our home, which our friends and those we love are always welcome to share—isn't that the way it will be, my darling? So that Jean can go away now, to nurse's training, feeling that the Villa is *her* home too, and that we are her family, ready to share our happiness with her."

"Seeing new people and doing new work may help her get over her fears, too, Vin. I *would* like to see Jean happier."

"My darling," Vin said softly. "I love you for all of that. But then I love you anyway—for everything you are."

He bent to kiss me.

"Vinton! Where is my pipe? Have you seen it—Vinton!" It was Grandfather Mara, calling from his room.

Vin hesitated, moving reluctantly.

"Go to him, darling," I urged.

Tenderness and gratitude leaped into his eyes. "I'll come back to you—right away. I'll always come back to you, Linda. Just never go away. Never leave me."

I watched him go and my heart was singing.

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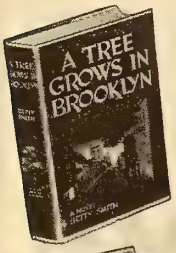
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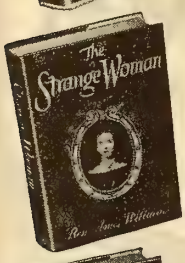
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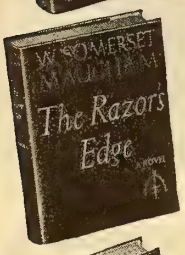
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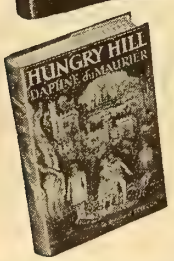
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Radio Romances

FORMERLY

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AUGUST

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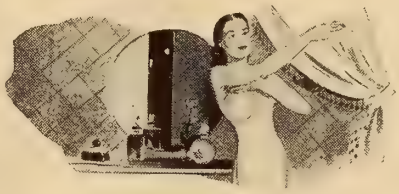
You can't take it with you



NOT that you'd ever embark on a date with a tub in tow—but honestly now, doesn't your bath freshness have a way of fading into the warm summer night?

But you *do* want to be safe. And there *is* a way—a sure, easy way to safeguard your daintiness. You can clinch that freshness with Mum!

Your bath, you see, washes away *past* perspiration. But Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. With Mum, you can dance the hours away and know that your charm is safe.



Take half a minute with Mum—and *stay* as sweet as you are. Gentle, dependable Mum never irritates your skin, won't harm the fabric of your clothes. Can be used even *after* you're dressed. Why take chances when you can trust Mum?

Sw-e-et Ad-e-line. And they do mean *you!* Isn't it thrilling to know that men find you attractive—the girl they like most to be near? And wouldn't you be a *goon* to let underarm odor rob you of popularity! But you're too clever for that. You use Mum, *to be sure.* How's your Mum supply today?



MUM



Product of Bristol-Myers

takes the odor out of perspiration

AUGUST, 1945

Radio Romances

FORMERLY Radio Mirror

VOL. 24, NO. 3

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director
DORIS McFERRAN, Editor
EVELYN L. FIORE, Assistant Editor
JACK ZASORIN, Art Director

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ON THE COVER—Ann Rutherford, NBC Actress
MGM Kodachrome



Did You Know?

On the Farm—August is the peak month for use of city boys and girls on farms all over the country. The Department of Agriculture says that one and one-half million of these youngsters—they range in age from fourteen through seventeen—will help harvest crops in every state in the union. About a quarter of these boys and girls will live on the farms for the harvest season; the others will be brought daily back and forth between their homes and the harvest fields.

Around the House—You won't be tempted, any more, to "make do" by buying victory furniture—that springless, give-less kind that is no more welcoming after a hard day than if you'd filled your home with park benches. The reason is this: there just isn't going to be any more of the stuff made! Shortages in materials are still acute, but manufacturers have agreed that it's better to make a little good furniture than a lot of bad . . . Think twice before throwing away that old mattress, no matter how long and faithful a service it has given you. Mattresses will be in shorter supply than ever before the year is over.

In the Kitchen—Among those many things coming to us in the wonderful post-war world is a garbage disposal unit that can be fitted to your old sink. It's a kind of "chewer-upper" with a grinding device that reduces refuse to particles about the size of coffee grounds, and then washes them down the drain . . . More—and better—ice cream for civilians: that's what the War Food Administration promises, and no better hot weather food news could be had. Restrictions have been lifted on non-fat milk solids . . . If you've felt that a pressure canner is a poor investment for you, because it can be used for only one function, or because you think that you don't can enough to warrant the expense, here's good news for you. There's a new model now available, with removable racks and inset pans: when you're through canning, they can be useful the year 'round for family cooking.

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Have you the Courage to Look 10 Years Younger?



YOU CAN ACTUALLY See THE YEARS SLIP AWAY

as you apply my exciting new powder-shade!

I HAVE created a shade of face powder so new and different, the effect on your skin is really *spectacular!*

I call it "Bridal Pink", and I ask you to try it for the first time *on one cheek only.* Compare it with any shade you have ever used. See the difference for yourself! See the fresh, *young* look it gives your skin! The soft, warm look—like the blush of a bride's young cheek.

Women who have tried "Bridal Pink" tell me it's the most *youthful* and flattering powder-shade I have ever achieved! Your husband will love it! Your friends will admire it! You can't possibly apply it to your skin without looking younger, more romantic!

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply "Bridal Pink"—the new powder-shade that's so daringly *romantic!* See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth. The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55¢. Also handy pocket-book sizes for 10¢ and 25¢.



Lady Esther FACE POWDER



Best Feet Forward

Judy Canova, who stars on her own NBC show Saturdays 10 P.M., EWT, says that foot care means foot beauty, as her own lovely legs and feet testify!

IT'S been proved time and again—your feet can go to your head!

As a matter of fact, they can go right straight to your face to make themselves known by little wrinkles about your eyes, a deepening of the calipers between nose and mouth corners, and worst of all, that look of discomfort and discontent that is the greatest beauty enemy of all. Your feet can do all of these things to your face if they are hot, tired, badly cared-for.

And so, if you'd have summer good looks and summer comfort, it behooves you to look to your feet!

It isn't, thank goodness, necessary any more to say much about the stupidity of trying to cram size six feet into size five shoes. We women have realized, at long last, that that sort of foolishness went out with the bustle, and is as unlikely to be taken up again as is the fad for six petticoats and long woolen "drawers." But proper-sized shoes don't solve the entire foot problem by any manner of means, especially in the hot days of summer, and especially for us working girls who have to walk the city pavements on those hot days.

Slipping off your shoes for a few moments, shielded by the privacy of your own desk, is a good beginner for your foot-comfort program. Stretch your toes; spread them wide; pull your heels off the ground, and, with the ball of your foot as a balance point, roll your feet and ankles in a round-and-round movement. You'll be surprised how rested and comfortable you'll feel. And don't worry about your feet swelling so that those easily slipped-off shoes won't go back on—if you take care of your feet, they won't protest by swelling out of all bounds.

A few minutes of care, night and morning, will pay you dividends all day long. A soothing foot bath, containing one of the many excellent commercial preparations, or fortified merely with a handful of salt or of soda, will work wonders. Don't forget the foot powders that, sprinkled inside your shoes, keep your feet dry and sweet, *cool and comfortable*, throughout the day.

After a hard day of walking in the heat, you'll want a stimulating massage to supplement the foot bath. There are creams available for this purpose, too, or you can use your favorite lubricating face cream—and never think for a minute that you're wasting it! Work the cream into the "webbing" between your spread toes; massage it deeply, with a firm hand, into both the lateral and transverse arches; move both hands, in opposite directions, down either side of the tendon above the heel, and with a cupping motion around the heel itself. Doesn't it make you feel good just to read about it?

Then there's the matter of pedicure—and that word covers a great deal more than a quick swish with a nail polish brush before you appear barefooted on the beach. A good, sudsy footbath, including a scrubbing with a stiffish brush, comes first. Then the nails—and remember, no matter whether you favor long, talon-like *finger*nails, any of the in-between stages, or short, businesslike ones, the latter kind is the only kind your *toe*nails should be. Keep them short enough so that they won't embarrass you by poking through your stockings and peering out at the world through your toe-less shoes, or make you uncomfortable by bumping against your shoes that have toes. Be sure that they are smoothed off with a good emery board. Next comes your favorite cuticle-removing preparation—use it just as you do on your fingernails, but remember to press back gently. And *then* you're ready for polish—the same color as your fingernails, by all means.

You can give your feet a vacation, too. Take them, as bare as the day they came into the world, for a walk through the dew-fresh grass some early morning. Walk about the house barefooted sometimes, too—it's as good for your feet as it feels! When you're on the beach, try picking up pebbles or a "footful" of sand with your toes—that's the kind of exercise that's fun.



Quit Sitting On the Cover of Your Hope Chest!

All the girls were getting married . . . but not Alice. Alice was sitting on the cover of her hope chest and didn't know it. She would be the last to suspect why men were interested in her one moment and indifferent the next.

• • •

Even when it's only occasional, halitosis (unpleasant breath) can stamp you as undesirable. Once this condition has been detected the bad news may travel fast and be hard to live down. Dare you risk offending others when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a quick and wholly delightful precaution?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before any date where you wish to be at your best. How it freshens! . . . what a feeling of assurance it gives!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter—less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast





Milton Berle and Eileen Barton (above) *check a script for their CBS show.* (right) *Wounded veterans at Valley Forge General Hospital will get more than one thousand musical instruments, the result of an air appeal by Kate Smith on Columbia.*

YOU'RE used to hearing the band on the Double Or Nothing show. Do you know who conducts the band—and how he got the job?

It's Victor Pelle—but very recently of the U. S. Army. On his last day in uniform, Victor attended the quiz show broadcast. He was chosen as one of the contestants and won himself the tidy sum of $202. But he also happened to mention that he used to be an orchestra leader before he went into the service.

That was all that was needed. John Wellington, the producer of the show, invited Pelle to audition for him the next day. You are hearing the result.

* * *

Sometimes fans can be funny. Sometimes they can be annoying. But at all times, their devotion to their favorites is pretty gratifying. Anne Seymour has one fan in Cape Cod, who's listened to every show she's ever been on in the past ten years. More than that, the fan's been writing Anne a weekly letter, giving her pats on the back when Anne deserves them—and taking the privilege of criticizing, when it seems necessary.

* * *

The pattern of Fred Waring's broadcasts is so familiar by now that it's hard to think of it ever being changed. One of the steadiest standbys is his Glee Club.

No matter how important a part of Waring's set-up the Glee Club is now, though, back in the early days it used to be a plenty big headache. Nobody went for the idea, then. Once Fred had to audition 28 times before he could get a sponsor who would take the Glee Club along with the rest of the act. There were lots of offers for the band, but Waring refused to accept them if they turned down the singers.

And now look what's happened! The Glee Club idea has wormed its way into all kinds of radio shows and movies.

* * *

Who says we don't get around? We just got a note from Marilyn Erskine, honey on the CBS Let's Pretend show. She says she's just been informed by the Navy's Flotilla 15, Group 44, 7th Amphibious Force, now in the South Pacific, that she's been elected "Flotilla Favorite"—and it all happened because the boys saw Marilyn's picture in RADIO ROMANCES.

* * *

Radio rehearsals are what you make them. They can be routine and not much fun. Or they can be lively and lots of fun. A couple of months ago, Staats Cotsworth, star of Casey, Press Photographer, started pepping up the rest periods on the Tuesday rehearsals. He'd fooled around with an idle xylophone, it seems, and discovered he could actually make music with the hammers. Now, Staats and three other characters around the studio fill in the rest periods with their own special kind of jam session. Not good but fast.

* * *

It's good to hear that Hilda Simms, who's been starring in the Broadway hit, "Anna Lucasta," this long time, is making a break for herself in radio, too. She guested a while back on the Alma Kitchell show and there are other assignments coming up for her.

Hilda is a beautiful girl. A few years back she was a model—the first Negro girl ever to model at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. After that, Hilda was a teacher—having been trained at St. Margaret's Academy in Minnesota. That was a first, too, since she was the first Negro ever to have been admitted to the Academy on a scholarship.

* * *

Did you ever wonder where the Landt Trio got all those wonderful old-time tunes they feature on Take It Easy Time? Seems their father has a collection of songs dating back over some seventy-five years and not only

By DALE BANKS



Western-style heroine Arlene Joyce of Cimarron Tavern, Columbia's new daytime serial about the Southwest.

does he have them in print, he knows most of them from memory. The boys won't be running out of material.

* * *

Real turnabout. Not long ago when Joan Brooks was out on a USO tour the GI Joes at Camp Croft, South Carolina, turned the tables on the singing star. Joan got pneumonia on her arrival at camp and had to be hospitalized right there. When she was convalescing, the GI's rounded up all the available soldier talent at the camp and put on a show, especially for her.

* * *

Interesting sidelight on Don Bell, Mutual correspondent who successfully eluded identification by the Japanese for 37 months in the Santo Tomas prison camp. Don was a U. S. Marine in Shanghai in 1927. In those days, he had a special buddy—one named Hunter. Don eventually left the Marines to become a newspaper and radio reporter. And, in the years since then, Don Bell and his buddy sort of lost track of one another.

Not long ago, Don Bell talked to newspapermen in New York, telling about his experiences in the Pacific. Of course, there were stories and pictures in the next day's newspapers. A couple of days later, Don Bell and Hunter—now Chief Petty Officer Hunter—were reunited at Mutual's New York studios. They found they had a lot more to talk about, too, than "remember the time when . . ."

* * *

Marx Loeb, director of Theatre of Romance among other shows, is a firm adherent to the idea that when you want something well done you do it yourself. Sometimes, he carries it to lengths that could be called slightly extreme.

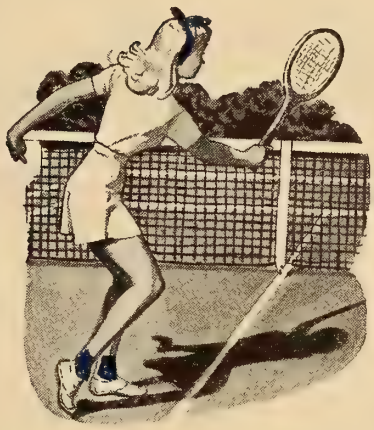
Like the time when a script called for a couple of intervals of tap dancing. Marx had very special ideas about what kind of rhythms he wanted in the tap dancing. So, he climbed out of his control room seat and gritted his teeth and made like Fred Astaire—after a fashion.

He'd never have fooled Astaire, of course, but he wasn't bad.

* * *

Whether they like it or not as the

Are you in the know?



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

- ☐ *Volley*
- ☐ *Forehand Drive*
- ☐ *Chop*

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Built for *lasting* comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.



How should she sign her name?

- ☐ *Sally Subdeb*
- ☐ *Miss Sally Subdeb*

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—*except* in a hotel register. That's so your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoid mixups . . . at "those" times, too, by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, *flat tapered ends* so unlike thick, stubby pads. The flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show revealing lines . . . and you get *plus* protection from that special patented *safety center!*

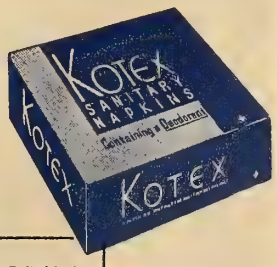
You're sure the bonnet is becoming, if—

- ☐ *It's a love at first sight*
- ☐ *It passes the long-mirror test*
- ☐ *Your best friend tells you*

So the hat's a honey (from a chair's-eye-view). But how does it look in a long mirror? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex now provides a new safeguard for your *daintiness*.

Yes, there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! Another Kotex extra, at no extra cost!





A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TO THE DAINTY BELONG THE MEN



Brides Know

THE ALLURE OF FRESH, HEAVENLY MAVIS FRAGRANCE

What's more tempting to men than a girl who's alluringly fragrant? And Mavis, showered on after your bath, leaves your whole body that way: Skin pretty, flower-sweet, soft... armpits dry and dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. Get Mavis today ... See how its fragrance helps you keep lovely!

•

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis Talcum on your skin.



The same delightful MAVIS fragrance in Talc Mit 69¢ and $1.00

Dusting Powder with Puff $1.00

MAVIS talcum

FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢

All prices plus tax

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., Distributors

first radio program they'd heard in weeks, a bunch of dirty, tired GI's in Germany had to sit and listen to The Romance of Helen Trent awhile back. Bess McCammon's son, Bill, was in the group, when they came across a blaring radio somewhere in Germany. Bill demanded quiet so he could hear his "Mom," who plays Aunt Agatha on the Helen Trent show. He got it, too. Wouldn't it have been wonderful if all the guys could have heard their mothers' voices? It would.

* * *

We've heard of all kinds of honoraries—honorary chairmen, doctors, lawyers, club presidents and on and on. Comes now an honorary postman.

Danny Thomas, who plays Jerry Dingle, the troubled postman on the Fanny Brice show, has been made an honorary postman by the Angel City Branch No. 24 of the Los Angeles Postmen. Not for nothing was this honor conferred on him, of course. It was for helping to make a public servant a real person in the eyes of radio listeners.

* * *

Fan mail is one of our favorite topics. It can get so far out of this world. Here's a sample from Fulton Lewis, Jr.'s grab bag. A lady from Maryland wrote to the national affairs reporter, "Please make some arrangements to have some cats taken away from my yard. I have written to several places and they have not called for them. Please give this prompt attention, as I want to put in a garden."

To date, Lewis has been trying to figure out what he could do besides just stare at the letter.

* * *

Martin Agronsky, Blue Network commentator and news analyst, has received the Asiatic-Pacific Service Ribbon from Gen. Douglas MacArthur.

Such things we like to hear, especially when they are awarded because military men understand that writers and correspondents are doing a swell job in this war and running many risks that don't necessarily go with their profession. Lots of these men might be able to get themselves nice, quiet, safe assignments. But they don't. They get out into the thick of battle. Sometimes, they get hurt. Sometimes, they get killed.

Which makes it time to doff our hats in memory of Ernie Pyle, a hero in his own right.

* * *

Cute twist at one of the Blind Date shows a while back. One of the lucky servicemen did a double take when he opened the door after he'd won and got a look at his "date." For a long minute he stared and was sure that he'd won Betty Grable. Really, his girl-for-the-evening was Janice Hansin, a model. The soldier was pleased, at that. He settled down to enjoy his evening at the Stork Club without having to worry about offending Betty's husband, Harry James.

* * *

No rehearsal on the Nelson Eddy show is complete without a small tussle between Eddy and Robert Armbruster's drummer. Eddy's always wanting to take a crack at the drums and thinks up all kinds of gimicks to lure the percussion man away from his instruments.

Seems that back in the days when Eddy was a telephone operator—he was 14 years old then—his greatest ambition was to become a drummer in an orchestra. Seems, also, that Eddy has never really had a chance to beat that out of his system.

* * *

It would be interesting to know just what Arch Oboler's small son, Guy, is thinking about his father and mother these days. Guy is out at the Oboler ranch home in California, while Arch and his wife are in the East for Oboler's series on Mutual. Guy is probably wondering what in the world happened to his mom and pop. Because young Guy is under the impression that whenever his parents leave the ranch house, they're only going down the road a piece to empty the garbage.

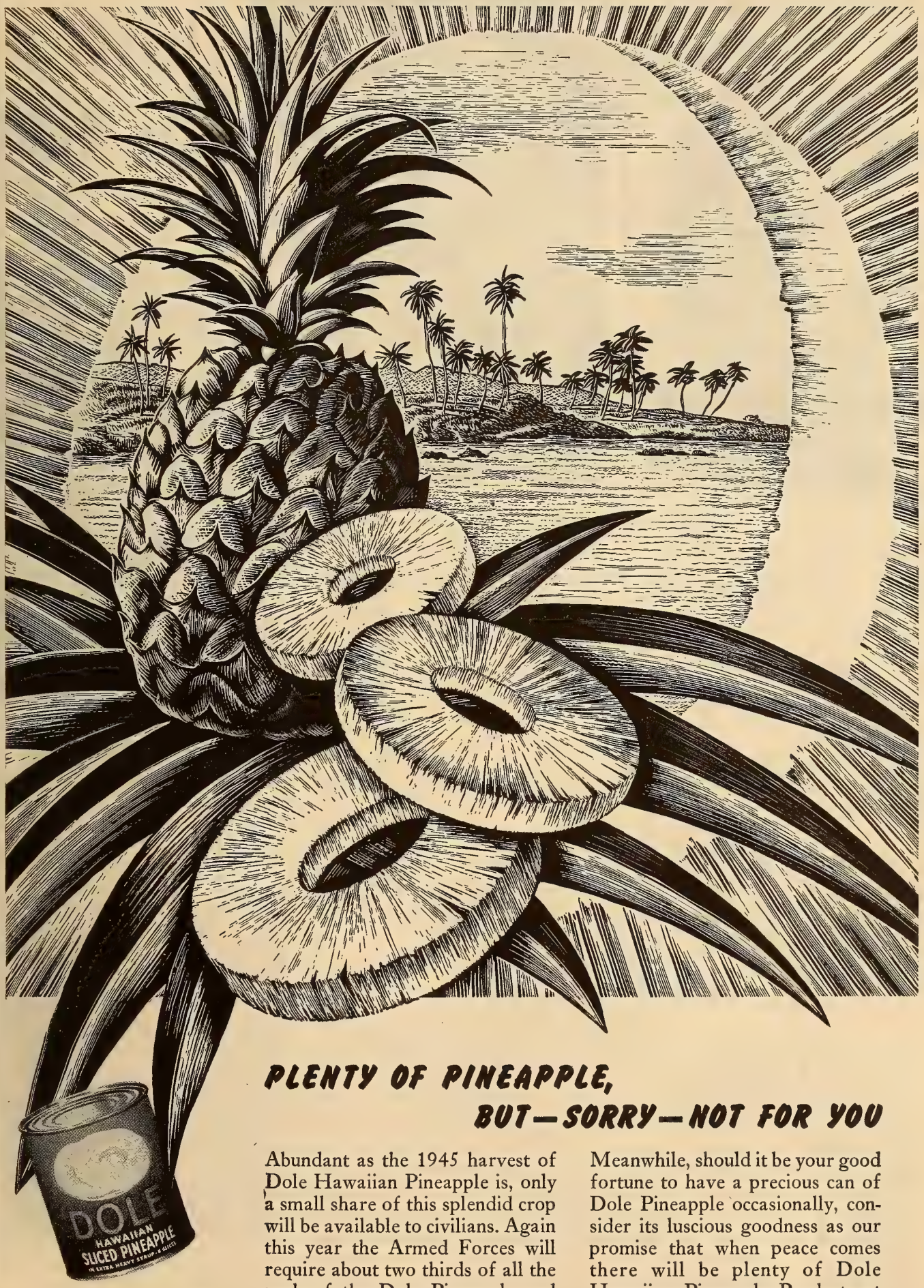
* * *

Bennett Kilpack, who plays Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, has been commended by the American Red Cross

Continued on page 14



Hard-working Hollywood youth starts a CBS Command Performance overseas. Back row: Philip and Gary Crosby, Peggy Ann Garner, Elizabeth Taylor, Roddy McDowell, Frank Sinatra. Front: Lindsay Crosby, Margaret O'Brien and Dennis Crosby.



PLENTY OF PINEAPPLE, BUT—SORRY—NOT FOR YOU

Abundant as the 1945 harvest of Dole Hawaiian Pineapple is, only a small share of this splendid crop will be available to civilians. Again this year the Armed Forces will require about two thirds of all the pack of the Dole Pineapple and Dole Pineapple Juice.

Meanwhile, should it be your good fortune to have a precious can of Dole Pineapple occasionally, consider its luscious goodness as our promise that when peace comes there will be plenty of Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Products at your grocer's — for you.

R
R

SCALP ODOR- *Not you?*



You *might* have scalp odor—*and not know it.* So why risk losing friends—missing out on dates? Your hairbrush knows the truth. Check it tonight.

Your scalp perspires, you see, just as your skin does—and oily hair, in particular, very quickly collects unpleasant odors.

To be on the safe side, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It works wonders with hair and scalp odors because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Start using Packer's tonight. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



PACKERS *Pine Tar* SHAMPOO

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WHEEL CHAIRS



Rehabilitate the handicapped
EVEREST & JENNINGS WHEEL CHAIRS
Fold
For Travel! Work! Play!
YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU OR WRITE



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7748R SANTA MONICA BLVD. • LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.





Granddaughters Toni and Teresa take advantage of pianist Jose Iturbi on his day off. Daisy Bernier, The Honey, Bees Hal Kanner, Bob Evans, Ray Sax, are Waring's "Honey and The Bees."

FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

UNLESS certain adjustments are made suitable to Ginny Simms, listeners can look forward to hearing one of the GIs' favorite singers on a different network and with a new sponsor. Ginny recently came East to straighten out her future plans. She told friends she was not happy with her present broadcasting format and salary but was very loyal to the cigarette sponsor who gave her the first starring opportunity.

* * *

Jerry Wayne's marital blowup rocked Tin Pan Alley. His wife sued for divorce and named a tall blonde model as corespondent. Jerry denied the charges. The girl in the case was formerly the constant companion of comic Ed Wynn. Jerry used to sing on Wynn's radio show.

* * *

Gene Krupa has cut his band down fifty per cent, junking the string section. Jitterbugs aren't even shedding crocodile tears.

* * *

Readers of this column have written in saying friends in the armed forces tell them that GIs in Europe were positively informed that Glenn Miller was dead. Glenn's wife, Helen, was recently given the Bronze Star medal awarded her husband.

* * *

Here's a switch: Singer Harry Cool, who used to sing with Dick Jurgens' band and then went it alone, has purchased the entire music library of Carl Ravazza's band. Harry wants to organize his own band. Ravazza prefers to drop his band and sing solo. The latter is currently m.c. at the Roxy Theater in New York.

* * *

In addition to his orchestra leading and trumpet playing, Charlie Spivak is the owner of a brand new music publishing company—Stevens Music. The company is named for Charlie's year-and-a-half-old son, Steven. Charlie's older boy, precocious Joel, wasn't offended. He told his dad, "Don't worry about hurting my feelings, Pop."

* * *

Jean Tennyson, gracious soprano star of CBS' Great Moments in Music, is one prima donna who doesn't hog the spotlight. Without fanfare, Jean goes out of her way to encourage youngsters in getting recognition on her program. When replacements are needed for solo spots, no high-priced singers are lured. Jean prefers to fill in with members of the chorus. And when Jean vacations, her own roles are performed by kids in the choral group. Thanks to this policy, several new and shining voices have been heard, and will be heard again. I asked Jean to mention a few of these promising vocalists. She picked out blonde, 26-year-old Vivian Bauer, tenor Norman Horn (who once pinch-hit for the great Jan Peerce), soprano Karen Kemple, and basso Eugene Loewenthal.

* * *

Silent Jack Miller, Kate Smith's

veteran orchestra leader, controls the largest "dramatic music" library in show business. He has some 5,000 original music cues and bridges carefully cross-catalogued, and estimates the collection at $100,000.

* * *

Joe Lilley, the brilliant choral director of the Dinah Shore program, is ailing. Doctors blame over-work.

* * *

There is a slight possibility that Bing Crosby might not continue his regular air series next year, preferring to do occasional guest appearances.

* * *

A Gal Named Jo

Soldiers writing from muddy foxholes in the Pacific best describe why tall, syrupy-voiced Jo Stafford is making such amazing progress on the air and with her records.

"When we hear you sing," one GI V-mailed, "we just put our heads on our arms and think of home."

Another penned, "My platoon was tuned into one of your broadcasts but I had to shove off. Believe it or not, I walked out on tip-toes so as not to disturb them."

These unsolicited letters from the various fighting fronts astonish the modest and retiring singer. She tries to joke about it.

"The other day a whole gang of sailors came to see me," she said. "It seems their ship had been badly damaged by Jap planes and all the phonograph records aboard were destroyed except mine. They had to listen to me."

Not all of Jo's mail comes from service men. Their wives and sweethearts also fill her mail bag. They tell the singer how their men write about her and link her voice to their thoughts of home and happiness.

"I'm sort of a short-waved cupid."

The brown-haired, gray-eyed singer just recently finished a record-breaking engagement at New York's Paramount Theater, crowning a slow but sure trip to the top. On the way she sang with Tommy Dorsey, Johnny Mercer, as a member of a sister act, and as one of Capitol Records' best selling platter queens.

I asked her if she was nervous when she made her solo debut at the Paramount.

"I was frightened to death. After all, those bobby-sockers out front are



Jo Stafford's easy, natural vocal style has put her recordings right up at the top with the best-sellers.



Evening in Paris

SMOOTH, LUSCIOUSLY COLORFUL

Face Powder!

Dreamed up in Paris, "triple color-blended" in America, by a wonderful French process, Evening in Paris is the kind of face powder you've always longed for. Super-fine, super-smooth, in heavenly colors that do gloriously flattering things for your complexion.

Only Evening in Paris, in America, is "triple color-blended" by this French process. Try it, won't you? See why they say "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris face powder."



Face Powder $1.00 • Lipstick 50c
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(All prices plus tax)

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Tune in "Romance and Rhythm," gay and sparkling variety show with Larry Douglas, Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra — Thursdays, 10:30 P. M., E. W. T., Columbia network.



"Thrilling!"

says Mrs. Gary Cooper—
beautiful wife of one of
Hollywood's most distinguished stars

MRS. GARY COOPER:

Just think of all the lovely lips here in Hollywood. With all this competition, I was overjoyed when I discovered your new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. They're really thrilling – particularly that wonderful Tangee Red-Red!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

You're not alone in your enthusiasm, Mrs. Cooper. All over America, the smartest lips are praising the vivid new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Colors that make lips look exciting—and inviting. For Satin-Finish (an exclusive Tangee discovery) gives a soft alluring gleam that stays on for many extra hours. It insures lips that are not too dry, not too moist... In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be



From Kentucky comes young and lovely Martha Stewart, with a young and lovely voice to match.

tough critics. They know singers and songs. They buy 75% of the records made and are responsible for the tunes that make the Hit Parade. I told my sister Chris that if I clicked I would buy myself a mink coat."

Jo went out for that first show and was greeted with warm applause. They took to her the way they do to a juke box and a coke. Jo showed me the sleek mink, her certificate of success.

But that still didn't convince Jo that her talents were appreciated.

"I think they liked me because I used to sing with Sinatra. Any friend of Frankie's is a friend of theirs."

Jo lives, eats and talks nothing but music. It's been that way ever since she quit high school in Long Beach, California, to join her two older sisters, Christine and Pauline, who already were performing on KHJ, Los Angeles. Jo majored in music, studied diligently. She remembered the basic rule for all good singers, proper breath control. That's why experts tout her voice. It's clear, clean-cut without tricks.

The Stafford Sisters broke up when Jo joined the Pied Pipers, a male trio, in 1938. Jo married one of them. Sister Pauline wed Blue Network commentator Galen Drake, retired. Christine is now Jo's personal manager. Another sister, Betty Jane, works as a secretary.

The Stafford Sisters claim they got their singing ability from their father, a husky California oil foreman who used to raise his lusty tonsils at the drop of a drill.

When the Pied Pipers joined Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, songwriter Johnny Mercer used to come over to the immense Palladium Ballroom in Los Angeles and listen to them every night.

"He used to stand right up close, packed in with all the jitterbugs," Jo recalled. "We wondered what intrigued him." They soon found out. When Mercer got his own NBC show, Jo and the Pipers joined him. Mercer encouraged Jo to turn soloist; last June she followed his advice. Mercer helped launch her when he became a backer of Capitol Records, and signed her as one of his recording stars. Her platters, including a particularly infectious version of "Candy" have been enthusias-

tically hailed by listeners in the know.

Although the 25-year-old singer has had a relatively easy professional career, her married life was different. It wound up on the rocks. Jo doesn't like to discuss it, but some clue is given when Jo discusses her philosophy about marriage.

"Any girl who is in show business and marries someone who is also in show business should make sure that her husband is going to be more successful than she is," Jo advises.

Nevertheless Jo only accepts dates with people in show business.

"Gosh," she says, "what would I have to talk about with anyone else?"

ROMANCING THE RECORDS

(Each Month Ken Alden Picks The Best Popular Platters)

FRANK SINATRA (Columbia 36797). Johnny Mercer's new hit, "Dream" is reverently treated by Mr. S. "There's No You," an elegant ballad, is on the reverse side. Axel Stordahl, an orchestra leader who refuses to drown out the singer, provides a rhythmic assist.

SAMMY KAYE (Victor 20-1662). Sammy K-rations two slow-paced tunes, "The More I See You" from "Diamond Horseshoe" and "I Miss Your Kiss." At any moment you half expect the maestro to recite poetry but fortunately this never occurs.

HORACE HEIDT (Columbia 36798). Remember the Rita Hayworth film "Tonight and Every Night?" Well here's a slick version of that picture's best song, "Anywhere" enormously helped by Dorothy Rae and the Sweet-swingsters. The reverse has a stock treatment of "My Baby Said Yes."

ARTIE SHAW (Victor 20-1668). A revival of a fine melody, "September Song," paired with jumpin' "Little Jazz" shows off Shaw's new band in both slow and swing fashions. No vocals.

GOLDEN GATE QUARTET (Okey 6741). This excellent Negro group reprise their show-stopper from "Hollywood Canteen"—"General Jumped At Dawn," and throw in a ballad, "I Will Be Home Again," for good measure.

GENE KRUPA (Columbia 36802). If it's drumming you want, why not take the best? Here's a platter featuring Krupa and tenor sax star Charlie Venturo on "Dark Eyes" and "Leave Us Leap." The last named features the whole band.

THE MODERNAIRES (Columbia 36800). No one wants to be without some recorded version of "You Belong to My Heart," from Disney's "Three Caballeros," so it might as well be this one turned in by a rhythm group headed by attractive Paula Kelly. Plenty of room for improvement but still satisfactory. The reverse has "There! I've Said It Again," but you won't be referring to it often.





It's New!

Dries fresh

polish in a flash . . .

Won't dull lustre . . .

(Apply over polish)

Ready to put on gloves and dash

The biggest thing since liquid nail polish! No waiting . . . no smudge-patching.

Ten-karat sparkle

The finest ingredients—with a *very* special oil—assure fast-drying action without dulling lustre.

Softens cuticle

This same special oil in Cutex Oily Quick Dry gently softens cuticle—helps keep it neatly in place—smooth and trim.

Helps prevent chips and scratches

Helps keep your nails unmarred . . . unscarred . . . makes your manicure really l-a-a-s-t.

Large bottle only 25¢
(plus tax)

CUTEX *Oily* QUICK DRY

R
R

Coast to Coast

Continued from page 8

for having appeared in more than 250 sketches at war plants, clubs and other groups in behalf of the Blood Donor section.

Bet if all the many appearances of all the entertainers in the United States were added together to give some idea of the contribution that artists have made to morale in this war—that would be some impressive figure. Artists of all kinds, this includes.

* * *

Very few people ever take the expression "chewing up the scenery" literally. On the Inner Sanctum show, though, it's nothing but the gospel truth. Hi Brown, the producer-director, not only chews up the scenery, but eats his victims bit by bit at the same time. One of the most important props on Inner Sanctum is a head of cabbage, used by the sound man to supply the effect of a knife entering a body or a skull being crushed. Hi Brown being a great nibbler, the victim is very often a shred of his former self by the time the show is over.

* * *

When Music For Half An Hour rehearsals first started, Jean Merrill and Hugh Thompson discovered they had a lot more in common than that job.

Both were born in the state of Washington, both are in their 20's, which is still unusual for opera singers, and both are quite tall, Jean being 5′ 10″ and Hugh 6′ 3″. Besides, both are past winners of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions and first time parents, Jean's little girl Gretchen and Hugh's small son Dow being among their favorite topics of conversation.

* * *

Lon Clark, who plays pioneer Simon Weston on Wilderness Road and assorted characters on Casey, Press Photographer and Report to the Nation, is bugs on the subject of Abraham Lincoln. He's got an enviable collection of data on Lincoln, a collection of books, stories, articles and pictures. And he's always on the track of more stuff. On his last vacation, he took the Lincoln trail from Kentucky to Illi-



When Ginny Simms sends her popular records to servicemen, her picture goes right along.



Cedric Foster will be heard as Navy Correspondent from the Pacific Zone, whenever possible.

nois, making many of the same stops that Lincoln once made and visiting the places where Lincoln lived and worked.

* * *

Guy Lombardo, who has enjoyed the longest hotel engagement of any well-known maestro—having returned to New York's Hotel Roosevelt for fifteen successive years—recently came up with some amazing statistics. The maestro figures that in all those years he has played to over 7,600,000 customers at the Roosevelt, or approximately the entire population—if you go by figures—of the city of New York!

* * *

Dropped in on Martin Block in his hole-in-the-wall studio adjoining Studio 6A, where the Supper Club program originates, and left with a headache. There's a musical arranger who practices scales on a clarinet in another hole-in-the-wall nearby. It isn't enough he practices, he practices all the time. Our headache has given us an even greater respect for Martin Block and the kind of concentration he must have in order to take care of all three of his shows and all his visitors, with that racket going on incessantly.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER. . . . Bob Hope's off on another overseas entertaining jaunt. . . . Maybe you'd like to read about some of your favorite radio comedians in a book called "There's Laughter in the Air." It was written by Broadway and radio columnist Jack Gaver and Dave Stanley and is on the stands now. It reveals little known facts about the stars and gives some of the best spots from some of their best air shows. You can get the inside dope on people like Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Fibber McGee and Molly, Fred Allen, Abbott and Costello, Fanny Brice and many others. . . . Jean Holloway, erstwhile Kate Smith scripter, has been signed by MGM to write a picture based on the life of Jerome Kern. . . . Victor Borge, pianist comedian, will probably by the summer be replacement for the Fibber McGee and Molly show. . . . The Blue Network has completed negotiations to broadcast Madison Square Garden boxing matches this fall. Did you buy bonds in the 7th War Loan? It's never too late. . . .

"Extra! Good News about Prickly Heat!"



"R-r-read all about it . . . !"

"Us babies are spreadin the news fast--about the *better* baby powder that helps keep our skins smo-o-oth as satin, just glowin' with health. And we do mean Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder. It's *antiseptic,* mild and soothin'—sure helps to prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, chafing and urine irritation!"

1. **Most baby specialists** prefer Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder to any other baby powder (and 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be *antiseptic*)*.
2. **Mennen is smoothest**—shown in microscopic tests of leading baby powders. Only Mennen powder is *"cloud-spun"* for extra smoothness, extra comfort.
3. **Makes baby smell so sweet** . . . new, mild flower-fresh scent!

*Nationwide survey

"Buy me the best . . . Mennen!"



IT'S BACK! 50¢ Money-Saver Size (Also 25¢ Size)



Also . . . 4 times as many doctors prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL as any other baby oil or lotion*



OF COURSE YOU CAN...



GO IN SWIMMING...



WITH TAMPAX!

WHY ENVY OTHERS at that certain time of the month? You can wear Tampax in the water on sanitary-protection days and no one will be the wiser! This summer at any popular beach, you are almost sure to find many women who go in swimming on "those days"—wearing Tampax without *any* hesitation whatever. . . . There is nothing about Tampax in the slightest degree embarrassing (or offending) under bathing suits wet or dry.

WORN INTERNALLY, Tampax discards belts, pins, outside pads — everything that can possibly "show." Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in modern applicators for dainty insertion. The hands need never touch the Tampax. No odor forms. There is no chafing with Tampax. Changing is quick and disposal easy.

COMES IN 3 SIZES (Regular, Super, Junior). Sold at drug stores and notion counters in every part of the country—because millions of women are now using this newer type of monthly sanitary protection. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. The Economy Box holds four months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS



Ann Rutherford's daily routine adds support to the rumor that living in Hollywood is one long, mad, happy series of adventures!

THINK of a happy whirlpool made up of people, hats, hidden babies, burglars, automobiles, trips, dresses, fires—and then, when you're dizzy and breathless, think of Ann Rutherford. She's riding that whirlpool like a champion swimmer . . . and loving every minute of it! Somehow she manages to leave it long enough to play opposite Eddie Bracken in NBC's Eddie Bracken Story whenever necessary—and the minute the program's over, she dives in again.

Ever since she left her movie career (only a temporary absence, if you ask us!), Ann has been putting her violent energy into day-to-day living; and for the past two and a half years, this has included a husband in the happy confusion. He is David May II, executive of the gigantic May Company Department Stores in Los Angeles; and because of his marriage to Ann, he has found himself wading through adventure after adventure.

Adventure Number One we'll call the Hidden Baby Episode—the baby being a blue-eyed blonde-haired girl named Gloria whom the Mays adopted at the age of one day. Knowing how adoption agencies disapprove of publicity, Ann determined to keep the baby a dead secret for eight long months until the final adoption papers were signed—and since she was also determined to lead her normal life, this created one crisis after another. Friends would swarm in the front door of the big white Georgian Colonial house, while Ann and the nurse whisked Gloria to one of the upstairs back rooms. When Ann's many girl-friends went upstairs, the baby disappeared down the back.

So that was one adventure the Mays weathered successfully. Adventure Number Two dealt with Ann's birthday present from David, which is a wicked black continental car named Christopher. Christopher is as beautiful as Amber, and as treacherous—he has brought the Mays nothing but bad luck. In quick succession, after the acquisition of the car, the garage burned down, destroying another car and smoke-damaging the newly-decorated house, burglars ransacked the house, and Christopher himself was stolen and stripped of everything—and found, three days later, washed and filled up!

What with fires, burglars, hidden babies and stolen cars, you would think that the Mays' abode was a shambles by this time. Quite the contrary. Of all the homes in Beverly Hills, theirs is one of the most lavish and lovely—fifteen rooms, all done in gay chintzes and colorful draperies, enclosed by a spreading garden with a big swimming pool. In it Ann forgets to eat lunch, but eats steadily at small dinner-parties she gives for her endless friends, who include Veronica Lake, Andre de Toth, Frances Rafferty, Peter Lawford, June Allyson, Stephen Crane, Hope and David Hearst, Cobina Wright Jr. and her husband Palmer Beaudette, and Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan Simon.

Ann Rutherford's life has always been a whirlpool, beginning almost with her birth twenty-six years ago in Toronto, Canada. She was only four years old when she began acting in plays in San Francisco (where she and her parents had moved), and by the time she was thirteen (and now living in Los Angeles) she became utterly irritated with schooling and marched into a radio station which lay on her way to school. "I," she announced, "am an actress, ready for work!"

To her astonishment, they thought so too; and she was instantly cast as the lead in a two-year radio serial. That led to other radio parts, which led to her photograph in the newspapers, which led directly into the motion picture studios—where she became famous opposite Mickey Rooney in the Hardy pictures.

But right now Ann is mostly acting the role of wife and mother . . . and gay adventuress! Her hat adventures alone would keep you reading for hours. She has always made her own cocktail hats, and she approaches her hobby briskly, armed with a hat-block, yards of wire for frames, bolts of various cloths, and boxes of flowers, veiling, and artificial birds. She has no inhibitions about hats—her most recent success consisted of *two* hats, worn one on top of the other!

But enough of this! By this time you get the idea: Ann lives in a happy whirlpool. Which is nothing compared to what is to come, when she and David have the five children they want. Then life will be an even bigger whirlpool for Ann—and she'll still ride it like a seasoned and graceful mermaid, in the best-looking hat you ever saw!

Even Beginners Can Now Put Up "Jewels in Jars!"





Delight your family with finer fruits...save sugar, too

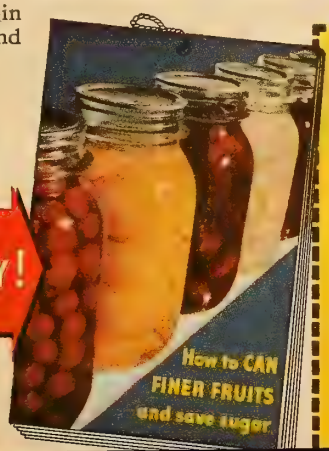
HOME CANNERS everywhere are enthusiastic about this fully *tested*, sensationally *new* way to put up fruits with finer flavor, brighter color, firmer texture.

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Variety IS THE Spice OF Salads!

HERE ARE 3 PIQUANT VARIATIONS FROM 1 "MASTER DRESSING"

With Mazola's new "stay together" dressing as your theme, harmonize your own piquant variations for *delicious* fruit, vegetable or sea food salads. Tempt your family with a symphony of *different* salads, or serve all three to summer guests.

Keep a big jar of this new "Mazola" dressing fresh and cool in your refrigerator, "ever-ready" for use.

MAZOLA "EVER-READY" FRENCH DRESSING

(The dressing that "stays together")

1 *tablespoon dry mustard*	1 *tablespoon salt*	⅓ *cup vinegar*
5 *teaspoons sugar*	2 *teaspoons paprika*	2 *cups Mazola*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*	1 *egg*	⅓ *cup lemon juice*

Combine all dry ingredients, egg, and 3 tablespoons of the vinegar. Beat until well blended. Add Mazola 2 tablespoons at a time until ¾ cup Mazola has been added, beating after each addition till Mazola disappears and mixture is smooth. Add remaining Mazola ¼ cup at a time, alternately with lemon juice and vinegar, beating well after each addition. Makes 3 cups. Store in refrigerator, and use "as is" for summer salads, *or* try these variations:

1 CREAM NECTAR DRESSING for FRUIT SALADS:
Blend well ½ *cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing* with 1 *cup sour cream*, 1 *tsp. lemon rind*, 1 *tsp. orange rind* and 1 *tsp. Red Label Karo* or *honey*. Makes 1½ cups.

2 "DEEP SOUTH" DRESSING for SEA FOOD SALADS:
Blend 6 *tbsps. Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing* with ¾ *cup mayonnaise*. Just before serving fold in ¾ *cup diced avocado*. Makes 1¾ cups.

3 CHEESE AND CHIVE DRESSING for VEGETABLE SALADS:
Blend well ½ *cup Mazola "ever-ready" French Dressing* with 1 *cup cottage cheese*, ¼ *cup milk* and 1 *tablespoon chopped chives* (*or onions*). Makes 1½ cups.

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MAZOLA Salad Oil

1 2 3

I believe in you



A handful of words . . . and the past became a lie, the shining future a black, ominous threat

"STAND *still,* Joanne!" Miss Ward's fussy, querulous voice recalled me sharply from my day-dreaming. Outside the window were the sagebrush hills that made our New Mexico ranch lands a valley, and from where I stood I could see the golden Palomino pony kicking up his heels in the corral. I wanted to be out there—not acting as a clothes-horse for the white wedding dress Miss Ward was fitting on me. "I'll never get this straight if you don't stop fidgeting!" Her words came out jerkily through the pins she held in her mouth. "The wedding only a week off and your

ma sick in bed—I've got plenty to do if I'm going to have you looking like a bride and not a ranch hand. But then I suppose you'd just as soon be married in your overalls, the way you live in them!"

I smiled at Miss Ward. The little seamstress was trying hard to disguise her pride that she had been called in for the occasion when Mother's illness had made it impossible for me to run up to Albuqerque for my trousseau. And I knew well that, though she scolded me to my face, back in her little shop in Indian Wells she would brag to anyone who would listen of how I looked in that white dress and of what a perfect match Don and I would make.

"I don't think Don would care if I did wear overalls. He likes me just as I am." And then, because that sounded smug, I added, penitently, "I do care—very much—how I look, Miss Ward. I want this wedding to be absolutely perfect." Strange that I should feel no excitement—only this pleasant feeling of satisfaction and importance when I thought of Sunday. But perhaps not so strange when you consider that Don and I had been taking our getting married for granted for so many years.

"Did you know Duncan was back?"

"Duncan? Oh, I'm glad! We were afraid he wouldn't get here in time. And it would be a queer wedding without Don's own twin—without my only brother-in-law." Everything is working out as it should, I thought complacently, as I turned around on the stool in obedience to Miss Ward's commands. Duncan home from Washington; the doctor confident that Mother would be out of bed and well by Sunday; the weather perfect; and the wedding plans shaping up as the biggest affair Indian Wells and the whole district had seen for a good many years.

It was all as it should be. Even the congratulations from our friends had the knowing, we've-always-expected-it tone about them as if it would be unheard of for either Joanne Deming or Don Henry to marry anyone else. We had always, Don and I, been the leaders among the sons and daughters of the ranchers whose holdings lay hidden in and around these hills, perhaps



Suddenly, there in that peaceful room, among the people and the things I had known always, I felt a chill of fear.

because both of us had the knack of doing things well, whether it was working or playing or building our ambitions for the future. Under Mother's tutelage I could manage the house as well as she; before he died Dad had taught me to ride herd like a boy and to understand the business of ranching. Don ran his own place, the Bar-H, with an expert hand that older ranchers envied. Besides that, we went well together . . . his tall, dark squareness and my slim height and fair coloring.

"I saw him get off at the station this morning. Looked like an Easterner—except that no dude ever was that brown or had those sun-squint lines around his eyes."

For a minute I couldn't think who she was talking about—and then I remembered Duncan.



"He's been gone a year so I suppose there'll be a lot of changes in him. And he was away at college for so long before that, I honestly don't know him very well," I answered absently. I was trying to recall exactly what Duncan looked like. He looked like Don, of course. They were twins. But when I tried to picture him distinctly I could only remember a slightly mocking smile that used to make me uncomfortable at times, that used to shake my self-assurance and that I knew had the same effect on Don. Outside of that, he was to me only a slighter, slimmer edition of Don, without any real impression of the man, himself. He had been ill a long time when he was a child and now that he was grown his interests were different from ours. He loved this country as we did, but not from our viewpoint. He didn't think of it in terms of cattle and range and horseflesh. Duncan was a geologist and I had only the foggiest notion of what a geologist did. . . .

"THERE." Miss Ward straightened her back and stepped back to look over her work. "You can take it off now—it's fitted." Carefully she helped me ease the white silk folds over my head. "This will be the prettiest dress I've ever made. As it *should* be. It isn't every day we have a wedding like this, absolutely right and made in Heaven, if ever there was one. And the dress has to be just as right."

"It will look terrible, if Joanne doesn't stop riding every day and getting more and more tanned." The dress covered my head at the moment but I didn't need eyes to know that the speaker was my second-cousin, Helen Lodge. There was a light contempt in her voice.

"Helen! I didn't hear you come in. You startled me. Here—help us get this sleeve off," Miss Ward directed her.

Once off, I breathed deeply in release. But Miss Ward wasn't finished. The suit skirt, she explained, didn't hang properly and I was to stand right there until she could go and get it.

I was left alone with Helen. I was weary of standing still so long, but that didn't account wholly for my irritation. Part of it came, as it always did, from the sight of her dainty, perfectly-groomed figure. From her red curls in faultless ordered waves. From her carefully-manicured nails and her shining, high-heeled pumps. Helen's grooming was never ruffled by heat or wind, because she never stirred, if it was possible, from the coolness of the house. Her nails could be perfect because her hands never did anything harder than making her own bed. Both Demings, I thought . . . Helen and I . . . both of us receiving from childhood the same love and care and training . . . yet we were so different. Duty and responsibility rolled off Helen like water off a duck's back and if there was work to be done she took it for granted someone else would do it. And someone always did.

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A Ring for

IT WAS New Year's Eve, 1942, that I met Ted Bromley.

A stinging wind was coming in off Lake Michigan, carrying a fine sleet with it that soon blanketed Chicago. It would have to be a night like this, I thought anxiously. All the girls who worked for Central Communications—and there were nearly three hundred of us—had decided to give a party to raise funds for the new Canteen. I was in charge of the entertainment and for days I had been rushing about trying to make all the arrangements. Even after the dance got under way there were still a good many things to do. So it was nearly midnight when I sat down at the table I shared with Mary Compton and Dora Mason, the girls I roomed with. "I've never been so tired," I admitted to Dora. "At the stroke of twelve I'm going to steal Cinderella's act and disappear."

"That's what *you* think!" said a teasing voice behind me. I turned to see a tall man standing there. Dora said casually in her off-hand manner, "Connie, you know Ted Bromley, don't you? This is Constance Rogers, Ted."

"I know. I've known your name for quite some time," he said surprisingly. "Care to dance, Connie?" I glanced at Dora but she was absorbed in a Marine. Ted caught my hand and led me out on the floor.

In his arms, I almost forgot how tired I was. He held me easily, lightly. There was no need for small talk. Not with this man. I might have known him all my life. "Let's get out of here," he said suddenly. "There's a small lounge off that hall where it isn't so crowded."

"But I'm taking you away from Dora," I said guiltily.

He laughed at that. "You are not taking me away. I *came*. Besides, Dora is busy adding to her male scalp collection." I glanced in her direction and saw her blonde head buried on the Marine's shoulder. There was a dreamy expression on both their faces as they danced. I had to laugh a little too. My roommate was up to her old tricks. She was a funny, likeable girl but she could not resist flirting with every good-looking man she saw.

The lights were soft in the lounge so that we could look out and see the frozen shores of Lake Michigan. "Brrr, I didn't know Chicago could get so cold," I said.

"Almost as cold as Rockford, isn't it?" Ted's dark eyes were teasing.

"How did you know I came from there?" I asked, astonished.

"I made a point to find out all I could about you. I work at Central Communications too, even if you never have noticed me around! . . . Connie, the first time I saw you was up in the Personnel Department. I thought I'd never seen a girl so fresh and lovely. Ever since then I've been like a kid looking in a candy-store window . . ."



We looked at each other intently. "But why didn't I see you?" I asked. He was not the type to go unnoticed. He had light hair, curly as a child's, and brown eyes, and the deeply tanned skin of a man who spends most of his time out-of-doors.

"Oh, you've seen me," he grinned. "But I am a 'trouble shooter' for Communications on their Main Line, and usually I wear thick goggles even around the plant that make me look first cousin to gargoyle . . . I've been waiting for tonight to meet you, Connie."

He took my hands in both of his. And at that moment the bells started ringing in New Year . . . 1942 . . . Year of portent and blackness it proved to be for so many. We were part of the generation—Ted and I—that our late beloved President Roosevelt said, "had a rendevous with Destiny." Not that we had any inkling of it then. We were simply another gay young pair at a party.

"Happy New Year!" Ted said softly. "Thank my lucky stars for the good old custom that goes with it!" And he kissed me. It was a strangely intimate kiss from someone I had known less than an hour. But there are some people you get to know instantly. He was one of them.

After that night I saw a lot of Ted. Dora said, "Well, I certainly started something when I introduced you two!" But she was too absorbed in her Marine really to notice anyone else. And Mary Compton, my other roommate, a shy little girl from the South, began talking in misty tones about wedding bells and such. But I laughed at that. "Ted and I have fun together. That's all," I explained. "I don't want to be married for a long time." And I meant it. It was too pleasant just drifting along like this. Ted was teaching me to ice skate and to bowl. It was such a comfortable companionship, so friendly and smooth, that I doubted if I were in love at all. Romance, to my mind, meant breathless excitement and a sense of high adventure. There was nothing like that in my feeling for Ted.

About once a month I was in the habit of going home on the bus to Rockwood for the week-end. It was only a two-hour trip and I got lonesome for mother and dad and the twins—Bud and Bidge, who were eleven. In February Ted decided to go down with me for a visit. "I haven't had any folks of my own since I was fourteen. D'you mind if I adopt yours?" he asked.

"Of course not!" I said, laughing. "But isn't that kind of rash, adopting them sight unseen?"

"No. They are *your* folks, aren't they?"

Something warm filled my heart when he (*Continued on page* 88)

Remembrance

"When I take you into my arms as my wife, I want it to be for good. Not just a day, and then separation."





He talked continually of marriage, of the things he wanted for us. And I listened to him as if in a dream.

Until too late

Some things, Adele knew, she could never have—but she didn't know that happiness might be among them until she found that in choosing between love and friendship it's possible to lose both

UNTIL I met Tim Ellis, I thought I had everything in the world that I wanted. Everything, that is, within reason. There were some things I could never have—a sound heart for my mother, a sound body for my crippled brother, Eric. But we were comfortable, the three of us, in our little house on the west side of Blue Bridge—and being comfortable was a triumph and an achievement that had once seemed impossible for the Warren family. That was five years ago, after the automobile accident that left Eric a helpless cripple and settled the support of the family on my shoulders.

I wasn't prepared to carry the burden. I was just out of high school, and I'd had no commercial training. I learned, in weeks of waiting in one personnel office after another, that no one wanted to hire a high school graduate with neither training nor experience.

And then I saw the advertisement. "Receptionist wanted," it said. "Alert, intelligent. No experience necessary. Offices of Blaine and Anson, Blaine Building, after nine." I was in the lobby of the Blaine Building at ten minutes to nine the next morning. At nine I went upstairs, pushed through wide double doors into a large room filled with girls. A distracted-looking young woman handed me an application blank. I took it hopelessly. Somehow, that advertisement in the paper had seemed intended especially for me—and now I saw that every other high school graduate in town had evidently thought the same thing. There wasn't even room enough for me to sit down; I wrote holding the blank against the wall near the door.

That was how I met Harold Anson. The door flew open, jogged my shoulder, and the blank slid to the floor. I stooped to retrieve it, but another hand—a man's hand—was quicker. A man's voice said, "I'm so sorry. Did I hurt—" Then, as we straightened, facing each other, his voice died away. For a second he said nothing at all; for a second there was something startled, something like recognition—in his eyes. Then it was gone, and he was saying smoothly, repeating, "I'm terribly sorry. I should never have opened the door so abruptly."

I took the blank he held out to me, assured him that I wasn't hurt. He touched his hat and went on to the inner offices, after stopping for a minute to speak to the woman at the desk. The woman collected our applications. I imagined that she looked at me with some attention as she took mine, but then I put the fancy down to wishful thinking. She disappeared into the inner offices; two minutes later she came back, announcing "Miss Warren, Miss Adele Warren."

I followed her, trying not to hope too much. Then I was seated opposite Mr. Anson in his office, trying to control my trembling hands, my shaking knees. There was no recognition in Mr. Anson's eyes now; he was brisk and business-like, but he didn't look frightening. He was a plain little man in his forties, hardly taller than I. He had a nice, rather boyish face, but he was the sort of person you would never notice on the street, wouldn't remember after a casual introduction. His hair was thinning, and everything about him—hair, eyes, his well-cut suit—was an unobtrusive, medium brown. Everything except his shoes. His shoes were a bright tan, almost orange. Somehow, the sight of those gaudy shoes gave me courage.

He had my application blank in his hand and he referred to it as he questioned me. "*Two* dependents, Miss Warren?" he asked in a voice that said I was rather young to have any dependents at all.

"My mother and my brother," I explained. "My father died several years ago, and Eric, my brother, supported us after that. Mother has a weak heart and can do nothing more strenuous than light housework. Then this spring Eric was hurt—paralyzed as the result of an auto accident."

"There's no chance of recovery?"

"He may be able to use his hands, some day. But the doctors say he'll never be able to walk again."

Mr. Anson didn't say anything. I liked that. Everyone said how sorry they were about Eric—but being sorry didn't give him back the use of his limbs.

Mr. Anson rose and held out his hand. "Thank you for coming in, Miss Warren. We'll call you to let you know."

I rose, too, swallowing my disap-

pointment. I'd heard that so many times—"We'll let you know." Only they never did.

But they called me that afternoon, and the next morning I started work as receptionist for Blaine and Anson, shoe manufacturers. I didn't question my good fortune. I was too intent upon doing my job well to wonder how I'd happened to be chosen for it—until the last day of the first week, when Mr. Anson called me into his office. It was late in the afternoon; most of the staff had gone home, and I thought Mr. Anson had gone, too, until he popped his head out of his door and said, "Miss Warren, I'd like to see you for a minute."

I went on shaking legs, wondering what I had done wrong, sure that I was going to lose my job. Mr. Anson closed the door after me, picked something out of the drawer of his desk. "Miss Warren," he said abruptly, "I'd like you to have these."

I looked down at the objects he placed in my hand. They were gold buckles—thick, heavy, old-fashioned shoe buckles. I'd never seen anything like them, but they looked valuable. "I can't," I stammered. "I mean, thank you, but I can't possibly—"

"But you can," he insisted. "I don't care what you do with them—sell them, have them melted down, anything. We had them made for a special display, and we've no possible use for them unless we gave them away as curios. I'd much rather you had them."

If I had been older or more self-assured, I would have known that he was as flustered as I was. But I was panic-stricken, remembering the odd way he'd looked at me the day he'd bumped into me, remembering, too, all the stories I'd ever heard about employers who made advances. "I can't," I repeated desperately, "and I think I'd better resign—"

"Oh, no!" he cried. "You mustn't do that! Think of your mother and your brother—"

"That's just it," I said stiffly. "I didn't want to be hired out of pity, or for any other reason. I can't work here unless it's on the basis of ability alone."

"Out of pity," he repeated. He sat down suddenly, took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "I don't pity you, Miss Warren. But it's true that I asked Personnel to consider you for the job, and I did have a reason. Would you like to hear it?"

I nodded dumbly. He motioned toward a chair, and I sat down. "You look like someone I knew once," he said, "someone I cared a great deal about. She had blue eyes like yours, and round pink cheeks like yours, and her hair was the same shade of bright, light brown. And there was something more, too—something young and shining and courageous about her—something you have. She was a waitress in the college town where I went to school, and I—well, I fell head over heels in love with her. We planned to be married, until I came home on vacation, and Blue Bridge closed in on me. Blue Bridge isn't a very big place, but it's big enough for snobbery. I'd been brought up to believe that the six best families in Blue Bridge were pretty important, and that there was a sort of law against marrying outside them, if you happened to be born into them. It's pretty hard to rise above that sort of thing when you're twenty, and I didn't have the courage my girl had. I didn't have spirit enough to fight my family and their friends. I didn't go back to school that fall. I stayed here and went into the firm."

I was listening, fascinated. Mr. Anson didn't look like a plain, nervous little man any more. His voice had deepened as he talked; he had taken on dignity and stature. "What happened to her?" I breathed.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "At the time, it didn't seem important to find out. I rationalized, put the whole thing down to infatuation, told myself that she'd been only infatuated, too. I married a Blue Bridge girl, and my two boys were born, and for a few years I was busy, building our home, working up in the business. But lately— As you get older, Miss Warren, you begin to think back, and you wonder sometimes. . . . I've been thinking lately that not only was I false to that girl and to myself, but false to something bigger than both of us—false to Life, in a way. That's why when I walked in the other morning and saw you—it was like being offered a second chance. I'm sorry I blundered about the buckles, but they mean nothing to us, and I'd truly like to help you in any way I can. I'm glad that you're here. It makes me happy just to see you around the office. I ask nothing except that you stay on here and let me be your friend."

I refused the buckles, but I kept my job. I walked out of Mr. Anson's office that afternoon dazed by his confidences, but so touched by them that I felt like crying, even while a cynical part of my mind whispered that they might not be true. Afterwards, I was ashamed of myself for doubting him. I asked no question about him, but the office force gossiped, and is wasn't long before I discovered that everyone was sorry for him. Even close-mouthed, acid-tongued Miss Porter, Mr. Blaine's secretary, softened when she spoke of Mr. Anson. "Poor man," she said. "All the color there is in his life is in those shoes he wears. He's spent his whole life running around a tight little triangle made up of the office and his home and the country club. As for his wife—she cares a lot more about Mrs. Harold Anson than she cares about her husband. It wasn't so bad when his boys were younger, but now they're both away at school. . . ." She shook her head. "I don't know what he'll do for an interest."

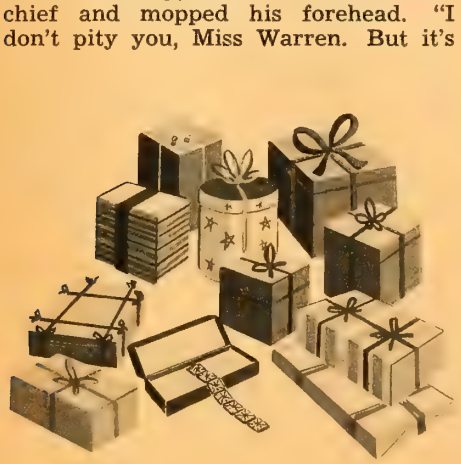
I might have told her that Mr. Anson was interested in me, but at that time I didn't know how much he thought about me, how much he planned for me. There was the secretarial course, for one thing—the first thing. One day he said to me, casually, "Have you ever thought of going to business school, Miss Warren?"

"I've thought of it," I said ruefully. "But I can't afford it."

"You can borrow on the employes' fund," he suggested. "It's there for you to use, and you can repay the money at the rate of a dollar or two a week. You'd make more as a stenographer . . . and my secretary is leaving to be married next June."

I lost no time in drawing on the employes' fund. I'd finished the course in night school: I'd been a stenographer for three months and Mr. Anson's private secretary for six before I discovered the amounts loaned out of the employes' fund were normally not nearly as large as the one I'd had, and that usually they were reserved only for emergencies. But by that time I'd been with Blaine and Anson for over a year, and I'd grown accustomed to Mr. Anson's thoughtfulness and generosity. In dozens of ways he made the difference between comfort and bare existence for Mother and Eric and me, between worry and a sense of security. Our clothes and household goods were purchased at discount at the department stores that did business with the firm of Blaine and Anson. At Christmas and on holidays and on every possible occasion gifts came to the house—practical gifts, like great baskets of tinned delicacies that provided midnight snacks and party fare for our family for weeks afterward. I had a two-week vacation my first summer, and a three-week vacation each summer thereafter—and more often than not the railroad fare and the hotel expenses at the resorts I visited cost me nothing at all. Mr. Anson had intended to use the railroad tickets himself, he explained, and had had his plans changed at the last minute. Mr. Anson "just happened" to hold a due-bill at the resort hotel I wanted to visit. There was no thanking him for any of these favors, but I felt better about accepting them after I discovered that the acidulous Miss Porter, who was middle-aged and had been twenty years with the firm, received the same sort of favors—although in smaller quantity—from Mr. Blaine.

I never saw Mr. Anson outside his office. Soon after I became his secretary our days fell into a pattern that never varied. He would come marching in in the morning, brisk and business-like. "Good (*Continued on page* 54)



Until Too Late was suggested by the radio script, "Motor Trouble", by Jon Slott, first heard on Stars over Hollywood, Saturdays at 12:30, EWT, over CBS.

In the Heart's Keeping



Marjorie prayed twice for a thing she wanted more than anything in life. And twice her prayer was answered...

I WAS tired that night, coming home from work. I couldn't remember ever having been so tired. It was the kind of tiredness you wake up in the morning with, the kind that seems to have gotten into your very bones. And ahead of me, there was dinner to cook, the dishes to wash, the house to straighten and—most of all—Bob, with whom I must pretend I wasn't tired at all.

I sighed. Gary Gray turned from his driving for a moment and looked at me. "You look all in," he said sympathetically.

"I'd like to go to bed and sleep for six weeks." I tried to smile at him. He was a nice person and a most considerate boss. "I certainly do appreciate this lift home. I'd never have made it on the bus tonight."

"You deserve a lift, having to work overtime. It's been tough lately for you and your husband. But he'll be well soon and then you can take your six weeks' nap. Although—" he smiled "—what I'll do without you at the office I don't know."

The car stopped in front of the small two-family house, and I got out. "Thanks ever so much," I said. "See you tomorrow." I stood there for a moment, holding my big bag of groceries, as he drove off. Gary Gray was attractive—tall, slim, good-looking. He was probably going

home to his bachelor apartment to bathe and dress and then take a girl out to dinner and a show. He knew lots of girls, and some of them ran after him.

Suddenly I wished I were going out to dinner, like the girl he was taking. I wanted to have a long, leisurely bath, to take my time doing my nails and hair, to get all dressed up and go to dinner some place where there was music and soft lights—and where I could just sit and order what I wanted without having to worry about cooking it and cleaning up afterwards. It had been a long time since I'd done that. Not since before Bob's operation, nearly five months ago.

But it was silly, thinking like this. I shifted the heavy bag, fixed a smile on my lips and went up the steps and opened the door.

Bob was sitting in his wheel chair by the window. He had managed to wrap himself in a robe. There were magazines and books on the table beside him, and the portable radio, and a piece of paper covered with figures. He tried to shove it out of sight, but I saw it and knew he'd been worrying over expenses again.

I went over and kissed him. "Hi, honey. How are you?"

His worried frown relaxed a little but the worry didn't leave his face. "Okay, I guess." His voice was lifeless, and at the sound of it all the life seemed to drain out of me, too. "You're awfully late. Whatever kept you?"

"We had to work overtime again. And then I had to stop and do the marketing. Mr. Gray brought me home, though, so it wasn't too bad."

"Yes," he said. "I saw him."

There was something in the way he said it that was—well, almost as if he were accusing me of something. As if he resented it. I looked at him sharply, and noticed again how much weight he'd lost and how drawn he looked. Bob was a big man. He'd played football in high school and had always been active and strong. That was one of the reasons why it was so hard on him to be sick for so long.

"Well," I said as cheerfully as I could, "dinner'll be ready in a minute." I carried the groceries out to the small kitchen. The sink was stopped up again. I'd have to fix it before I could wash the vegetables and, for a minute, I felt like crying in my exasperation. Marie was always letting the sink get stopped up. But she was young and inexperienced, and we were lucky to have anyone at all who could come in and get Bob's lunch every day.

"What did you do today?" I called out, as I started to work. "Have any company?" Sometimes the neighbors came in to visit with Bob.

"No, nobody came. And I had my usual busy, exciting day. I read the morning paper and I read the evening paper. I did a crossword puzzle. I listened to the radio and I looked out the window. That's always fascinating."

I should have been warned by the bitterness in his voice. I should have realized that this was one of the times when he felt most deeply discouraged. But I was full of my long, hard day; I was trying to unplug the drain; I was thinking of the note I'd have to leave Marie tomorrow telling her she must clean out the ice-box as I'd asked; and so I said, without thinking, "Gosh, that sounds like a wonderful day. I'd like to have had it."

THERE was silence for a minute. When I looked up Bob had wheeled himself to the doorway. His face was taut and angry. "Okay," he said, "throw it up to me that you have to go out and work all day, and then come home and work again. Tell me how you have to earn all the money while I sit here doing nothing."

"Bob!" I cried. "I didn't mean that. I was only thinking—"

"I know what you were thinking. You don't have to tell me. You're sick to death of having an invalid for a husband . . . you've made *that* clear. I saw you standing there on the sidewalk, looking after Gary Gray. You probably wish you were out with him somewhere."

"That's not fair! Maybe I did wish for a minute I were going out—but not with Gary Gray or anybody else. With you. That's only natural, isn't it? To want you to be well so we can go places again and have fun. To want you to be well for all the reasons in the world. It's been a long time—"

"You're telling me! Do you think I *like* sitting here alone, day after day, not able to do any of the things we used to do? Do you have to remind me how tough it is on you?"

I burst into tears. I couldn't help it.

After a minute, Bob said: "I'm sorry, Marjorie. I'm—jittery tonight but I didn't have any right to take it out on you. Don't cry, honey."

I needed to have his arms around me. I needed to have the tears kissed away and to be soothed and comforted. But he only sat there, gripping the arms of his chair, with his face suddenly white with fatigue. Even as I looked up at him, he turned away and propelled himself slowly back to the window as if he had expended every ounce of energy he had.

I dried my eyes. "It's all right," I said dully. And went back to peeling the potatoes.

But it wasn't all right. None of it was all right. It was true Bob's operation had been a serious one, and his long convalescence had been a strain on him. I knew he was weak, that he was sometimes in pain, and that he was bound to feel lonely and low here alone all day. His company had put him on half pay since his illness and he worried about money a lot. All that was true. But what was also true was that it had been a terrible strain on me, as well. I had taken the job with Gary Gray as soon as Bob was well enough for me to leave him, and I worked hard at it. We needed the money desperately. I, too, worried and, more, I had



"I had my usual exciting day," Bob said. "I read the morning paper. I read the evening paper."

to try to keep *him* from worrying. I had tried to keep him cheerful and undiscouraged as the weeks turned into months. And then tonight when I was so tired, when I needed comforting myself, to have him turn on me like that—I knew he didn't mean it, but it wasn't fair. It was too much!

I thought of the way things used to be between us, and tears came to my eyes again. The way we used to laugh, while I was getting dinner when he got home from work. The way he'd interrupt what I was doing to take me in his arms and kiss me and tease me. The way we planned for the things we wanted some day to have, the things we wanted to do. The—the togetherness of it.

And now all that was gone.

I remembered our first Christmas. We'd been married eight months then and we were terribly in love. We didn't have much money and we needed a lot of things for the house, so we'd decided instead of giving each other a regular Christmas present, we'd each save a certain amount and buy an easy chair for the living-room as a Christmas present to the house and to ourselves. We got a little china bank and put it on the mantel-piece, and at the end of each week we had a ceremony when we each put in the amount we'd saved—Bob from his budgeted allowance, I from mine.

And I remembered how, during the weeks before Christmas, I'd decided I'd break the pact and secretly get a special present for Bob anyway. A wristwatch. It wasn't a very expensive watch, but he wanted and needed one. So I scrimped every way I could—and I did without the occasional lunches I'd had downtown with girls I knew. I denied myself little things. I mended stockings again and again instead of buying new ones. I walked all over town to get the lowest prices on household supplies and food, to save enough to make a secret payment each week on that watch.

And then, on Christmas Eve afternoon, I'd gone to the jewelry store to make the final one. Just as Mr. Cohen, the jeweler, was wrapping it up—Bob walked in! I felt as guilty as if I'd been caught robbing the store instead of buying a present. I'd wanted to surprise him Christmas morning.

"Darn it, what did *you* have to come in here for?" I cried. Then I turned to Mr. Cohen. "You might as well give it to him now," I said. "He's ruined the surprise."

Mr. Cohen handed him the package, and Bob stood there, turning it over and over in his hands, looking at it with a funny expression. Then he said to Mr. Cohen, "Give her *her* package."

The jeweler reached under the counter and brought out a similar box. He handed it to me. It was a simple, inexpensive wristwatch. It was the most beautiful watch in the whole world.

When I looked at it, and looked at Bob, and then at Mr. Cohen standing there beaming at us, I couldn't say anything. Only Mr. Cohen spoke. He kept saying, over and over, "Don't I keep secrets good? I knew it all the time! Each of you buying it for the other. Ah, that's nice, that's nice. That's good."

We walked out of the store with our watches, our precious gifts. We walked all the way home. "You're an old double-crosser," I said. "I thought you were putting all your savings into the bank, for the chair. I bet you had to do without lunches for this."

And Bob said, "You're an old double-crosser, yourself! All the time telling me you gave up candy because you were getting fat, and you couldn't go downtown to lunch because you were too busy at home."

We kept kidding each other because it went too deep to be serious. And when we got home, we broke the bank and there was enough in it to buy the chair. It was the happiest Christmas, we decided, that anybody ever had. Not because of the watches. But because the watches represented sacrifice and love.

That was what we'd had once. And now—

Now I put the dinner on a tray and carried it in to Bob. The chops had burned a little, because I'd been preoccupied with thinking about what had been.

Bob took a couple of bites and pushed



Mr. Gray looked at me with sympathy. "What you need," he said, "is a little fun."

his plate away. "I don't think I want any dinner," he said.

"But you've got to eat! You won't get your strength back if you don't eat."

"I'm not hungry. And besides the chop is burned."

"Then why didn't you say you weren't hungry?" I burst out. "I wouldn't have fixed dinner if I'd known you weren't going to eat it. I'm not hungry either. I'm too tired."

"I know you're tired. And I'm sorry you had to fix dinner. I'm sorry I can't take you out, if that's what you want. I'm sorry I'm sick. But, for Lord's sake, don't *blame* me if I don't want anything to eat!"

I tried to fight down the anger that rose uncontrollably within me. "Look, honey," I said as evenly as I could. "I know it's hard to be sick for so long. But it's not going to last forever, you know. You're going to get well. Soon, Dr. Squire says—"

"YEAH. Sure. That's what we've been telling ourselves for months now. You and the doctor have been giving me pep talks as if I were a six-year-old kid—"

"You've got to make an effort. For my sake, as well as your own. You've got to try to look on the bright side of things instead of always the dark side. I can't do *everything*, Bob."

"There you go again—reminding me of everything you have to do! I know what you have to do. But—" he shoved back from the table. "Skip it," he said in a dead voice. "I'm going to bed."

I sat there in front of the littered table, with its dirty dishes, its dinner we couldn't eat. I looked at it. I thought of the laundry still to be gotten together to send out tomorrow, the blouse I still had to wash and iron to wear to the office. And suddenly resentment flooded through me. What good were any of the things I had to do? What use were they? When the only results were that Bob and I were becoming like strangers to each other, who no longer spoke the same language except to bicker? He never seemed to appreciate anything any more at all; he could never have acted as he had tonight if he did.

"Well," I finally told myself, "he's sick and I have to make excuses for him. But why can't he, just once, maybe make excuses for me?"

Two hours later, when all the work was done, I went into the bedroom. Bob was lying in his bed, staring at the ceiling. I knew from the way his mouth was drawn that he was in pain.

"Is it very bad, honey? Will you be able to sleep?" I said softly.

"It's okay."

I waited a moment. Then I said, "I'm sorry if I was cross. I didn't mean to be."

He looked at me then but it wasn't as if he saw me. It was as if he were looking at something a long time ago. "I'm sorry if I was," he said.

Whenever we had quarreled over anything, before Bob was sick—and we had occasionally, as I guess all married people do—we'd always ended it finally together. There had always been a reconciliation that had gone deeper than the quarrel, and made the disagreement as if it had never been. Now nothing was finished. Nothing was ended. It was exactly as if two strangers had apologized for accidentally running into each other on the street.

And that was the way it stayed. Bob and I seemed to withdraw more and more from each other. It was as if we didn't have anything to give each other any more—we who once had given in full and overflowing measure. In trying not to quarrel or misunderstand each other, we just stopped trying to talk—really talk—at all.

I stopped trying to figure it out, and resentment stayed with me. If he really, truly loved me, I thought, he'd stop thinking only of the way he felt and try to understand how I was feeling.

One day at the office, after Gary Gray had finished a lot of dictation, he said, "What's the matter lately, Marjorie? You seem so depressed."

"I am," I said. "Oh, I guess it's nothing really—except just things at home don't seem to go so well any more."

He looked at me sympathetically. "What you need is a little fun. Tell you what—let me drive you home this afternoon and on the way we'll stop off at that new place and have some tea. It will do you good."

It would make me late getting home. But what of it, I thought suddenly. I was late when I had to work overtime. Why shouldn't I be late, just once, to have some pleasure? Bob shouldn't mind—just this one time. So I called Marie at noon and told her to tell Bob I'd be late. I didn't say why. I would tell him when I got there.

And all afternoon I worked with more vigor, thinking how I was going to do something gay and different at the end of the day instead of the same dreary round of going home and cooking dinner and facing the silence that seemed now to come so often and so separatingly between Bob and me.

THE tea room was in one of the new, smart hotels. There was an orchestra for dancing, and lots of well-dressed people. Gary and I had thin little sandwiches, and talked—not of work, but of the people around us and things like that. He could be very amusing, and I found myself laughing as I hadn't laughed in months. One of the things I'd always liked and respected about him was that, in all the time I'd worked in his office, he'd never made a too-personal remark to me. He never, in the slightest way, ever tried to make a bid for personal attention, as some bosses did with their secretaries. And it was the same now. We had a good time together but it was exactly like being out with an older brother.

It was raining when we left. As we drove up in front of my house, Gary took off his topcoat and put it over my shoulders. "Better wear this in," he said, "so you won't get wet." And then we both laughed at the way I looked bundled up in the coat that was so much too big.

He put his arm around me, helping me hold it up, as we ran up the steps of the house. "Come in," I said, "so I can give this back to you."

I opened the door and he followed me in. Bob was sitting in his chair by the window. "Hello, honey. You've never met Gary Gray, the nicest boss anybody ever had. Gary, this is—"

Bob's voice cut over mine, and you could feel the anger in it. "Where have you been?" he demanded.

I stared at him in amazement, and all my gay mood drained away. "Why, we just stopped off for some tea on the way home. I phoned you I'd be late—"

Bob was looking over my shoulder at Gary. "Is this what you call working overtime, Mr. Gray? When my wife has been late getting home before—"

"Bob!" I cried. "For heaven's sake—"

"I'm afraid it's all my fault," Gary interrupted smoothly, ignoring the implication of Bob's words. "This time wasn't overtime. I gave myself the pleasure of inviting Marjorie. I didn't think you'd mind. I'm sorry—"

Bob tried to get up. I saw his hands clenched at his side. "Well, I do mind. And I'd just as soon you left—right now."

Gary Gray looked at him a long moment, in silence. Then he turned to me. "Good night, Marjorie," he said, and picked up his coat and left.

I was shaking with angry humiliation. "What on earth are you doing?" I cried to Bob. "What do you mean—insulting him that way, implying the things you did about not working overtime when we said we were! He was just trying to be nice."

"I don't like other guys being nice to my wife like that! He's too smooth—and if he thinks—"

"He's not! And you behaving like a—a rowdy to him and to me, too! With all the rest I've had to stand, now you have to go and act this way." The tears rushed up and choked me. I ran into the bedroom, slammed the door, and threw myself on the bed.

I cried for a long time. Finally, from the other room, I heard Bob dialing a number on the telephone and talking for a long time. I couldn't hear what he said. Then he opened the door and wheeled in. He came up to the bed beside me and said, very quietly:

"I want to apologize, honey. I just got through apologizing to Gray. You've got to understand and forgive me, too. I'm terribly, deeply sorry."

"You ought to be!" I wouldn't look at him.

"You've got to try and see the way it was for me. I—I've been sick a long time, Marjorie. And I've sat here, day after day, watching all the things you've had to do and feeling like a useless dope because you had to do them. I wanted to look after you, take care of you, and I couldn't. I haven't even been able to kiss you as I've wanted to, for a long time. It was as if the illness—took my manhood away and just left me like a kid you had to look after. Don't you see?"

"But you didn't have to humiliate me like that. As (*Continued on page 67*)

IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Our Gal Sunday

The story of a happy Anglo-American alliance.



SUNDAY'S strange story began years ago when, a tiny baby, she was left at the door of two old miners. She grew up to loveliness and happiness as the wife of Lord Henry Brinthrope, but she has never solved the mystery surrounding her origin and her background.
(Vivian Smolen)

Produced by Anne and Frank Hummert; heard each weekday at 12:45 P.M. EWT, CBS.

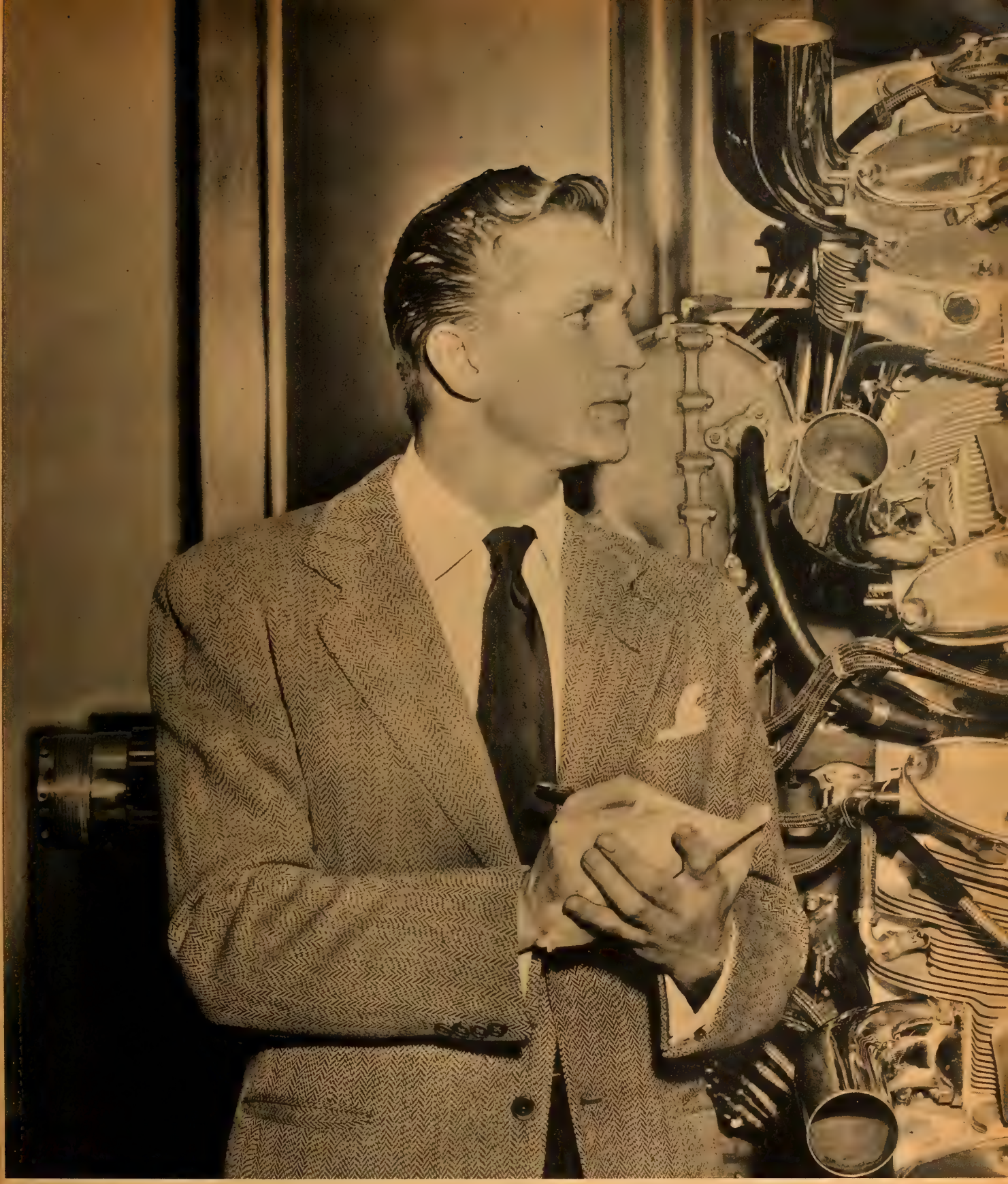
LONNIE, though he is an adopted and not a real son of the Brinthropes, is a true big brother to little David, and a worthy heir to the Brinthrope title.
(played by Alastair Kyle)

CHARLOTTE ABBOTT, the wife of the local doctor, gossips too much; but Sunday admires her for the efficient help she gives her overworked husband.
(played by Elaine Kent)





IRENE GALWAY, next-door neighbor to the Brinthropes and Sunday's trusted friend, will always remember that her present happiness is chiefly due to Sunday. If it had not been for Sunday's tireless efforts, Irene and Peter, her ex-husband, might never have reunited.
(played by Frances Carlon)



LORD HENRY BRINTHROPE, Sunday's beloved husband, was born into wealth and an assured position in the British aristocracy. But he is one of those Englishmen who feels altogether at home with American people and traditions, and has managed to transplant himself and his family from his castle at Balmacruchie, in Scotland, to the thoroughly American environment of the state of Virginia, with no hitches and no regrets. Sunday and Henry, with their three children, are living at Black Swan Hall while Henry devotes his energies to the important work that his airplane plant is accomplishing in turning out needed war supplies.
(Lord Henry Brinthrope played by Karl Swenson)



HILDA MARSHALL was once a famous actress. Suddenly threatened by ruin and disgrace, she took advantage of the fact that she had once lived in the little Western town where Sunday grew up, and, uninvited, thrust herself upon Sunday and Lord Henry at their home in Virginia, Black Swan Hall, in an effort to reconstruct her fortunes and plan her future. Sunday and Lord Henry will not soon forget the strange woman whose visit turned into a period of trouble, very nearly of heartbreak, for them.
(played by Ara Gerald)



LAWRENCE SHEFFIELD, in addition to his capable functioning as Lord Henry's lawyer, has another place in the lives of the Brinthropes; he is their respected, trusted friend. Henry prizes him equally highly in both relationships, and often pays him the tribute of saying "Good old Lawrence, always there when I need him."
(played by Clyde North)



PETER GALWAY is another person whose gratitude to the Brinthropes will last for all of his life. He too will never forget that it is to Sunday and Lord Henry that he owes the happiness of his remarriage to Irene, after the divorce that was so sad a mistake for both of them. An architect, Peter completed some special assignments for the government in connection with the war, and now works at home where he can be close to his wife, his friends, and his adored and adoring small daughter, Dorothy.
(played by Joseph Curtin)



KATHY, in her brusque Scottish way, worships all three of the Brinthrope children, though the newest, baby Caroline, has a particularly firm grip on her sentimental heart. When Sunday and Lord Henry left England, faithful Kathy came with them to America, so that she need never be parted from the family to which she has so long been devoted.
(played by Ruth Russell)



When I saw the painted, neat little house, I thought, "Why, it's not so bad!" But that was before I had seen the inside.

There are many ways of living—some ugly, some tempting. But for Myra and Dick there was only one way, if they were to be truly at home, together

Here is Home

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES



WHEN I woke up, that morning, the train was moving rather slowly through country where the cold breath of the north seemed still to linger, country one step removed from the wilderness. But there was no grandeur about it, I saw as I propped myself up and peered through the window of my lower berth. Scrub evergreens, dark thickets, patches where swamp water reflected the greyness of the sky like a dull mirror. And a little town, its mean buildings cowering, huddling together for protection from the surrounding wasteland.

I remember that I smiled to myself, thinking, "No wonder Dick got away! No wonder he never wanted to bring me here, even for a visit!" I pulled the shade down, shutting out the sight after one last supercilious glance.

But of course the country was still there, waiting, forty-five minutes later when I got off the train at Farr. It greeted me with a gust of cold wind which carried stinging particles of dust, and I shivered in spite of the warm tweed suit I had been wise enough to wear. Down in the city, two hundred miles away, it was Indian summer, but here—why, here it was winter already! If, indeed, it had ever been summer. A wide, unpaved street stretched away at right angles to the railway tracks; a street of shabby wooden buildings, some of them obviously untenanted. The only sign of life was a mud-crusted Ford car which came down the street and stopped a few feet away from me. A man leaned out to look at me. "You Mrs. Terrell?" he asked in a harsh voice.

"Yes," I said, and he unlatched the car door.

"Get in. You can put your valise in back." He was certainly ungracious enough, I thought as I obeyed. No doubt he was a neighbor of Dick's parents who resented being asked to meet me. He was old and thin and strong, with a deeply lined face and brown hands that engulfed the car's steering-wheel, they were so big. He was dressed in a black suit which was green with age and not particularly clean.

"How is Mrs. Terrell now?" I asked. He didn't answer; just shrugged his thin shoulders and swung the car into a narrow, rutted dirt road. Evidently conversation wasn't his strong point. I fell silent, staring out at the dreary landscape. "It's a dead country," Dick had told me once. "It used to be good timber land, but the lumbermen came in and stripped it bare. I mean—really bare. It actually won't support life now."

He had exaggerated there, of course. I closed my eyes, and against the lids I could see Dick again—not in his uniform, because the uniform meant the war, and the war was to be only an interlude in our life together. I brought back, vivid to my memory, the way his brown hair grew irregularly above his forehead, and the lively sparkle of his blue eyes, and the flat leanness of his cheeks; and I heard again, as I heard every day, his voice saying, "We've had one perfect year together, Myra, and it will do for a starter. When I come back we'll pick up exactly where we left off. Until then—"

He hadn't finished, but I had understood. Until then, I was to keep the old life intact. It was Dick's life; he had fought for it and fashioned it himself. Seeing this country, his birthplace, I was realizing all over again exactly how hard he had fought. He'd come from poverty, had worked to put himself through college and medical school, had built up a city practice. That was a good deal for one man to accomplish. And then, just as he had begun to enjoy the fruits of all his work, the war . . .

I opened my eyes, shaking my head a little in self-reproof. I musn't think about the war, or about the fact that at the present moment Dick was some eight thousand miles away from me. Much better to think, instead, of what I could do to help Dick's parents, that unknown old couple I was on my way to meet.

"I don't see why you have to go racing out there yourself," Edith, my brother's wife, had complained when I showed her the telegram signed Amos Fennison, M. D. "Suppose Dick's mother *is* ill? What can you do to help?"

I had laughed. "I can cook and keep house, at least. As far as that goes, Edith, I might even turn out to be a fairly good nurse. With one doctor for a brother and another for a husband, I *have* managed to pick up a few odds and ends of medical information."

"But—really, Myra, I should think if you must do something—and I suppose you are obligated, since they're Dick's parents," Edith conceded grudgingly, "it would be much more sensible to send a trained nurse. Roger could get one for you."

"He probably could. But I certainly don't think he should—not with the Army and Navy crying for nurses. Besides, I've gone all summer without a vacation. Here's my chance."

"Vacation!" Edith sniffed. "You'll work yourself to death."

Roger, who besides being my brother was Dick's best friend and was taking care of his practice while he was away, said very much the same thing when he heard that I was going to Farr. "Curious to see the ancestral homestead?" he inquired, cocking an eyebrow at me.

"Maybe."

"A high price to pay for curiosity, if you ask me," he commented. "I went through there once, on a hunting trip. It looked awful—and from what Dick's always said, it is."

Suddenly and unaccountably, I was irritated by his superior attitude. "Well, we can't make it any better by pretending it doesn't exist!" I snapped, and this time Roger raised both eyebrows.

"Who wants to make it any better?" he asked lazily. "Time and again, Dick



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WHEN I woke up, that morning, the train was moving rather slowly through country where the cold breath of the north seemed still to linger, country one step removed from the wilderness. But there was no grandeur about it, I saw as I propped myself up and peered through the window of my lower berth. Scrub evergreens, dark thickets, patches where swamp water reflected the greyness of the sky like a dull mirror. And a little town, its mean buildings cowering, huddling together for protection from the surrounding wasteland.

I remember that I smiled to myself, thinking, "No wonder Dick got away! No wonder he never wanted to bring me here, even for a visit!" I pulled the shade down, shutting out the sight after one last supercilious glance.

But of course the country was still there, waiting, forty-five minutes later when I got off the train at Farr. It greeted me with a gust of cold wind which carried stinging particles of dust, and I shivered in spite of the warm tweed suit I had been wise enough to wear. Down in the city, two hundred miles away, it was Indian summer, but here—why, here it was winter already! If, indeed, it had ever been summer. A wide, unpaved street stretched away at right angles to the railway tracks; a street of shabby wooden buildings, some of them obviously untenanted. The only sign of life was a mud-crusted Ford car which came down the street and stopped a few feet away from me. A man leaned out to look at me. "You Mrs. Terrell?" he asked in a harsh voice.

"Yes," I said, and he unlatched the car door.

"Get in. You can put your valise in back." He was certainly ungracious enough, I thought as I obeyed. No doubt he was a neighbor of Dick's parents who resented being asked to meet me. He was old and thin and strong, with a deeply lined face and brown hands that engulfed the car's steering-wheel, they were so big. He was dressed in a black suit which was green with age and not particularly clean.

"How is Mrs. Terrell now?" I asked. He didn't answer; just shrugged his thin shoulders and swung the car into a narrow, rutted dirt road. Evidently conversation wasn't his strong point. I fell silent, staring out at the dreary landscape. "It's a dead country," Dick had told me once. "It used to be good timber land, but the lumbermen came in and stripped it bare. I mean—really bare. It actually won't support life now."

He had exaggerated there, of course. I closed my eyes, and against the lids I could see Dick again—not in his uniform, because the uniform meant the war, and the war was to be only an interlude in our life together. I brought back, vivid to my memory, the way his brown hair grew irregularly above his forehead, and the lively sparkle of his blue eyes, and the flat leanness of his cheeks; and I heard again, as I heard every day, his voice saying, "We've had one perfect year together, Myra, and it will do for a starter. When I come back we'll pick up exactly where we left off. Until then—"

He hadn't finished, but I had understood. Until then, I was to keep the old life intact. It was Dick's life; he had fought for it and fashioned it himself. Seeing this country, his birthplace, I was realizing all over again exactly how hard he had fought. He'd come from poverty, had worked to put himself through college and medical school, had built up a city practice. That was a good deal for one man to accomplish. And then, just as he had begun to enjoy the fruits of all his work, the war . . .

I opened my eyes, shaking my head a little in self-reproof. I musn't think about the war, or about the fact that at the present moment Dick was some eight thousand miles away from me. Much better to think, instead, of what I could do to help Dick's parents, that unknown old couple I was on my way to meet.

"I don't see why you have to go racing out there yourself," Edith, my brother's wife, had complained when I showed her the telegram signed Amos Fennison, M. D. "Suppose Dick's mother *is* ill? What can you do to help?"

I had laughed. "I can cook and keep house, at least. As far as that goes, Edith, I might even turn out to be a fairly good nurse. With one doctor for a brother and another for a husband, I *have* managed to pick up a few odds and ends of medical information."

"But—really, Myra, I should think if you must do something—and I suppose you are obligated, since they're Dick's parents," Edith conceded grudgingly, "it would be much more sensible to send a trained nurse. Roger could get one for you."

"He probably could. But I certainly don't think he should—not with the Army and Navy crying for nurses. Besides, I've gone all summer without a vacation. Here's my chance."

"Vacation!" Edith sniffed. "You'll work yourself to death."

Roger, who besides being my brother was Dick's best friend and was taking care of his practice while he was away, said very much the same thing when he heard that I was going to Farr. "Curious to see the ancestral homestead?" he inquired, cocking an eyebrow at me.

"Maybe."

"A high price to pay for curiosity, if you ask me," he commented. "I went through there once, on a hunting trip. It looked awful—and from what Dick's always said, it is."

Suddenly and unaccountably, I was irritated by his superior attitude. "Well, we can't make it any better by pretending it doesn't exist!" I snapped, and this time Roger raised both eyebrows.

"Who wants to make it any better?" he asked lazily. "Time and again, Dick

has tried to persuade his people to sell their place and move nearer the city, where he could take care of them. You know that. If they insist on staying . . ." His gesture indicated that it was hopeless to try to help people who wouldn't help themselves.

AND maybe he was right, I thought uncomfortably as the old car rattled down one side of a washed-out gully and up the other. Living here could be nothing but an unending struggle for the barest existence; a refusal to leave argued an unintelligent stubbornness. I glanced at the hard-bitten old man beside me. If only he'd say something!

"Do you live near the Terrells?" I ventured.

He gave me a brief sidelong glance. "No," he said, in that grating voice. "In Farr."

"But—isn't Dr. Fennison going out to the farm today? I thought probably he'd meet me—he sent me the wire telling me to come."

Suddenly he laughed, without merriment. "*I'm* Fennison," he said.

I felt my cheeks crimson in mortification. But how was I to have guessed that this—this shabby, gaunt old man was a doctor? There was nothing of science about him, no sign of education—

He guessed my thoughts, of course. "Not your idea of a doctor, am I?" He pulled the car around a sharp bend in the road. "Nor Dick Terrell's, either, I guess," he added with a slow bitterness.

"You—you know Dick?"

"O' course." Taking his eyes from the road, he let them travel over me with a scorn I saw without understanding—as if he were cataloguing my smart clothes, my slim figure, the modest amount of makeup on my face, and finding them all distasteful. "Brought him into the world . . . Here's the Terrell place."

I looked, and my first thought was, *Why, it's not so bad!* True, the house was small, but it was painted and neat. The fence that separated it from the road was in good repair, and plump chickens scratched in the yard.

Dr. Fennison brought the car to a shuddering stop. "It wasn't my idea to send for you," he said sourly. "There's nothing you can do for Mary Terrell—nothing anybody can do. But Jim said Dick 'ud want you to be sent for. So I did as he said." He got out of the car, snatched up a bag from the floor in back, and was turning toward the house when I stopped him.

"Doctor," I said breathlessly, "I don't know— Just what *is* the matter with Mrs. Terrell?"

"Cancer," he said, without looking at me.

While that one word rang horribly in my ears, I got out my suitcase and followed him to the door of the little house, which was open now. The old man who stood there went with the house. He too was little, and weather-worn, but in excellent repair. Dick would have made two of him, but one look into his bright blue eyes told me that this was indeed Dick's father. Dr. Fennison indicated me with a gesture and a muttered word, and left us, going on into the house.

"Well!" Mr. Terrell said. "So you're Dick's Myra. You look just like your picture, only prettier. Come in, come in—Ma can't hardly wait to see you. Don't believe she slept a wink last night." He saw the pain in my face—how could she sleep, if what Dr. Fennison had told me of her illness was true?—and he patted my hand gently. "Ma don't complain—never has. You'll find that out. All the same, having you here's going to mean a lot to her."

He led me inside, into a low-ceiled living room with painted beaverboard walls. A closed door at one side indicated that Dr. Fennison had gone to his patient; through another door, open, I glimpsed the kitchen. Everything showed the fumbling efforts of the old man to keep house; the floor had been swept, but there was dust on the furniture, and a trayful of soiled dishes lay on the table. He picked it up and took it into the kitchen, apologizing for its presence. "Just as soon's Doc's finished with Ma," he promised, "we'll go in to see her."

I laughed nervously. "I don't think the doctor likes me," I said. "And I made things worse by not realizing he *was* a doctor. I think that insulted him."

"Doc's getting a little crabby in his old age," my father-in-law said with a chuckle. "Don't mind him. He's a real good doctor, though, spite of his ornery ways. He and Dick used to be great friends—I always figured knowin' Doc was why Dick made up his mind to be a doctor too." There was a deep, happy note of pride in his voice as he spoke of Dick, and as he rummaged in a table drawer and brought out Dick's latest V-mail. "Writes to us nearly every week," he said. "Says he's in the Philippines. It's hard to imagine that—I never been farther than Linden, myself."

Yes, the Terrells lived in a remote, completely different world. Again and again, that first day, I was brought face to face with the fact of its difference. It came when I met Mrs. Terrell—Ma—and saw her pain-ravaged, cheerful face, heard her speak quite calmly of dying, as if it were no more than a moving from one house to another; and again when I saw the room where I was to sleep. It was only a lean-to at the back of the cottage—bare and unfinished, with an iron cot and a wash-basin on an old chest of drawers for its furniture. It had been Dick's room.

"It ain't very nice," Mr. Terrell said apologetically. "Dick sent us money to fix up the rest of the house but we never use this room, now he's gone away, so we left it just as it was. I'm sorry now, seein' you got to sleep in it."

I was sorry too, but not for that reason. I was sorry because this room gave me a glimpse of how the whole house had been when Dick was a boy—a boy yearning to get away from its poverty.

"I don't intend to be poor," Dick had said to me—oh, so long ago, three eternal years ago! Roger had introduced us only a few weeks before, and we were flushed from dancing, and the veranda of the country club was a fairyland of moonlight and honeysuckle-perfume. Beside me, Dick leaned on the railing, staring out across the black-and-silver of the care-



"You see," Dick wrote, "I've stopped wanting to pretend that Farr doesn't exist . . ."



I found myself telling Roger and Edith about Farr, even though I knew they would never understand.

fully tended grounds. "It's fine to talk about the nobility of poverty," he said —"except that there's no such thing. Poverty's mean and ugly. I happen to know."

Yes, he knew.

I smiled at Mr. Terrell. "It's just fine," I said. "I'll be perfectly comfortable here."

I had no idea that I was telling the truth. But there *was* a strange sort of comfort—a spiritual comfort, not a physical one—in being here with Dick's parents, in plunging wholeheartedly into the task of making things easier for them. I gave the house a thorough cleaning, washed and ironed curtains and put them up again, cooked a good meal out of the materials I found in the kitchen and made up a list of more groceries to buy in Farr. Mr. Terrell told me Dr. Fennison would do the shopping. "I used to have a mule," he said, "and Ma and I went to town every couple o' weeks, but the mule died about the time Ma was laid on her back and there wasn't much sense gettin' a new one, seeing's I couldn't leave the place anyhow."

Dr. Fennison . . . Dr. Fennison. His name was always cropping up. He *must* be kind, I told myself—but why did he have to be so sour about it? He hadn't said goodby to me when he left the first day, and he didn't say hello to me when he came the second. He took the list from me, glanced at it, and said, "Canned asparagus—hmph! Chittering's grocery in Farr don't even know what that is."

"Oh! I'm sorry—I didn't realize—"

HE cut me short. Thrusting the list into his pocket, he said, "I'll get what I can. Better give me the money now."

Hastily, I got my purse and with trembling fingers (though I didn't quite know whether they were shaking from fright or from anger) produced a ten-dollar bill. He took it without comment.

But I saw the other side of him a moment later. I watched from the window while he stood beside his pitiful old car, talking to Mr. Terrell, and his face lost its grim austerity then, became gentle and kind. It was simply that he didn't like *me*, I realized.

He was only a crotchety old man, and his opinion didn't matter to me. Or did it? If it didn't, why did I find myself, the next day, going to meet him with a smile on my lips as he got out of his car, and being troubled when he froze the smile with a curt nod? Why did I—certainly without planning it—hear myself saying, "Dr. Fennison! I'm sorry if I've offended you?"

He stopped, frowning. "Offended me?"

"Yes—by not realizing you were a doctor, that first day—"

"Oh!" The corners of his mouth drew down. He said—not kindly, but with perfect sincerity, "I'd forgotten all about that."

"Then why don't you like me?" I burst out. "It's plain enough that you don't!"

He stood quite still, looking at me. His eyes, set deep in their sockets, seemed to probe into my brain. Then, inexplicably and very rudely, he turned without a word and went into the house.

Well, I had done my best. If he wanted us to be enemies—

I set my chin and began taking parcels out of the back of the car. I carried them into the kitchen, and stayed there when I heard him come out of the sickroom. Let Mr. Terrell have the honor of talking to him in the future!

I whirled at a sound in the doorway behind me. He was standing there, as tall and forbidding as ever. "Got a couple of hours to spare?" he asked.

"Why—yes, I suppose so—"

"Want to take a ride with me? There's some things I can show you."

As he said it, it was the opposite of an invitation, but— "All right," I said, and went for my hat and coat.

We turned to the right when we drove out of the yard, not to the left toward Farr. We passed another farm like the Terrells'; but after that the road degenerated to a mere track, pierced by out-croppings of granite rock. The car lurched from side to side so violently that I had to grip the door to keep from being thrown against Dr. Fennison. Finally, when he could go no farther, he stopped. "We walk a ways now," he said.

Slipping and stumbling—hating my city awkwardness—I followed him along a path running through undergrowth and scrub pine, skirting a tamarack swamp. "Where are we going?" I asked once, and he answered, "To see a patient of mine."

I SUPPOSE it wasn't more than half a mile, but it seemed ten times that, to the clearing where the rusty-red earth swelled to make a low hill. There was a hole in the side of this hill, framed roughly in timber, with a door swinging crazily on its hinges. Ragged children played there in the dust, but they ran and hid when they saw us. Dr. Fennison marched to the door, and through it. I hesitated. Inside I could see nothing but blackness—a heavy, solid kind of blackness, as if you would have to push your way through it. Then I took a deep breath and followed. It was not as dark as I'd thought. Enough light came in through the door and a sort of window on the crest of the hill overhead to show me a boarded-up room, a rusted stove, a bed made out of lumber nailed together, some boxes and rickety chairs. A woman was on the bed, and another woman was standing by the stove. Both were thin, both watched us with dull, incurious eyes. It was impossible to guess their ages, because somehow you knew that time had different values here; a year in their lives was the equal of ten years outside.

Feeling faint and oppressed, I stood near the door, waiting while Dr. Fennison bent over the woman on the bed. Rags covered her; he pulled them gently aside, touching her wasted flesh, talking to her with friendly roughness. "You been taking those pills I left you? Every night and morning, like I told you?"

"I did for a while," the woman said in a high, querulous voice. "But they didn't seem t'do me no good, Doc. What I need's a tonic—I get such bad shortness o' breath when I try to get up. . . ."

"You swallow those pills and forget about the tonic," Dr. Fennison told her sternly. "Where's Lafe? He get any crop in?"

The other woman laughed—a dreadful sound. "Blight got it—Pop let it rot on the ground."

"I don't rightly know where Lafe is now," the sick woman said. "Might be out in the woods somewheres—he said somethin' about borrowin' Wheelers' mule to sledge some wood into town. But he ain't feelin' so good these days either, Doc."

"No, I suppose not," Dr. Fennison said dryly. He had a hypodermic needle in his hand, and the woman shrank away, but he paid no attention. Swabbing clean a spot on her arm, he deftly inserted the needle and depressed the plunger. "There now," he said. "You finish those pills—here's another bottle for when you've finished the old one. And tell Lafe if he happens to be in town to come and see me." He turned to the other woman. "And how're you feelin', Nancy?"

In all, I think we spent nearly an hour in or just outside that dark hovel. Dr. Fennison looked at the children, too, after Nancy had captured and brought them, screaming, to him. They were miserably thin, and all appeared to have colds—and no wonder, I thought, considering the way they lived, like little savages!

At last we were walking back the way we'd come, and Dr. Fennison asked quietly, "Well? What do you think of the Thatchers?"

I shuddered. "Horrible," I said in a choked voice. "I can't believe—I never knew people lived this way—not in America!"

"They do, though. And if you think the Thatchers are bad off—!" He stopped and faced around, looking past me up the narrow path. "There's others, farther in—so far in that I can't even get to *them*."

All at once, he no longer seemed grim or forbidding, but only a rather tired and frustrated old man, struggling against overwhelming odds.

"Thank you for showing me," I said humbly. "You make me feel so— If there were only something I could do. But what can *anyone* do for people like that?"

His eyes flashed out at me. "Do? Plenty! Dick Terrell could have done something—if he hadn't turned his back on the place where he was born, and gone off to the city to make money and marry a city wife!"

The attack was so unexpected that for a moment I could only stare at him.



The story Here Is Home was adapted from a problem presented originally on the John J. Anthony program. Hear it on Mutual, daily, at 1:45 P.M., EWT.

"You think those people back there are past all help, don't you?" he demanded. "Well, let me tell you, young lady, that's not so. Yes—they're poor, and they don't get enough to eat. But nobody helps 'em. Nobody's ever helped 'em. Every day that passes, they get sicker and weaker, and the rest of the country goes on, payin' no attention. Not even a doctor to nurse their aches and pains—nobody but an old crock that can't get any place but where his car will take him, and that doesn't know anything newer in medicine than what was found out in nineteen-hundred!"

His face working, he turned abruptly and strode on down the path. I needed all my breath to keep up with him, and perhaps this was just as well, because it gave me time to realize why his attitude toward me had been so prickly. He blamed Dick for staying in the city to practice instead of coming back here—and he blamed me for the influence he fancied I'd had on Dick in making that decision. But that wasn't fair, I told myself, not fair at all! I felt that I had to defend Dick, and as we reached the car I said:

"You think Dick should have come back here to practice—is that it?"

Climbing wearily into the seat behind the wheel, he said, "I hoped he would. When he was a little fellow, he used to go with me on my calls—used to talk to me, and learn everything I had to tell him. *I* set him on the road to bein' a doctor, and the reason I did it was because I hoped there'd be somebody better and younger'n me to take care o' these people."

"But you can't seriously expect Dick to bury himself in this backwoods, Dr. Fennison!—to waste all the years of study and sacrifice that went into his education!"

"Waste?" he said sternly. "Do you call it wasting his education to use it saving people's lives?"

"He saves lives in the city, too!" I said defiantly.

"And if he wasn't there, they'd be saved anyway because there are plenty of other doctors around!" he retorted. "No, young lady, you can say what you want, but this is where Dick ought to be. Oh, I know it ain't very attractive, and he'd never get rich, if *that's* what he wants most out o' life. But there's a real job to be done, and he wouldn't starve at it. The county's ready to pay a health officer in this district, if it could get a man that'd really do the work, and there's no other doctor than me closer than Briarly, forty miles east o' Farr, so he'd have some paying practice of his own. These people *can* be helped—only reason so many of 'em are poor and shiftless is that they're sick, they haven't got the energy to do anything for themselves—"

He had begun now, and he didn't stop again, all the way back to the Terrell farm. He talked steadily, telling me of patients he'd saved and patients he'd lost, of reclamation and reforestation schemes which could be carried out on this blasted land if only its people had (*Continued on page 60*)

Ring around my finger

As told by ELISSA LANDI
to
MARTHA ROUNTREE

THE other day I was poking around in an old trunk battered from cross-country theatrical tours. (I have a mania for keeping all sorts of souvenirs) when, caught between a spangled headdress and an old crinoline skirt, I found a calendar. There was a big, bold, carelessly-drawn circle around the date May 5, 1943. I sat back and smiled reminiscently, as I remembered that night.

We had played our last-but-one performance of "Candida" in Boston. Shortly after the curtain fell on our final scene, there was a knock on my dressing-room door, and I opened it to a very tall, dark-haired young man, whose hat seemed strangely familiar. "I know this hat and this man—" I told myself, "but from where?"

Exerting my memory to its fullest, I came up with, "Mr. Curtis, how nice."

"Curtis Thomas," he corrected me with a smile. "Remember—Cambridge, cocktails, and our literary agent?"

"Of course," I said as the light dawned, "of course, won't you come in?"

"I just dropped by," he stammered, "on the chance that you might be free this evening."

"I'm very sorry," I shook my head, "but I have an engagement. As a matter of fact, he is due here any minute."

He looked crestfallen for a moment—then he asked me if he might sit with me until my date arrived.

When fifteen minutes went by and my Marine date had not landed, I arose and put on my hat. "Either there has been a misunderstanding, or I'm being stood up," I announced.

"Is it my pleasure to take you to supper?" Curtis asked.

I remember thinking that the old-fashioned phrase sounded most refreshing. I



A ring around a date on Elissa's calendar marked the start of an interstate romance that culminated in another kind of ring

have learned since that he has a certain inherent formality that is very endearing—and never, never stuffy.

Just as we started to leave, I laughingly picked up an eyebrow pencil and circled the date, which was May 5. "There," I said, tossing the pencil back into my make-up box, "that will serve to remind me of the first time I was stood up."

Little did I realize that only a few months later this particular date would assume an entirely different significance. A flippant gesture, a ring around a broken date, would evolve into a ring around my third finger, left hand, after an exciting summer romance.

WE spent the evening drinking coffee and talking. Everything under the sun came up for discussion; in fact, we were so absorbed in our conversation that the time flew and we found ourselves practically thrown out of the restaurant at three in the morning. Still talking, we walked back to the Ritz, where I was staying. I had never enjoyed anyone's company so much. But Curtis said good-night in the entrance without making a future date.

"Landi," I sent myself a mental note as I crossed the lobby, "you're hooked. And he lives in Massachusetts and you in New York!" Then I was struck by the difference between this meeting and our first one, eleven months before, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I was playing in the Brattle Hall Playhouse, in Somerset Maugham's play "Theatre." My literary agent had come up to see me to discuss my book, "The Pear Tree." I was apologetic that she had to make the trip, but she assured me that I should not feel too bad about it.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I have another author in this neck of the woods. He's written an exceptionally good historical novel, but like most young writers he's written too much. I have to talk to him about cutting it down."

I could not help remembering this description several days later when I met a very serious young man, with a battered and beloved-looking felt hat, who immediately identified himself to me by saying, "By the way, Miss Landi, we have a mutual friend."

"Really," I said, surprised, "who?"

"My literary agent."

"Ah," I said, "you are the man who wrote the historical novel!"

From then on all conversation was based on history, so far as I can remember. I had to leave for the theater so soon after our meeting that we really had no chance to get acquainted, and it wasn't until I was lucky enough to be stood up by my Marine Captain one night—eleven months later—that we really got to know each other.

Two days later, Curtis asked me to dinner before the theater. It didn't seem possible that there could be so much to talk about, so many ideas to compare, and experiences to relate! The dinner hour seemed over before it had begun, and I felt a little unhappy as I bade him good-bye because, you see, we were closing the next evening,



Versatile Curtis Thomas writes historical novels in his serious moments, sonnets for relaxation.

and I had to go right back to New York.

But Curtis wrote to me, after that. His letters had the same warmth, understanding and absorbing interest as his company; and as we became even better acquainted through our letters, I was suddenly set back on my heels by a lovely sonnet for me which he enclosed in a letter one day. I had not suspected that such a serious thinker and writer could also be so sentimental, but now that I knew it, I began to look forward to those verses. And they became more romantic and more charming with each letter.

We played a return engagement in Cambridge several weeks later, and I saw Curtis practically every night. A few of my very close friends were in Cambridge at the time, and Curtis came down from Boston, and for the two weeks the play was scheduled we had a wonderful time. We all just seemed to click together, and when the show moved on to Providence, Rhode Island, the quintet continued.

When the play closed, I invited them all up to my farm in Kingston.

The day we arrived was warm, and I kept promising them bracing showers and cool things to eat and drink. But I painted the delights of farm life too gaily—and too soon!

My father met us at the farmhouse with the alarming news that my maid had up and left. A mild sort of panic seized me when I thought of the ten-room house, the farm chores, and four guests. I had promised them fun—not hard labor!

It was then that Curtis—the serious thinker, the sonnet-writer—displayed another talent. He came to the rescue with a burst of domesticity that was amazing. He pitched right in to all the work with an enthusiasm that is rare in a man and practically unheard of in a poet-writer. I began to regard him with a sort of amazed wonder. "This man," I thought, "can do *anything!*"

One day, he and I were weeding the beet patch. We'd yank at a weed and then stretch the kinks out. I was tugging away at a particularly stubborn one, and talking about my plans for the immediate future.

"I'm going to arrange my life so I can stay on the farm," I told him, frowning at the weed, "and write."

"Just write?"

"Well," I considered, "I expect to do a radio program soon."

"Where," he asked without looking at me, "do I fit into these plans?"

"What?" I looked at him quickly.

"You know I'm madly in love with you," he said gently.

I gasped, wide-eyed with amazement. And, inexplicably, I dissolved into tears. It wasn't until that moment when he looked so earnestly into my eyes and told me he loved me that I realized how important he was in my life. It was a pretty stunning realization to come upon out of the blue; I felt that I had to think over this thing, and figure out what had happened. Later that afternoon, while my friends were engaged in a violent political discussion, Curtis came back into the kitchen where I was ironing a shirt. He straddled a chair and sat watching me.

"You shouldn't be doing that," he grinned. "Now, if we were married, I could do half the housework."

There was a serious undertone to the joking. "Do you mean you really want to get married?" I asked him rather breathlessly.

He got up and came over to me. "When would you like me to speak to your father?"

"Curtis, in this day and age?" I said. "Does a man really ask a girl's father for her hand nowadays?"

A few minutes later I just rescued the shirt, which was on the verge of going up in smoke.

We were married the next month in a little wedding chapel on Park Avenue, with only our immediate families and four very close friends attending. That was August 28, 1943.

We are terribly happy. We are exceptionally compatible. We like the same people, entertainment, food and general way of life. We both love children. In September, 1944, Caroline Maude was born.

And it's particularly wonderful that all of our evenings are as absorbing as that first one in Boston. We have everything in common—our daughter, our writing, and now we both are in radio, too. Curtis is my best critic, and he and Caroline Maude stay at home and listen to me every Wednesday night on the radio. I have a show called Between Us Girls, which is a Roundtable of Romance, and like everything else I do these days, it's fun because happiness makes the whole world seem wonderful. All the fun in life is doubled, as if by magic, when there is another person to share it—but it has to be the *one* other person.



Beautiful Elissa Landi has such a vigorous creative talent that she can't confine it to a single field of action. She has matched her brilliant career on the stage with movie success; has recently published a well-received mystery novel; now emerges as star of Mutual's Between Us Girls, Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EWT.

THE STORY:

SANDY COVE was the same as it had always been, when sixteen-year-old Grace Landon came to spend the summer, as she did every year, with Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily. Grace thought it would be the same kind of summer, too—until she met Ronnie Sears, the nineteen-year-old Coast Guardsman from the Station near town, whom the aunts had taken to their hearts. And immediately it became different from anything that had ever happened to her. For Ronnie and Grace fell in love—the violent, irresistible, unthinking love of early youth, the love that demands fulfillment, that will admit no outside influence to guide its course. There was only one thing to do about this, Ronnie and Grace decided—and so they were married, secretly, by a nearby Justice of the Peace.

Ronnie and Grace had five stolen days and nights together, before Ronnie got his orders and shipped out. Grace was miserable in her loneliness, and in the necessity for keeping her marriage secret from her aunts when she longed to shout it to the world; but gradually she realized that the secret could not be kept much longer. She was going to have a baby. Panic-stricken, she made childish, impossible plans . . . she would get a job, take care of all the details herself . . . no one should ever know, until Ronnie came back. But even while she frantically planned, she knew she could never do it. She was only sixteen—she needed help, adult help. Afraid to turn to her own family, she fell back on her last hope. Ronnie's parents—surely he must have written them something about her. Surely they would at least know her name as a friend of their son's, and then she could go to them and tell them she was in reality their daughter-in-law. Timidly, she placed a long distance phone call to Ronnie's home, timidly gave her name to Ronnie's mother. Mrs. Sears was apologetic. "I'm so sorry," she said, "but there are so many of Ronnie's friends whose names I never know. . . ." Quietly, Grace replaced the receiver.

SOMEONE tapped sharply against the door of the phone booth. I looked up. The face of a truckman, large and impatient, peered through the glass panel. "I got a call to make, too, girlie—"

I rose stiffly, pushed open the door, said something apologetic to the truckman. How long had I sat there, I wondered, unable to move, unable to think, just wishing that I could find a dark hole and crawl into it and never, never have to face the world again.

I walked out of the shop, started blindly down the street toward the shore. I moved without purpose, aware only that I must get away from the town, away from the lighted windows and the people behind them, people



I looked at Ronnie teasingly, and said, "Aunt Fran says we're too young to know what real love is."

who had no dreadful secrets that cut them off from the world, people whose lives were straight and clear and open. I crossed the highway, went down the concrete steps of the breakwater, and then there was sand under my feet, and a stiff, stinging wind from the sea. I pressed into it, worked down toward the water's edge, as if I would find sympathy in the lonely roll of the waves . . . and because Ronnie was out there somewhere, on the dark and restless water.

He'd never said that he loved me. . . . I didn't want to think about that. It didn't matter surely, when his every letter said how much he missed me and longed to be with me, when I had so many endearments, so many little tendernesses to remember. But still, he hadn't mentioned me to his parents . . . and he had not, I knew, except perhaps casually. And I knew that if I'd had parents to write to, my letters would have been full of Ronnie. Why, I'd even told Uncle William and Aunt Martha many things about him. . . .

I came to the rocks at the point, and I climbed them in reckless haste, not caring that I slipped sometimes, not caring that the rough surfaces bruised my hands and my knees, finding in the physical pain some release for the hopelessness and misery stored within me. Half-way up, on the flat, windworn ledge where Ronnie and I had often sat, I rested and looked back toward Sandy Cove. The houses looked like toy houses at this distance; I could pick out the tall dark shape of Aunt Fran's house and a few doors down the lighted windows of Miss Bailey's, where Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily were having dinner, waiting for me to join them to make a fourth at bridge. What would happen, I wondered, if I should walk into Miss Bailey's and tell my aunts that I hadn't had dinner with one of the girls, that I'd been trying to call Ronnie's mother because Ronnie and I had been married in June and I was going to have a child? Would it be so much harder, after all, than the time I'd confessed to breaking Aunt Fran's prized heirloom vase when I was a little girl? I still didn't see that Ronnie and I had committed a crime, even though Aunt Fran had said that a boy ought to go to the reformatory for marrying a sixteen-year-old girl. I stared at Miss Bailey's windows, knowing that I wasn't going to walk into her house and tell my aunts anything about Ronnie and me, knowing that somehow we'd done something terribly wrong, even if I didn't understand what was wrong with marrying the person you loved.

I huddled back against the sheltering rocks, brushed my cheek against the gritty surface, tried to recall what it had been like, being there with Ronnie, trying to conjure his presence at my side. And nothing happened. I couldn't feel his arms around me, couldn't hear the way his voice dipped when he spoke my name. Couldn't see his smile, his (*Continued on page* 80)



The way love finds you

Had the summer been wasted—the summer that had brought Grace such warm enchantment, such frightening pain? Or had it been, instead, merely a prelude to other summers . .



Valley

The battle that begins with

By LT. RALPH J. ANSLOW, U.S.A

LAST Tuesday I received more letters than all the other patients on Ward Six combined. They weren't ordinary letters.

"This is a big world," one said, "so I know I'll never have the honor of meeting you; but I want to thank you for what you have done to keep America safe. Your courage and faith is something I shall never forget, nor shall I forget what you've done." . . .

"I was a former teacher of French," another said, "before I was stricken with my illness, which has made me a shut-in for five years. (It is a condition similar to Lou Gehrig's.) I had about given up everything, but after last night I have new ambition and courage—and my French books are out this morning." . . .

"Was much interested for the fact that you came from New Castle, N. B. I was in that territory from 1889 to 1893. I worked as night operator at Beaver Brook and fished in that brook three hundred feet east of the station where Lord Beaverbrook used to fish when he was a boy. Wonder if you ever knew a fellow by the name of J. Gordon Edgar who was secretary to J. B. Snowball in Chatham. He had a sister Belle who married a clergyman. Was much interested in your case. Sincerely hope you get fixed up and make the grade for a life work." . . .

"Our two sons, Bob, twelve, and Dick, nine, were most thrilled at your story." . . .

"Que Dios le ayude a elevar a cabo todo lo que desea, y mucho mas!" . . .

Personal letters, all of them. Yet I have never seen the people who wrote them, and until the day before, they had never heard of me. I was a nameless soldier in a military hospital. They were the nameless public that tuned in its twenty million radios at eight o'clock on a Monday evening, to a program called Vox Pop.

I like radio programs where people are called in and interviewed before

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Forge—1945

A wounded soldier's return home can be more bitter than any other fighting he has faced . . .

the microphone. They have a human-interest flavor that you don't get from the big-name shows. I used to wonder how they picked the people they interviewed. They'd never picked me—I knew that, and I'd traveled around a lot. Perhaps they took someone from the audience, or a name out of the telephone directory. It could be anyone, you could tell from the voice. It just never happened to be me.

Two days after Christmas—the second Christmas I've spent at Valley Forge General Hospital—a Gray Lady came into my room with a long sheet of paper in her hand.

"Lieutenant," she said, "here's a chance for a late Christmas present."

"*For* me," I said, "or *from* me? That looks like a tax-blank."

"It isn't," she said. "The Vox Pop radio program sent us these. They're going to broadcast from the Red Cross auditorium here on New Year's night, and they want to select five people from the hospital to appear on the program. Why don't you fill it in? You might be one of the lucky ones."

"It's a big hospital," I said. "Lots of men around here have an interesting story to tell—better than mine."

"You've got as good a chance as any," she said. "Anyway, you've got nothing to lose. Why don't you give it a try?"

She been a good friend of mine, this



"I had about given up, but after your broadcast I have new courage."

"I agree with you; the handicapped do not want or need pity."



"Your courage and faith, and what you've done, I shall never forget."

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"All right," I agreed. "What do they want to know?"

She helped me fill out the questionnaire. She helped me because I've lost one of my eyes and have only hazy vision in the other. My name: Ralph J. Anslow. . . Birthplace: Newcastle, New Brunswick, Canada, but an American citizen since 1937. . . . Years in military service: Ten . . . The long list of questions was no different from any standard questionnaire, with the exception of one curved-ball question: "What is the most outstanding experience you've ever had?" I didn't know whether this applied to business achievement or narrow escape or what. You could take it any way.

My mind went back to a certain day many years ago. I was working on a log-drive on a stream called Grog Brook, which runs into the Upsalquitch, in New Brunswick. A very bad jam had formed where this wild stream makes an almost right-angle turn after it piles up in a boiling mass against the foot of a cliff. This jam was tangled up like a keg of nails. As we worked down on the face of it, dogging the logs out one by one with our peaveys, the water which swirled away below us was feather-white.

About three hundred yards below us on the river a great granite boulder was bared by the receding current, so that logs started to pile up on the head of rock, (*Continued on page* 69)



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"I agree with you; the handicapped do not want or need pity."



This is not just a song. This is a plea for the thousands of nurses the Army so desperately needs. This is a challenge—is there any way in which you can help to speed the final victory?



On more than eight hundred local stations, Cpl. Leon Gray's baritone heralds the Recruiting Publicity Bureau's show, The Voice of The Army.
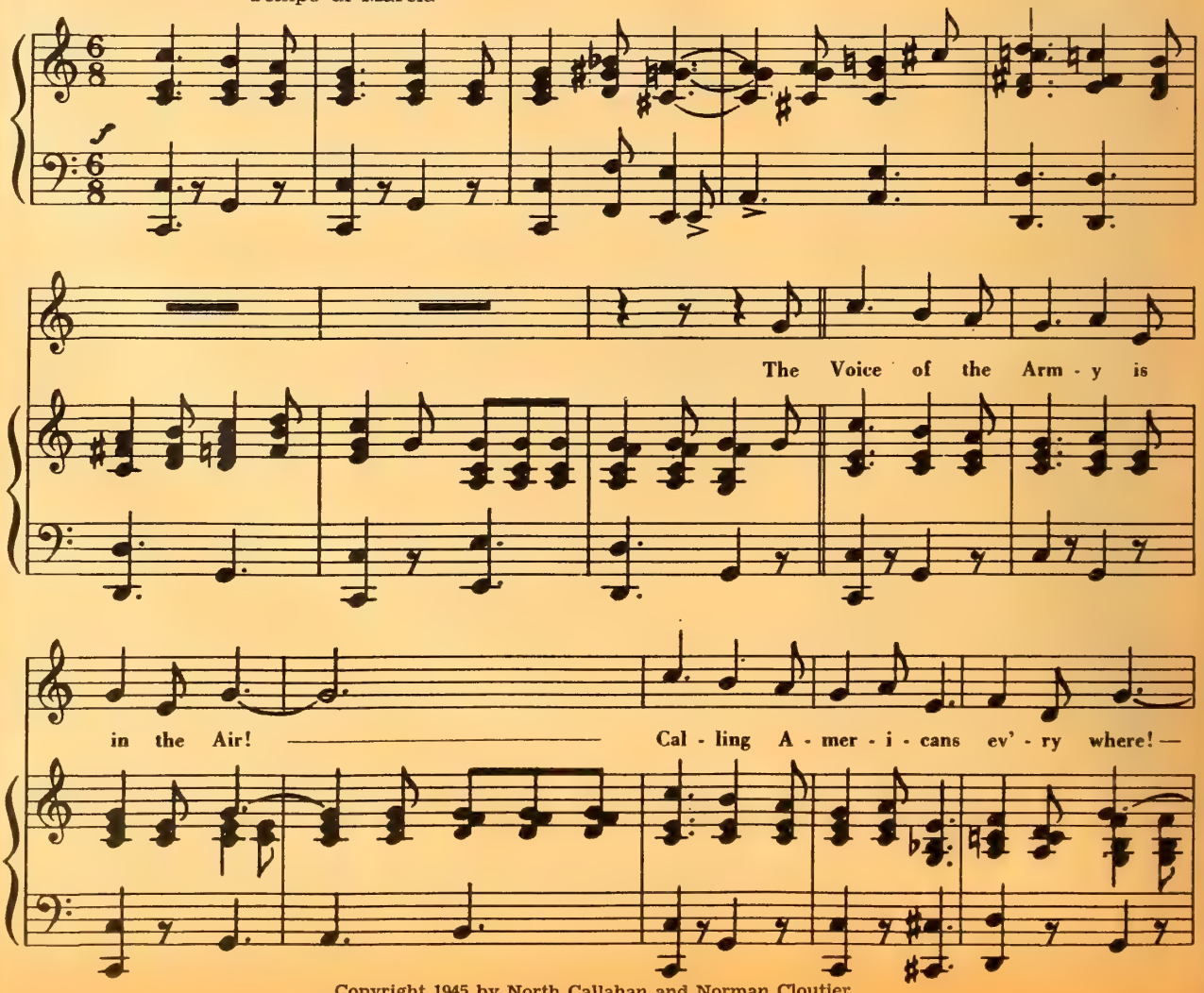
THE VOICE OF THE ARMY

The Official Song of the U. S. Army Recruiting Service

Lyric by
NORTH CALLAHAN

Music by
NORMAN CLOUTIER

Tempo di Marcia



Copyright 1945 by North Callahan and Norman Cloutier

May - be you're just the one we are look - ing for! —— to vol - un -

teer and help win the war! —— While our brave sol - diers

fight through - out the un - i - verse! —— Won't you serve as a U. S. Ar - my

Nurse? The Voice of the Ar - my is cal - ling you! —

—— to get in step with the march to Vic - to - ry! ——





Vegetable Variety

Vegetables double as main dishes in these days of rationing, when you employ a trick or two—like these curry biscuits for shortcake.

ONE of the nicest things about summer is the added zest with which we eat. It is easy to tempt the appetite when Victory Gardens and markets are filled with brilliantly colored vegetables, offering color and appeal. But appeal depends on variety of preparation as well as on variety of ingredients for even a popular food grows tiresome if served always in the same ways, and so this month I have collected from my vegetable files some of my favorite recipes. Try them while fresh produce is abundant, and earmark the ones that prove most popular with your family, to make next winter with your home-canned vegetables or with the quick-frozen variety.

Vegetable Curry Shortcake

4 tbls. butter or other fat
3 tbls. flour
1 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
2½ cups milk
½ tsp. grated onion
1 egg yolk
2 tbls. diced green pepper
2 tbls. pimiento, cut in 1-inch strips
2½ cups cooked mixed vegetables
1 tbl. butter
Curry biscuits

Make thick white sauce of butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk, using double boiler. Add onion. Add beaten egg yolk to a small quantity of sauce and blend, then pour gradually into remaining sauce and cook 5 minutes more. Drop green pepper into boiling water and let stand 10 minutes. Add to sauce with pimiento and mixed vegetables and remaining 1 tbl. butter. Serve shortcake style on Curry Biscuits. Green beans, lima beans, carrots, corn, peas and mushrooms in any desired combination may be used. Serve with an additional cooked vegetable if desired—peas, for example, if peas have not been included in the cooked vegetable combination.

Curry Biscuits

2 cups cake flour
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
¾ tsp. curry powder
½ tsp. salt
5 tbls. shortening
½ cup milk

Sift flour before measuring. Add baking powder, curry powder and salt and sift together. Cut in shortening. Add milk and stir to form soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll out ½ inch thick and cut with floured 2-inch biscuit cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in 450 degree oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Vegetable Casserole

2 cups sliced green beans
1 cup thin-sliced onion rings
2 cups thin-sliced raw potatoes
1 can condensed mushroom soup
1 tbl. butter or other fat
1 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

Place beans in buttered casserole, cover with onion rings, then with potatoes. Spread soup over top. Dot with butter and add salt and pepper. Bake, covered, in 400 degree oven 50 minutes. Stir thoroughly, cover again and bake until vegetables are tender, about 20 minutes longer. Uncover and continue cooking until brown. Corn, lima or wax beans, peas or carrots may be used in place of green beans. If quick-frozen vegetables are used, do not thaw before placing in casserole; cooking heat will defrost.



Favorite Vegetable Stew

1 eggplant
4 onions
2 green peppers
6 stalks celery
1 garlic clove
4 tomatoes
6 tbls. olive or salad oil
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper

Peel eggplant and cut into 1½-inch cubes, cut onions into eighths and pepper and celery into 2-inch strips. Place in heavy stew pan with garlic; pour in oil and toss as you toss salad until vegetables are well covered with oil.

Cover and cook over low heat until vegetables are almost tender, about 45 minutes. Add tomatoes, cut into quarters, salt and pepper and continue cooking until tomatoes are cooked through.



BY KATE SMITH

RADIO ROMANCES FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon on CBS. She is vacationing from her Sunday night show.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	Four Clubmen
		8:30	Blue:	Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45	CBS:	Bennett Sisters
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Concert Orchestra
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	George Hicks from Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow (from London)
		1:15	NBC:	America United
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
10:15	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Ford Show
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00		2:00	CBS:	Stradivari Orchestra
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	Blue:	National Vespers
11:55		2:55	CBS:	Olin Downs
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic
		3:00	Blue:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
		3:00	NBC:	WEAF World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
		3:30	MBS:	You Were Meant to Be a Star
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Your America
		4:30	Blue:	Andrews Sisters Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Nelson Eddy
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
		4:30	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Mary Small Revue
		5:00	MBS:	Let's Face the Issue
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		5:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera Presents
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Silver Theatre
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
8:00		6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		6:30	MBS:	Upton Close
		6:45	MBS:	Dick Brown
		7:00	MBS:	Opinion Requested
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Wayne King Orchestra
4:15	5:15	7:15	Blue:	Don Gardiner, News
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Frances Langford, Spike Jones
8:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:15	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson, News
		8:30	Blue:	Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Eddie Bracken Story
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Steel Horizons
7:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theatre, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Cedric Foster
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:30	9:45	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	The Life of Riley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Earl Wilson Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Comedy Theatre, Harold Lloyd
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	What's the Good Word
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Searchinger
		10:15	MBS:	This is Helen Hayes
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



DRUMMER TO CROONER . . .

Now that Andy Russell has been signed by Paramount, maybe it's time to give out with a little information about the singing star of the Andy Russell Show, which is presented by the Blue Network Saturday nights at 10 (EWT).

Andy wasn't always a singer. He started out in life on the tough east side of Los Angeles, twenty-four years ago. And it was tough going, too. Not only did he have to contend with the neighborhood kids to keep his place—he was one of eleven children and frequently had to put up a fight for his rights.

When Andy was sixteen, the show business bug hit him. He ran away from school to join Gus Arnheim's band as a drummer and singer. He stayed with the band for four years. While singing and playing with local bands in and around Los Angeles, Andy got lots of offers from leading bands. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Charlie Spivak and Tommy Dorsey all put in bids for his talents, but all of them, except Tommy Dorsey who was satisfied with having Frank Sinatra as his vocalist, wanted Andy to double on vocals and drums and Andy didn't accept any of the offers.

He finally left Arnheim to go with Sonny Dunham and, after a stay with that band, shifted to Alvino Rey's orchestra. That was when Paul Whiteman heard him sing and offered him a job as a staff singer for the Blue Network. That was for Andy.

Not long after he joined the Blue's Hollywood staff, Andy recorded a Mexican song, which made record sales history. It was "Besame Mucho." He followed that success with recordings of "Amor" and "Magic Is the Moonlight," and those two hit the top.

When Bob Crosby went into the Marines, Andy was selected to co-star with Les Tremayne on the Crosby air series. He went to New York that summer and broke attendance records in New York's theatres and night clubs. That was when the Russell fan clubs began sprouting up all over the country. The girls call themselves, appropriately enough, "Russell Sprouts."

On Andy's return to Hollywood, the movies began to sit up and take notice. Followed some screen tests—and a nice contract.

He should do all right in pictures. Andy's of Spanish and Mexican ancestry. That's where he gets that handsome, olive skinned, dark haired, brown eyed and very romantic look. What his ideas concerning romance are, he's not telling. He doesn't drink or smoke—and—he thinks night clubbing is a waste. He refuses to take night club engagements, because he doesn't like the late hours and the smoke and noise.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
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	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed & Polly East
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Lisa Sergio
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment With Life
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
		4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	"I'll Buy That"
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
		6:00	NBC:	Hoagy Carmichael
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Tim Healy
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone From Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Sherlock Holmes
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Happy Island—Ed Wynn
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller R
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Guy Lombardo R
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Leave It To Mike
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Cameron Andrews Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Army Air Forces Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	The Woman's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		3:45	Blue:	"Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
	3:40	4:45	CBS:	The Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:40	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:35	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	News
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:30	Blue:	The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Everything for the Boys
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:30	Blue:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theatre of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gracie Fields Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	The Doctor Fights
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Victor Borge
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John S. Hughes
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Listen, the Women
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Man Called X
10:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Service to the Front
	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
		10:30	MBS:	Wings for Tomorrow
7:30			NBC:	Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
		11:15	CBS:	Joan Brooks



BETSY ROSS GIRL . . .

She's just getting to the age when it becomes important for a girl to start doing everything she can to be glamorous. Marion Loveridge, NBC's Betsy Ross Girl, heard Sundays at 11:45 A.M. (EWT), is just past sixteen, lovely with brown hair and brown eyes and the complexion that no amount of artifice can ever duplicate. Not long ago, Marion was "done up" by experts in the arts of make-up and clothes and she turned out very glamorous, indeed. But it wasn't long before she was back to her natural self again. It was more comfortable that way.

Marion was born in Brooklyn, New York, on New Year's Eve in 1929. One afternoon, when Marion was four years old, a stranger knocked at Mrs. Loveridge's door in Brooklyn and asked whether any of that lady's children needed vocal lessons. Mrs. Loveridge said no.

"What about her?" asked the man, pointing at Marion.

"Oh, she can't sing," Mrs. Loveridge said.

"How do you know?" the man asked.

Much to Mrs. Loveridge's amazement, in a few minutes the stranger had Marion singing for him. She sang all the popular songs that she'd learned from hearing them on the radio. That takes a really musical ear—at the age of four, or any other age, for that matter.

A week later, the stranger was presenting Marion on a Brooklyn radio station. Marion sang "I've Got You In The Palm of My Hand" and she was launched on her career. Since then, she's sung almost steadily, having appeared over a long list of stations, local and network. The name of the man who started Marion on her career was Mr. Lord. The Loveridges never found out his first name, because they never saw him again, after that first time.

Marion is now a senior at Bay Ridge High School, where she majors in music. Besides her own Sunday morning programs, she sings on the Children's Hour Saturdays. She is also a tap dancer and dramatic actress and has appeared in numerous Warner Brothers' shorts, television broadcasts and amateur plays. In spite of all this, she doesn't consider her present work anything more than preparation for the future.

Marion is a healthy minded charming girl whose private life isn't very different from that of any normal girl of her age. She has a very close "gang," with whom she roller skates and goes bowling. She likes to read, especially romantic novels like "Jane Eyre." On the other hand she also loves Errol Flynn and Lana Turner pictures. She goes for dime store jewelry in a big way and can get very excited—like how many thousands of other girls?—over the Bing Crosby-Frank Sinatra controversy.

Like all normal Brooklynites, Marion is a Dodger fan. She collects scrapbooks of movie stars, but her most cherished posession at the moment is an autographed ball from the Brooklyn (Dem Bums) Dodgers.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Wood
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Three Pianos
		2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	The Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
3:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mystery
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil Songs
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:35	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
		7:00	Blue:	On Stage Everybody
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Saint
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone, from Overseas
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	David Harding—Counterspy
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Billie Burke
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Keep Up With the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Nora Martin, Leonard Sues
6:30	8:30	8:30	CBS:	Name It, Claim It
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
		9:30	MBS:	Brownstone Theatre
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Phil Harris & Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Hire's Program
		10:00	MBS:	Human Adventure
7:30			CBS:	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Colonel
		10:30	Blue:	Scramby-Amby Quiz
		10:30	MBS:	Between Us Girls
	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Casey, Press Photographer
		1:30	NBC:	Words at War

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:40	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:40	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:10	NBC:	Woman In White
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
2:10	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:45	Blue:	Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Sheriff
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Adventures of Topper
		8:30	MBS:	Agatha Christie's Poirot
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Fred Waring Show
		10:00	MBS:	Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Swing's The Thing
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	John Daly, News



HE COVERS THE FIELD . . .

When anyone around radio mentions an expert consultant of the War Department, a member of the Writers' War Board Radio Committee and president of the Radio Directors' Guild, they're not talking about three men. They're talking about one Jerry Devine.

Jerry Devine is one of the most versatile and outstanding writer-directors in radio today. His newest stint is writing and directing the This Is Your FBI shows that come to you on Fridays at 8:30 P.M. (EWT) over the Blue Network.

Thirty-seven-year-old Devine was born in Boston. His father was a well-known character actor. Naturally, at an early age Jerry was brought to New York to live, because that was the Mecca of all show people. Probably Jerry's father's appearances in plays like "What Price Glory?", "The Bad Man," "The Jest"—in many of the famous hits of that era, had a great deal to do with Jerry's choice of a career.

At twelve Jerry was enrolled in the Professional Children's School and, like most of the youngsters who attended (and it still goes) that school, it wasn't long before Jerry was acting as a professional. He was only twelve when he played an important part in "Over The Hill," which was made by Fox in their New York studios.

For the next six or seven years, Jerry was busy in the movies, appearing with John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes" and with Will Rogers in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," to name a couple of the ones he remembers best. All in all, in his career as a screen actor, he appeared in some fifty pictures. That kept him pretty busy and left little time for the legitimate theatre, although he did play in a few Broadway shows. Once, he even sold a play, but it never was produced.

It wasn't until 1937, however, that Devine took the step that was to prove a turning point in his career. He had done some radio acting by then. More as a lark than anything else, he decided to try his hand at radio writing. It turned out so well that he won the assignment of writing the summer replacement for the Jack Benny show in 1937. This was followed by writing sketches for the guest stars on Kate Smith's program. Out of this grew a yen to do some comedy writing, and for three years Jerry wrote the Tommy Riggs show.

Along about 1941, Jerry decided it was time to branch out a little. As long as he was writing the lines, he might as well see they got a break on the radio by telling the actors how to speak them and the sound men how to dress them with backgrounds. He won himself the assignment to write and direct Mr. District Attorney and had a great hand in building that program to its present success. Now, he's got the This Is Your FBI show, in addition, and his particular flair is bringing these real cases from the files of the FBI alive for listeners.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:15	9:15	NBC:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
9:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	2:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Friday on Broadway—Frank Parker
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Stars of the Future
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cecil Brown
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Correction Please
	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of the Thin Man
		8:30	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:30	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Those Websters
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Dunninger
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore
		10:00	MBS:	Fights
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Harry James and Band
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:30	Blue:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	Blue:	United Nations News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		9:30	NBC:	Encores
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Archie Andrews
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	What's Cooking—Variety
		10:30	NBC:	Bern Klassen, Tenor
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC:	Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Land of the Lost
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:30	Blue:	Transatlantic Quiz—London New York
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Hookey Hall
		11:45	Blue:	Chatham Shopper
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Kay Armen, Songs
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
		1:00	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
		1:15	NBC:	Music as You Like It
		1:30	Blue:	Soldiers With Wings
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Baxters
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
		1:30	MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
1:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Mac Vane From London
		2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:00	NBC:	Musiciana
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Grantland Rice
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		3:00	NBC:	Symphony
12:00		3:00	CBS:	The Land is Bright
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:00	NBC:	Doctors Look Ahead
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Assignment Home
		4:30	NBC:	Music on Display
		4:30	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
		6:00	CBS:	We Deliver the Goods
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Concert Orchestra
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
2:00	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Viva America
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Hello, Sweetheart
		6:00	MBS:	Hall of Montezuma
3:15		6:00	NBC:	I Sustain the Wings
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
		6:30	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	The American Story
		7:00	MBS:	American Eagle in Britain
		7:15	Blue:	Leland Stowe
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
		7:30	NBC:	Robert Q. Lewis Show
		7:30	MBS:	Arthur Hale
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue:	Early American Dance Music
7:15	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
		8:00	NBC:	Variety Hall
		8:00	MBS:	Frank Singiser
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. In Peace and War
		8:30	MBS:	Symphony of America
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
		9:30	MBS:	Jean Goldkette's Orchestra
		9:30	MBS:	Calling All Detectives
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	Blue:	Coronet Quiz
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova Show
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
		10:15	CBS:	Al Pearce
R 7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
R		9:00	NBC:	Night Editor
11:05	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	11:30	Blue:	Hoosier Hop

Until Too Late

Continued from page 26

morning, Miss Warren. Nice morning."

He would remove his coat and hat, sit down at his desk, lean back and light a cigarette. "How're things with you, Adele?"

I would tell him, then, about the party Eric and I had given the night before, about mother's finishing the new drapes—anything, no matter how trivial, interested him. Then I would say, "What sort of weekend did you have?"

Sometimes he would answer, "Oh, so-so. Golf Saturday. Bridge Sunday night. Pretty good time." Sometimes it would be, "Awful. We've got house guests. Terrible people. Can't do anything to please them." He would laugh at the very impossibility of the suggestion when I would tell him to send his unwelcome guests home. "Can't," he would grumble. "They're friends of the family."

The family was Mrs. Anson. He rarely mentioned her to me, and when he did, it was always as "the family." When he meant his sons, he said "the boys." He spoke of them often, read me parts of their letters.

WE talked for ten or fifteen minutes every morning, and then we were Mr. Anson and Miss Warren for the rest of the day. At five o'clock Mr. Anson put on his coat and hat and went home to his big brick house on the Blue Bridge Drive. At five-fifteen I went home to Mother and Eric. Sometimes there was a boy waiting for me when I left the office, one of the Blue Bridge boys I'd known all my life. But lately there'd been no boys waiting for me, few boys at the parties we had. They were all away fighting. I wrote to them, but I didn't especially miss them. I'd never given a serious thought to any one of them.

And then I met Tim.

We knew from the first that we loved each other, and it all happened as casually, as unexpectedly as the walk down the block that started it. I'd set out, that June evening, to return a book I'd borrowed from Evelyn Ellis. I found her on her front porch, talking to a tall young man in the uniform of an Air Force lieutenant. "My cousin, Tim Ellis," Evelyn explained. "Tim, this is Adele Warren."

Then I was shaking hands with him, looking up into a dark bony face and a smile that made him almost handsome. "Looks as if the problem of my date is settled, Evelyn," he said. "That is, if Adele will go with me."

"Date?" I questioned.

Evelyn laughed. "Tim wants to go dancing, and I already have a date for tonight. I've been trying to get him to ask someone else."

"I didn't know anyone else I wanted to go with until I saw Adele," said Tim reasonably.

That was how it began. We drove to a pretty little inn outside of town, and on the way he told me about himself. He had been overseas for two years, he said, and he was home now on a month's furlough. He had just got in town this afternoon. "Thirty days," he said, "in which I've got nothing to do but kick up my heels and enjoy myself. I've been looking forward to it for a long time. You don't know how glad I was when you said you'd come with me tonight. I had my heart set on dancing my first night home."

From the moment we stepped out on the floor at the inn, I understood why he'd wanted to dance. He was a born dancer, sure and strong and effortless. After the first few steps he held me a little away from him and looked down at me and smiled—and it was as if a lamp had been lighted in my heart. I knew then that Tim was what I'd wanted all my life, that I never would want anyone but Tim. And Tim felt the same way about me. The sudden quick pressure of his arms as he drew me close was an acknowledgment. We danced three dances, and then he said, "Let's leave, shall we?" and I nodded. Getting acquainted with Tim had suddenly become more important than dancing, more important than anything else in the world.

We drove through a spring night that was pure enchantment—but no headier magic than that which had taken possession of our hearts. We talked about the schools we'd gone to, about Mother and Eric and my job, about the work Tim wanted to do when the war was over—and the most commonplace statement was enthralling because we were learning about each other. When Tim kissed me, I melted into his arms as gladly and naturally as if I'd been born for his kisses. "Adele," he whispered, "you know what's going to happen to us, don't you? You and I are going to be married—soon, before I go back."

The next morning when Mr. Anson and I had our daily chat, I didn't tell him about Tim except to say that I'd gone dancing with a soldier the night before. I'd always talked to Mr. Anson as confidentially as he talked to me, but the subject of Tim was too new and too close to my heart to bear discussion. And for once my work wasn't all-important to me. The day dragged interminably until mid-afternoon, when Tim telephoned.

"Guess where I've been," he greeted me.

"I couldn't possibly guess."

"At City Hall, arguing with the license clerk. Do you know that we have to wait five days to be married?"

I LAUGHED, giddy with happiness, and Tim said sternly, "It isn't funny. I've only got thirty days, and two of them are almost gone. Will I see you tonight at dinner, darling?"

I agreed hastily, conscious suddenly that Mr. Anson was waiting to finish dictating a letter, conscious that there was something attentive and watchful in the quality of his silence. But I didn't stop to think about it after I'd hung up the telephone. Not then, and not for the next few days was there room in my heart for anything but thoughts of Tim. He called me every afternoon, and we saw each other every night. He talked continually of our marriage, of the cottage he wanted for us, of the furniture we would buy, of how we could best make our home livable in the short time allotted us. He talked of practical things like that—and I listened as if in a dream.

And then, abruptly, I came face to face with reality. One morning I came into the office to find Mr. Anson there before me, unexpectedly early. "Good morning," he said. "You look especially happy today—happy enough to be in love."

I laughed and turned to hang my

Continued on page 56

Later! **HIS ORDERS RECEIVED**
Patricia Hicks Weds
Lt. William Michael Miller
Service Orders brought a quick change of wedding date for Patricia and Bill—as for so many engaged couples right now.

Major and M
of Stonybr
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of
daughter

Patricia
to
William Michael Miller
U.S.M.C.R.



COME AND HELP! Patricia puts in as much work on her college farm as studies allow. Victory Gardens are more important than ever this year, and farms need workers. Ask the Women's Land Army in your locality where you can help.



PATRICIA HICKS—red-gold hair, brown eyes, translucently clear complexion!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Ponds!

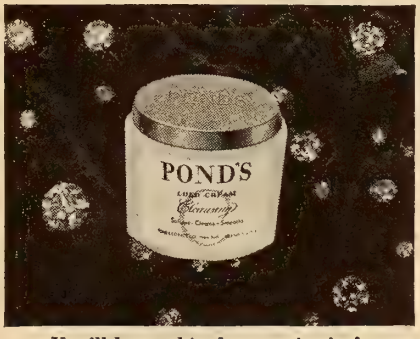
SHE IS VERY YOUNG and very lovely—another darling girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's look about her exquisitely cared-for skin.

"I'm ever so grateful to Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia confided to us. "It has such a nice way of giving my face the clean, fresh, smooth look I like it to have."

HOW PATRICIA USES POND'S . . .

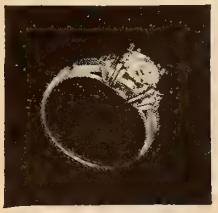
She slips Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat, patting gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

She rinses with *more* luscious Pond's, sending cream-tipped fingers quickly round and round her face. "This *double* creaming makes all the difference," Patricia says. "Leaves my skin feeling ever so much cleaner and softer."



You'll love a big, luxury-size jar!

Use Pond's like this—every night and morning, for clean-ups during the day, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll enjoy dipping the fingers of *both* hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.



HER RING—On Christmas Eve, Bill gave Patricia this beautiful ring—a round diamond in a square platinum setting.

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Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
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It's no secret that hair has greater charm and loveliness when it's bright and gay with sparkling color and highlights.



Colorinse rinses away the dull film that makes hair seem drab and mousy-looking. Then it ADDS—rich, warm color, dancing highlights and soft, lustrous sheen. Colorinse is not a permanent dye nor a bleach—it's easily removed with shampooing yet it won't rub or brush off.



Sparkling hair gives your whole face a lovely radiance. Start *today* to bring out the beauty that lies hidden in your own hair. Whatever its color, there's a shade of Colorinse to glorify it.

NOTE Ask your beautician for an Opalescent Creme Wave by Nestle—originators of permanent waving.

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Nestle HAIRLAC

Continued from page 54

hat and coat in the little closet in the corner. "I am in love," I answered without thinking and then I saw his face reflected in the mirror on the closet door.

He looked terrified.

The next instant he recovered himself. "Is it serious?" he asked, almost casually.

"I'm not sure that it is," I said slowly. "Tim is a soldier, home on furlough. He'll be gone in three weeks . . . and I have responsibilities."

"I see." He sounded doubtful, but he looked relieved—so enormously relieved that the fear within me became an incredible certainty. I'd always thought of Mr. Anson as a dear and understanding friend, perhaps the dearest friend I had, but it had never occurred to me that I meant more to him than he did to me, that I figured importantly in his plan of life—but there it was. The look I'd caught in the mirror had unmistakably been the look of a man who sees his dearest possession threatened.

Stunned and disbelieving, I sat down to the morning's correspondence, but I couldn't keep my mind on my work. There were the many times he had said, "Adele, I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't look forward to seeing you in the morning"—and the words had been spoken from the bottom of his heart. And once he had said, "You know, Adele, I'm beginning to believe that we're never really cheated of what we want most, no matter what mistakes we've made. I'm beginning to believe that if you have patience enough and faith enough, the things you want come to you." I remembered, too, a remark of Miss Porter's in one of the rare instances when she'd talked about Mr. Anson. "She," Miss Porter had said—and the "she" meant Mrs. Anson—"she used to threaten him with divorce every time she didn't get her own way. He always gave in, on the children's account. Believe me, now that the boys are grown up, he's just waiting for her to threaten him once more, and he'll take his freedom."

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And one morning—the morning of his forty-fifth birthday—Mr. Anson had said, "I'm forty-five today, Adele, but I'll be darned if I feel that old. Why, I feel young enough to propose to a girl like you. How would you feel about that—being married to a has-been like me?" He had been in a gay, bantering mood, and I'd laughed and had said sincerely that I would be very proud. "Would you, really?" he had said, and there'd been a world of wistfulness and longing in his tone.

It was a preposterous thought—that Mr. Anson had been hoping, even planning that his wife would one day divorce him and leave him free to marry me. I told myself that I was only conjecturing, and that I had no real reason to think it—but there are things that the heart knows so well that the mind need not confirm them. And I had known for a long time that Mr. Anson cared for me, but I had believed it to be a paternal affection. Now I realized that I'd believed it because I'd wanted to believe it.

And I was obligated to him, and perhaps in more than money. In practical terms I owed him more than I could ever hope to repay. There were his many gifts to my family, the train tickets, the due-bills—the hundreds of kindnesses that had amounted to hundreds and hundreds of dollars' worth of help over the course of years. They were freely given, with nothing asked in return, but—and this was the thought that frightened me—perhaps the very fact that I'd accepted his generosity, gladly and without question, had led Mr. Anson to believe that I cared for him.

That night when Tim talked of marriage, I listened soberly and with uncertainty in my heart. "We're going to get our cottage," he announced jubilantly. "The people are moving out in the morning, and we can see it tomorrow evening."

"Tim! You didn't do anything—You didn't sign a lease?"

"Of course not, because I want you to see it first. But I know you'll like it, and I can have the papers drawn up tomorrow—"

"No, Tim!"

"Why not?" He sobered, looked intently at me. "Aren't you sure about us, Adele? Don't you want to marry me?"

"More than anything else, ever. But—it's not as simple as all that. I've responsibilities, Tim. My family—" I couldn't tell him about Mr. Anson, not when I was still confused in my own mind.

"Honey dear—" he was holding me very close now, and his voice was very tender—"I've told you, I've thought of all that. You know I had a good job before I left—and it'll be waiting when I come back. I can take care of you and your family, too."

"But—"

"There aren't any buts."

And there weren't, not with his arms around me, with his lips moving with sweet insistence over my temples, my eyelids, seeking my mouth. Not with my own heart breaking at his dearness, his planning for me. But nothing—not his kisses, nor my own shaken response to them—would change my insisting that I must have time to think.

I didn't get any thinking done the next day. Mr. Anson came in late, looking as if he hadn't had much sleep, and for the first time I could remember we missed our morning talk in a rush of phone calls and business. But all morning I felt his eyes turning toward me, searchingly, anxiously, felt his

(*Continued on page 58*)

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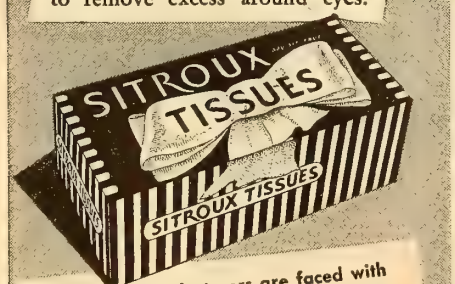
After cleansing face and neck, pat on foundation cream or lotion. Smooth in, using upward and outward strokes. (Don't forget back of neck.) Remove excess cream or lotion with absorbent Sitroux Tissue.



Apply cream rouge in three small dots, one inch below eye. Blend out and up, clear to hairline—going no lower than the tip of nose. Keep rouge one inch *away* from nose. If you apply too much, tone down with a Sitroux Tissue.



With cotton pad, firmly *press* powder on face and neck. Reverse pad—brush off with *downward* strokes. Saturate clean pad with mild astringent—*pat* entire face. When almost dry, apply second coat of powder, lightly—brush off. Use quarter of a Sitroux Tissue* to remove excess around eyes.



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SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

Continued from page 56

thoughts upon me. And in the afternoon when Tim called, Mr. Anson left the office hurriedly.

That evening Tim and I drove out to look at the cottage, a dream cottage with wide white siding and fresh green shutters. Tim didn't say anything as we walked through it. He let the place speak for itself, eloquently.

When we were leaving, Tim stopped. "What do you think?" he whispered.

"Oh, Tim—"

"Will you let me sign that lease?"

I started for the car. I was afraid of a misunderstanding, and I didn't want it to happen in that dream cottage. "You see, honey," Tim said. "Everything is perfect. Your family—"

I drew a deep breath. "It isn't my family I'm thinking about, Tim. It's Mr. Anson."

"Mr. Anson!" He drew back, bewildered.

I TOLD him the whole story, beginning with the day I'd applied for a job with Blaine and Anson. Perhaps I didn't tell it very well, because when I'd finished, Tim looked as bewildered as before. Bewildered and baffled and a little angry. "But I don't understand what he's got to do with us," he insisted. "You say that you've never seen him outside the office, and he's done all this for you with no strings attached—"

Desperately, I tried again. "It's just that I've accepted his help, Tim. I should have realized what it meant, but I didn't until yesterday, when I told him about you. Oh, Tim, don't you understand?"

"Of course I understand." But he spoke stiffly. "What I don't see is why you didn't tell me about this before."

"I didn't know before."

We rode home in silence—not the entranced silence that went with our being together, but an uncomfortable silence. Tim kissed me and held me close when he said goodby, but there was a difference between us. I could feel it. Long after he'd driven away, I stood in the front hall, composing myself to face Mother and Eric, fighting down the fear that filled me, hearing my own voice begging, "You'll call me tomorrow, Tim?" and his saying briefly, "I'll call you." Everything had changed.

Tim didn't call me the next day. Somehow, I'd known that he wouldn't, and my fear grew until it choked my voice, made my fingers shake so that I could hardly type. Every ring of the telephone sent my heart leaping with hope, and then crushed it with bitter disappointment. At five o'clock, when Mr. Anson got ready to leave, I was sick with despair. I didn't look at him until he paused in the doorway and said, "Goodnight, Adele," and then the sympathy in his voice, the concern in his face were too much. I put my head down on my arms and cried.

Quickly, he shut the door. "Adele—" Then he said nothing more until I'd cried myself out. "It's nothing," I tried to say. "I'm sorry—"

"I'm sure it's something," he said. "And you're going to tell me about it. But first we're going downstairs to Rilling's and have a good, hot meal."

I couldn't argue with him. He waited until I'd put cold water on my eyes and fresh make-up on my face and had called my mother to tell her I was having dinner at Rilling's restaurant.

Mr. Anson didn't ask any questions. And not until dessert had been cleared away, until our coffee was set before us, did he allow me to talk. Then, taking my hand, he said, "Now, tell me—"

And then, over his shoulder, I saw Tim.

He was standing just inside the door, searching the room with his eyes. As he saw me, his face lighted and he started forward; then he saw that I wasn't alone, and he stopped dead. I was sure, in that moment, that he was going to turn and walk out. I started up with a little half-strangled cry.

Mr. Anson released my hand and turned to look. Then Tim was coming toward me swiftly, purposefully, coming up to put his arm around me. There was protectiveness in the gesture, and a proud possession, it said to all the world that I was his. "I tried to call," he said, "but your phone was busy every time. Your mother told me I'd find you here."

I looked up at him, and what I saw in his face told me all that I needed to know, told me that everything was all right between us, would always be all right. And it gave me courage, too, to face Harold Anson, to say, "Mr. Anson, this is Tim Ellis—"

For an instant there was a look in his eyes that wrenched my heart. He looked old suddenly, and tired. Then he put out his hand and smiled. "I'm very happy to meet you, Tim," he said. "Suppose we go outside where we can talk."

OUTSIDE on the walk, in the flickering glow of the neon sign, Mr. Anson looked at me, and at Tim, and then he nodded, as if he were answering an unspoken question of his own. "I'm very happy to meet you, Tim," he said again. "I didn't think that I would be. There've been times in the last few days that I've wished that you never existed. But just seeing you and Adele together makes me realize that you've saved me from making a mistake—an even bigger mistake than one I made a long time ago. You see, I wanted to marry Adele."

He smiled down at me, took my hand. There was no pain in his eyes now, only affection and a kind of peace. "Adele knows about it," he went on, "—about that first mistake of mine. She knows that I cheated myself and cheated a girl who was as lovely as Adele is now out of all that young love means, out of a lifetime of happiness. Perhaps the two of you don't realize even now how much you have together. I do know, and I'm happy for you."

Tim swallowed. My eyes were smarting unbearably. "Mr. Anson—"

He leaned forward, kissed me lightly, full on the mouth. "Don't say anything, my dear; I'll be running along now. I just want you to know how grateful I am for your friendship and for your youth and loveliness—and because I've been able to do for you in a very small measure some of the things I would like to have done for another girl who was like you. You've made me feel a little bit square with life, Adele, a little bit square with myself I hope you'll continue to work for me for as long as you want—and I hope more than anything that the three of us will always be friends."

I didn't see Mr. Anson go. He shook hands with me and with Tim, but I didn't really see him leave us. It was several minutes before I could see anything at all, and then through the rain of tears there was Tim's face . . . and there would always be Tim.



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Rachel No. 2
*Rose Brunette

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Even Tan



Here is Home

Continued from page 40

the energy and a little help and advice. I felt myself being uplifted, borne on his own enthusiasm. He was outlining a truly heroic task, a task of such magnificent proportions that it seemed one man—even one with Dick's ability—would fail at it. Yet my breath came faster. Oh, it would be worth trying!

"They thought they'd robbed this country of all the wealth it had when they cut down the timber," he said. "It ain't so. It'd grow more timber, and good farm stuff, and fine healthy people, just give it a chance!" To emphasize his words, he thumped his hands hard on the steering wheel, and glared at me.

But I had no wish to do anything of the sort. The city seemed suddenly very far away, its niceties and refinements very trivial. And Dick's often-repeated determination not to be poor . . . it was something I had always accepted unthinkingly; naturally, no one wanted to be poor. But now I saw where it had led him—to turn his back on the people who needed him most, the people he *knew* needed him most. He'd taken the easy way, the selfish way—

I PULLED myself up sharply, horrified at the direction of my own thoughts. *I was criticizing Dick!* For the first time in our married life—for the first time since I'd known him—I was thinking that he was anything less than perfect. This was disloyalty, and I would not be disloyal. When Dr. Fennison stopped the car at the Terrells' I said coolly:

"Thank you for taking me along, Doctor. It was very interesting, and I can see your point of view. But after all, you must admit it would be asking a good deal of Dick to come back here when he's made such a good start."

It was like slapping a confiding child. The glow, the excitement, died out of his face, leaving it defeated. "Yes," he said. "I guess it would." He drove away, and when he came the next morning to see Mrs. Terrell he only nodded to me, without speaking.

But he set too high a price on his friendship, I said to myself. He wanted me to agree with him that Dick had done wrong; perhaps he even hoped that I would persuade Dick to come back here. That was ridiculous, of course. What was Dr. Fennison, what were all the people in this dreary section of the country, that Dick should throw away his career for their sakes?

And yet . . .

There was a strange uneasiness in me, these days—a restless dissatisfaction that nothing could dispel. The calm, cheerful resignation with which my mother-in-law accepted pain and approaching death, the sweet friendliness of Dick's father—these made me ashamed, somehow, of both Dick and myself.

I remembered—just when I least wanted to remember it—a conversation between Dick and my brother which I'd heard a few months after my marriage. They were laughing over Mrs. Hinch, who had been Roger's patient for a time, and now was Dick's. "You won't keep her long, of course," Roger said. "But she's a gold mine while she lasts. She collects doctors like other rich people collect old masters; it's her hobby."

"But isn't there anything wrong with her?" I asked, and Dick and Roger laughed again. "Not a thing," they said in unison, and Roger added, "But if anybody told her so she'd fly into a

rage. So she might as well have her fun, as long as she's willing to pay for it."

Remembering, I blushed. It might be that Dr. Fennison had been more nearly right than he knew in blaming me for the change in Dick that had kept him in the city. I hadn't influenced him—but my brother had. I knew that; I had always known it, but until now I had refused to admit it. Roger was the complete worldling, a materialist to the core of him. He measured his success as a doctor by his fees. Older than Dick, with more self-assurance, he had been Dick's teacher as well as his friend—and perhaps it would have been better if he had not taught Dick quite so thoroughly.

I did my best to put thoughts like this aside, but they crept into my head unasked, uninvited—as if there were something in the atmosphere that bred them. Lying awake in my little lean-to room at night, I tried to escape them by conjuring up the recollection of Dick himself—hearing the notes of his voice and laughter, seeing the play of expression on his face, even feeling his kisses, the touch of his hands. But it was no use, no use at all. He had never seemed so far away from me, not even in the days when he had first gone overseas.

On the tenth day after I had come, Dick's mother fell into a coma, and on the twelfth day she died.

I stayed for the funeral. It was held in Farr, and she was buried in the cemetery there, a flat, treeless rectangle of ground on the edge of town. I would have stayed longer, but Mr. Terrell himself insisted that I go. "It was mighty good of you to come," he said, "and Ma and I—we both thank you for it." Even after her death, he continued to speak of her as if she were still alive. "But now I have to figure out how to get along by myself," he added, "and I might's well start right in."

"But I hate to think of you living all alone!" I cried.

"I can do it," the old man said with quiet certainty.

Dr. Fennison—as taciturn, as stony, as he had been on the day I first met him—drove me to the station. At the last minute, with the train whistling for the stop, I tried to make our parting friendly.

"Goodby," I said. "I want to thank you for being so kind to the Terrells. I've written Dick about it—I know he'll appreciate it—"

"I didn't do it for him," he said sharply, "and you know it."

I FELT myself coloring hotly. "No matter *why* you did it," I said, "it was still kind of you. And—please don't think so badly of Dick."

He didn't answer that. He drove away, leaving me to get onto the train alone.

I came back to the city with a sense of release. Here, working at my familiar job, among familiar surroundings, I could reasonably expect to shake off the morbid depression—the sense of guilt, actually—I had felt at the Terrells'. I had a comfortable room in Rogers and Edith's home, I had friends, I *belonged*. Dick would be close.

But I didn't belong, and Dick was not close.

There were letters from him, waiting for me. "I didn't know when you'd be back," Edith explained, "so I didn't forward them to you." We both knew this wasn't strictly true; she hadn't forwarded them because, quite simply, it

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Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff. It leaves hair so much softer, silkier—easier to comb—just gleaming with *natural* sparkling beauty.

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Leaves hair with silken sheen that lasts for days

Kreml SHAMPOO

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had been too much trouble. I read them—Dick's small and illegible doctor's handwriting made smaller and more illegible on the V-mail—and still he was far away, not the Dick I had known and loved . . .

I dropped the letters into my lap. No, that wasn't true. Dick was the same. It was *I* who had changed. It was I who found my thoughts always returning to Dr. Fennison and his pitiful, gallant fight to bring health to people like the Thatchers. It was I who suddenly was asking myself the dreadful question, "What do I want from life?" A comfortable home, money in the bank, luxuries—and nothing else? Asking it—and finding no answer except the obvious one that of course I wanted these things—but I wanted something else, too, something like the integrity I had seen in Dr. Fennison, something like the soul-content I had seen in the Terrells.

"When I come back," Dick had said, "we'll pick up exactly where we left off." But suppose we couldn't? Suppose, with his kisses still warm on my lips, I discovered that we'd grown apart, so that we no longer thought alike, no longer had the same reason for living?

THAT couldn't—mustn't—happen. I would forget Farr and everyone in or around it, I would wipe the two weeks I had spent there from my memory—I would do anything that was necessary to keep any gulf from opening and widening between Dick and me.

But this was more easily resolved than done. That very night, at dinner, I found myself telling Roger and Edith about the Thatchers and the poverty in which they lived. It wasn't that I wanted to tell them; it was rather that I was compelled to, by some unseen monitor who ruled my tongue, and who put into my tone all the horror and pity I had felt when I saw the Thatchers themselves.

Roger chuckled. "Sounds very much as if you were developing a social conscience, Myra," he said. "Don't let it get you down, though. Remember what the Bible says—'The poor ye have always with ye.'"

"Whoever wrote that obviously didn't have *you* in mind, Roger," I retorted. "How long ago is it that you gave up your City Clinic work?"

"About four years," he said smoothly. "And I'd hazard a guess that if Dick hadn't gone into the Army he'd have dropped his work there too, by this time. The Clinic's fine, in some ways—gives a doctor valuable experience he couldn't get anywhere else. But the time comes when it can't teach him any more."

"It's lucky not every doctor in town thinks of the Clinic as just a good place to practice," I said. "But even if they did, poor city people would have *some* medical attention. Out around Farr, they haven't any."

"If they care—and I don't seriously believe they do—they ought to move to someplace where a doctor *is* available," Roger observed, lighting a cigar. "Myra, the truth is that some people are poor because they haven't the ability to be anything else. You can lavish all the pity you want to on them, but it doesn't change that fact. Myself, I prefer to make quite certain that I'm not one of the poor ones."

"Yes," I said, keeping my voice level with an effort. "I know that, Roger. I don't think I agree with you, though."

"Please!" Edith looked appealingly from one of us to the other. "Stop

quarreling, you two, for heaven's sake."

"We weren't—" I began, and stopped. Because it had been very close to a quarrel—as close to one as I had ever come with Roger, of whose judgment I had always stood a good deal in awe. Strangely, I didn't feel in the least awed by it now, or by him either. He seemed merely self-satisfied and insensitive—and rather old-fashioned. It was hard to talk to him without, very soon, finding some new proof that he cared about nothing in the world, really, except his own comfort.

There was no reason why this should bother me. Roger's attitudes, his ideas, were his affair, not mine. Only—and a kind of dread like the formless fear of a nightmare struck at the core of my heart—Roger's ideas were Dick's too; I had heard Dick express them, and Dick's life was patterned upon them.

I tried to escape from this fear by plunging into work. I had a good job—a very good job, I had always thought; I was style consultant and assistant buyer for one of the city's best dress shops. But now the details of my work, the preoccupation with fabric and cut and drape, seemed trivial and worse than trivial, almost shameful. I would think, "This isn't real! Two adults racking their brains in all seriousness over the question of how many women will want clothes of a certain shade of blue next spring—no, I can't believe it. Such things don't *matter!*"

I WAS lost. Within the space of a few weeks everything secure in my life—my love for Dick, my work, my relation to Roger—had become insecure. One night, after hours of wakefulness, I fell into an uneasy sleep in which I dreamed that Dick came home suddenly. He burst into the house, calling "Myra! Myra!" and I ran to him, my arms outstretched. But he didn't see me. He looked through me and past me, and he went into every room of the house, still calling my name in a voice that was each instant more lonely, more anguished—until I woke to the sound of my own sobbing, and to Edith bending over me crying, "Myra! What in the world's the matter?"

I couldn't tell her. She would never have understood.

In the morning I looked at myself in the mirror. My eyes were dull from lack of sleep, my skin had a yellow, pasty color, and my lips were tortured. "This can't go on," I whispered to the reflected image. "It can't . . . You're a coward, Myra Terrell. You're turning into a silly, neurotic female, making yourself miserable with imagined disasters. *You must stop it.* Now, wash your face and put on a lot of make-up and a pretty dress and go downtown."

Still I didn't move. Of all things in the world, the one I wanted to do least was go through another day of working in the dress shop. With diamond-sharp clarity, I knew what I *did* want to do: I wanted to give up my job and study nursing, so that when Dick came back we could go together to Farr, do together the work that he should never have abandoned.

I tried to obey my own instructions. Listlessly, I dressed and went downstairs to join Roger and Edith at breakfast. Passing the hall table I caught sight of an envelope lying there, addressed to me in Dick's handwriting—not a V-mail this time, but one sent by air. Once I would have snatched it up eagerly, but now I touched it with timid, fearful fingers, dreading to open it and experience again that sense of being separated from him.

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Roger glanced at me keenly as I came into the dining room, still carrying the unopened letter. "That must have been a bad dream you had last night," he observed. "And you don't look too good this morning. Better let me give you a check-up, Myra."

I shook my head. "I'm all right."

"There's a letter from Dick—oh, you have it," Edith said. "What does he say?"

Mechanically, I ripped open the envelope, began to read the close-written sheets of paper while I sipped my coffee But in a moment I set the coffee cup down.

For as I read, Dick was with me again.

"The letters you wrote from Farr all arrived together today. I knew you were there, of course, from the cable you sent when Ma died, but it gave me a funny feeling to read the letters and know you'd written them from my parents' house. Not the kind of feeling I'd have expected, though.

"You must have wondered, sometimes, why I never took you to Farr for a visit. A man usually *does* take his bride home to meet his parents. But I never could bring myself to suggest it. Farr was something I'd escaped from, and I had even managed to persuade myself, in a crazy sort of way, that it didn't exist. If I showed it to you, then it would be real again—I couldn't go on denying its reality. So I never would have taken you there.

BUT I'm glad you did go there, glad you saw it. You see, I've stopped wanting to pretend there is no Farr—it's not the nicest place in the world, but it's a hundred times better than some I've seen since I got into this man's Army. In fact, right now Farr would look like Heaven to me, if you were there . . ."

I folded the letter and put it away in its envelope, and raised my head to see Roger and Edith staring at me in amazement. "For heaven's sake," Edith cried, "tell us! Is he coming home? He must be, you look so happy!"

I laughed. "No—he won't be home, not just yet. But I *am* happy. It—it was a particularly good letter."

That was all I could say—I couldn't tell them that across the miles Dick had sent me the certainty I had needed, had reminded me unwittingly of something I had never considered. He too was changing, growing, during this separation of ours, he too was finding wisdom and maturity he hadn't had when he left. "Don't change," he had warned me, but it was against the laws of nature not to change. And if, through some miracle, our growth could be parallel, simultaneous—oh, then we were married indeed!

Standing up, smiling, I said, "By the way, people—I've just decided. I'm going to give up my job today and study nursing."

Roger's cup clattered sharply against its saucer. "You're—Myra, have you gone crazy?"

"No," I said. "I'm saner than I've been for a long time. I'm going to study nursing, so that when Dick comes back we can work together—in Farr."

For a moment, while Roger's face grew red, he couldn't speak. "You *are* crazy!" he said at last. "Dick will never go back to Farr."

"He might," I said. I took a deep breath, feeling weariness and doubt and unhappiness fall away from me. "He might," I repeated. "And if he does, I want to be ready."

INTRODUCING KAY ARMEN

MANY years ago, in a small inland American community, a doting congregation would send a special donkey each Sunday morning to carry its favorite boy soloist to church. That beloved boy singer was the father of Kay Armen.

Today, Kay has her doting public, too, but they don't have to do more than turn the dials on their radio sets to the Kay Armen program of songs on the Blue Network every weekday from 10:30 to 10:45 A. M., EWT. Kay doesn't even ride to the studio on a donkey. She takes the subway.

Paul Whiteman can credit himself with having made another discovery in Kay Armen. She was born in Chicago, where she went to public school and had some idea of becoming a school teacher. She did study the violin for about three months, but then gave it up, because, as she says, "It was bad."

Kay got her first break in show business when she won first prize in an amateur contest run by Ed Sullivan in Chicago's Palace Theatre. That gave her a new direction, and school teaching went by the boards.

She sang for about six months on small Chicago radio stations, building a repertory and developing poise and experience. Then she got a featured singing spot on a coast-to-coast hookup from a Nashville, Tennessee, station. During this same period, Kay made a number of recordings, one of which, "How Sweet You Are," has sold more than a million and a half records.

LAST year, Paul Whiteman heard her sing and signed her as a staff singer for the Blue Network, for which he is director of music now. Since then, she has appeared on Whiteman's own program, Hall of Fame, and on the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street and Broadway Matinee. Now, in addition to her own morning program, she appears as the singing star on the Friday night show. Variations by Van Cleave.

Kay's rich contralto voice is what is known among musicians as a "natural." She has never had a singing lesson in her life, yet all voice coaches who have listened to her say she has a perfect ear, good breath control and beautiful phrasing. She sings a song the way she "feels" it, whether it be the blues, a ballad, a hot number or jive. And every day, on her own program, she sings a hymn, dedicated to the small Armenian boy for whom the doting congregation sent the donkey every Sunday—her father.

Armen is not Kay's real name. That too, is by way of dedication, if not to her father, then to the land from which he came to this country of freedom and opportunity. Kay's family name was one of those long Armenian names, which was simplified when the family settled down here to Manogoff. Sports fans will recognize that name. Kay's father and her brother have both figured in wrestling rings throughout the country.





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In the Heart's Keeping

Continued from page 30

though you didn't trust me. As though Gary and I were doing something wrong!"

"That's all part of it. I've watched him bring you home before. I've seen how good-looking he is and—well, I guess you get sort of morbid when you have to be alone as much as I have. I started getting a little jealous of him. Then, tonight, when I saw the way you were laughing together—and you never laugh any more with me, honey—and the way he put the coat around you and had his arm around you, I—I just sort of went crazy there for a minute. That's what made me say those things. I don't really think them, Marjorie. Now do you understand?"

But the hurt had gone too deep for that, coming on top of everything else. I could feel only that, not the things he was saying. "I just understand that you don't trust me and I'll never be able to face Gary Gray again on account of the way you've acted!"

"Well," Bob said finally, "if that's the way you want to feel about it, I can't help it. I've done all I can. And all I'm going to." And he went out and closed the door.

AFTER that, we were further apart than ever. Each seemed shut up completely in himself. There was no joy, no hope, in anything for me any more. Every day was like the one before it. Gary Gray never mentioned what had happened, but I carried the embarrassment of that scene with me every day when I went to work and I couldn't feel natural with him any more. And each night when I went home, it was like going home to a burden.

Bob started getting better. He was strong enough now to get dressed during the day and go out for short walks. Things like that. I had once thought that the day he was strong enough to do that would be the happiest day of my life, and I'd planned how we would celebrate. Now, although I was glad, of course, it was just like being glad that somebody you don't know very well is getting better. It didn't really *mean* anything, because what we should have shared in it didn't seem to be there any more.

And at night, when we got ready for bed, when there should have been the warmest and loveliest intimacy of all, there was nothing. Bob had wounded me deeply in that moment when his trust in me had failed. None of his explanations or apologies could change that. I felt I'd made enough excuses for him. He'd gone too far, and nothing would ever be the same again, because of it.

Then came the day Bob was well enough to go back to work. I could tell that, even for him, it didn't mean as much as it should have, as we both once thought it would. "Are you glad to be going back?" I asked him that morning as we had breakfast in the kitchen.

"Sure," he said. Then his eyes met mine. "Mostly, because it will mean that now you can stop working. I know we haven't paid off the hospital entirely, but I'd like to pay that off myself. I mean, I think you've done enough. If we're careful on what I make, we can manage without your working any longer."

"Yes, I suppose so." I stirred my coffee thoughtfully. "It's funny. I thought I'd be crazy to stop working. But now, I don't know. I'd like to have a couple of weeks off to get rested, but then, maybe, I'll go back. Gary Gray needs me and—well, I'd sort of miss it."

"But, Marjorie, you know we said when we got married that we both wanted you to give up your job, even though there wouldn't be a lot of money. We agreed then we'd be happier if you just took care of the home part and I took care of the working."

"It's different now. If I kept on, we could pay off the debts sooner without having to scrimp so hard. And then, after they were paid, we could use the extra to get a maid. A real one. Not Marie. Then I wouldn't have to do any housework."

"I thought you liked looking after the house yourself."

I looked around the kitchen. It was messy and neglected-looking. I remembered how I used to keep it bright and shining, how everything in the whole house was fun to keep bright and shining for Bob and me. And I thought how somehow the marriage had gotten to be like the kitchen was now, neglected and sort of—empty. As if the heart had been taken out of it somehow. It would take a lot of effort to make it the way it used to be and even then maybe it would never be again.

"Well," I said, "we'll see. Now it's time for both of us to get to work."

I kept thinking about it the rest of that day. Bob wouldn't like it if I kept on working. But I pictured the maid we could have, and the extra clothes I could buy out of my salary. It was true I'd once agreed with him it was better if a wife didn't work. But that had been when our marriage was new and fresh, and just being together was enough. Now that didn't seem to mean so much any more.

I WAS still undecided as I got off the bus that night, going home. I walked along the street behind a young couple. I looked at them and whispered to myself, "That's the way it used to be with Bob and me. And that's the way it isn't any more." Because they were walking hand in hand, looking at each other, laughing together, oblivious to everything and everybody about them. You could feel the sort of togetherness they had. The sort, I thought bitterly, that just hadn't lasted for us.

I was still behind them when we started across the last street. I was only a few feet away when the car came tearing around the corner, going too fast. I saw the way the man jerked the girl out of its path and then—with a sort of numb horror—I saw it strike him, saw it hurl him against the opposite curb.

I was first among the people who started running. I stood there at the front of the crowd and saw him lying there with his head all bloody. He looked as if he might be dead. The girl had thrown herself down on her knees beside him. She wasn't crying but her face had gone all white. Then she raised her head, and for one second, she was looking straight at me with all the anguish in her eyes laid bare.

She wasn't seeing me. She wasn't seeing anybody. But she was pleading with us all. "Don't let him die!" she cried. And then, *"Dear God, don't let him die!"*



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I waited till the ambulance came. I saw them lift him onto the stretcher and put him in it. I saw the girl get in, too, still with that anguished pleading on her face that nobody there could answer yet. She had picked up his hat and she kept stroking it over and over, as if it were something precious. I waited till the ambulance drove off, and then blindly I made my way into the drugstore on the nearest corner.

"Give me a cup of black coffee," I said to the clerk.

He looked at me and shook his head. "That accident was nasty," he said. "I guess you saw it all. Is the guy dead?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know."

And sat there drinking the bitter, burning coffee, and seeing that girl's face and seeing my own face too as it had been six months ago. Six months ago one night, at a hospital, when I, too, had said with that same anguish, "Don't let him die. *Dear God, don't let him die.*"

That was the night Bob had been taken there in the ambulance, with the terrible pain in the abdomen. And that was the night Dr. Squire had come into the waiting room and said, "We're going to have to operate. Right away."

AND I had known, looking at his face, hearing that special note in his voice, that Bob might never come from the operating room alive. I knew, right then, that I might have seen him for the last time, heard him laughing for the last time. I knew that that night *my* life might be over, too.

I'd bowed my head, without any tears, and said to myself and to the doctor and to God, "Nothing else matters. Nothing in the world will ever matter if only he's *alive.*"

I'd waited there for a long time. It had taken a long time. They took me into an empty room, wanted me to telephone someone to come and stay with me, but I didn't want anyone. I wanted to sit quietly and send my spirit, my will, my being, into Bob there on the operating table, and make it say to him, "You've got to get well, darling. You've got to come back to me."

And finally Dr. Squire had come out and smiled at me. "It's all right, Mrs. Williams. He'll pull through. You're a brave girl."

I'd wept then. And the tears had been all gratitude. And I'd said to myself and to the doctor and to God, "Then nothing else matters. Nothing else in the world will ever matter as long as he's going to get well." I said that, over and over, all that night.

I'd kept on saying it all the time he was in the hospital, lying there so weak. And when he'd first come home. I'd said it when I first went out and got the job with Gary Gray so we'd have money enough to live while he was getting well. But after that—after that, what had happened? To Bob, to me, to us? Especially to me. I was still grateful, but I'd somehow lost sight of the gratitude. The one fact—the *only* fact that had any meaning—the fact that he was still alive, still mine, still right there in my life as the man I loved more than anything else in the world—that truth had gotten obscured.

It had gotten hidden away in a lot of unimportant little facts. Certainly it was true that the convalescence had gone on longer than we'd ever expected, that we owed a lot of money, and that the worry had constantly nagged at us. Certainly it was true that he could sometimes be difficult, as all sick people can be. I'd gotten tired out, and he'd gotten all pent up and impatient. It had been hard and it had been tedious. And in the hard tediousness of it, we'd nagged at each other and misunderstood each other and even hurt each other just a little bit. But we'd lost sight of the main truth. I, more than Bob. I'd said—and meant—that if he lived, nothing else would ever matter. But I'd let something else matter. I'd let the strain and attrition of all the little, unimportant things cover up the irrevocable, tremendous thing: that Bob was alive and he was mine.

I got up and hurried out of the drugstore. When I got out on the street I started to run. Suddenly someone caught my arm and half jerked me around. It was Bob.

"Are you all right?" he cried. He gave me a little shake. *"Are you all right?"* Then his grip loosened, and he shook his head as if to clear it. "I'm sorry. I'm acting like a goof. But I saw the crowd and heard people say there'd been an accident and all I could think of was that it might have been you. I—suddenly I knew I couldn't stand it if anything happened to you."

I flung myself into his arms. "Oh, darling, it wasn't me. But it might have been you. It was just as if it *were* you—I mean, that's the way I must have looked, the way I felt, when I thought maybe you were going to die. Oh, Bob, *darling*—" And then I was sobbing against him, feeling his arms around me, feeling him understand what I could never make any plainer.

We stood there on the street, clinging together, heedless of the passersby and their curious looks. Finally Bob cleared his throat. "It's time," he said and looked at the watch I'd given him, "that we went home."

I looked at the watch he'd given me. "Yes, it is. It's time we went home."

We turned and started walking up the street, hand in hand.

"Bob," I said, "I've decided. I'm not going to keep on working. I'll tell Mr. Gray tomorrow."

He pulled me a little closer. "We'll ask him over to dinner one night with one of his girls, to soften the blow," he said.

And then we both laughed, like silly kids, because we were so happy that if we didn't laugh, we'd cry.

IS YOUR SCRAP BASKET IN THE SCRAP?

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Valley Forge 1945

Continued from page 47

forming what is known in rivermen's language as a center. If allowed to build up with logs coming downstream, a center can form a solid jam from bank to bank. Something has to be done—something had to be done about this one immediately.

There was only one way to get on to the center, and that was to ride a couple of logs down through the rushing water. I was being paid the extra wages of a whitewater man, so I jumped out on two of the logs we had just pried loose from the face of the jam; and in a second I was on my way down to the center. I had done this many times before, as taking off centers was part of the job of a whitewater man; but this turned out to be one of my unlucky days. When I was about half-way down a huge wave swept me off the two logs I was riding, and I disappeared into the water. I guess all the men who were watching me from the jam above thought they'd never see me again, but I came up to the surface just as I was about to be swept under the big center itself. I grabbed at the end of a log sticking out from the tangle. Waters tugged and tore at me with an almost overwhelming suction. I struggled with every ounce of strength in my body to raise at least my shoulders out of the water. Logs were smashing into the center on both sides of me. I thought to myself: "I've got to get out of here in a hurry or one of those logs will cut me in two." Inch by inch I fought my way up onto the top of the logs, until at last I was beyond the clutch of the stream. I lay there, safe, exhausted, and thanking God. To me and to the men on the jam it looked like a miracle.

Well, you couldn't put all that in. So I wrote: "The day I escaped from being swept to death under a center, on a log-drive in New Brunswick," in answer to the curved-ball question.

IT was easy, really. It didn't sound like much when you read it over, though—just an average life until you came to the war part, but nobody I knew had the war all to himself either. Oh well, I thought, I've had my money's worth. The radio program was a new idea—I had fun with it. You don't find many new ideas lying around an Army hospital when you've been there seventeen months.

At three o'clock on Friday, two days later, the head-nurse called me into her office.

"Lieutenant," she said, "you are to report immediately to the Public Relations office."

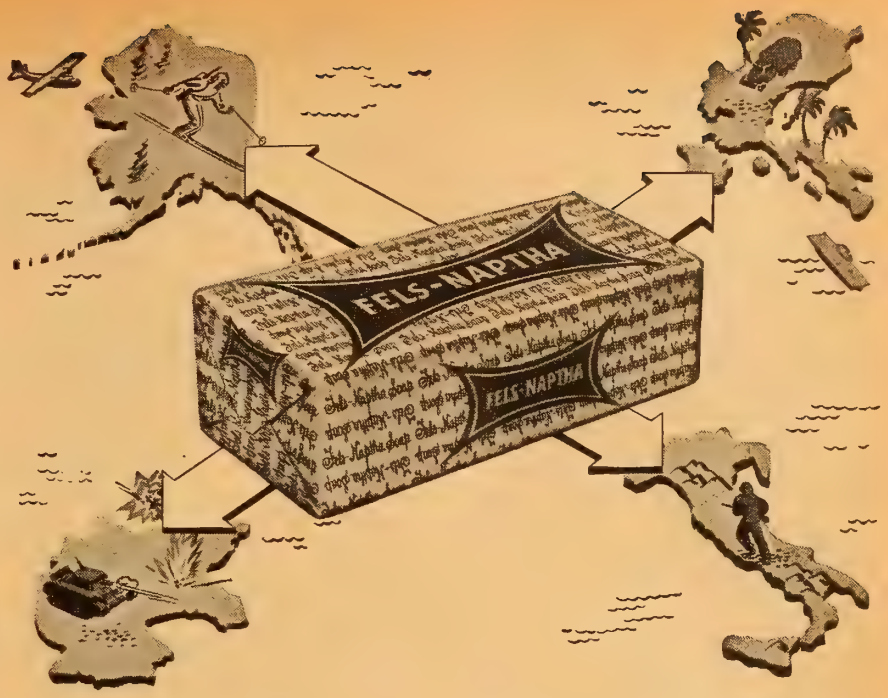
I didn't think of the questionnaire just then, but at the Public Relations office I was told that Mr. Grant of the Vox Pop program wished to talk with me. I was to have a seat and await my turn.

Next to me was a tall lieutenant with an eye missing, and wearing one hook—he'd lost an arm. The man next to him was a Ranger. He was young, only about twenty, with the reddest hair in the hospital.

"They'll never pick you, Sonny," I said. "They'll save you up for television."

"I hear they ask you what you want," he said, "and you get it. No kidding."

"A guy I heard of asked for a parrot once," said the man in front of us. "A sailor, he was. In the Brooklyn Navy



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We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Yard. And he got it, too, they tell me."

"There's a law against parrots," the lieutenant said.

"He got it, that's all I know."

"There's a law against what I want, too," the red-haired kid said. "Well, no harm trying."

"There's two hundred and fifty of us, I got the word," someone said. "Don't get your hopes up."

At last my turn came. I walked into the office and met Mr. Grant.

"Anslow is my name," I said.

"Glad to see you, Lieutenant," he said. "Sit down, won't you?"

The interview was short. Mr. Grant asked me a few quite ordinary questions—he already had most of the information he needed on the questionnaire—we exchanged experiences and matched ideas on the weather and the progress of the war. It was easy unimportant stuff, like you might have with a friend on a street corner.

"I'm sorry I've got to cut this short," he said after a few minutes. "I've enjoyed meeting you, Lieutenant. I hope we'll meet again when my schedule's easier."

WE shook hands again and I departed. I was glad I had filled in the questionnaire. If my Gray Lady friend was around somewhere I thought I'd tell her.

The Red Cross auditorium is a big room with windows on two sides and a stage at one end. It didn't look much like a broadcasting studio. I'd seen one, and when I remembered the soundproofed walls and ceiling and the complicated control-room (all set back of a soundproof glass partition), I wondered what they were going to do about the echoes and the shuffling feet in a room where the ping-pong tables and writing-desks had just been shoved off to one side to make room for the show. I'd never thought about it before.

The next day was Saturday. Saturday, as everyone in a hospital knows, is the most lonesome day and night in the week; but this Saturday was different. At three o'clock the Public Relations office telephoned and informed me that I was to report to their office again—at once. This time I did get my hopes up.

"Mr. Grant wants to talk to me again," I figured. "That must mean something." I thought about the other two hundred and fifty people and I thought, five out of two hundred and fifty. It couldn't be me. But I was excited. I hadn't felt that way for a long time.

The same tall lieutenant was back again, too.

"I see you are one of the lucky thirty, too," he said.

"What do you mean, lucky thirty?" I replied.

He said: "We've been screened down. There are only thirty of us applicants left."

I looked at him, and somehow I got thinking about Normandy, and how a lot of fellows like this lieutenant were why we got in. That was a tough spot—where he got his.

"You sure deserve to be one of the lucky ones." I meant it, too.

"Why me?" he said.

Mr. Grant was in the office when I entered. He had several other men with him this time. Parks Johnson and Warren Hull were there. They go on the air regularly on the Vox Pop program.

The usual introductions were made and we all sat down, and again talked about the weather and the progress of the war. I kept waiting for something different to happen, but nothing did.

At last Mr. Grant stood up.

"Well, good-bye, Lieutenant," he said. "It was nice of you to come down. Good luck." Not a word about the broadcast.

The other men said good-bye.

"Well," I told myself, "that's the end of the deal." I never did have a chance, I figured. I was just kidding myself.

Then I thought, look, why am I caring, anyway? This show is nothing to me. That afternoon I left the hospital for several hours. I took a long hike, and as I walked I thought, perhaps George Washington himself walked over this very path. A lot has happened at Valley Forge.

I got back to the hospital just before supper. Beverly, the little WAC who works on my ward, was waiting for me.

"For Heaven's sake," she said, "where've you been?"

"What's the matter? I was out."

"You sure were," she said. "The men from the Vox Pop program have been over here twice looking for you."

Well, that settles it, I thought. What if they were considering using me on their program? They'd probably taken someone else instead by now. I didn't care, really. Yes, I did care. I was as disappointed as a kid. I must have been counting on it, even when I was walking around thinking about other things.

So Sunday was going to be just another Sunday. That's the trouble about hoping for things. When you go back to what you had it doesn't seem so good. I decided I had to change that Sunday. The hospital bus goes into the town of Paoli, nearby, at twelve twenty-nine. I have some friends there; I'd spend Sunday afternoon with them.

I don't know whether the bus left early that particular day or I was late, but it had gone when I arrived at the hospital bus terminal. My friends were waiting for me at Paoli. There was only one thing left to do—get a taxi to come out from Phoenixville, on the other side of the hospital, to take me to Paoli. I went back to the information desk to put in a call for the taxi. Then I sat down to wait.

"YOU'RE having your troubles," the girl back of the desk said after a while. "Want me to ring them up again?"

"I don't mind waiting," I said. "I've got nothing else to do."

At that minute the telephone rang. She answered it, and then looked at me.

"For you, Lieutenant," she said.

It was Mr. Grant, calling from Philadelphia.

"Lieutenant," he said, "you certainly are a hard man to find. We've been looking all over the hospital for you."

"If I hadn't missed my bus just now," I said, "I guess you wouldn't have found me at all."

"Well, I'm sure glad you missed it," he said. "Lieutenant, we've decided to use you on the program tomorrow night. Okay with you?"

"Sure," I said. "Sure it's okay."

"We want you in the Auditorium at six-thirty tomorrow evening to run over the program."

"I'll be there."

"We've got a few presents for you, too—that is, we will have when we find out what you'd like."

For some reason I'd never taken the

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talk about the presents seriously. I didn't know what to answer.

"I can't think of anything that I need right now," I said at last. "I can think of things I'd like to have, of course. But I'd have no place to keep them."

"There must be something we can give you." He thought for a few minutes. "How about a nice watch?"

"That's right!" It was a good idea. "I do need a watch."

"You haven't got one?"

"No." Then, as I thought he was waiting for me to go on, I said: "The last watch I had was a wrist-watch. I was wearing it when the land-mine blew off my hands, so—"

"We'll certainly get you a watch," he said. "What else would you like to have? We'd like to give you something else, too."

"Would it be possible to get an electric razor?"

"We'll get one—if we have to steal it!"

I was pretty pleased about that. I figured I could manage an electric razor very nicely with my steel hooks.

At six-thirty on the dot Monday night I was in the Red Cross Auditorium. Mr. Johnson was waiting for me. He shook hands and I made a mental note: "Here is a regular guy." So many people ignore my hook, or hand, when I offer it.

"WE'RE going to interview you last, Lieutenant," he explained. "There will be four ahead of you. You probably know this isn't a script show. We want your answers to be natural. I'll run over the questions I'm going to ask you and you can figure out what you want to say. Then when the time comes just say it. No frills—and no bad language. That's the law."

I felt pretty nervous.

"What if I should—" I began.

"Don't worry," he said. "We dub it out."

The microphone was set up on the stage, with the control box on the left and the microphone cables coming in from the right. The Auditorium was set up for a big crowd.

"You people are the stars of this show," Mr. Hull said, "so you sit on the stage, just back of the mike. I'd like you here at seven-fifteen. We don't go on the air until eight but we put on an informal show first—you know, sort of fun-making. We want to get some of the boys and girls up here to do some stunts. You can't tell me there isn't a lot of hidden talent in this place."

When I was in the Army on the West Coast I used to be a fighter. I was in the welterweight class, on an Army boxing squad. I liked to fight; I was in some pretty big bouts. That night when we took our places on the stage at the appointed time I had the same feeling I used to have when I was waiting in my dressing-room before a fight—sort of an expectant excitement. The others seemed very calm. There was Sergeant Alexander Kosciusko—Kozzy, we called him—of the 28th Infantry Division, blinded at Belfontaine in France last summer, after a bitter-end hand-to-hand fight where ammunition ran out and he was down to the butt of his rifle. Private Walker Huckins was a paratrooper, knocked down in Sicily after a scramble with 88-fire back in the hills. Sergeant Gerald Goss represented the detachment at the hospital. He had charge of the military training and transportation of the wounded—a big job. He refereed the ball-games and boxing,



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too. Lieutenant Annette Grincowitz was an Army nurse, married to a military surgeon in the Southwest Pacific.

"If they can be so calm about this," I thought, "why should I get all hepped up?"

"Figure out what you want to say," Mr. Johnson had said. I knew what I wanted to say. Twenty million people would be listening, he said. I wanted to ask them for a break. There's a lot of us men without an arm, or a leg, or eyes. On the outside we may not be so much to look at. The thing people don't remember is, inside, we haven't changed. We have the same feelings and desires and ambitions we had before. All we've really lost is that old easy chance we had. Those days seem a long way back, when anything was possible because you had a whole body.

BUT nobody needs a chance handed to them. You can make your own. Every man I know is trying to shove open the hospital door. I wanted to ask people not to push it shut.

I don't know what I said at first. Mr. Johnson asked me about my injuries and I mentioned my arms and my sight and the powder burns on my face. I said I'd been seventeen months in hospitals, with another eleven to go. Then he set it up for me.

"We civilians want to know how you feel, Lieutenant. Can you tell us?"

"When I find anyone staring at me," I said, wondering if I was putting it right, "it makes me angry. Not for myself—I can stand it okay now. But it's hard at first."

"You haven't changed, have you?"

"I'm the very same as I was," I said. "If people would treat every man as they would have treated him before, I think it would help him to feel like he felt before."

"I see. Have you any plans for the future?"

"Yes." If you've got your brain you've always got plans. "I'm interested in Pan-American relations. I've been studying Spanish, to fit myself for work in that field."

It was all over almost before it started. Suddenly the big auditorium was full of noise and confusion; people crowded up on to the stage to look at our presents—I had the watch and the razor and a very nice wallet—and radio men started taking down the sound equipment. The doors at the back were opened and men began streaming out. I worked my way down, and all the time I was thinking: "There's no way to say it. I tried, but there's no way."

They brought the mail in in a basket the next morning. In a hospital, mail is the other half of a conversation. For me, America was suddenly a place where my friends lived—friends who listened to what I had tried to say and then replied so I'd know they'd heard. The last letter I somehow wanted to answer first.

"It was most inspiring, hearing all of you men tell of your experiences," it said. "It made me feel humble and glad that I am an American with men like all of you on our side. I so agree with your view regarding the returning wounded soldier. The handicapped do not want pity nor do they need it. To lead a natural, everyday life is all they want, for they are just human beings exactly as they were before.

"I know because I too am somewhat handicapped. I met with a street-car accident when a child, losing both limbs close to the hips and my right arm at the shoulder. Forty years ago science had not progressed as it has now, and I did not have the opportunity to learn to work. However, I have led a happy normal life, and do as much and more than many persons more fortunate. I keep house for my Dad, cook, bake, etc., do all kinds of fancy work—well, just everything. I can and do count my blessings.

"I admire your courage, and want to say to you and all the men there that we are mighty proud of you. Good luck, and God bless you all."

God bless you, lady, from Ward Six at Valley Forge.

This article was written by Lieutenant Anslow while a student in the Educational Reconditioning Program at Valley Forge General Hospital. If you, too, would like to add to Lieutenant Anslow's morning mail, won't you address him in care of RADIO ROMANCES, *205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York—we'll be happy to see to it that your letters go on to him.*

I Believe in You

Continued from page 21

work they did every day. And then I looked into the old pier glass where I could see the outline of strength even in my slender waist and flat, tapering thighs; in the firm, high curves under my slip. And my irritation vanished. I'd rather have the tanned skin that Helen so disparaged, than know that my body was as useless as hers.

Movement and a great swirl of dust outside my window caught my attention. Two riders had just reined their horses beside the cast-iron water trough sturdily anchored by the side of the skinned-pole corrals.

"It's Don and Duncan!" Helen said breathlessly, and patted her already-perfect hair in place. She moved quickly to the door. I fumed, knowing I would have to wait for Miss Ward.

BY the time she had adjusted the skirt and I had slipped into the overalls she despised, the twins and Helen were seated in the big, crude, home-made porch swing, busily talking. Or, rather Don was talking. He was on his favorite subject and I paused for a minute in the doorway, listening—

"... it's breeding that does it, Helen. Pure strains in cattle, just like in human beings. means better stock, every time. Mix a bunch of scrubs, buy a steer when you don't know his pedigree and you'll wind up with a puny, undersized, stringy beef. Jud Parsons was telling me he favored mixing a few mavericks in now and then—but he's crazy."

Helen yawned. I looked at Duncan, sitting next to her in well-worn jodphurs and open shirt. Yes . . . that mocking smile was still there! Now I remembered Don's twin—very well!

"Hi, Stranger!" I called to him. "Welcome home!"

They were both on their feet, these two men who looked so alike and yet were so different. Duncan started forward, but, as usual, it was Don who grasped my hand first, who dominated the scene, and who broke off Duncan's greeting to me to pull me to him.

"Isn't she beautiful, Duncan?" His voice was hearty. "Isn't she a bride to be proud of, the future Mrs. Henry?" And he bent his head and kissed me lightly. I was startled—it was only recently that Don had begun to claim his privilege as a fiance. Our relations, up to then, had been close, friendly, sweetly sure—but not lover-like.

With one exception.

The memory of that one incident flashed into my mind every time Don kissed me. In fact, it had a way of coming into remembrance at the oddest times, laying its tremulous, thrilling fingers on my heart, coming between me and my work, flashing into my dreams, sending a fevered wonder through me when I thought of my wedding day.

It had been at a party the Henry twins had given for Duncan's first going-away to college, five years ago. The hour was late and the room had grown warm and stuffy. I had slipped away from the game the others were playing to walk through the cool night-stirrings of the cottonwoods. The creek bed was dry at that time of year but somehow it still gave the illusion of freshness in the black night.

Even now I remember the sound behind me and how I had turned and found him coming toward me, framed in the light from the windows behind him. I couldn't see his face—but the wide Henry shoulders, the way of walking, the glint of the light on the deep wave of his hair, I would have known anywhere.

I HAD started to speak, to say something casual—but suddenly—oddly—I couldn't. Something different, something I had never felt before in Don, checked the words on my lips. And in the little time it took him to reach me, a new and wondering emotion stirred to life inside me. A fire quickened and flared in my veins. I held my breath—not fully understanding what was happening to me.

He stopped in front of me. It was like a dream in which we both were caught without knowing why or how. I don't know which one of us moved first, but suddenly I was in his arms and he was kissing me with a depth of maturity and passion I had never even glimpsed before in Don. I couldn't think and I didn't want to. Nothing was real but the surge of life that began with his mouth on mine, so hard and yet tender, and flowed through every part of me with a sweet, fierce, pounding rhythm.

When at last he let me go, I still clung to him, shaking.



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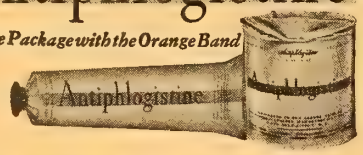
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"I'm sorry, Joanne. I forgot myself—and I forgot how young you are. Let's go back inside." He caught me to him, suddenly, and buried his face in my hair. "At least I've had this much; no one can take it away from me. But I want you to forget it ever happened."

"I don't want to forget," I murmured, though I knew he was right. I *was* young for such experiences.

"Then keep it as a token payment and someday—" his voice was muffled.

He left me then and I followed slowly, into the house.

When I came inside Don only looked up from his conversation with another rancher and smiled, but there was nothing in his smile of a special nature. I felt a sharp disappointment and at the same time a relief that we were back on our old footing. I looked around for Duncan to wish him godspeed on his morning's journey, but someone said he had disappeared. It was just as well—I probably couldn't have talked coherently at that moment.

Duncan's voice, lazy, noncommittal, unrevealing, pulled us apart.

"My congratulations to you, Don, and my best wishes to the lovely bride." The formality of his words reminded me that I could never be sure whether Duncan really approved of us—or was laughing at us. "I am sure she will be a great credit to the other Henry wives of the past and to you."

THEN he smiled—and his smile was a direct, sunny apology for the offensiveness of his last words.

"Don't mind me, Joanne. I think my brother is a very lucky man," he said. Then his tone changed, "How is your mother? I'd like to see her, if I may—if she's well enough."

"I'll run upstairs and find out if she's awake. Dr. Stambaugh says she's strong enough to have visitors. And he's sure she'll be well enough for the wedding." I didn't need to add that if she weren't there would *be* no wedding.

Upstairs I opened Mother's bedroom door quietly and peeped inside.

"Come in, darling. I'm awake." Her soft voice carried in a whisper. "I heard voices—is Duncan there?"

Kneeling down on the hassock by the side of the bed, I had a moment of wonder as to why Mother should ask so promptly for Duncan? "Are you feeling better, dear? Is there anything I can get for you? Duncan is outside and he wants to—"

"Send him up here immediately, please, Joanne." I was shocked at the urgency in her voice. Secrets—between my mother and Duncan Henry?

I was still puzzling over the strangeness of her actions when I had delivered the message and Duncan had hurried up the stairs. Mother and I had always been so close—closer than most families are—that I thought I knew every idea of hers. She hadn't seen Duncan for over a year. Why should it be so imperative that she see him now?

When I asked Don he offered a plausible explanation.

"Probably something about the wedding she doesn't want you to know."

He wasn't much interested. He had just purchased four new steers for the Bar-H and they filled his mind.

"THE very finest money can buy, Joanne, and what's more important they're all prize winning Herefords. Blue ribbon in Albuquerque three years running and the papers I have on them are worth their weight in gold to me. Jud Parsons can say what he wants to about cross-breeding producing better range cattle—I say it's knowing the blood lines that counts." Jud was foreman on our ranch and had been long before Dad died. "Why, you can see it in people, I told Jud. Look at the Attlees. Their great-grandfather was the biggest man in this territory when he died, but since then the family has gone steadily down-hill. They are little better than homesteaders now. Clem Attlee married that Mexican-Irish girl no one ever heard of and now those kids of theirs run wild and never go to school if they can help it and the house is falling to pieces."

Helen was bored with all this talk of people and ranch affairs and presently she sauntered away.

As if he had only been waiting for her departure, Don turned to me in excitement.

"It came this morning, Joanne. I had it sent to the city for re-setting." He pulled a small package out of his pocket and dropped in into my lap. "Open it! A present from the groom to the bride-to-be."

With delight and anticipation I tore off the wrappings and opened the tiny jeweler's box within. "Don!—it's your mother's seed pearl locket! You know how much I've always admired it—how much I love it—"

"I've always meant for you to have it, too, Joanne. Mother would have wanted you to have it . . . it's been handed down from generation to generation. Henry wives always wore it."

I had the absurd feeling that until I had this locket I had been on probation.

Are hasty marriages ever successful?

TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"



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BLUE NETWORK STATIONS

Now I was one with all the other Henry women who had received this gift with pleasure and worn it with pride. But it wasn't absurd to know that Henry wives were, by legend, a special lot—noted for their physical beauty and their hardy capabilities. This had been motivated by no foolish whim during the early pioneer days when only the strongest, the healthiest, the most able of women could have weathered the hardships the ambitious Henry clan had burdened them with. Now it was a matter of pride.

Really more than that, in Don's case. As important as love—or almost—to him was the fact that he knew my family; that the Demings were as good a stock as his own. He believed, and I understood and approved his belief, that marriage was a more serious matter than just the attraction of a pretty face or a broad pair of shoulders. There were the future children—our children—to be considered. It was the right that the name we bore and which our children would bear should not be menaced by unknown factors or by dark shadows of weakness or tainted blood.

I LOOKED at him, sitting beside me, his arm linked in mine and he was dearer, more wonderful to me than he had ever been before. I knew him so well— his generosities, his honesty, his goodness and his untroubled nature. I knew that Don might criticize the Attlees, but it was feed, grain and supplies from his ranch that had kept that family alive for two years. I knew the respect in which he was held by others. He had been my playmate, my partner, and now would be lover and husband.

There were quick footsteps from the living room and Duncan stood in the doorway. His face was grave.

"Your mother wants you," he said, simply, but there was an urgency in his voice that made me fly up the stairs and sent my newly-realized happiness scattering.

"Mother—!" I cried, breathlessly.

"Come here, darling." Her face on the pillow showed an exhaustion I had not seen before. It was as if she had been holding her strength for this day and now, all at once, it was gone.

"Come here." she repeated. And when I was close, at her side, she spoke in a voice so low I had to bend to hear. "You've been happy, Joanne? You know how much we loved you, Dad and I? If we have done anything . . . *not* done something . . . would it make any difference to you? . . . if we have kept something from you . . . you will understand? We did what we thought best . . ."

"You've been the best mother in the world." I protested through my tears.

"No." Her head moved on the pillow. "I should have told you. I *must* tell you . . . must . . . you have a right . . ." Her head fell back.

Mother died that night. The shock was so great as to be numbing. For the moment life had stopped for me, too, and I was incapable of thinking.

The wedding was postponed, of course.

Only the memories of the past happiness in our home; of the love and affection which had been our shared and priceless gifts, sustained me now. Mother and I had been friends and comrades; even when Dad had died there had been the two of us to draw closer together. Helen had been included—always—even though she had never cared particularly for the same things we did. Now I had lost a be-



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loved mother and Helen an aunt, but the strength and the bulwark of her love were still with us.

The funeral was a simple affair. Afterward Don and Duncan drove me home.

"There will have to be a reading of the will, Joanne. Do you think Friday will be too soon?" Duncan said gently.

The will? I hadn't thought about it—and it seemed strange that Duncan should. Don must have wondered something of the same because he voiced it:

"How do you happen to know about Mrs. Deming's will, Duncan?"

Then Duncan said a surprising thing. "I'm co-executor, along with Mr. Timm, the lawyer. Your mother asked me to function as such two years ago. That was the reason she was so anxious to see me the other day. She wanted to be sure I would carry out all her wishes."

THE surprise of it entered even my benumbed mind. I had not known that Mother placed such trust and confidence in Duncan—why hadn't she chosen Don instead? Don, who lived always on the ranch next to ours, instead of Duncan who might at any time be digging rocks in some far corner of the earth—Don, who was accepted by all the ranchers as capable and dependable, instead of Duncan whose heart and mind were fixed on unknowable secrets of the earth?

For the first time I looked at Duncan and saw him as a personality separate from his brother. And it was a shock to see that, studied carefully, the twins didn't even *look* alike. The bone structure was the same, except that Don's was larger, the color of their hair and eyes matched. But there was about Don's face—his mouth and forehead—the smooth, firm, unlined stability of a man whose course of mind and action had been determined by nature and circumstances; a man whose decisions came quickly and easily from simple convictions. Duncan's face was equally firm, but it was the firmness and it had the lines that came with a questioning nature and from laughter and suffering.

Even their eyes, now that I realized it, were different. Don's met mine with a clear, unsullied, healthy sureness; in Duncan's there were unreadable depths; there were shades and intensities of feeling not in his brother's With a flash of insight I knew that Duncan had looked for and found horizons that were beyond the little world we lived in, Don and I.

The next few days called on every ounce of courage I possessed. And I was grateful, with every hour that passed, for the demands made upon my time and energies. Although it was an effort to open Mother's old roll top desk in her "office", I plunged into the work of going over our accounts with Jud Parsons and the time passed; for a while I could forget. With Manuel, the cook, I took inventory of smoke-house and pantry and store-house. I ordered supplies. From morning to night I went through the routine that Mother had taught me; the routine that was so necessary to keep even our small ranch running smoothly.

How thankful I was that Mother and Dad had taken pains to make me competent and useful! Until such time as Don and I could be married and I would take up my new life with him, it was my job to run the Deming ranch, and I felt a new pride in myself.

I had only pity for Helen. She had loved Mother, too, but now she didn't seem to know what to do with herself or her grief. She cried for hours at a stretch, lying on the big redwood couch, intimating through her tears that I was hard-hearted and unfeeling. But I knew I was doing what Mother would have wanted me to do; in the way she would have approved.

For once in my life the responsibility was entirely my own. Even Jud Parsons, old and experienced in the way of ranch life, talked to me now as he had to Mother, listening silently when I expressed an opinion, nodding his grizzled head now and then, walking stump-legged beside me as we looked over the horses in the corrals, disagreeing with me sometimes but always, in the end, deferring to my judgment.

When Friday evening came and I heard the sound of the Henry car coming up the dirt road, I looked around

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the big livingroom and was proud of its serene order and tranquillity. Prouder yet, that although grief lay like a stone in my heart, there was order and tranquillity and discipline reflected in me, too. I hadn't forgotten anything—Mr. Timm's glass of port shimmered like a ruby drop in the old wine glass that had been grandma's—just as Mother always had it when the lawyer paid us a call. The big fireplace was clean and piled with logs against the evening chill that came here even in early fall; there was no dust on the spreading elks horns above.

It seemed to me I could almost hear Mother's approving voice: "That's my good daughter . . . my Joanne."

It took only a minute for the three of them, Don, Duncan, and Mr. Timm to exchange the usual greetings with us and to settle themselves in the deep rawhide-and-leather armchairs in front of the fireplace. Somehow there was an unspoken consent among all of us that this was not the time for conversation.

Mr. Timm coughed slightly—and then again—took a sip of port, and drew the legal envelope out of his pocket. Nervously, it seemed to me, he crossed his legs and uncrossed them several times while he unfolded the papers, taking much more time for the process than was necessary.

I LOOKED at him with a growing wonder and then glanced at Duncan. He was looking at me intently, something in his eyes that startled me. A demand? A question? Suddenly, there in that peaceful room, among the objects I knew so well and familiarly, among these people whom I had known all my life—one of whom I meant to marry—I felt a menace. A chill of fear. What was Duncan trying to tell me? Was it a warning! Why did Mr. Timm stammer as he started to speak; why was he taking so much time over such a simple thing as Mother's will?

Only Don seemed the same. His eyes met mine frankly, with no overtones or undertones of mystery. I knew, as surely as if I could read his mind, that he was thinking ahead to the day when the Deming acres would be combined with his own. There was nothing mercenary in his thinking; it was natural and right that he should be planning for us and thinking of his ambitions for our future life.

"I, Mary Elizabeth Deming. . . . being of sound mind. . . . . I do bequeath. . . . to my faithful friend Judson Parsons, the sum of one hundred dollars, and. . . . " Mr. Timm had been speaking and I pulled my mind back from its conflict of unexplainable terror and the reassurance that Don had given me, to listen. The lawyer's dry, thin voice went on, stating Mother's behest that Jud stay on here at the ranch as long as he wished. And then to Manuel Rodriguez, our cook, a small sum of money that was all she could afford, and with it the larger, uncounted, sums of gratitude and affection, Mother's regard for him.

To Helen went the little money left in trust for her by her own parents, and Mother's further request that she make her home with me as long as she desired. Her choice of furniture from the house and a small dowry when she married. . . . as if this were a signal, Helen's sobs burst wildly out and Mr. Timm leaned forward to pat her arm in sympathy. Yet all of us, including Helen, felt that this was more than generous of Mother.

There was very little more on the printed page to be read and I knew

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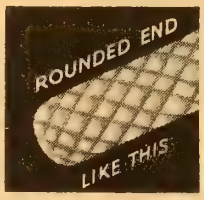


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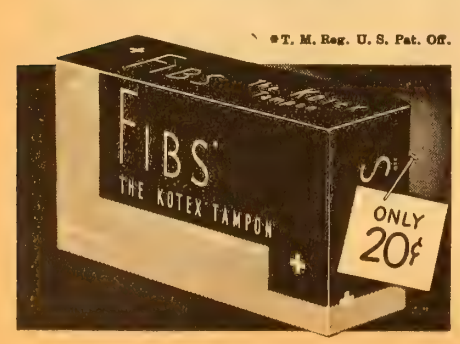
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that I was next. Momentarily, in hearing the bequests to the others, which were just what I had expected, I had lost my strange premonition.

Now, strangely, it returned in redoubled force. The tension seemed to heighten in that room. I watched Mr. Timm wipe his eye-glasses as intently as if they were a sign which might reveal, or erase, this bewilderment within me. I looked to Duncan. Was I imagining that message in his eyes? No . . . as surely as if he had reached out and touched me I could feel that he was lending me his strength for some unnamed, some fearful trial, that was surely coming to me. I moistened my dry lips with my tongue. I could feel my heart pounding and my hand shaking. Even Don seemed to have caught some of the strain. He leaned forward, slowly, in his chair and his face was troubled.

THEN, suddenly, the words came tumbling out of his mouth as though he were in a hurry to have them said—". . . do devise and bequeath . . ." he was mumbling in his hurry and I can't now be sure of the exact legal terms; the words seemed to be swimming in my head ". . . to my legally adopted daughter, Joanne Deming, who . . ."

"*Stop!*" It was my voice but I wasn't conscious of speaking, or how I got to my feet. The words he had mumbled had come to me with all the force of a shout—my *adopted* daughter, Joanne Deming . . . my *legally adopted* . . . That was—those words were for me. I was not Joanne Deming. I was someone else, or no one else. I was *adopted!*

They were all looking at me and the distress in Mr. Timm's eyes, the sympathy in Duncan's, the shock in Don's, the excitement in Helen's—it was more than I could bear. I heard Don's voice as if it came through a thick fog:

"It's a mistake! It's not true—we've all known Joanne since we were children."

But just as I had sensed that there was a terrible discovery for me when Mr. Timm had started reading, so now I knew that the discovery was real and actual, even before Duncan answered.

"I'm sorry, Joanne," he said, gently, and Mr. Timm nodded his head in agreement. "But it's just as it says. Mrs. Deming adopted you when you were a baby. She loved you as much—more—than if you had been her own and she couldn't bear that you should know before you had to. I wanted her to tell you before; she had promised me she would, two years ago, but she didn't want to spoil your happiness in any way. That was why she wanted to see me so urgently that last day—she was afraid she hadn't done the right thing."

I was so stunned that the sense of what he was saying meant nothing. Only his words were like pile-drivers, each a separate blow, each one splintering to pieces the wall of security and completeness that had surrounded me.

"But—then, who are Joanne's real folks?" Don persisted, in a dazed way.

Duncan shrugged and Mr. Timm shook his head, disclaiming knowledge.

And now I was nobody. I was lost—without a name, without an individuality, without foundation. One minute I had been the rightful heir to all the love and the responsibility and the place for which I had been reared; the next minute that place and position were still mine—but I didn't *belong*. It wasn't natural and right. It was legal—but how could it be? There were two people mentioned in that will: one they called "my legally adopted daughter" and the other "Joanne Deming." The two were not the same. They had no meaning for each other. I could not be one and the other, too.

I felt for Don's hand. It covered mine in instant response but his fingers were as cold as mine.

"I think—I think I'll go outside for a minute." My voice sounded faint in my ears. "Don—you'll come with me?"

We started out the door but Duncan blocked the way.

"I know this has been a shock, Joanne, but remember one thing. Never forget it—hang on to it. Your mother and your dad loved you as dearly as if you had been their own child. You *were* theirs . . . because they wanted you. Nothing is changed, Joanne. *Nothing.*" I looked up at him, at his lean, serious face and his dark eyes commanding mine, and for just a moment the whole world swung safely back into its orbit. *Nothing is changed,* he had said. Something so strong, so compelling, came from him and reached me that, for an instant, I was a person again, wholly and completely myself.

Then Don moved at my side. The papers in Mr. Timm's lap fluttered as he leaned forward, and I knew that it had really happened and the strength that Duncan offered me was a fiction and could not help me.

Outside Don caught me in his arms, burying my face in his shoulder. For a long time we stayed that way.

"Don—" I said, slowly, "—I'm lost. I'm not a person any more. I'm not Joanne Deming and I don't know who I really am. Everything seems different; even people seem strange to me. I don't know what I can believe in now, or if there's anything to believe. I'm lost—" and now I was crying, openly.

Strangely, out here with Don, I felt less a person than I had with the others around me. This was the man I was going to marry. This was the man who loved me—but what did I have to offer him now?

"Don't worry, darling. I know how you feel but you mustn't be hurt." His voice was deep and thoughtful. The shock was still there for Don, too. I could tell that by the measuring of his words. "You know how much I love you—*you*—whether you're Joanne Deming or someone else."

THERE was a moment in which neither of us spoke. Then Don's words came again, this time with decision.

"We'll find out who you are. We'll discover who your real parents are, so that you can feel yourself whole and complete once more. There must be a clue somewhere—perhaps Duncan or Mr. Timm know something. It won't be hard, in a small place like Indian Wells, where everyone knows everyone else's business, to trace down something that happened only twenty years ago."

I felt my heart stop. *My real parents—?* Somehow, I shrank from the very thought.

"We have to find out, Joanne, or else you'll be wondering all your life. You can't be yourself when you have no roots and when part of your life is a secret. I'm not afraid. I know there can't be anything wrong. It isn't *possible.* I've known the Demings—I've known you all your life—"

But the very emphasis in his voice frightened me. Was he wondering—was he picturing an abandoned child—the kind of parents who did not want that child—as I was? I had forgotten for a while Don's firm principles of

family and breeding. But now, although I wouldn't have thought it possible to feel still another shock, I saw in quick horrified realization, that this discovery was as awful to Don as it was to me. That he had his own reasons for wanting to find out who I was and from what kind of family. He loved me, I knew. But what did I have to give him now, in exchange for the Henry pride? A healthy mind and a healthy body—but could I depend on them? What dubious taints might not yet come down to me from my unknown father and mother? What racial strains were mixed in me? What right did I have to be any man's wife, when my heritage was clouded?

"I *must* find out," I said desperately. "I can't marry you until I do, until I know who I am."

"I'll marry you tomorrow, darling," he protested fiercely. "This won't come between us. Even if we don't find out who you are, no one else need know. Mr. Timm will never say anything, not if we ask him. And Duncan and Helen are part of our family. They'll keep it a secret." He was thinking now as he spoke. "Perhaps that would be better, anyway. So—even if we do find out and—and there should be anything wrong—anything upsetting—" *even to me Don could not bring himself to say that word "illegitimate"*—"then no one will know but ourselves. It will be our secret. I won't have anyone talking about you, Joanne, behind your back."

I FELT sick at the thought. "I don't want to be married, Don. Not until I know. Then, if you still want me—"

He caught me to him in a tight, hard gesture. "Want you? I'll always want you. I love you so much—I'd do anything in the world for you. Why did this have to happen?—I never thought there would be anything in our lives that I couldn't solve for you!"

Now it was my turn to comfort him. "There is a real Joanne somewhere. I'll find her and bring her to you. She won't have anything to be ashamed of—" but there was a growing fear inside me that denied my words— "and we'll go on with the life we had planned."

He smiled at me then, a steady smile. "Of course we will, dear. As Duncan said, nothing is changed. I'll ask him to come over here tomorrow and you two can put your heads together—he might know something from talking to your mother and you might remember something that would be a clue. But no matter what happens, we'll be married soon and we'll have our life together and the ranch and we'll rebuild the house the way you planned it—and our children—"

He stopped so abruptly I was startled. What had he said—*our children?* I could tell he was trying to go on; to sound natural . . .

And then I *knew*. He was too kind, too generous, too decent to tell me then what he had suddenly realized. But I *knew*.

"There can't be any children. Not for us." And somehow I kept my voice steady. "We can't have children, Don, not as long as there is any doubt as to who my parents were. *Or who I am!*"

A few words, a scrap of paper, and the whole foundation of Joanne's life has vanished. Can she build it up again—or does she, perhaps, find something to take its place? Read the startling, satisfying solution to her problem in the September issue of RADIO ROMANCES, *on sale August 15.*

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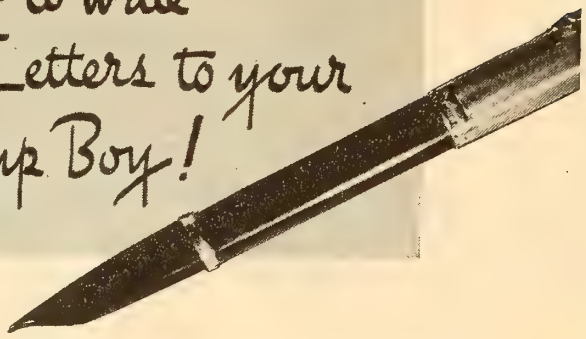


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New things the children have done, have said.
The baby's new tooth, new words, new tricks.
Who has new clothes—what kind, color, size?
Who had a birthday? What gifts? Was there a party? Who came? What happened?

Entertainment
What movies have you seen; did you like them?
What radio programs do you listen to, like best?
What play have you seen? Enjoy it? Who was in it?
Played cards? Who won?
Gone to any sports events? Who played? Who won?

The Neighbors
Who is engaged, who married?
Who had a baby?
Who has a new job?
Who has moved away?

Your Church
Who preached?
Like the sermon?
Whom did you see?
Any special events?

Your War Work
Your Victory garden.
Red Cross activities.
Buying War Bonds?
Donated blood?

His Friends in the Service
What news from them?
Who has been promoted?
Who has been decorated?
Who has been in the news?
Who home on leave?

His Job
How's the business?
Hiring more people?
Anyone promoted?
Seen his employer?
Seen his old associates?

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Don't complain, don't whine, don't send him sad news, or bad news. Above all, don't forget to tell him that you love him!

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The Way Love Finds You

Continued from page 45

heart-turning dark blue glance. There was only the wind and the angry crash of the sea. And then, for the first time since the night Jigger Harris had kissed me, I doubted Ronnie's love for me, and my love for him. Suppose that my aunts were right, and that we were too young to know what real love was? Suppose that Ronnie had been only homesick, starved for more affection than Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily could give him? Had knowing me nurtured that hunger, blown it up until it had become so big and so urgent that we'd had to put a name to it . . . and had decided then that it meant we ought to be together forever? And was it possible that Ronnie hadn't said that he loved me simply because he was innately truthful, and, perhaps knowing in his inmost self that he wasn't sure of his feelings, he had instinctively hesitated to use a word that was beyond him in meaning?

I HAD to know. I had to know exactly how Ronnie felt about me. Everything else was suddenly unimportant beside it.

That was the reasoning that drove me that night. Perhaps I knew even then that I couldn't carry out a plan to see him any more than I could fulfill the dream of running away to the city and establishing a career for myself and a home for my child. But I was obsessed by the need to see him, by an equally strong need for action.

I scrambled down from the rocks, ran up the shore to the house. The keys to Aunt Fran's car hung where they always hung, on the hook beside the sink in the kitchen. I took the keys, took a heavy, waterproofed coat from the hall closet, wrapped it around a sweater and a skirt and my toothbrush, making a bundle of it. Then, running as if Aunt Fran were already on the threshold, demanding to know what I was doing, I raced out to the garage. I backed the car out, let it stand for precious seconds while I climbed out to close the garage doors. I drove slowly, cautiously—as if by caution alone I could make the passage of an automobile unobtrusive—until I was out of the village, on the open highway. Then I drew a deep breath of relief and stepped on the accelerator.

My plan—such as it was—was to drive as far south as the gasoline coupons in the dashboard compartment would take me. Then I would take a bus the rest of the way to the Southern port from which Ronnie had sailed, and I'd get some sort of job and some sort of room and wait until Ronnie came back. That was my plan, and I was driving as fast as I dared to accomplish it, when sight of the Coast Guard station around a bend in the highway made me slam on the brakes. It wouldn't hurt, I thought, to see Ronnie's friend, Mickey. Mickey might know more about Ronnie than I did, about when he'd been shipped out and when he would be back. I stopped the car near the gates, where Ronnie and I had sat the first night I'd met him. The putteed, white-belted sentry looked at me curiously as I got out. I went directly over to him. "I'd like to see Michael Morrison," I said. "It's important."

The sentry spoke to the attendant at the duty desk just inside the gate; the attendant put through a call, and a few minutes later Mickey came out. He grinned a little when he saw me, but his wise green eyes were curious and unsmiling. We walked a few steps down the yard, away from the guard.

"How've you been?" Mickey asked. "Heard anything from Ron?"

I nodded dumbly, suddenly tongue-tied by the casualness of his greeting. Then I blurted, "That's what I wanted to ask you. I mean—I know he's been shipped out, but I wanted to know if you knew anything about how soon he's likely to come back?"

"He's on escort duty, isn't he? He could be away as long as the war lasts."

It was too awful to believe. I wouldn't believe it. "You mean—and not come back once in all that time? I thought they took convoys over and then came back—"

"They do that, too. He might be back inside a month."

A month! My heart soared. "Will he come back to the same port, and do you really think it will be soon?"

"I don't *know*," said Mickey impatiently. "Sure, he'll probably come back to the same port, but as to when—your guess is as good as mine." His eyes narrowed. "Why do you want to know? You aren't in trouble, are you?"

I almost said yes. I was caught off guard, and I was so tired of keeping everything to myself, so tired of lies and evasions and concealment, that at this first direct question I nearly told the truth. But something in Mickey's attitude warned me, prevented me. Something suddenly suspicious and unfriendly, something threatening. "Oh, no," I said hastily. "—I'm going South to school this fall, and I thought that if Ronnie would be likely to be in port, I might leave early and stop to see him—" Mickey seemed not to hear it. "Because if you are in trouble," he said as if I hadn't spoken at all, "it can ruin Ron, if you or your relatives go to the Coast Guard."

I stopped talking about a mythical school in the South. "It can?" I said in a small, tight voice. "How? What could they do to him?"

"Court-martial him," said Mickey. "And give him a sentence and a dishonorable discharge."

I LAUGHED. It was a thin, ghastly little laugh, but I managed it out of sheer desperation. "Oh," I said, "I'm certainly glad it isn't anything like that, then. I—well, thanks a lot."

I don't know whether he believed me or not, don't know what he said. I ran away from him, from his wise, searching eyes, back to the car. And by the time I'd started the motor and had turned around, Mickey had gone.

The car jolted into the highway. I turned it South, away from Sandy Cove, without knowing where I was going. Without caring. Without thinking. There was nothing in my mind except this paralyzing new knowledge. I'd lived with fear from the moment I'd known about the child, but it had been a vague and formless fear because I hadn't known exactly what I was afraid of. I knew now, and the knowledge was more terrible than anything my imagination had conceived, more terrible than Aunt Fran's talk of the reformatory. I understood now that our marriage actually was a crime in the eyes of the law, both civil and military, and that Ronnie could be punished for it—punished in such a way that a reformatory sentence seemed nothing by



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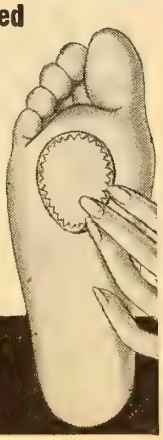
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comparison. *Dishonorable discharge*—why, a dishonorable discharge would mean that Ronnie could never be a citizen again, could never vote, that the flag he was fighting for now would never be his. Those words hadn't meant anything when Aunt Fran had said them, weeks ago. Like the reformatory, they had seemed to be one of those extravagant phrases that grown-ups sometimes use. But they had meaning now that I'd heard them from Mickey, from someone my own age. They meant exactly what they said. Ronnie's whole life would be ruined. He loved his country so much; he'd fought to fight for it, had argued his parents into letting him enlist. If he couldn't be part of his country after the war, he'd have nothing to live for, nothing at all.

I'm going to be sick, I thought. I must stop the car. There's a turn-out around the next curve. But my hands seemed frozen on the wheel, my foot nailed to the gas pedal; they refused to obey the commands of my brain. Like the rest of my body, my face felt paralyzed; my eyes were set and staring. Out of the black fog ahead of me I saw the curve, saw the white posts that marked it, and then highway and posts and the hood of the car disappeared in a crash that exploded and reechoed again and again like thunder, until it died away into utter blackness, utter oblivion.

OFTEN, in the long darkness that followed, I heard echoes of the crash. There would be silence, and then the noise would begin, sometimes faint and far away, sometimes loud and close by. Sometimes it was accompanied by a jolting sensation. Sometimes it went on and on until I tried to scream at it to stop; other times it died away quickly, and then there would be only the silence and the dark nothingness. Once, when the crashing came, the darkness lightened, and the noise resolved itself into the clink of glass and metal; I had a glimpse of a moving white figure, of a tray at my elbow, of a white screen. "I'm in a hospital," I thought, and I slid peacefully off into unconsciousness again.

Then one morning I was fully awake, in a pleasant room with pale green walls, and a nurse in starched white was setting a tray on the table beside my bed. "Good morning, Miss Landon," she said. "How do you feel today?"

"All right." My voice sounded strange and unused, but I did feel all right. A little heavy, and a little numb, as if I were wrapped in a thick cloud of cotton wool, but all right. I looked down at myself. One arm was in a cast, and my legs—could I move them? I could move my toes. "How long have I been here?" I asked.

The nurse smiled. "Ten days. You have a broken arm, but it's mending nicely. You had some bruises, and some internal injuries, but they're clearing up nicely, too."

Internal injuries—and then memory struck like a blow. The baby. This peaceful, protected feeling was an illusion after all, and I was as badly off as before. Worse, because now everyone must know. . . "Your aunts," said the nurse, "have been here every day. You can see them this afternoon."

My heart shot into my throat on a rush of panic. "Oh, no—"

She seemed not to hear me. "Now, Miss Landon, if you'll just let me prop you up, I think you can have a real breakfast for a change—"

Miss Landon. At least, they hadn't found out about the marriage. Ronnie

was safe, for a little while, anyway.

Aunt Emily and Aunt Fran came to see me that afternoon. Aunt Emily's eyes were wet as she kissed me, and there was a tight, trembling look about even Aunt Fran's face. "Well, Grace—" she said. She didn't sound angry at all. She sounded tender.

"Your car," I said. "I'm sorry I wrecked your car, Aunt Fran. I'll try to pay you back."

Aunt Emily made a strangled sound and clasped her hand over her mouth. Aunt Fran reached for her handkerchief. "The car!" Her voice broke. "Thank heaven you didn't wreck your life! Oh, Grace, you foolish, reckless *child—*"

They knew everything. I knew it then. I waited, not daring to say anything. After a moment Aunt Fran wiped her eyes. "You lost your baby," she said almost briskly. "But you'll be perfectly all right, thanks to Dr. Harvey. And Emily and I have taken steps to have your marriage annulled. The papers are being drawn right now, and it may even be final by the time you go back to school."

I didn't ask how they'd found out I was married. It was simple enough, once they began to suspect, anyone in town could have told them about the notorious Justice of the Peace in Kingston. Or they had found the license, hidden in my purse with the money I earned at the bakery. All I thought of was Ronnie. What had happened to Ronnie? His name was rammed high in my throat, but try as I would I couldn't bring myself to speak it. I managed, finally, in a whisper. "Ronnie—is he all right?"

Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily exchanged glances. "Of course he's all right," said Aunt Emily. I thought she sounded evasive—and they were getting up to go.

I pulled myself up on my one good arm. "What happened to him?" I demanded excitedly. "Does the Coast Guard know?"

"Nothing's happened to him," said Aunt Fran crisply. "And of course the Coast Guard doesn't know. Neither do his parents. Outside of us, no one knows except Dr. Harvey and the law-

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yer who is handling the annulment. Neither you nor Ronnie will suffer any more than you already have."

The significance of the last remark escaped me. I could believe Aunt Fran to the letter, and if she said that Ronnie was all right, he was. I fell back on the pillows, weak tears sliding down my cheeks. Aunt Emily bent over me, whispering, "You musn't excite yourself, darling. Everything's all right, and all you have to do is get well. Jigger Harris may be in tomorrow. He's in town for a few days before he goes to camp, and he wants to see you before he goes."

I nodded mutely. I couldn't speak, and I didn't see them leave. I was crying silently, with my eyes closed—crying not for my lost marriage, not for my lost child, but because I was relieved. Ronnie wasn't going to be punished after all—and I didn't have to lie any more, didn't have to worry any more, didn't have to whip myself into attempting a job that was too big for me. I could be myself again, sixteen-year-old Grace Landon, who had nothing more to worry about than getting through my senior year in high school with good marks.

The next afternoon Jigger came to see me. He looked very tall and browner than ever in his white uniform, and the sight of him gave me a quick little thrill—the same kind of thrill I used to get when Ronnie came striding up the walk. And he was handsome. It was funny to think of Jigger's being handsome. And it was funny, too, to think that Jigger, who had known me all my life, didn't know any of the really important things that had happened to me this summer. I was a little uncomfortable for the first minute or two, and then Jigger pulled up a chair and sat down, grinning. "Can't even drive a car," he mocked. "You sure are going to pieces. If I'd told your aunts the way you've been sailing lately, they'd never have let you drive the car at all."

I GRINNED too. "You're just as bad," I reminded him. "I remember the time you ditched your dad's car—right in broad daylight, too. As for sailing, you'll see. You'll be seasick the first time you're on real water."

We had a lovely, laughing half-hour. We joked and teased as we always had, even in the sober moment when Jigger said goodby. "Seriously," he said as he got to his feet and picked up his cap, "I'm glad you're going to be okay. You are, aren't you? I mean—it'd be awful to have you fold up now, just when you can be of some use to me."

"Use to you?"

"Sure. Letters. You promised to write to me, remember? I understand letters help a lot when a fellow's away from home."

I nodded, my throat tightening. Jigger took my hand, held it awkwardly, and then he bent and kissed me quickly on the cheek. "G'by, chum," he said. "I'll see you around."

He'd hardly got out the door before I was crying again—because he had gone, and because it had been so good to be with him, to laugh with him, to talk about the things we'd always talked about without feeling a barrier between us. Without thinking, "I'm married. I'm Ronnie's wife, and I'm not interested in the things you're interested in." The nurse came in, pulled down the shades, rolled down my bed. She pretended not to notice the tears. "Time for your nap," she said. "Your aunts won't be in today, you know.

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You can't have too many visitors so soon. Now you get some sleep before dinner."

But I didn't sleep. After the nurse had gone, I lay in the dim, cool quiet, thinking about Jigger. And then, as if a giant sleight-of-hand artist had changed the dark-skinned figure in the white uniform for a fair-skinned one, had changed dark brown hair for lighter, I began thinking about Ronnie. Thinking about him in a way that I hadn't thought of him for a long time, not in the weeks when I'd been so worried over the baby, not in these last few days when it had been enough to know that no terrible punishment was going to be meted out to him. I thought of him longingly now, wanting to hear his voice, wanting him to take my hand, palm up, as he'd used to take it, and lay it against his cheek. I closed my eyes and tried to picture where, on all the oceans of the world, in all the ports of the world, he was. I wanted to tell him, now that it was all over and we had nothing to fear, all that had happened; I wanted to know—really, from his own lips, not just by guessing—how he would have felt about our child.

Our child—and then, for the first time, I thought of the baby not as a circumstance, not as a terrifying threat to Ronnie's future, but as a small and helpless thing that would have been part of Ronnie, part of me. Regret twisted suddenly, sharply, within me; it was followed by an aching sense of loss. I would have liked the baby, I thought, if— If Ronnie and I had been older, and able to take care of it. If our marriage had not been secret. If so many things hadn't been all wrong. . . .

IN the next day or two I thought a lot about the baby. My aunts came to see me for a few minutes in the mornings, but they weren't permitted to stay very long. The doctor came, and seemed cheerful over my progress; the nurses were in and out all day, but they were busy and had no time to talk to me. I was left much to myself, and although my body was still weak, my mind moved steadily out of the cloudy fog of illness into activity and clarity. I began to pay attention to the things around me, to the footsteps and the voices in the hall. I heard a baby cry sometimes, and I saw the nurses going past my door bearing small blurry bundles in their arms. My eyes followed them with an interest I myself didn't fully understand.

One afternoon a nurse carrying one of the small bundles stopped outside my door to talk to a doctor. I had a glimpse then, for just a second, of a tiny forehead, a tiny curled fist, and I knew an instant of revelation. Why, I thought, babies are small people. . . They weren't just something little and dear and helpless, like a puppy, or a kind of precious, animated doll that must be cared for more carefully and more constantly than an ordinary doll; they were little persons; they would grow up, and know happiness and hurt and trouble. There was a difference; there was all the difference in the world.

I knew then what Aunt Fran had meant by the responsibility of marriage. I thought I'd known when the baby was coming, and I'd known that I would have to support it. I'd thought then that responsibility was being able to feed your baby and to buy it clothes and to keep it warm and sheltered. I knew now that it was more than that,



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much more. It meant preparing your child for life, teaching him to be the right sort of person, giving him the things that were not material, like balance and judgment and courage and wisdom, passing on to him the things you yourself learned only by experience . . . things that Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily knew, and that I was too young to know. Ronnie and I had taken a chance on more than our own happiness by marrying when we were too young to be sure of anything; we'd gambled with the happiness of a third person, too.

I wanted to tell Ronnie about it. We had talked over so many things, those nights we'd lain close in each other's arms, whispering . . . but now it seemed that we'd talked like children dreaming aloud, like children saying, "When I grow up, I'm going to do this and be that." I felt that I'd touched reality now, and I wanted to tell him about it, wanted to share with him all these strange, new, big thoughts.

The next day Ronnie came. I had no warning of it except that I felt especially well that morning; the doctor looked more pleased than ever when he made his visit; and Aunt Fran, when she stopped in at noon, actually beamed. "You're very much better, Grace," she said. "I think you can have special company this afternoon." And then she smiled secretively, as if she had a delightful surprise in store.

I SAID that I would love to have company, but I didn't ask who it would be. Some of the young crowd from Sandy Cove, I supposed, and if Aunt Fran wanted to make a little game of presenting them, I didn't intend to spoil it for her. I never dreamed that it would be Ronnie.

I didn't recognize him at first. When the nurse popped her head in the door to say I had a visitor, I saw the white uniform behind her, and thought that Jigger must have returned unexpectedly. Then I saw Ronnie's fair hair, Ronnie's pale-golden skin, and it was as if a giant hand had squeezed all the breath from my body.

He came over to me hesitantly, smiling a tight, strained little smile. "Hello, Grace."

I couldn't answer. I just looked at him. It was really Ronnie, but there was something different about him—a sharper, deeper stamp of feature. "What," I whispered, "are you doing here?"

It sounded stupid and rude, but Ronnie seemed not to mind. He was having trouble finding words, too. He pulled a chair to the bedside, laid his cap on the foot of the bed, then reconsidered and placed it carefully on the table. "I've been in town a week," he said. "But they wouldn't let me see you until today."

"I thought you were at sea—"

"I was, but we came right back. We sighted a sub the first day out. We got her, but she got us, too, and we had to put back in for repairs."

"You sank it—the submarine?"

He nodded, his eyes alight. There was something in his face for an instant, something stern and something proud. I couldn't quite define it, but it made me think, "This is how he'll look when he's older,"—and at that moment it seemed that he had already grown a little away from me. Then he was saying, "When I got in there was a letter from Mickey. He said you'd looked him up and had asked a lot of questions, and he had a hunch some-

thing might be wrong. So I got a leave and came up here, and—" His head came down, buried itself in his hands. "Oh, Grace, why didn't you tell me?"

I breathed a sigh that was half a sob. This was Ronnie—no stranger any longer, but my Ronnie, of the warm heart, the quick emotions. I put out my hand, worked it gently between his palm and his cheek. Ronnie turned his face, kissed my fingers. "I was scared," I whispered. "Mickey said you'd get a dishonorable discharge if Aunt Fran told the Coast Guard. And Aunt Fran and Aunt Emily had said so many awful things about young people who got married—Ronnie, they won't do anything to you, will they?"

He made a choked sound, and his head moved in negation. Something warm and wet slid over my imprisoned hand. "I've been staying at the house," he said. "They've been swell—better than I deserved. Grace, if I'd thought this would happen . . . I've been nearly crazy—"

Then his voice broke, and he couldn't say any more. He didn't have to. With the information that he'd been staying with my aunts, my last doubt as to his safety had vanished. They loved him; they would have wanted to forgive him, and when they saw how he was truly suffering on my account, they must have been as unhappy for him as they were for me. And surely, they knew that the blame was as much mine as his, and that the biggest fault of all was in our youth.

I DREW Ronnie nearer, until his head was close beside mine on the pillow. "The baby," I whispered. "I didn't want it, Ronnie. I wanted to want it, but I couldn't."

Ronnie shook his head. "I guess I wouldn't have wanted it, either," he said in a muffled voice. "I guess—we were just too young. It's pretty important, having a—being parents."

"I know." I told him then, all the thoughts that had come to me in the past days. Ronnie listened, just as I'd dreamed he would listen, understanding, knowing what I meant almost before I spoke. Still, I was miserable. A great weight seemed to have settled on my heart, and it grew heavier, more stifling, with every passing second. There was only one reason for it: it hurt to have Ronnie admit that we were too young for serious things like love and marriage. It was the truth, but it hurt. And it showed too clearly how wasted the summer was. The wonderful brief happiness, the longing and the fear and the worry and the pain had all resulted in nothing more than a hard lesson learned.

Then Ronnie's arms were around me; Ronnie's cheek pressed against mine. "I love you, Grace, so much—"

I lay perfectly still, feeling joy flood through me, feeling the weight on my heart lift with the magic words. This was all I wanted—to know that Ronnie cared about me, to know that one good thing had been salvaged from the wreck of the past weeks. It was what I wanted, but I must hold it lightly; we had snatched at love before, had come close to ruin because we had taken it before its time.

I looked at him sidewise, said teasingly, "Aunt Fran says you can't. She says we're too young to know what love is."

Ronnie raised his head, grinned down at me. "Aunt Fran may be right, he said. "But we're getting older, and we're learning—and even Aunt Fran can't stop that."

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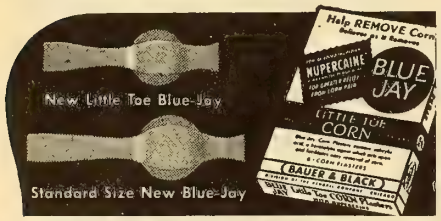
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A Ring For Remembrance

Continued from page 23

said that. I knew he would love them as much as I did. Ted was our kind.

But all the way down on the bus he acted oddly. There was a suppressed excitement about him that I felt had nothing to do with our trip to Rockford. The twins met us and escorted us home like a couple of small steam engines. They had sized Ted up, in the way boys have, the minute we stepped off the bus. And then claimed him. They chugged along beside him, faces glowing, locks of bright red hair straggling down under their caps. Bidge said, "What's a 'trouble shooter?' Connie said she was bringing one home."

Ted didn't laugh. He answered man-to-man fashion, "I guess she meant me. You see, when anything goes wrong along the company's main line, it's my job to fix it."

"Oh," said Bidge. "Do you know anything about airplanes?"

"Not much. But I'll soon know more." Before I could ask Ted what he meant, we had turned in our gate and mother had opened the door to welcome us. She was little and red-cheeked and terribly young-looking to have a twenty-year-old daughter like me. She and Ted liked each other at sight. I could tell. In fact, Ted fitted into my family as if he had been born into it. At supper he and Dad discussed the war. And suddenly I heard Ted say, "I'm getting into it next week. The Air Corps . . ."

THIS was why he had been excited. And he had not told me. I was frightened and proud all at once. He looked across the table and smiled at me. A smile with so much tenderness in it that I felt my heart constrict. He had planned it this way. He wanted to tell me his important news in the midst of my family, knowing it would make everything easier. I looked at him with new vision, at the steady brown eyes, and the clean strong features. And I knew that I loved Ted Bromley.

We became engaged that night. After the family had gone to bed, we sat in the livingroom listening to some recordings, playing them softly. It seemed as if I had been waiting all my life to hear Ted say, "Darling, I love you." There was new magic in that phrase. We clung together, wordlessly. It's wonderful to belong to someone. To find a person who, out of the whole world, is one with you.

"How soon . . . does it happen?" I whispered.

"I leave on Tuesday," Ted said, his lips against my cheek. Tuesday! And this was almost Sunday. Only two days left to be together. In sudden panic, I pressed against him fiercely. "Nothing can happen to you, Ted! *Nothing* . . ."

"Just hold that thought, honey," he said huskily. "And keep this on your finger . . ." It was the most beautiful ring I had ever seen. A magnificent blue-white stone set on a flat cloisonne base, surrounded by small pearls. "It was my mother's," Ted explained gently. "She said I was to save it until I found the right girl. And I've found her, Connie."

"I'll wear it as long as I live. I'll never take it off." Tears fell on my cheek. Ted gathered me up close then, and the rest of the world ceased to exist for us.

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Tuesday. Boys waving from the windows of the train. Blurred faces that you see through a mist.

Mary, Dora, and I worked three nights a week at the Canteen and on Saturdays I drove a small truck for the Red Cross. Every day I wrote a letter to Ted. It was always the best time for me. "Tell me even the small things," he'd said in one of his letters. "Tell me about the movies you've seen, and the music you've listened to, and what you're thinking about—me, I hope!"

As the weeks went by I realized with surprise that my feeling for Ted had deepened. I was beginning to understand what a priceless kind of love we had. Not the sudden sort that burns itself out. This had grown out of our friendship, our fun together.

Early in summer Dora's Marine came back on a furlough and on the spur of the moment they decided to be married. "You'll just *have* to arrange everything, Connie. I can't. I'm too nervous to think!" Her blonde curls bobbed with excitement.

"That's no way for a bride to act! You should be dreamy . . ." Mary told her.

"Pish!" said Dora. "That's another of your romantic Southern notions. The way I look at marriage, you can always try it once for luck—and if it doesn't work out, see your lawyer!"

"Are you sure you *love* Emery?" I couldn't help asking. If that was the way Dora felt about it, they had two strikes against their happiness right at the start.

Somehow we got her packed and ready. She and Emery were married in the dusty little office of a Justice of the Peace. It did not seem like a real wedding. The words of the ceremony sounded like some mumbo-jumbo, and the ring was too big and fell off Dora's finger. It was hard to imagine her as "Mrs." anybody. I knew that in her own way she must love her Marine. But she didn't act married. Her dates with other men were innocent enough, but I could not understand her wanting to go out with anyone else. I felt dedicated to Ted. There was a delicious secret thrill in holding myself exclusively for him. His ring on my finger was like a seal that set me apart as belonging to Ted Bromley. I could not

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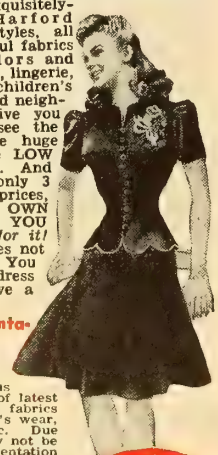


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It was late fall when his wire came. He had his wings. He would have two days in Chicago before going to camp for assignment. Two days . . .

We sat in a little restaurant that first evening, our hands locked under the table, not saying much. He had not changed except to grow a little older, straighter, more sure of himself. "Darling, isn't there some place we could go where we would be alone? Just the two of us?" he asked finally.

There was only one place. Both Mary and Dora were away for the week-end and our one-room apartment was not too bad. We had covered the day beds with chintz and hung yellow curtains at the windows so that it had an almost homey touch. Ted threw his cap on a chair and took me in his arms. "I've been waiting months to do this, sweetheart. Tonight there is no war on. There is just—*us!*"

We talked in snatches, planning the house we would build some day, complete with radio-phone. It was fun to talk like that. It made the future more certain. Then we talked about the time when we were kids. Little things that happened in the past, memories to share with each other. We talked of everything but the present . . . A cold finger touched my heart every time I thought of it. Less than twenty-four hours remained now for us to be together.

I MADE some coffee on the tiny gas stove and my hands were trembling so I spilled the water. "Ted, if only we *really* belonged to each other. If we had gotten married today . . ." I went to him and a flood of emotion swept over me. There was a look in his eyes I'll never forget. As if he were trying to memorize every detail of this moment against the grim pattern of things to come.

"Darling," I whispered. My hands crept to his shoulders, to his face. Recklessly I threw myself into that wild strong current and let it carry me along— Ted's face was infinitely tender as he lifted it from mine. "I'm a lucky guy, sweetheart. *Lucky.* We're going to have the grandest kind of marriage when this mess is over. But not now. When I take you in my arms as my wife, I want it to be for good. Not just a day—and then know the agony of separation. It's tough enough this way." His voice was raw-edged with feeling.

A new strength seemed to rise in me to match his need. "Ted," I said eagerly. "I'm going to learn everything I can about flying so I'll be able to talk your language. No matter how high you go, or where you go, I'll be right there with you!"

Later, I stood at the window for a long time watching the sky grow lighter until a pale yellow dawn broke through. And I made up my mind to two things. I would be even more loyal to Ted in every way; nothing would ever shake my faith in him. And I would try to grow along with him, instead of letting time and distance draw us apart.

At the Canteen I made a point of searching out the airmen to listen to their "wing talk." They were a race apart, these young fliers. Fliers like Ted, strong and quick and detached, as if they were really men of the air instead of the earth. Gradually I learned what "flush skin joints," and "low drag wind" meant. Ted was flying a Mustang in Italy. A "sweet ship" he called it. I bought a little model Mustang and put it beside his picture on my bureau. I knew all the men in his



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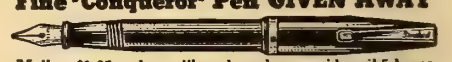


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squadron from his letters. Ed and Tuffy and Cobbs and Dave. "Great guy, Dave," he wrote. "I wish you knew him. He's the squadron leader. Fighting is his meat." He enclosed snapshots.

"That Dave Richards is certainly handsome," Mary said wistfully.

"Not bad. Not bad *at all!*" was Dora's comment. She looked lovely and terribly young curled up on the bed in her blue negligee. "Well, I'd better be getting dressed. The Captain will be here any minute—we're dining at La Rue tonight!"

"But Dora, what does Emery think of all this dating?"

She shrugged. "Oh, he doesn't care. Why should he? Besides, he is probably doing the same thing in Australia!"

But Emery was not in Australia. Emery was right in Chicago.

Dora had not been gone an hour when he called up. I heard Mary sputtering breathlessly into the phone and then, before she thought, she told him where Dora was. "Oh glory, now I have done it!" she wailed when she had hung up. I was already putting on my hat.

Emery was just getting out of a taxi in front of La Rue when I got there. His left foot was in a cast and he was using a crutch. But he looked well—and blazing mad. His eyes were like chips of steel. He started to brush me aside but I blocked his path. "Emery, tell me one thing first before you go in there," I pleaded. "Are you still in love with Dora? Because if you are, there is no reason why your marriage should crack up now."

"WHAT do you mean?" he cried harshly. "A guy dreams of getting back to his wife. And then when he does and finds her . . ."

I could not stand the torture in his face. I said quickly, "Listen to me, Emery. You've got to understand. You *must.* I've lived with Dora long enough to know. She sounds sophisticated, but she hasn't grown up yet. Not really. She is acting like a girl instead of a married woman. You were married such a short time . . ."

"So that's the way it is," he said grimly. "Are you sure that's all of it?"

"Yes," I said. I followed him into the night club and over to the table where Dora sat with the Captain. If I had ever doubted her love for Emery, that doubt vanished now. Above the surprise in her face there was sudden glory. But Emery was bowing pleasantly to the Captain. "I know you will excuse us. My wife and I have a little business to attend to." The amazed Captain looked more than ready to do so.

The little foyer was empty at the moment and Emery sat down on a bench and carefully laid his crutch on the floor. Very matter-of-factly he drew Dora across his knees. The spanking he gave her was sound and efficient. "That," he assured her, "is just a sample. You're like the young mule I found on Saipan before the Jap sniper found me. You need a firm hand. And, honey, you're going to get it! Now kiss me."

I left them clinging to each other in a taxi on their way to a hotel. Somehow, I felt everything was going to be all right for those two. Emery knew what he was about!

It was the next morning that the telegram came from the War Department. My name, my address. There could be no mistake. The words danced like black spectres in front of me. ". . . regrets to inform you that Lt. Ted Bromley is missing in action . . ."



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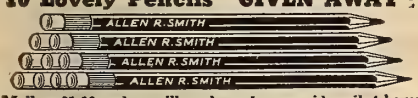
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He's not dead, not dead, thank God, I said over and over again. "Missing in action" could mean anything. He had made a forced landing somewhere. He would be found in a few days. Through the first shock that's what I clung to.

But weeks passed and no word came. Not until the letter arrived from his squadron leader, Dave Richards. It was a beautiful letter. The things he said about Ted made me glow with pride. But there was an undercurrent to it. He wrote as a man does about a pal he has *lost.*

". . . Knowing Ted, you won't be surprised at what he did on that run. I saw that his gasoline lines were hit and things were starting to burn. But he still would have had time to get back over our lines and bail out. He was carrying two 500 pound bombs at about 3000 feet and was almost on his target. Instead of turning, he dived and loosed his bombs on the target . . . I saw him zoom and turn over when he was only about 700 feet above the ground. Flak got my wing then so I don't know what happened after that. . . ."

But still I kept on hoping. Only it was a bleak little hope now.

"You're getting dreadfully thin, Connie," Mary said one morning. "Why don't you go to Rockford for a while? It would do you good to be home."

"Maybe it would," I said dully. "I'll go this Saturday."

I HAD never realized how much my family meant to me until that weekend. They surrounded me with affection. Bud and Bidge gamboled about trying to amuse me. Mother outdid herself cooking my favorite dishes. Nobody mentioned war. Nobody mentioned flying—or Ted. But his presence was everywhere. I had discovered how much I loved him on his first visit here. And now I was discovering something else—you cannot lose what you really love. It belongs to you forever.

I spoke of Ted that night for the first time. Suddenly I could not talk enough about him. It made him seem close, to speak of the good times we had shared. Dad and mother listened quietly, smiling now and then. I read Dave's letter to them, and for once my hands did not tremble. I could almost hear Ted's voice saying, "That's it, Connie! All flags flying! Chin up!"

As I was dropping off to sleep that night I pressed his ring to my lips. The ring that had been his mother's. "I'm all right now, Ted," I whispered in the darkness. "Thank you, darling."

Back in Chicago, a late winter thaw had set in. It was wet and raw but I felt better than I had in weeks. Mary and I were coming home from work one night when I felt her nudge me sharply. "Look. That officer ahead. Isn't he the *image* of Jimmy Stewart?"

"Well, no," I said. "He's much shorter. But he does look familiar. And he's going into our building." He was scanning all the mail boxes when we entered, and he turned to us hopefully. "Do you know if a Miss Constance Rogers lives here?"

Mary gasped. "Th-that's us! I mean, *that* is Connie."

"In a better light I should have recognized you. I've seen your picture often enough," he said. "I'm Dave Richards."

"So that's why you looked familiar. There is a snapshot of you—and Ted—on the bureau this very minute." A week ago I could not have said it. A week ago meeting Dave like this would have been sheer agony. But now the three of us went up the stairs talking easily. He was the kind of person you

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like on sight, comfortable and sure. No wonder he and Ted were pals, I thought. It developed that he had come from Chicago originally and had been a draftsman. "Not a good one," he added hastily. "I always had a secret yen to be a cartoonist!" There were rows of ribbons on his chest, the D.F.C. And gold oak leaves on his shoulders. "They're very new," he said, pretending to brush them off. "The shine hasn't worn off yet. But I have twenty more days to get used to them. Then I go back."

His eyes drifted to Ted's picture, then back to me. There was an understanding in them that made my heart constrict for a moment. This man had been with Ted during all these last terrible months. They must have grown close, these two, the way that only men who face death together can. Underneath all the surface ease, there was tenseness in Dave, and a dreadful fatigue. I don't know how I sensed this, but I did. He insisted on taking us out to dinner and afterwards, when Mary left to go to the Canteen, Dave and I went to a movie. There were a million questions I wanted to ask him about Ted, but he was not ready for that tonight.

When he took me home he held out his hand and there was something in it. Something hard and metallic. I looked down. I held the Distinguished Flying Cross in my hand. "Ted's," he said briefly. "He got it for that last little maneuver."

SOMETHING hot stung my eyelids and I had to turn away for a minute. "You know, Connie, you're just the way I imagined Ted's girl would be—tops in every way," Dave was saying gently. "He used to tell us about you getting all the maps to follow him wherever he went, and learning 'wing talk.' He said your letters made him feel you were right there with him. And believe me, that's a great way for a guy to feel!" He put on his cap and gave me a little salute. "May I drop in again, Connie?"

"Of course." I was hungry for every last detail he could give me about Ted. And I knew that in his own time Dave would tell me the story.

But it did not come out all at once. I had to fit the pieces together from little snatches of conversation. Sometimes he called for me after work and we'd drive out along the lakeside in a car he had borrowed. He would be quiet for a long while, eyes intent on the road, a million miles from me. Reliving moments from the past months. Remembering things that finally found expression in slow words and vast understatement. "Funny thing, about clouds," he'd say. "I used to think you walked on 'em when you were happy. But flying in them is something else again. We were tagging through one once, 18,000 feet above Leghorn, when another formation 'sat down' on us. They clipped my tail neat as a knife, and I went out over the side. But it seemed that my chute only opened on Mondays and Thursdays. This was Wednesday. The earth was coming toward me a little too fast, so I reached in and played out the silk by hand. It worked and the chute blossomed out like a May flower. And you know the first thing I saw? *Ted*—wheeling down after me in his ship like an anxious Wahoo bird. When my chute opened fully, he wiggled his fingers at me and slid away . . . They don't make 'em any finer than your Ted, little Connie."

I stored up stories like that, went

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over them as I say in bed at night. They were treasure beyond words.

It was not until the evening Dave said he'd be leaving soon that I realized how much his company had come to mean to me. He had given me new strength, somehow. I was grateful for that. He had been reassigned—but not overseas. He was to be an instructor at a Base in the South. "More or less permanently, Connie," he said. We were sitting in a little lounge at an Officers Club, empty except for ourselves at the moment. Dave leaned forward with his elbows resting on his knees. Without looking at me, he continued, "It probably would not be much of a life . . . but if you could go along with me . . ." He turned quickly and there was pleading in his eyes. "I wouldn't ask for anything, Connie. I—know how you feel. But we'd be together. There would not be that loneliness. We could be married here . . ."

WE looked at each other a long moment. He was offering me escape. I knew that and I was sorely tempted. He had known Ted, loved him too. Perhaps we could build up a future together, Dave and I, that might be a bulwark against the world, against hurt. "It might work out," I said. And at the light that leaped into his face I felt almost guilty. If it meant that much happiness to him . . . "Let me think it over, Dave," I begged. His smile was suddenly boyish. "No matter what the answer is," he said, "it will be the right one. For both of us."

The next day when I met him I had made my decision. It had been a struggle and I felt tired and worn out. There was no spirit left in me. But now that it was over, I was more at ease. His glance was quick, questing. "I'll do it, Dave," I said quietly. "If you . . ." I didn't get any farther. He caught my hand and raced me to the car. "Let's drive out to the lake. *Fast!*" he said. "We have a lot to talk about!"

But it seemed that after all we didn't . . . He had brought a ring along. A ring with an emerald center. I looked down at Ted's ring, shining there on my finger, and suddenly I knew I could not take it off. It was a symbol of the perfect thing that had been our love. I could not be satisfied with less. And it would not be fair to Dave. He deserved to have a girl as wholeheartedly in love with him as I had been with Ted Bromley. Not a substitution, not a girl who was looking for a prop!

I tried to put some of that into words. Dave nodded and put his hand over mine. "Don't worry, Connie. I understand. It was just an idea I had . . ." He lifted my chin. "Keep smiling, honey. That's the way I want to remember you."

That day was the last time I saw Dave Richards.

Spring came swiftly, the spring of '45. Events moved rapidly in the world pattern. Mussolini's death. The fall of Hitler. V-E Day . . . Breath-taking events we had been waiting for so long. I went into a church that day and sat quietly in the back. I don't think I prayed but there was prayer in my heart. For all those who had known loss, for those who had grown so intimately aware of suffering. There was new faith rising in me when I left, a hope that had been almost smothered.

It remained with me, grew by the hour. If I closed my eyes I could see Ted's face etched against the lids. Every dear line of it. The gay, firm mouth, the teasing eyes. *"Off we go, into the wild blue yonder"* . . . I could hear his voice, vibrant, strong. It was real, real and close. The door of my room burst open. And he was standing there . . . "Connie, oh my darling!" . . .

Long afterwards, when I could speak coherently, I lifted my face from his. "But how—how did you get here?"

He settled me more comfortably against him in the chair. "By plane, darling. I cabled as soon as I could—but I guess it didn't get through. After the crash some of the Czech underground found me. I spent six weeks in an attic before they shifted me to a mountain cave. It was not until the Nazis had surrendered that they brought me out of that . . ." His kiss was warm, infinitely tender. "Do you know what made me crawl out of that plane wreck and drag myself with a broken leg into the comparative safety of a field? You, darling. I kept hearing your voice calling me . . ."

If ye have faith . . . From the fullness of my heart I kissed him.



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ving Portraits—
OUNG
OCTOR
IALONE

LENA MILLER



Just One Cake of Camay and you can have Softer, Smoother Skin!

Oh, how exciting—to see your skin glow softer, fresher—with your very *first* cake of Camay!

It will—simply change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions.

And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion.



—the former Stella Mikrut,
Mrs. Robert F. Linder Jr.
Little Neck, Long Island

THE ROMANCE OF MRS. LINDER—

It's a table for two, at Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, after a day's happy sail in their sweetheart days. Stella is radiant, her skin glowing. "I'm devoted to Camay's gentle care," she says, "for my complexion has sparkled ever so much fresher and softer, since my very *first* cake of Camay."





Two's a Honeymoon . . . on their picturesque schooner, Glad Tidings. "Now that I'm a sailor's sweetheart—for life," smiles Stella, "I count on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to help keep my skin nice, despite wind and air." To win *your* lovelier Camay complexion, follow instructions on the Camay wrapper.



Please—make each cake of Camay last!
Precious war materials go into soap.

"All you care about is pretty girls!"



GIRL: And if a girl's like me, and *isn't* pretty, *she might as well stay home!*

CUPID: Or, my peevish pigeon, she might remember to stop glooming and start gleaming! Even a *plain* girl's pretty when she turns on a sparkling smile! And that means *you*, Sis!

GIRL: Wonderful! And maybe you'll tell me what happens if I haven't *got* a sparkling smile . . . What then?

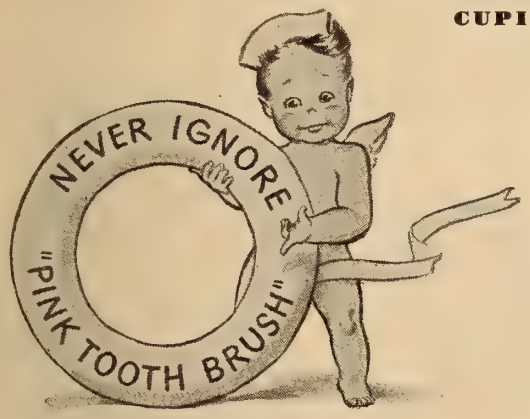
CUPID: You look at your tooth brush, Sugar. See any "pink" on it lately?

GIRL: And if I have?

CUPID: You see your dentist right away!

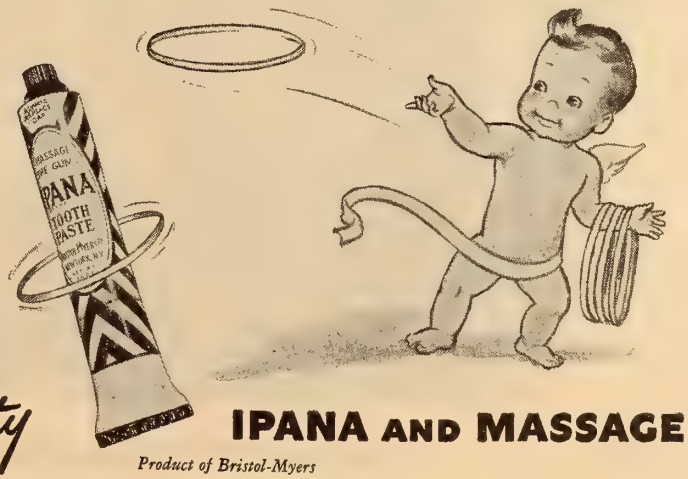
GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Angel . . . dentists aren't just for toothaches. And that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see yours soon! He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Oh? And *right away* I get a brilliant, sparkling smile, huh?

CUPID: Not at all, Sugar. But massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And that means brighter, sounder teeth. A smile with more sparkle. A smile you can use to fill up your date book. Start with Ipana and massage today!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

R
R

SEPTEMBER, 1945

Radio Romances

FORMERLY Radio Mirror

VOL. 24, NO. 4

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director
DORIS McFERRAN, Editor
EVELYN L. FIORE, Assistant Editor
JACK ZASORIN, Art Director

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Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"But you didn't have to deliver it yourself, Mr. Schmidlip!"

Radi-I-Q



By JACK LLOYD

Here's how to discover your own Radi-I-Q: Check your answers to the questions with those you will find on page 99. You get one point for each correct answer. If your score is between 11 and 14, you're a "Solid Sender." If it's between 7 and 12, you're a "Radio Rookie," and if it's less than 7, shame on you!

1. Name the famous "hat-sampler" of NBC's Breakfast in Hollywood.
2. Unscramble the names of the following daytime dramas:
   Bright Light, Road of Happiness, The Guiding Horizon, Right to Life.
3. Name Charlie McCarthy's "country cousin."
4. Identify these four radio crooners by their initials:
   a) P.C. b) D.B. c) D.O. d) D.S.
5. What's the name of Sheriff Mark Chase's faithful side-kick on ABC's Death Valley Sheriff?
6. One of the following is *not* one of the Quiz Kids:
   Harve Fischman, Ruthie Duskin, Joe Kelly, Joel Kupperman, Richard Williams.
7. What products can you identify by these sound-effects, used in commercials advertising them:
   a) A fog-horn; b) A train; c) A whistle.
8. Which radio personalities do you associate with these lines:
   a) Bye-bye . . . buy Bonds.
   b) If you don't write, you're wrong.
   c) Good-night to you, and I do mean you.
9. Who plays "Blondie" on the air?
10. Here are the first names of three heroines on day-time dramas. Can you give their last names?
    a) Amanda; b) Stella; c) Mary.
11. Do you know these radio stars:
    a) Der Bingle
    b) The Songbird of the South
    c) The Waukegan Wonder
    d) The Arkansas Traveler
12. What famous band appears on the Danny Kaye Show?
13. Who impersonates radio's beloved brat, Baby Snooks?
14. Which famous early-morning drama on ABC opens with this line: "Great is the power of truth"?

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How do you look to a Hero?



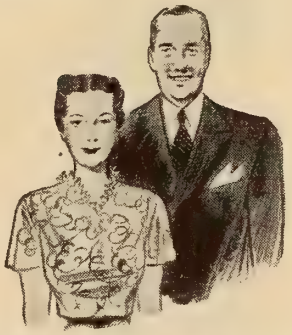
Like a Rhinoceros? . . . Thick-Skin doesn't need any little hints about meeting veterans. Not *him,* he Knows How To Handle Men. Forget about vets needing rest before they go back to work, he says. Just yell, "What's wrong with *you,* Soldier? Get up! Get to work! Be a man!" A few hours in a foxhole would be *so* good for the Rhinoceros.



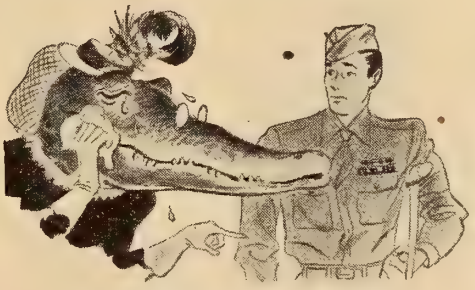
. . . a Lion? Most civilians are pretty modest about what they've done. But not the Lion. He practically won the war with his Victory Garden alone. And the bonds he bought . . . ! Veterans begin to wonder if maybe draft dodgers didn't have the right idea.



. . . a Fox? Veterans want to feel proud of the people they fought for. But it's hard to be proud of the Fox. He's done pretty well in this war and he doesn't mind telling you about it. "Know those lots I bought in 1937? Well . . ." Veterans who saw land traded for lives don't enjoy this kind of talk.



Or Star-spangled Citizens! They see the returned veteran as an able, capable citizen. They're proud of him, anxious to help. They weep no tears over him, ask no questions, listen when he talks—they make him think, "Boy! What a wonderful country!" Most of us are like them . . . *let's help the rest to be like them too!*



. . . a Crocodile? Her tears flow like wine when she sees a wounded service man. And her sympathy flows over him like carbolic acid. She turns a high-powered spotlight on a veteran's disability. No better morale-wrecker exists.

• • •

Prepared by the War Advertising Council, Inc., in Cooperation with the Office of War Information and the Retraining and Reemployment Administration.



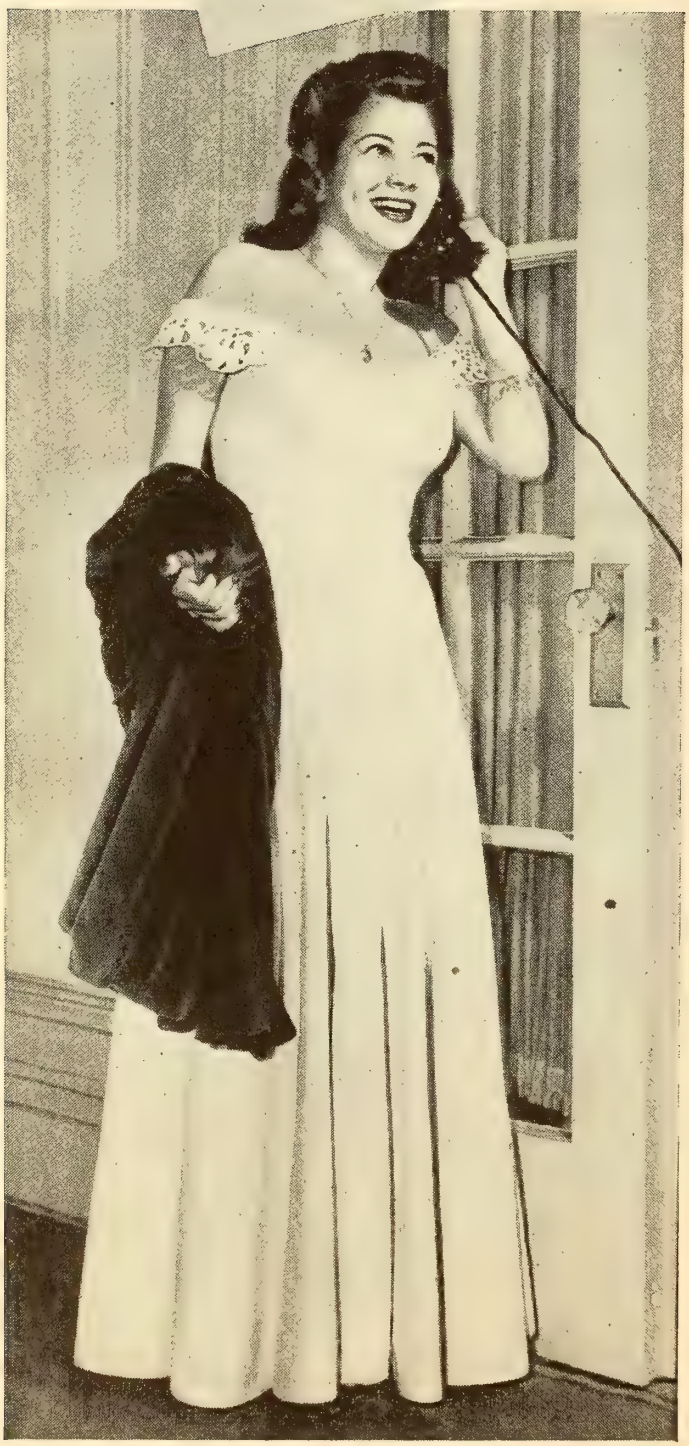
This stands for honorable service—Remember . . . the man or woman who wears this button has been honorably discharged from our armed forces.

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

MUM

A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.

A PLACE for EVERYTHING—



Whether it's dating night or working morning, Monica Lewis's beauty system will turn you out for it with minimum fuss and maximum glamor.

"PRETTY is as pretty does," grandmother used to say. And how right grandmother was!

One of the most important things a girl can contribute to her own good looks is a system, a beauty system, says pretty Monica Lewis, heard on CBS Music That Satisfies.

As long as we're going to quote grandmother, we might as well bring in another of her wise, if trite, sayings—"A place for everything, and everything in its place." That's what Monica means by a "beauty system." You can't be at your very best, she reminds us, if getting ready to face the day and the world involves a mad scramble for clothes, a wild turning-upside-down of drawers and shelves.

To begin with, no matter where you keep your cosmetics—bathroom shelf, dressing table top, or in a drawer, try to manage to spread them out enough so that you don't have to dig to find anything. Or an ample tray, metal or wood, preferably with sides or a small rail to keep things from slipping, will do beautifully.

Shampoo—not used every day—and other things of the same category, like manicure and pedicure equipment, can go toward the back of the tray or drawer or shelf—in the less handy spots. Your cold cream, night cream, or whatever overnight cosmetic you use, should take an easily reached place—so you won't be tempted to skip it, "just this once." Your day make-up can be conveniently ranged in an order-of-use plan: astringent (if you use it), foundation, cream rouge, pancake, liquid powder or other base, powder, eye shadow (but save that for evening!), mascara and lipstick, and a box of facial tissues at one side.

You'll find it's easier and less wasteful to duplicate the cosmetics you carry in your purse kit, rather than to get them out each morning and put them back into your bag before you go out (or worse, to forget them). Such duplication needn't be expensive if your beauty budget is strict—remember the convenient dime-store sizes obtainable.

Good lighting should be a part of your beauty system, for it, too, makes for efficiency. Good, strong daylight is best for day make-up, of course. But we working girls don't always find that the sun has got up in time to be of help to us. In that case, see if you can't arrange a good light on each side of the mirror—and none of your fancy little lamps with beruffled shades. Investigate the possibilities of two of the new fluorescent bulbs—the long, thin kind—clipped, one on either side, to your mirror.

To bring grandmother into this just once more, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Bear that in mind, and also the fact that cleanliness is easier on the pocketbook than untidyness. So be sure to screw back carefully the tops of jars and bottles when you're through using them, so the contents won't get dirty or dry out; put the covers on your boxes of powder, your tube or carton of mascara, the case on your lipstick.

And the top o' the mornin' to you—you'll feel that way the first morning you've put yourself on your new beauty system!



Keen about her knitting . . .

Dumb about her Dandruff!

An Itching Scalp with Ugly Flakes and Scales is a Warning You Should Heed

Many an otherwise intelligent man or woman fails to look upon flakes, scales and itching as a warning that infectious dandruff may be present.

Before they know it, they may be in the grip of a condition that *can*, and *does*, play hob with your scalp . . . impairing your natural good looks.

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

At the first sign of such symptoms start with Listerine Antiseptic and fingertip massage . . . the easy, delightful home treatment that has helped so many.

Make it a part of your regular shampoo and, if you do not see rapid improvement, follow the treatment twice a day. Remember, in clinical tests the twice-a-day Listerine treatment brought improvement or complete relief to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a cool, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus."

This tough, hard-to-kill customer is looked upon by many a noted dermatologist as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Flakes Disappear

You'll be delighted to see how rapidly those embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Note how much better your hair looks and how much better your scalp feels.

You will actually look forward to the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's so cool . . . so refreshing. And literally thousands say it's so effective!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.
MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

(Pityrosporum ovale), the "Bottle Bacillus," regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC *The Tested Treatment for* INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

WHAT'S NEW

from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS





Here's Jane Webb, who plays Billy Webster's girl, Belinda, in CBS' Those Websters. And with her is Peggy Hullias, otherwise known as Aunt Ludmilla of the same show. Right, James Meighan, of Mutual's Adventures of the Falcon, and two girls who adventure with him, Marion Shockley and Mitzi Gould.

CAN'T say whether it's because of the war, or just plain because they're proving themselves capable of anything they try to do, but women today are certainly giving the lie to the old saying, "It's a man's world." The girls are moving in on all territories—not the least of which is radio.

Look at the picture. The highest rated daytime program is Kate Smith Speaks. The highest rated songstress is Hildegarde, who gets double honors, since her program is also listed among the first 15 on the air.

Still in the field of singers—Dinah Shore stays up at the top for popularity; the Andrews Sisters are firmly entrenched on the air waves after a few months with their own program; Ginny Simms has just signed a new contract which will pay her $12,000 a week; Mary Small is settled down for a good long run; Beatrice Kay has built herself a following that's faithful to the songs of another day—and to her; and 18-year-old Patrice Munsel is set for a brilliant career.

Then, of course, there's the comedy field. Joan Davis has been a consistent top-rater for almost three years. And there isn't much need to talk about Fanny Brice and her Baby Snooks routine, which has always been one of our favorites.

Nor have the ladies been content merely to tickle the nation's funnybone or soothe with music. In the political field there's Dorothy Thompson—practically a female Walter Winchell. And Lisa Sergio is fast becoming known among the kibitzers as Lisa Gram Swing Sergio.

* * *

New York apartment houses have notoriously thin walls, but Dick Brown never realized quite how thin until one day a while back, when he found a note in his mailbox. It seems that Dick is in the habit of singing in the shower and one of his neighbors decided that as long as she had to listen anyway, she might as well hear her favorite songs. So she's been dropping notes into Dick's letter box ever since with request numbers for his bathroom serenade.

* * *

Talking about fans and their peculiarities—here's a cute one we picked up from Marion Loveridge. She insists it's a new high.

A couple of weeks ago, Marion answered the phone in her Brooklyn apartment and was asked whether she would accept a collect call from North Carolina. Marion, like so many of us, has a number of relatives in the service and, since the connection wasn't too clear, answered that she'd take the call. It turned out that the call was from a sailor, who swore he was a devoted fan of hers, and just had to have her sing a song to him over the phone. And Marion, not knowing what else to do after having accepted the call, sang for him—to the tune of a $30 phone bill—because the sailor also wanted a little conversation with his favorite.

The thing that still puzzles Marion is where he got her phone number.

* * *

Kathleen Norris, novelist and author of Bright Horizon, the daytime serial, never has trouble with telephone calls from friends with whom she corresponds. She has a special letterhead printed on her stationary which reads, "La Casa Abierta, Palo Alto, California. No telephone." Which probably accounts for all the work she manages to get done.

* * *

Caught a rehearsal of Cimarron Tavern recently and was amused by the cartoons of the cast drawn on the margins of a set of rehearsal scripts left around on the chairs. Seems Felix Holt, who writes the show, used to be a newspaper cartoonist before he turned to radio for a livelihood.

(*Continued on page* 8)



This is what he dreams of...the heavenly nearness of you. The thrilling, unbelievable touch of your hands!

Smooth on creamy, fragrant Trushay before household tasks—before doing dishes. It guards hands even in hot, soapy water!

For the wonderful day of home-coming, guard your hands' soft beauty. Care for them this exquisite, utterly new way—with Trushay. The "Beforehand" lotion!

And use luxurious Trushay whenever... wherever skin needs its velvety touch.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

"Of course you know about MIDOL-but HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"



BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in *three different ways*—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

(*Continued from page 6*)

Last June 1st, The Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands reached its millionth mile of travel in Independence, Missouri—President Truman's home town. 129 different name bands have appeared on the program to date.

To keep Spotlight Bands on the road requires three engineering production units working out of Hollywood, Chicago and New York, depending on the site of the broadcast. The show is put on exclusively before war workers or service men in war plants, camps and hospitals. Each crew takes along nearly half a ton of delicate broadcast equipment. So far, the only state in which a Spotlight Bands show hasn't been produced is North Dakota—but maybe that will be fixed up soon.



Up-to-the-minute girl from an olden-day program—CBS' Doris McWhirt of the daily Light of the World.

* * *

Bing Crosby is full of ideas. One that hasn't had as much publicity as his famous race track and stables—maybe because it isn't open to as many gags—is his Research Foundation, a project which the groaner takes very seriously. He likes to help inventors put their ideas to commercial use and the Foundation is his way of doing it.

Bing has invested a good deal of money in the Foundation and he admits the chance that he may never get a full return on his investment, but that doesn't bother him very much. He feels that inventors are people who generally are trying to make life a little easier and, he says, if by helping them he can contribute even a small share to making the world a better place to live in—that's reward enough for him.

Maybe what we need is a great many more inventors and a few more Bing Crosby type characters.

* * *

Every once in a while, as you're standing around in the CBS building in New York, waiting for an elevator or talking to someone, a blond, compactly built man goes streaking by and stirring up the air behind him. One day, we tracked him down.

He's Dick Liebert, baton waver for the Two On A Clue show. The racing around is due to his sideline—a music publishing firm which he set up last year. He called it "Noteworthy Music." And he runs the business each day in the 45 minutes between the broadcast of Second Husband, for which he is also the musical director, and the rehearsal for Two On A Clue. His secretary prepares in advance all documents and letters that need his attention and waits, pencil and steno-pad in hand, for him to show up for his close-clipped business session.

* * *

Irene Hubbard of the A Woman of America cast has got used to relaxing now. She's had her son, Sgt. Samuel C. Monroe, home for long enough to believe that it isn't all a pleasant dream. Sam, who before the war was a member of the NBC sound effects department, was captured by the Germans during the now famous Battle of the Bulge last December. He was in five different German prison camps—sometimes worked 16 hours a day—and lost 60 pounds in the process.

* * *

Thanks to Merril Mueller, NBC correspondent in the Pacific, GIs there have a new slang expression—"NBC leave." It means a three day pass to Manila and began when Mueller arranged for soldiers to come from jungle fighting lines to the capital city for broadcasts to the United States.

* * *

Valter Poole, conductor of Mutual's Symphony of the Americas, had a rather tough tussle to get his father to agree to let him play the violin.

The first fiddle he ever owned was given to him for his sixth birthday by one of his father's cowhands, who carved it from a cigar box. Papa Poole was so outraged at the idea that his son wanted to be a fiddler that he smashed the toy violin. Valter's mother then took things into her own hands. She sold her best dress, bought a fiddle from a circus musician and got the local barber to give Valter secret lessons until he could play one piece all the way through.



Point-free laughs are on the menu for listeners to Parkyakarkus, of Meet Me at Parky's.

Confronted with this accomplishment, Papa was so impressed that he ordered a "good fiddle for my son"—from Sears-Roebuck. It took Valter another six years to grow big enough to play the full size, mail order instrument.

* * *

Dinah Shore is cherishing a collector's item among recordings given to her by one of her fans. It's the first platter Dinah ever cut, when she was singing with Xavier Cugat's band. Dinah's

(*Continued on page 54*)

Right Now—you are needed to help relieve serious homefront shortage of nurses

In which picture does your face fit?

DID YOU KNOW . . .

Because of the magnificent response of our trained nurses, our wounded are receiving expert care—and future need for Army and Navy Nurse enlistments depends on future events. But this same, whole-hearted response has created a critical nurse shortage at home.





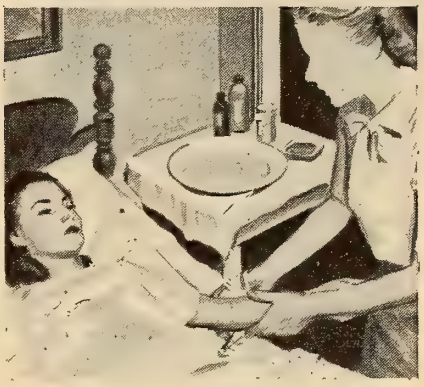
Here's how you can serve . . . help save lives. Read the following paragraphs carefully, and find *your* place in the nursing picture. With or without experience, every woman can do her part. Whether you are a registered nurse, or can train to assist in hospital work—you're wanted. So don't delay! And for further information see your local Red Cross Chapter today!

Are you a graduate registered nurse? You are desperately needed in one of our civilian hospitals! America's ill and injured . . . the very lives of young mothers, new babies whose fathers are fighting overseas—depend on your returning to active duty. Sickness and surgery can't wait! Let your Red Cross Chapter help find the hospital that needs you most.

Qualified for duty in a Veterans Administration Hospital? With your skill, experience, as a registered nurse, you can best help care for disabled men who have given so much. Even if you are over 40 years of age or have dependents, apply today to your local Veterans Administration. Or serve as a Red Cross Instructor for Nurses' Aides or Home Nursing Courses.



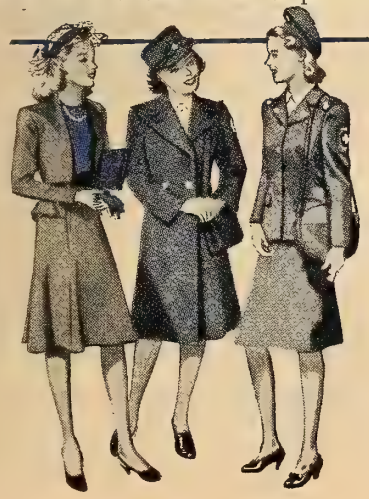




Want to serve as you learn a lifetime profession? If you're a high school graduate, or college trained—17 to 35 years old—join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and get a professional education *free!* You'll be releasing other nurses for essential duty, serving your country *now* and protecting your own future. Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

Will you volunteer as a Nurses' Aide? Such an *important* nursing job—for it frees nurses for urgent service which only they can perform! Classes meet 3 days a week, for 7 weeks. See when the next class opens and sign up. If you *are* a trained Nurses' Aide, you owe it to your country and training to go back into service, especially for daytime duty!

Can you give 2 hours a week? Take a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—just 2 hours a week for 12 weeks. Or choose the accelerated course. You'll learn how to care for your own dear ones in case of illness. Keeping your family out of the hospital, except when absolutely necessary, will relieve overcrowded civilian hospitals . . . release their personnel for servicemen.



You can stay in the picture every day—with KOTEX*

Today, millions of women—in all walks of life—count on Kotex sanitary napkins to help them keep going on "trying days." That's because Kotex gives lasting comfort, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Kotex gives more confidence, for only Kotex of all leading brands has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. The special *safety center* of Kotex provides extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting. And besides, a *deodorant* safely locked inside each Kotex napkin offers a new safeguard—for your daintiness, your confidence. Yes, today as always . . .



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins put together

Don't Look Now



... but you're coming undone. Your weak-kneed bob pins are slipping and he's pretending it doesn't matter... Why not side-step such Embarrassing Moments by using DeLong Bob Pins?



They have a *stronger grip* hold their shape indefinitely and never slide out of your hair unexpectedly. You can use one DeLong Bob Pin over and over and it won't ever let your hair down, endangering your social standing and your all-important poise.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

ARMY NAVY E

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN



It must be true that the Simms personality is as sweet as the Simms voice, because even Ginny's competitors say it is.



Harry James and his orchestra went into the CBS Friday night spot when comedian Danny Kaye came out for the summer.



Rise Stevens brings all this glamor and her magnificent voice to NBC Mondays, while Information Please vacations.

BY THE TIME you read this Dinah Shore should be back from her hospital and concert tour and settled down in her new ranch in beautiful San Fernando Valley. Dinah and her husband, Corporal George Montgomery, both love outdoor life and they found their Beverly Hills home too confining. George, an amateur carpenter, built most of the furniture for the ranch. The ranch has 100 citrus trees, occupies six and a half acres.

* * *

Joan Davis is desperately trying to interest singer Andy Russell in joining her show. Russell's click debut in the Paramount picture "Stork Club" has made him a very valuable property. Incidentally I was on the "Stork Club" set and it's an exact replica of the famous Sherman Billingsley bistro.

* * *

Look for Marilyn Maxwell, MGM starlet, to replace Norah Martin on Eddie Cantor's air show. A break like that for lovely Marilyn might put her in the very big time.

* * *

Papers are almost signed between Frank Sinatra and his new sponsor.

* * *

Carmen Cavallaro has taken Hollywood by storm. The night your reporter was at Ciro's, a carload of film celebrities were dancing to the Bronx Latin's rumbas and beguines.

* * *

Don't be too surprised if Kate Smith's show is cut down by a half hour.

* * *

The King Sisters will probably join the Ozzie and Harriet show next season.

* * *

Kay Kyser's beautiful wife and singer, Georgia Carroll, is still bothered by the malaria she picked up entertaining our boys in Louisiana.

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SIMMS TO BE UNANIMOUS

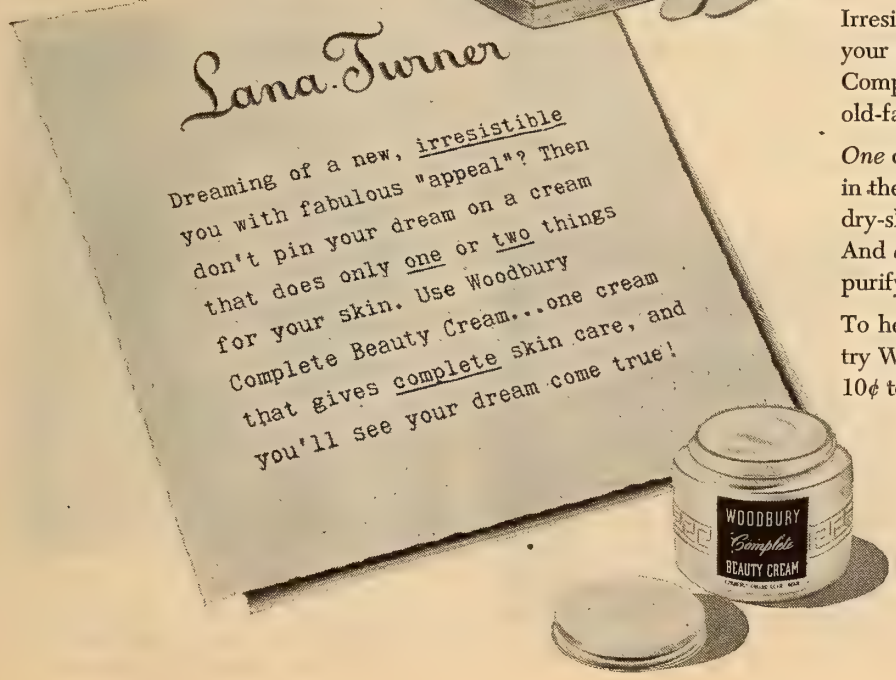
Hollywood, where a nasty rumor comes out more often than the relentless sun, has lost its battle with genial

(*Continued on page* 12)

LANA TURNER , STARRING IN "WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF" A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Another Hollywood Star ...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin





Irresistible Lana! Irresistible *you*, if you give your complexion beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. It does more than old-fashioned cold and cleansing creams can.

One cream to *cleanse, soften, smooth!* To work in the *night* against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines. It's a dreamy *powder base*, too! And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

To hear him whisper, "irresistible you!", try Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, now. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

...it's all you need!

R
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(*Continued from page* 10)

Ginny Simms. The buzzflys and barflys that crowd the famed intersection of Hollywood and Vine and frequent Ciro's, the Mocambo, and the Brown Derby, have tried diligently but simply can't find a thing wrong with her.

A well-known gossip columnist I know summed it up: "Ginny is so darned sweet to everyone, even her competitors root for her. Although I have tried I have never been able to print one word of gossip about that girl."

And when Milton Geiger, one of MGM's better scenarists, volunteered to write Ginny's official biography, he got so enamored of his subject that the studio rejected it.

"No one can be that sweet," said the studio editor.

When I met Ginny in her busy, music-filled suite at the swank Beverly-Wilshire hotel, a sort of branch office removed from the solitude and rustic beauty of her San Fernando Valley ranch, I asked her about all this unsolicited adulation.

"Oh," Ginny replied, blushing properly, "I guess it's because I have one simple philosophy for life . . . be kind."

Blue-eyed, brown-haired Ginny was born in San Antonio, the daughter of an ex-minstrel man and small movie theater owner. When Ginny was still in pigtails the Simms moved to Fresno, California, because of the fading health of Ginny's grandmother. They purchased three tiny movie houses and the whole family pitched in as ushers, pianists, ticket takers, projectionists.

When Ginny was nine she was playing piano for the few remaining silent pictures.

Ginny wanted to be a schoolteacher, entered Fresno State Teachers College.

But a bit of extra-curricular harmony singing with some sorority sisters changed the plan. Ginny and her friends were good enough to get a job on the local radio station.

Soon after, Ginny came down to Los Angeles to audition for Kay Kyser.

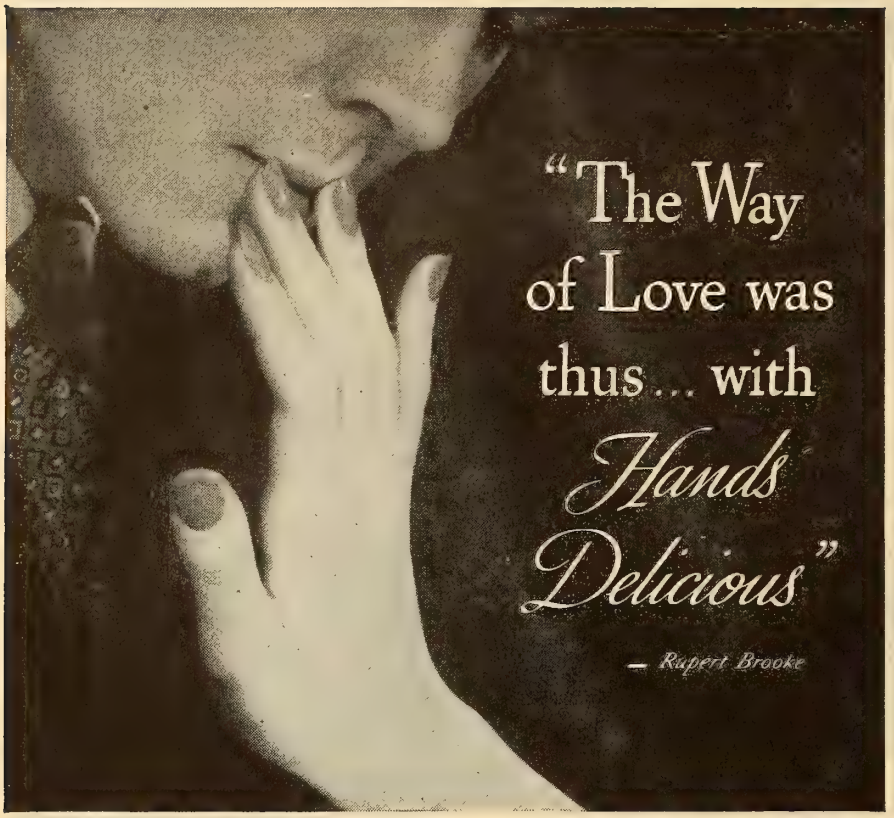
"The night before I almost lost my nerve. I went to a big night club and saw Betty Grable perform with a band. She was so pretty and talented that I got discouraged."

Kyser told Ginny she needed more

(*Continued on page* 14)



It's Carol Stewart who sings each Monday night to Beulah, CBS's new comedy sensation.



"Hands delicious"?—not from Doing the Dishes

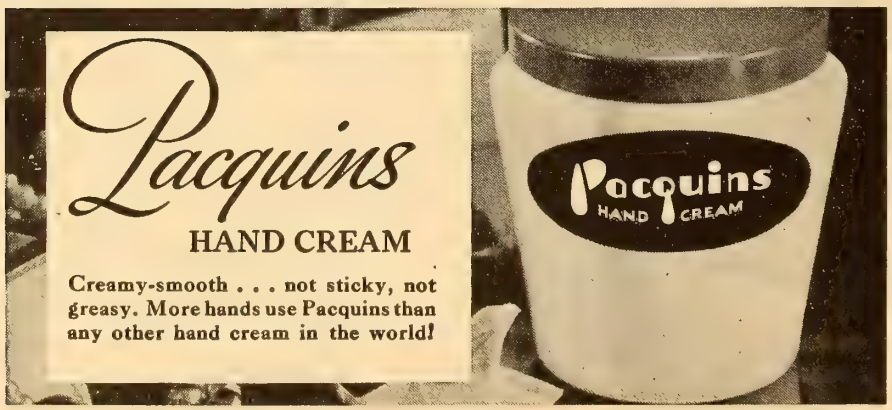
Sure, you get E for Effort doing housework. You also get rough, red, unromantic hands! *No Man's Hands* ...unless...*unless!*...you use that fragrant, snowy-white cream that helps keep your hands looking as smooth, white, and lovely as a gardenia!





Doctors and Nurses know about

. . . the damage scrubbing can do to skin. Their hands get 30 to 40 *scrubbings* a day! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated to help keep their hands in good condition even though they take a worse beating than yours. Pacquins is *super*-rich in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

M-G-M MAKES THE SCREEN'S BIGGEST TECHNICOLOR MUSICALS!



ON WAVES OF LOVE, LAUGHTER, SONG!

A gay and glorious musical love story that teams the singing artistry of Sinatra with honey-voiced Kathryn Grayson and the dancing magic that's Kelly . . . in 21 show-stopping numbers.

FRANK SINATRA ★ KATHRYN GRAYSON ★ GENE KELLY

ANCHORS AWEIGH

with JOSE ITURBI



DEAN STOCKWELL • PAMELA BRITTON • "RAGS" RAGLAND • BILLY GILBERT • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Isobel Lennart • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

SONGS! "WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?" ★ "I BEGGED HER" ★ "I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY" ★ "THE WORRY SONG" ★ "MY HEART SINGS" ★ "ANCHORS AWEIGH"

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OUR MARRIAGE WAS TOPSY-TURVY

Nothing but arguments between Bob and me! I didn't dream then that *I* was the guilty one. You see, I thought I knew something about feminine hygiene—but I didn't know that *"once-in-a-while"* care isn't enough!

My doctor came to the rescue when he told me how many marriages fail because the wife is *careless* about feminine hygiene. His recommendation was to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—*always.*



IT'S HUNKY-DORY AGAIN!

What a difference in our marriage now! Bob and I are so happy! And I'm so grateful to my doctor. Of course, I use Lysol now—always in the douche. Exactly as the doctor said: "Lysol is a proved *germ-killer* ... far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." It's easy to use, economical. But best of all—*it really works!*

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of *every* woman. So, douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution ... always! **Powerful cleanser**—Lysol's greater spreading power means it reaches more deeply, and effectively, into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control ... far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic**—Lysol douching solution is *non-irritating*, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; *deodorizes.* **More women** use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (*For* **FREE** *feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.*)



Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol Disinfectant **always!**



Anything for guest Diana Lynn on NBC's Everything for the Boys says host Dick Haymes.

(*Continued from page* 12)

experience, recommended her to another bandsman, Tom Gerun. Ginny joined Gerun in San Francisco, stayed with him until the band reached Chicago. More polished and experienced, Ginny auditioned again for Kyser and got the job—for four years.

Today Ginny is at the peak of her success. She is now on Columbia, and is starring in and producing her own show at a reported $12,000 a week. She just finished a new Universal film, "Alibi in Ermine."

In addition to her business activities, Ginny is still putting a priority on helping other people. She is concerned over the post-war entertainment needs of servicemen still bedded in Army hospitals.

"I'm trying to organize local committees of housewives and civic officials in cities and towns near general hospitals to make sure the needs of these boys are taken care of. Long after the regular USO troupes and professional troupes stop visiting these places, these boys will still be lying on hospital beds. I like to call my organization Lest We Forget."

ROMANCING THE RECORDS

(Each Month Ken Alden Picks The Best Popular Platters)

PERRY COMO (Victor 20-1676) HARRY JAMES (Columbia 36806) Both these artists turn out palatable platters of the most beautiful love song of the year, "If I Loved You." It's from the musical hit, "Carousel" and is a must. Como sings "Gonna Love That Girl" on the reverse while Music Master James grinds out "Oh, Brother" on his "B" side.

PAUL WESTON (Capitol Album) A four-record package labeled "Music for Dreaming." For those quiet, nostalgic nights when you can't tolerate another brassy recording.

KATE SMITH (Columbia 36807) DINAH SHORE (Victor 20-1681) CHARLIE SPIVAK (Victor 20-1675) All concentrate on a sprightly new Styne-Cahn Hit Parade winner, "Can't You Read Between the Lines?" Take your pick, with this corner giving the nod to Dinah.



"I love the delicate fragrance it leaves on my skin!"

Linda Darnell

Poets have said it for centuries—you know it's true! There's thrill, there's appeal men can't resist, in skin that's fragrant, *sweet.* So protect daintiness as lovely Hollywood screen stars do. "A daily beauty bath with Lux Soap makes you *sure*—leaves your skin fresh, really *sweet,*" says charming Linda Darnell. "You're ready for adventure, romance, and you *look* it!"

Make gentle Lux Toilet Soap—the delicately perfumed soap with creamy, *active* lather—*your* daily bath soap, too!

Lovely star of
"FALLEN ANGEL"
A 20th Century-Fox Production

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it... it's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!





How times have changed

You need not go back very far to find how times have changed. Only a few years—and *what* clothes, *what* hair-dos, *what* ideas of grooming! And few changes have been more intelligently "different" than the Tampax method for monthly sanitary protection! Based on the principle of internal absorption, this method successfully eliminates all pins, belts and external pads, as well as the bulges and ridges caused thereby.

Tampax is made of compressed surgical absorbent cotton enclosed in individual applicators so neat and ingenious your hands needn't touch the Tampax at all! Being *worn internally*, Tampax can cause no odor to form. And there are no disposal difficulties. Tampax is handy to carry and speedy to change, and is so comfortable the user cannot feel it when in place!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in three different absorbencies to meet varying individual needs: Regular, Super, Junior. Whole month's average supply will go into your purse; for 4 months' supply get the Economy Box. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS



Milena Miller looks, dresses, and sings like only one person—Milena Miller—because she believes so firmly that imitation is failure.

IF YOU walk down the quiet streets of Mansfield, Ohio, any Monday evening between 10:30 and 11:00 o'clock, you'll hear the same voice floating out of every house you pass . . . filling the night air throughout the city. It's Milena Miller singing from New York City on the CBS Stuart Erwin Show, and her home town wouldn't miss hearing her ever. For they can't forget that their native daughter left Mansfield Senior High School only five years ago to head for Manhattan—where she made much, much better than good.

She's been chosen "the best dressed girl in radio." She's won first prize at the Atlantic City Beauty Contest of 1943 as the best popular singer. She's been picked by the leading illustrators in America as "the most beautiful girl in radio." And how did all this happen to a youngster right out of her small home town? Because of Milena and her theory that "imitation is suicide."

She was still going to Mansfield Senior High School when she met Mansfield's great man—novelist Louis Bromfield, who wrote such well-known books as "The Rains Came" and "The Green Bay Tree." They became fast friends, the ingenuous schoolgirl and the sophisticated writer freshly back from fifteen years of living in France. She spent hours listening to his gay and casual stories of the Paris designers he had known—and made up her mind she'd go to New York and learn designing the minute she was free of school.

She did. She studied at the Traphagen School of Fashion, and right in the middle of her first year there, before Career Number One had really been born, she got sidetracked into Career Number Two. While she sat in class drawing sketches one day, Harry Conover—owner of the renowned Conover Model Agency—strolled in to see about some designs for his models to wear. He forgot all about them at sight of the blonde fresh from Ohio.

That was that. To her own astonishment, Milena Miller was a famous model from that day on. Her delicate beauty combined with her portrait-sense of clothes made everything she wore seem like a poem. She was mobbed by advertisers and photographers for the next two years—at the end of which time she was entered by Conover in the Atlantic City Beauty Contest of 1943. She placed first in the talent division as a singer—which snowballed her into signing up with the Music Corporation of America, appearing as a singer at the Casablanca nightclub in New York City, and then becoming star singer on the Stuart Erwin radio show.

She spends her evenings in her thickly carpeted hotel suite trying to find time for all the things she likes to do: reading, hearing all the radio programs, studying her songs for camp shows, playing all of George Gershwin's records, writing letters home to Mansfield, and sketching clothes.

She designs everything she wears herself . . . and, as in childhood, she first hunts for the most perfect materials available. Next to simplicity, Milena believes in individuality in dress . . . she thinks every woman has an individual style slightly different from every other woman's, just as we all have our own private fingerprints. "Remember always," she says about clothes, "Emerson's remark that imitation is suicide."

Instead of imitating the popular singers and vocal tricks of the moment, she stuck to her own simple, unadorned, individual style of singing. She figured it all out herself: "Right now, the trend is toward better music, lovely, honest lyrics and splendid orchestral accompaniment. That leaves only one task for the singer: to express the song sincerely and simply."

Eventually, however—in the far future—she's going to ease out of the spotlight. After Broadway plays and Hollywood movies, some day this girl is going back to where the life is as simple and real as she believes it should be . . . she's going back to Mansfield, Ohio. There, in her dreams, she'll live in a great Colonial house with six white pillars. In it with her will live a husband—and six little daughters all dressed in Milena Miller creations!



Straight from Paris

these exciting young hair-dos!

On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

LOVELY MADELON MASON . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl" . . . posed for all three photographs. For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.



(*Left*)—HUGE RIBBON BOWS, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this lovely centerpart hair-do! Back hair set as for a page boy, combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

(*Below*)—NEW PARISIAN PAGE-BOY! Notice the covered ear . . . and how the hair slants sharply down from above the ear to a long, long back! Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shining beauty, due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.



No other Shampoo...

only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Now . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Gloomy Miss...

(her complexion needed help !)





Smart Me...

(I told her my beauty secret !)

Happy Mrs...

(she won him with
that Ivory Look)



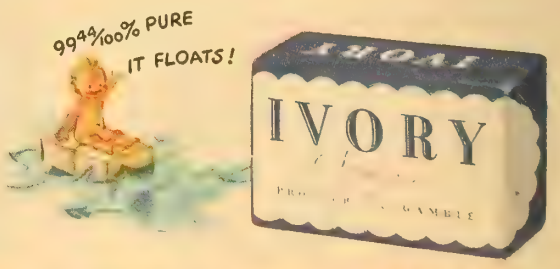
Lucky YOU... You can have a softer, smoother complexion, too!

It's so easy to get that Ivory Look—the softer, smoother, more radiant skin that puts confidence in your smile—a song in his heart.

Just take this tip—stop careless skin care today and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap.

Ivory is baby's beauty secret—on Doctor's advice! More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands put together!

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory. See how soon *you* can get that Ivory Look!



More Doctors advise IVORY

than all other brands put together

Make your Ivory last—it contains important war materials!

Whirlpool

A vortex, waiting beneath the surface of happiness, suddenly claimed Nancy. And if she took the hand that offered help, her husband must go down forever



Woodie said softly, "Nothing's changed."

"PROBABLY by next week," the doctor had said. "I think your husband will be well enough to come home by next week."

I tried to think only of that. I held those words in my mind almost by force during the hour-long bus ride home from the hospital. Woodie would be well enough to come home! That was the thing to fasten on and believe in. After eight long months he would be back with me again. I told myself sternly I must fight down the sense of apprehension I had felt when Dr. Blythe had gone on to say:

"Much of his adjustment is going to depend on you, Mrs. Frazier. In order to give him what he needs, you must forget the past. You must blot it out as if it had never happened. You understand?"

I told him I did. Of course I understood. Woodie needed love and security right now

more than he had ever needed them in his life. I wanted to give them to him. I had prayed for the day when I could. Yet now when the day was coming, I felt afraid. Afraid of myself. "Blot out the past," the doctor said. Could I do it? Strangely, the very fact that Woodie would soon be back again seemed to bring the past nearer, with all its shock and horror, and a feeling of deep depression wrapped me like a cloak.

Of course, visiting him at the hospital always depressed me. No matter how much I steeled myself against it, I always left there unhappy. It was a pleasant place, the hospital. With its brick buildings set attractively among trees and shrubs and graveled paths, it had the air of a resort and you were almost unaware of the high wall enclosing it, and the heavy iron gates. Almost, but not quite. The patients wandered freely about the grounds—all, that is, except the ones the doctors called the "most disturbed." They were in their rooms—comfortable rooms like those in a nice hotel—and they were not seen by anyone except the staff. At the beginning, Woodie had been one of those.

But that, I reminded myself, had been eight months ago. Today we had walked together along the paths without even a nurse in attendance. We had sat on one of the secluded benches and talked of the day he would come home and the plans for our future.

"I'll get my old job back, and everything will be fine," Woodie said. "I'm well now, Nancy. You believe that, don't you? You believe I'm well?"

"Of course I do, darling!" I told him and took his hand. "You're better than you've ever been and we're going to be happier than ever before." And it was true that to look at him, to talk with him now, you would never know he had been ill. His eyes were clear and untroubled. He had put on weight. And he laughed in the old way—the way he had before. Before—

I shook that thought away. I mustn't think of the "before." I must think only of the "now," and never, never for one moment know doubt or anything but faith. That was the only way to help him.

I was glad I hadn't gone to live with Woodie's mother and two sisters, as they had asked me, when he first went to the hospital. It had been hard to keep on paying rent on our apartment with the expenses so high, but with my job I'd managed. I'd wanted to keep everything exactly as it was so that when he was well again he'd come back to find his home and me unchanged. I, and all the things we'd bought together, would be there to welcome him. I had been so positive, all during that long, lonely time, that he *would* be well. So now why, when my faith was being justified, did these fears have to come? Why couldn't what had happened stay buried where it should, and not come back to haunt me like an unforgettable, unforgotten nightmare?



I GOT off the bus and hurried the two blocks to the apartment. The late Sunday afternoon had suddenly turned cold and gloomy. Somehow, as I let myself in, the gloom outside seemed to enter with me. It spread over the tiny living-room, usually so cheery and homey; it blurred the bright colors of the chintz, faded the flowers on the table, and lurked in all the shadowy corners. Those big iron gates of the hospital, with all that they signified, had reminded me as I'd walked out of all the other times I'd walked through them leaving Woodie behind their closing.

I sank down on the sofa and looked at the cold rain beginning to slant against the window. In a little while I would turn on the lights and fix my supper and go to bed. But right now, images from the past—those forbidden and dangerous images—were flocking back too fast for me to struggle against them. I kept seeing Woodie as he had been when I first met him . . . That night at the party given by the Young Peoples' Society of the church I attended, when he had looked so handsome and been so exuberant and hadn't wanted to dance with anyone but me . . . The night, soon after, when he had said so passionately that he loved and needed me . . . Our wedding night, here in this very apartment . . . The hopes we'd had, the dreams we'd dreamed . . . And then, slowly, my growing worry and bewilderment that climaxed in that horrible day when I'd come home and found him—the day I'd known terror and grief and indescribable shock as I'd been told the truth I should have been told before. All of it, everything I'd known and felt then, swept over me again as I sat there alone and watched the rain against the window pane.

The telephone rang. It was probably Mrs. Frazier, Woodie's mother, and I would have to be cheerful for her. At least, I had good news. Woodie was coming home. I thought I knew how she would react to that and I resolved not to get angry, no matter what she said.

But it was a male voice that answered. "This is Don Colman," it said. "If you're not doing anything for dinner, won't you take pity on me and have it with me?"

Don Colman was a new salesman at the automobile agency where I worked as bookkeeper. I liked him, even though we'd never done more than exchange a few words in the office. Everybody liked Don. But this was the first time he had ever invited me anywhere and I hesitated.

"I wish you would," he urged. "It's such a gloomy day and I need cheering up."

I needed cheering up, too. I needed to get away from those memories. "I'd love to," I said with sudden decision. "In about half an hour?"

I hurried into the bedroom to comb my hair and put on fresh lipstick. Why shouldn't I go out with him? He was a stranger in Wilton, and I knew—who better?—what loneliness could be. He knew that I was married and he probably knew about Woodie—the other salesmen surely had told him, I thought a little bitterly. So where was the harm in accepting this invitation? Of course Mrs. Frazier wouldn't approve of my going out with anyone at all. But then she seldom approved of anything I did. There had always been antagonism between us, no matter how much I'd tried to make her like me.

When Don came, I thought—as I had the first time I'd ever seen him—that nobody could ever call him good-looking, but that he was one of the *nicest* looking people I'd ever met. His features, taken separately, weren't the least handsome, but somehow they all fitted together in a way that made you glad to look at him. You watched for the slow smile that lit his face with warmth, and the way his eyes looked at you so directly as if he were really seeing you as a person—those brown eyes that were so surprisingly the precise color of his brows and his hair. Don Colman was one of those people who is all of a piece, and you felt relaxed with him right away.

He took me to a quiet restaurant where there was no music and the crowd wasn't large. It wasn't the sort of place Woodie would have liked. When Woodie went out, he liked music and a lot of people around. Tonight I was glad it wasn't like that.

"You're awfully sweet to come out like this," Don said when we had ordered. "To tell the truth, I was getting pretty tired of Don Colman. I needed company to get away from him."

I laughed. "I know. When you're alone a lot, you can get awfully bored with yourself. But I'm not being sweet. I wanted company, too." And then, surprised at myself for saying it, I added involuntarily, "I've just come back from visiting my husband at the hospital."

Don didn't fumble around like a lot of people did. He didn't look embarrassed or too sympathetic or as if he were anxious to change the subject. He just said, "How is he?" as if he really wanted to know.

"Much better, thank you. Dr. Blythe says he'll probably be able to come home next week."

"That's wonderful! It must make you very happy."

"Yes, of course." Of course it did. Of course it must. And yet—"It's strange," I said slowly, trying to put



"Look," Don said, "why don't you tell me all about it? It would do you good to talk to me."

into words what I had been feeling all afternoon. "I've waited for the day he would be well. I've prayed for it. And now it's almost here I—" my voice trailed off.

"You what?" Don Colman said very gently.

"I'm afraid," I burst out. "Not of Woodie. Never in the world of Woodie. But *for* him. And mostly I'm afraid of myself, that I might fail him in some way when he needs me so much. I—I can't understand it—when I ought to be so happy—" Hatefully and embarrassingly, the tears I had suppressed so long were rising. It was awful to be out like this with someone I hardly knew and begin to cry right here in public over my own private, deeply personal troubles! What would he think?

He didn't say anything for a moment. Then he leaned across the table. "It's natural to be scared," he said. "But I think you are because you've held all this bottled up in yourself for so long. Look, why don't you tell me about it? Get it out of your system—it would do you good to talk to me right now."

I sat there fumbling with my handkerchief. And then suddenly, looking across at those understanding eyes, I knew he was right. I had to talk, even if it were to a man who was almost a stranger. I had to release all those eight months of lonely anguish. And so I began to tell him.

I'd met Woodie Frazier, I told him, when I'd first come to Wilton two years ago after my parents' death in the small town where I'd been born. Woodie was (*Continued on page* 79)

A love of my own



THE night Paul Simmons came home, after more than two years away, fighting, was a turning point in my life. It was the eagerly, joyously awaited night of nights for Patty, his wife, and for Eddie and Gil, his two little sons. Yet, as Paul's rich, deep voice boomed happily in the little house, as the children clambered over him, their voices insistent with laughter, my heart sank dismally.

This had nothing to do with me! It was a celebration, it was dreams come true—for Paul, who had been a sergeant, and whose bright ribbons glittered with stars, over his breast-pocket; dreams come true for Patty, for the boys . . . but why was I here?

I had never seen Paul Simmons until tonight. All I knew of him was his picture on the mantel, and the lines from his letters Patty had read to me.

He was so tall he dwarfed the little archway from the hall. Sitting on one of the chairs, he made all the furniture seem doll-size. He looked tired, but somehow exalted. "I'm really home," he kept saying. "Really home."

If only Patty wouldn't try to drag me into this family reunion! I wanted to slip out through the gap in the hedge to my own house. I had never felt so out of place, so alone, somehow. Yet there was something in Paul's brown eyes, as he looked at me, as Patty kept proudly detailing all the things I'd done for her.

"And when Eddie had flu, Paul! It was awful. But Monda stayed up three nights."

"You wrote me," he said. His face stilled as he examined me.

I squirmed, pretending there was something I had to do in the kitchen. Patty cried, "She hates to be thanked, Paul. But honestly, if she hadn't been such a good friend, I—Monda, tell Paul about the time Gilly ate the Mexican beans!"

I tried to laugh. "Well, I brought them to the boys, so when he swallowed them, it was up to me to hustle him to the doctor's."

The sweetness of this homecoming, the light in Paul's eyes, weren't for me. For me, this was the end . . . not the beginning. How could I, the outsider, be part of this? To Patty, it was living again. But for me, with their father home, it was losing the children. I loved them so! They were part of me, now. What would I do without them?

I got away at last, fussing in the kitchen over cereal for the boys' supper. If they'd eat it, on top of all the cake and soda they'd gotten down in the last hour! Once, looking into the livingroom, I glimpsed Eddie, his heart in his blue eyes, staring adoringly at his father. Oh, Eddie needed a man in his life! He was a brave, sturdy little seven year old—but having only his mother, and his four-year-old brother, and me—Aunt Monda, the school teacher from next door—wasn't enough.

I remembered the trusting softness of Gilly's arms around my neck as he lisped his prayers, all the hundreds of nights I'd put him to bed for Patty, and I wanted to run out the back door—I wanted, desperately, to be alone in my own house. My cold house. To begin tasting, getting used to the emptiness and the order and the still quiet that would be mine, from now on.

But as I brought the tray into the livingroom, Patty Simmons cried, "Isn't she wonderful, Paul? Honestly, I couldn't have *lived* without Monda!"

We were exactly the same age, Patty



Next door, separated from her by more than walls and hedges, was the life Monda wanted, the life that could never be hers. Or was it, perhaps, something she only thought she wanted. . . ?

and I. But her blonde hair, shining now with brushing, the new unfamiliar blue ribbon over her dancing eyes, her vivid, glowing delight, had turned her into a vision of beauty. Patty looked eighteen, not twenty-six. Paul's eyes drank her in.

"I must go now," I mumbled.

"Oh, no, Monda! You can't leave us in the lurch!"

"But your husband wants to be alone with you," I said miserably.

He wasn't saying anything, just sitting on the sofa, looking at his wife, one son on each side. Now he gently nudged Eddie. "Supper, the lady said. Then bed."

"I made a salad and coffee for you, Patty," I said, retreating to the kitchen.

Paul stood up. He crossed the room swiftly. "Hey, stop acting as though you're the hired help, Miss Woods!" His laughter boomed. "You just don't know how important you got to be, in Patty's letters. Monda says this—Monda does that. I want to thank you, because I worried about her. She's sort of helpless."

"I'd have died without Monda, that's all!"

His arms went around her, and it was as though I weren't there. "Two years!" he whispered.

My face hot, I backed into the kitchen. I wished Patty would stop trying to include me. In the mirror over the sink, I glimpsed my neat brown hair mussed, my eyes lost and defeated. I mustn't feel sorry for myself! I'd only borrowed the warmth of Patty Simmons' children, the joy of playing with them, shopping for them, watching them laugh, cry, grow . . .

When the boys finished eating, I put them to bed, for the last time. After this, Patty would be doing it herself. With her husband beside her. Everything would change. I'd be in the house next door, at eight-thirty every night. I'd have the long stretch of evening ahead, the echoing silence from the upstairs rooms . . .

I THOUGHT of the dentist, this afternoon. Eddie had a sudden toothache, and we couldn't let it go untended the day his father was coming home! So while Patty got the house ready and primped, I had rushed Eddie downtown. Afterward, unclipping the bib, the dentist said, "Son, you're a man! Wait till I tell some of my screamers about you!" Admiringly, he turned to me, "You've got a boy to be proud of. Reflects the job you've done on him! No tantrums, no baby stuff. The lad was scared—but he trusted you, and he took it manfully." There was a rueful twist to his mouth. "In my profession I see darned little of well brought up kids, Mrs. Simmons!"

As though he had pulled an actual physical cord inside me, I felt a pang. "I—I'm not Eddie's mother. He—he lives next door to me."

It wasn't the first time a stranger had thought Eddie was mine. In the department stores, in the little restaurants where we sometimes had snacks, on buses . . . everywhere, people thought I was Eddie's mother. Because I was so wrapped up in him, I suppose. Because he chattered to me so happily and trustingly.

I fought down tumult and anguish. I faced the truth—suddenly it was like a glaring spotlight on places in my heart I'd never dared to inspect, before—that Eddie and little Gilly belonged to me—that always, always, I could care for them as I'd cared for them since Patty and her children moved into the empty house next door!

Without the love and the attention I had lavished on them, they wouldn't have been happy children. It wasn't wrong to admit that . . . Patty herself would be the first to admit it.

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While they soaped, I tried to shut out of my mind the unwilling pictures of Patty Simmons, these two years she'd lived here. She had let misery rule her. But she'd be different, now!

It had tormented me, that she had been so careless with her burdens . . . not seeing that the dull, heavy stone whose weight she bore, the stone of responsibility, was like an uncut diamond. She might have been gloriously wealthy, cutting facets with courage, with gaiety, with qualities of mind and heart, that would have enriched her every day. Companionship with her children, laughter, interest in Eddie's alert, growing mind, in Gilly's craving for love, might have rewarded Patty with a gleaming gem of happiness.

But she had not seen, she had not understood. Or was it because I had never loved a man, that I could not understand the depth of Patty's panic, carrying on alone?

I'd pitied her, the first day I'd seen her, surrounded by wailing little Eddie, the baby in her arms, as the moving men brought in her furniture. I had always known responsibility. I reveled in being strong! It was pleasant to pitch right in, help her bring order and livability into the old house. I marketed for her, on my way home from the school where I'd been teaching since I was twenty.

Patty was pathetically grateful—and she leaned on me. "Paul doesn't know how it is for me."

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I soon discovered that Patty had no system, less self-discipline. On days when she felt she couldn't bear making beds, she didn't make them. Her meals were slapped together without forethought. She was always running out of salt or flour or milk. Often, Eddie had no clean underwear, because Patty hadn't gotten around to the washing. Washed clothes to be ironed stayed in the willow basket in the kitchen for days. Evenings, I plugged in the iron myself and did a few pieces while Patty talked.

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"Well, Monda, then."

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"Goodnight, P-Paul."

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Part of my

Some marriages can be undone by words, some by separation. But Mary's marriage was not like these; the part of her heart that she had given to Tommy was his forever

TO a woman marriage means more than just living with her husband. It goes beyond loving him, too. And it includes more than admiration and fondness and understanding. If you are a woman, you discover that marriage is a merger with the man you love—a partnership to which you dedicate the precious inside *dreamer* part of you and into which your husband takes the innermost secrets of his personality.

It took so much to make me know that there is an intangible permanence about marriage which separation cannot destroy. I had a feeling that I could end my marriage as easily as I could quit an unsatisfactory job. But I found out that wasn't possible. I couldn't any more erase those years—the good ones and the bad—that I spent with Tommy than I could deny my love for our little four-year-old Diane.

I can see plainly why our marriage changed from a bright and shining, hopeful thing to something quite different, something that became tarnished with distrust and dissatisfaction. But when I decided to separate from Tommy, I couldn't see what was wrong. I know now that it takes two to make a quarrel just as it takes two to have a love affair. But then I knew only that I was unhappy, that I was no longer satisfied with my marriage to Tommy.

Maybe all happiness is relative. I mean, maybe you're not really unhappy some of the time. Perhaps you're just not as happy as you were at some time in the past, and so you seem unhappy. I think that's the way it was with me. I compared my five-year-old marriage with the bright and glowing days we had in the beginning. And, naturally, our everyday married life paled in comparison to that early ecstasy.

I suppose everyone thinks that her love affair is different from anything that ever happened before. I know I thought Tommy's and mine was blessed with a special kind of magic. And looking back on it, I still think it was. You see, I never had known anyone like Tommy in my life. My father and mother and older sisters believed that life was a serious business and that success in anything was achieved only through hard work. And Tommy didn't abide by their rules at all. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" was his code, and he lived by it.

I remember the first day I ever saw him. I was filing grace notices in the big insurance office where I worked, when I first heard Tommy's voice, that gay, happy voice that was to echo always in my heart.

"Hello, there," Tommy said, "where do you pay premiums around here?"

"You came in the wrong door," I told him. "The main office is in 519."

I waited for him to leave, but he didn't turn around.

"This isn't the right place," I explained again.

"For me it is," he said, looking intently into my eyes. "You're here."

Perhaps there isn't such a thing as love at first sight. I guess love has to be cared for like a precious flower, being nurtured always by respect and courtesy. So what Tommy and I felt that first day probably wasn't honest love. But there was an electric something between us right from the very beginning. We just looked at each other and liked what we saw, and in the weeks that followed we looked at each other often and liked what we saw more all the time. Tommy pierced the serious *outside* shell of me and unloosed the fun and gaiety that had been bottled up so long inside. I learned to laugh and to dance half the night and to sing just from the song that was always in my heart. I found out what it was to wear crazy hats and spend money foolishly and walk in the rain in my best new suit. Tommy was teaching me the luxury of joy, and I liked what I was learning. And yet all the time I kept thinking in the back of my mind, "This is fun, fun, FUN—something to remember always. But still this isn't right for everyday living. This is the frosting—not the cake, itself."

We were married six months after that day we first became conscious of each other in the insurance office. Tommy borrowed a car from a friend of his and we toured the Southland on our honeymoon. That two-week trip was a magic carpet to romance. We speeded over smooth highways in that glorious, pre-war world, laughing and singing as we discovered more and more reasons to love each other. It was as heady as champagne—that little drop of time—a golden, glorious, bubbling experience which I will never forget. But it was too exciting for everyday living—I knew that even while I was enjoying every moment of it.

I was the one who wanted to cut our honeymoon short. I began to worry about the money we were spending. And on the tenth day of our trip, I suggested that we leave for home.

"Tommy," I said at breakfast in the hotel dining-room in a sleepy little town in Mississippi, "let's don't go farther south. Let's go home."

"Home?" Tommy asked in amazement. "Why, I can be away for another week. Aren't you having fun?"

"Of course, darling," I told him, "but fun isn't everything."

"What's more important than fun?" he asked, smiling.

"Getting things for our home—planning for the future. Tommy, please," I insisted, "I want to go home."

"We'll have years to be at home," he argued.

Years to be at home! The words excited me. Years to be at home with Tommy. I wanted to go back to begin making our little apartment a home. I wanted to cease spending money on this trip and save it for things for our home and our life together.

"Please, Tommy," I begged, "I have so many things I want to do at the apartment. Slip covers and curtains and things like that."

I won, and we went home—home to the little apartment which I concentrated on right from the

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Inspired by Leonard St. Clair's radio play, "The Modern Woman", on CBS' Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays, 12:30 P.M. EWT.

heart



beginning with dutiful intensity. I brightened our living-room with chintz curtains—I painted the second-hand diningroom suite we got at an auction—I braided a soft rug for our bedroom. I studied cook books and borrowed recipes from my friends. I was determined that I should be a good wife in every way. That I was confusing housekeeping with homemaking right from the beginning I didn't realize until a long time afterward . . .

Tommy was working as a saleman for a wholesale grocery company when we first were married. He didn't tell me much about his job, although I often asked about it.

"Don't you worry your head about that," he answered me. "You're doing enough here at home."

After we had been married about five months, Tommy lost his job, but he didn't tell me about it. It was like him to leave each morning at the same old time and stay



away until it was late enough to come home for dinner.

"I didn't see why you should be worried, too," he told me after I found out about it at the butcher shop.

I'll never forget that day. I was watching the butcher wrap up a slice of ham for a casserole Tommy especially liked, when the man in white asked, "Did your husband find anything yet?"

I didn't know what he was talking about.

Life was a serious business to my family; I had never before known gaiety like Tommy's.



"Did my husband find what?" I asked him, wondering.

"A job," the butcher answered. "He said you'd be in to pay your bill as soon as he found that new job. I'm not worried about it, I told him. That husband of yours has a lot on the ball, lady."

I'll never forget walking the two blocks back to the apartment that day. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to be really afraid. I had to make an effort to pick up my feet and put them down again. Tommy didn't have a job. I didn't know how many bills we owed or how far in debt we'd gone. And I was angry at him for not telling me—for letting me go on spending money and buying things just the same as ever.

Tommy came in that night and he was whistling. I waited until after he had kissed me before I mentioned the news I had heard.

"Tommy," I said, "they told me at the butcher shop that you didn't have a job."

"They lied to you," he answered gaily. "I do have a job. I got one today." He was excited and happy and I found that I was losing my fear and that my heart was pounding with sudden joy and quick relief.

"It's a better job than the last one," he said, "so everything worked out."

"Weren't you ever going to tell me?"

"Sure—I was going to tell you tonight," Tommy answered, "now that I've got another one."

"But why didn't you tell me before?" I wondered aloud.

"It was bad enough to go through it alone—it would have been twice as bad if you'd been worried, too."

"But Tommy, that's what your wife is for—to share your troubles," I insisted.

Then he told me something that I should have recognized as wisdom right then, but which didn't mean anything to me until years afterward.

He said, "That isn't what my wife is for. I want you to share my joys. I can take trouble alone."

"Oh, Tommy," I said, "that's silly. Whenever you're worried again, you tell me about it."

THE next year we had Diane, and I became bound more closely to home than ever. Tommy began to complain that we were chained to the new little bungalow we were buying. And he didn't seem to try to understand my attitude about the baby. Diane was very precious to me and I was afraid to trust her with anyone else. She was so tiny and so dainty that I was afraid she would break. And I was so thankful for such a perfect little baby that I wanted to care for her by myself.

My mother-instinct was exaggerated, I suppose, but still I wasn't so very different from all mothers of first babies. I wanted my baby to be perfect—so perfect that I was way too conscientious. I was afraid of spoiling her or getting her off-schedule, so I wouldn't let Tommy rock her or play with her except for a few minutes a day—and always at a certain time. Instead of relaxing with her and enjoying her, I made a chore of my baby. But I wouldn't listen, when Tommy tried to talk to me about it.

"A baby shouldn't be this much trouble" he used to say. "Look at the Allens—they've got three, and she still goes to dances with Jack—and they get out to the movies. Why, their kids don't stop them from having fun."

"We'll have time for fun when Diane is older," I insisted.

"You can't just turn off fun the way you do a faucet and then turn it back on in five or ten years," Tommy said.

His insistence on fun began to annoy me and I found myself believing more and more that my parents had been right—that life was something to be taken seriously. And I was sure I was doing the right thing in my job as a wife and mother. Wasn't it a mother's duty to care for her child? Wasn't it a wife's duty to care for her home? What I *didn't* see was that a husband shouldn't be something that comes along *with* the home.

Once Tommy suggested that we have another child.

"Maybe we wouldn't be so afraid of this baby if we had another one. Maybe we'd see then that they're pretty much alike—and as hardy as geraniums."

But I wouldn't listen to him. I said for the first time then what I was to say many times again, and what I was to regret forever.

(*Continued on page* 69)

beginning with dutiful intensity. I brightened our living-room with chintz curtains—I painted the second-hand diningroom suite we got at an auction—I braided a soft rug for our bedroom. I studied cook books and borrowed recipes from my friends. I was determined that I should be a good wife in every way. That I was confusing housekeeping with homemaking right from the beginning I didn't realize until a long time afterward . . .

Tommy was working as a saleman for a wholesale grocery company when we first were married. He didn't tell me much about his job, although I often asked about it.

"Don't you worry your head about that," he answered me. "You're doing enough here at home."

After we had been married about five months, Tommy lost his job, but he didn't tell me about it. It was like him to leave each morning at the same old time and stay away until it was late enough to come home for dinner.

"I didn't see why you should be worried, too," he told me after I found out about it at the butcher shop.

I'll never forget that day. I was watching the butcher wrap up a slice of ham for a casserole Tommy especially liked, when the man in white asked, "Did your husband find anything yet?"

I didn't know what he was talking about.



Life was a serious business to my family; I had never before known gaiety like Tommy's.

"Did my husband find what?" I asked him, wondering.

"A job," the butcher answered. "He said you'd be in to pay your bill as soon as he found that new job. I'm not worried about it, I told him. That husband of yours has a lot on the ball, lady."

I'll never forget walking the two blocks back to the apartment that day. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to be really afraid. I had to make an effort to pick up my feet and put them down again. Tommy didn't have a job. I didn't know how many bills we owed or how far in debt we'd gone. And I was angry at him for not telling me—for letting me go on spending money and buying things just the same as ever.

Tommy came in that night and he was whistling. I waited until after he had kissed me before I mentioned the news I had heard.

"Tommy," I said, "they told me at the butcher shop that you didn't have a job."

"They lied to you," he answered gaily. "I do have a job. I got one today." He was excited and happy and I found that I was losing my fear and that my heart was pounding with sudden joy and quick relief.

"It's a better job than the last one," he said, "so everything worked out."

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(*Continued on page* 69)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Young Doctor Malone

The story of a wife who knew that marriage does not simply grow, but must be built into strong, deep happiness by intelligence and loyalty



ANN MALONE's nursing experience is being put to good use during an emergency in her husband's office, but her truly important work lies in being the kind of wife Jerry Malone needs. Her calm ability to face facts, her devotion and clear-sightedness, have many times cleared difficulties from her husband's path.
(Ann Malone played by Barbara Weeks)

JERRY MALONE is a fine, conscientious doctor and a devoted husband and father. But his emotional life is not always as well-balanced as his professional, because he tends to dramatize personal problems too much. He relies on Ann's courage and good sense, and on the deep love between them, for stability and help.
(Jerry Malone played by Carl Frank)



Young Dr. Malone on CBS, Monday through Friday at 1:45 P.M. EWT

JILL is the Malones' year-and-a-half-old daughter. Bright and energetic because she is Jerry's child, pretty and full of personality because she is Ann's, Jill has transformed the young married pair into a real family whose lives center around her and each other.



LUCILLE CRAWFORD, Dr. Crawford's second wife, could have a happy, serene life if she would give up her pathetic attempt to remain girlish, and become instead the mature woman that, in years, she is.
(Janet McGrew)

DR. SEWELL CRAWFORD is Jerry's loyal friend. Because he conceals kindly understanding under caustic words, one must look to his actions for the key to his truly gentle, perceptive, kind character.
(Paul McGrath)





DAVID CRAWFORD, the spoiled twenty-five-year-old son of Dr. Crawford's first marriage, is using his honorable discharge from the Army as an excuse for sponging on his father, annoying his stepmother, and making as much trouble for as many other people in Norwall as possible.
(Jack Manning)



CHRISTINE TAYLOR, a young English girl visiting the Malones, fell in love with David Crawford. Healthy-minded, well-brought-up, revelations of the wrong-doing in David's past brought Christine closer to heartbreak than she had ever been before in her unsophisticated nineteen years.
(Betty Pratt)



MARIE DUNCAN, feeling unwanted in her brother's home, has developed a sense of inferiority that keeps her unhappy and badly adjusted.
(Marie Duncan played by Pattee Chapman)



I looked up, and he was smiling. Like a black curtain, the fear had dropped away from me. I could stand alone now.

THE STORY:

THAT June, when I was nineteen, it seemed as if the whole rest of my life were neatly laid out before me, ready for the living. I was about to marry Don, one of the Henry twins who lived on the ranch nearest ours; we would live the sort of life we loved —ranch life—raise a family, and leave behind us a richer heritage for our children and our children's children, just as all the Henrys had done since pioneer days.

But from the day that Duncan, Don's brother, and a geologist, came home from the East, things began to happen to upset that wonderful life-plan of mine. On that day, my Mother died. That left me without family, except for my cousin Helene, for Dad had died years ago. Of course, the marriage was postponed. Don and Duncan were a double tower of strength to me during that time. But an even greater blow was in store. Mr. Timm, Mother's lawyer, came to the ranch to read Mother's will—a Mr. Timm who seemed unusually nervous and upset. After listing a few simple bequests to Helene and to the ranch hands, Mr. Timms paused, and then began again. "And to my legally adopted daughter, Joanne Deming, I—"

I was stunned. I was not Joanne Deming at all, but an adopted child! Who was I—how would this affect my relationship with Don, who believed of people, as he believed of the cattle he bred, that fine bloodlines, a known, untainted heritage, were the most important things in life!

I awoke next morning out of an exhausted, stupor-like dream to a world that had turned itself upside-down. Just at first, in that brief, drugged moment between sleeping and waking, there was only the usual anticipation that a new day had always brought to me. This was my room; there was the same sloping ceiling under the log eaves, the same apple-green painted walls, the chintz curtains I had made myself three years ago. It was all familiar . . . all the same. The very bed I slept in was the old fashioned sleigh bed that Great-grandfather Deming had brought with him by covered wagon from Illinois.

And then memory thrust itself into my consciousness with arresting sharpness. He was not my Great-grandfather Deming. I was not Joanne Deming, except by grace of a legal paper. There were no ties of blood between me and



Overshadowing every other feeling was this knowledge of Joanne's that her name and identity were borrowed —that she had no more roots than the tumbleweed that drifted along, unwanted, with every turn of the wind

I believe in you

the others who had slept in this same bed. I didn't belong here. With feverish haste I dressed and hurried downstairs.

But it was no better there. Everything seemed strange and out of place. The pain in my heart came between me and hunger. I pushed away the breakfast Manuel so solicitously placed before me . . . perhaps I could think better outside, away from the house.

And for the moment, looking across the valley plains to the high, eternal hills, I felt a certain peace. Out here things remained the same and Copper whinnied his invitation for a gallop just as he did every morning through the bars of his corral. They had nothing to do with the frailties of human beings—the hills and the Palomino and the dusty roads and the sweep of plain and valley. Only I was changed.

I knew that I was being morbid. But the terrible sense of loss, of being deprived of everything that had made me a complete, sustained and well-adjusted individual, clouded my thinking. For the first time I realized what it meant to stand alone . . . to be an outsider. Overshadowing every other feeling was this knowing that my name and my identity were borrowed and that I had no more roots than the tumbleweed that drifted along before me now, in the road, catching hold of a fence post—rolling loose—unwanted—blown along with every gust of wind.

It would have been easier if I could have blamed someone; hated someone for this thing that had happened to me. But I could only remember, humbly, the love and the devotion Mother had showered on me. She had given me twenty years of happiness and I was deeply grateful—more so, since now I knew I had been a waif she had taken in. But there was a shadow between me and her memory; I was not as close to her as I had been.

"Is breakfast ready?" I turned to find Helen beside me, her blue-satin housecoat incongruous against the rough bark of the log-walled veranda. She yawned again. "Golly, it's cold out here so early in the morning. Let's go inside. What are you going to do today, Joanne? I think I'll wash my hair."

I looked at her in amazement. From her words and tone this might have been any morning when the two of us planned our day over the breakfast table. Had she forgotten? Only now did I admit to myself that I had been prepared to have Helen gloat over my misfortune. Although we had grown up together, still I had been the favorite daughter, and Helen the cared-for niece. Now the tables were turned. It would have been only natural for her to want to impress upon me that she was the only real Deming and I was an impostor.

MY FACE must have gone blank because she halted and looked at me with puzzled eyes. Then their expression changed—to sympathy. "Oh, Joanne . . . I'm sorry. I forgot. But you mustn't feel too badly. It isn't that important."

Just as when Duncan had said *"Nothing is changed,"* so now, with Helen's indifference, I felt the sinister fear easing. But only for a second. Then I realized that she was no test; Helen was too indifferent to anything that didn't concern her own comfort; she was too lazy for malice.

With old Jud I did feel a difference. Perhaps it was my own sense of insecurity that made me hesitate and stammer when I talked to him, but it seemed to me, in my new humiliation, that his attitude was different and that he didn't trust my judgment as he had before. I was glad when our short morning's discussion was over and I could escape.

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can't understand why you care so much."

I took a long time answering. How can you explain these shaking, lonely fears inside of you? Slowly, I chose my words.

"Yesterday I was something—somebody. I had a continuity from my grandmother and my mother, from my father, to me and to my children. My children and Don's. I can't marry Don without. . . ." I was nearly crying.

His face softened and Duncan pushed a strand of hair out of my eyes in an odd, fumbling, comforting gesture.

"How do we start, Joanne?" And his voice had a quality, almost of intimacy, that made my heart lift.

"I found a baby locket upstairs in the attic and it has some initials engraved on it," I told him, eagerly. "The only thing—I can't be sure whether they're JTS or JST. It might not even be mine, but it will be a start for us." Too, I was thinking of the long afternoons a year ago when Don and I would come back from a ride and find Duncan sitting in close conversation with Mother. Surely he would know something—!

And there was a guarded look about his eyes as I talked, that made my heart leap, that made me sure he *did* know something. Otherwise, certainly, he would have denied it flatly.

It was a little while before he spoke. Finally—"All I have are fragments. I never asked your mother, even after she told me you were adopted. But she did say things . . . oh, like being surprised your hair had become so dark brown when so many in your father's family had red hair. Things like that. But it will take time to remember and for us to put these things together. If you want to come with me tomorrow, we can talk. I start work in the morning over at the Red Rock."

He slid his lean length off the rail. "But—remember. I'm against all this. To me, it's unhealthy and dangerous . . . digging around in the buried past. You might get hurt. You aren't looking for a family to love, to fill a place in your heart. You're looking for a family name to give you a standing in the world."

His words turned me to ice. And when he had left I stretched out on the sofa in the living room, unable to control the sick shaking inside of me. *I might be hurt!* Duncan's words had brought the fear I had been restraining close to the surface. What if there had been shame and dishonor in my birth?

Don was afraid, too. I knew that, in spite of—or perhaps because of—the vehemence with which he had denied the possibility. Now, when I needed him most, he was as frightened as I. The strong, reliant Don Henry I had always known, who could handle a loco steer or break the wildest horse, was helpless before this danger that threatened his most cherished and stubborn theories.

ALL that day while I went about my work like an automaton, the certain horror deepened until I thought I couldn't stand it. Queer visions floated before me— of faceless people and strange, desperate words and weeping, of whispers that had floated above my cradle twenty years ago and that had remained to haunt me now. With Helen in the room, or with Jud or Sandy outside, I could control my thoughts momentarily, but when night came and Jud went to his own rooms in the bunkhouse and Helen and Sandy went into Indian Wells for a movie, I was alone and at the mercy of my fears.

The silent house seemed bigger, emptier than I had ever known it. I was unable to sit still; I wandered, with dragging feet, from room to room—seeking some place where there was comfort and peace. But I didn't find it. Instead, the agony inside me grew and grew until every object I touched seemed to repulse me.

There were the old gold-framed oval paintings of Thomas Henry Deming and his good wife, Sarah, in the old-fashioned clothes of the pioneer days. I could not help but feel that their painted eyes had seen my coming here; that they knew the truth about my birth and its unspoken secret; that their eyes were stern and disapproving.

In the sewing room—the "glory hole" as Mother used to call it, laughing—there was a mirror and I saw my face reflected there, white and drawn. Perhaps my fevered imagination read things there that weren't real—but I could not look away. Did my chin, rounded and soft, show signs of weakness? And my mouth—was it thinner, laxer—now that it had no color, now that it trembled when I looked at it? And my eyes—there were queer flecks in them, but whether they came from the tears I had shed or from an unsteady mind behind them, I didn't know. I turned from myself in desperate fear.

But it did no good. I was haunted by this new picture of myself—the picture of a girl whose mind and body came from unknown antecedents and in whom might lurk weaknesses and dark taints and I-knew-not-what treacherous inheritances.

My father . . . *what were you? Were you a gay, laughing, strong-shouldered man who had loved that unknown woman who had been my mother? Or was there cruelty in your eyes when you courted her—and left her? Were you glad when you knew I was coming? Or did you hate my mother—and me? Who—what—were you?*

I could not even imagine my mother. The name meant only the remembrance of Mother Deming, quick-moving, gently-smiling, tenderly-sweet. That other woman had no meaning for me.

I undressed in the dark, with shaking hands that fumbled with buttonholes and tore at my dress. And when I was in bed I lay staring into the darkness—the unfriendly, whispering darkness.

I must find my way back to comfort and sanity again. Marriage to Don meant that—it represented everything that would prove to me that the world was normal again. It would prove that the shadow had passed me by. The boy and girl we had been together, Don and I, the calm, sensible, happy relationship between us that we had planned for our future—I clutched at these, trying to find my way back there again.

But, strangely, it was the memory of Duncan's unsympathetic brusqueness that finally banished the ghosts from my mind and let me sleep.

Early as Duncan arrived the next morning, I had been up hours before and had Copper saddled, the water canteens filled and a lunch packed. I knew that Duncan's geological field work might keep us away all day.

We rode out in silence. I couldn't tell from his non-committal face whether Duncan minded my coming along, or not. His eyes seldom strayed from the road in front of us, only lifting now and then to look appreciatively around him at the countryside. It was an enchanted morning and the hills seemed to stand out like sentinels, each rock and bush outlined, against the sparkling sapphire of the sky. It was too early for dust, yet late enough for the morning's chill to be rapidly evaporating. The horses under us seemed to feel the thin, wine-like challenge of the bracing air and they pranced along like colts.

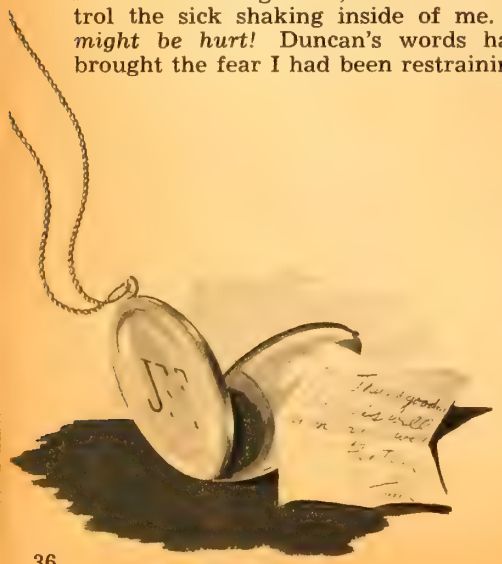
I wished, passionately, that there were no other reason for the ride than just the sheer pleasure of the day and the wind and the gallop. I felt an awkward embarrassment about broaching the subject, but I had brooded over it too long to talk of anything else. So, finally, I asked Duncan if he had thought over his conversations with Mother Deming and if he remembered anything.

"It's so important to me, Duncan," I pleaded. "I must know who and what I am."

He was smiling when he answered, but his eyes were intent and sober. "That's what I want to find out, too, Joanne—who you are and what you are. I *think* I know. I think you are strong and sure and honest and sweet and quick to feel. I think you are a woman any man would be proud to marry, just as you are, without caring who made up your family."

He had, somehow, taken my question away from me and twisted it so that I was confused again.

"But no one (*Continued on page 56*)



No one but you



OVERLAND is not a very big city. It has a small business section surrounded by a spreading collar of residential district; it has three or four nice hotels, a couple of pretty parks, and one really good shopping street, Varick Avenue. The shops along Varick Avenue are every bit as handsome as the New York stores you see pictured in big, slippery magazines—sleek, dignified shops, their wide, arched windows settings for the display of beautiful dresses and furs and jewels. There's a tea shop or two, and these are settings also—for the women who can afford to shop on Varick Avenue, who can order a seventy-five-dollar dress at Hudson's, and casually say "Charge it."

I loved Varick Avenue. Walking along it, window shopping, I would forget that I was Diana Gleason, who lived in a plain little house in a plain little neighborhood, who earned twenty-two dollars a week in an insurance office and who, if she lived to be a hundred, would never earn much more. I became instead a glamorous creature of my own imagination, a Diana Gleason who owned a mink coat and a blue fox jacket, who wore simple little black dresses like the one in Hudson's window, and who met her husband for dinner at the Regent Hotel on maid's night out. It was there that my imagination stopped, tripped by one unalterable fact. The imaginary husband I met always had dark hair, and gray eyes with a smile in their depth and an underlip that pouted forward when he was thoughtful. My imaginary husband always looked exactly like Tommy Lewis—and even in my dreams I was aware that I couldn't marry Tommy and also be one of the women who shopped on Varick Avenue.

Tommy would never be rich. He had a job at the Hillside Nursery, Tree Surgeons and Landscape Contractors, and

Varick Avenue—its expensive restaurants, its exclusive shops—was the essence of living to Diana. Even after she married Tommy, Varick Avenue beckoned to another world—and disaster

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

he worked less for his salary than because he loved his job. He didn't want to find a better job, because to Tommy restoring a rotted tree or plotting a lawn was the best work anyone could possibly have; he didn't even want to own his own nursery. "Too many headaches," he would say, grinning lazily at me. "Too much bookkeeping and figuring. A fellow gets enough of that as it is. Don't you worry, honey, I'll always have enough to get along on, and enough to put aside for a rainy day, and enough to have fun with. What more could I want?"

That was Tommy's idea. Tommy's wife would always be comfortable and cared for—but Tommy's wife would be a little shabby, too, after the children came and money was needed for their clothes and their schools. It was significant that Tommy didn't say, "What more could *you* want?" He knew what I wanted. I'd grown up with him, and he knew my every thought, my every dream. He knew how I felt when we walked, at my request, along Varick Avenue on our way to the movies. He knew, and he laughed at me for it. "You don't really want those things, honey," he told me one night. "You just think you want them."

HIS calm assurance made me furious. "How do you know so much about me?" I demanded. "How can you say I don't want—well, that suede bag, for instance?"

Tommy just laughed. "Because if you really wanted it," he said, "you'd do something about getting it. You wouldn't go along just wishing, like a kid at Christmas time. You'd carve out a career for yourself, like Jennie Stors, or you'd marry someone with money, like Vee Nelson."

I sniffed. I knew Jennie and Vee, and I didn't envy them. Jennie was twenty-four, two years older than I, but she looked closer to thirty. There was a sharp vertical line between her eyes, and she wore glasses from studying so much, and she was always too busy to go out with the crowd. And Vee—Vee's husband was nearly three times her age, and he had a paunch and pale, watery eyes. I shuddered, and when Tommy took my arm, I moved a little closer to him. "How about it, honey?" he whispered. "Why don't you forget about being Mrs. Moneybags and marry me? We'd be so happy—"

I knew it. With Tommy holding me close to his side, with his head bent so that his cheek nearly brushed mine, I knew that I could be happy with him. But then I reminded myself that that kind of happiness, the Tommy-and-I kind of happiness, didn't last. It didn't last after you had to pinch pennies, when you had to wear the same old coat four years running. "No," I said sharply. "No, Tommy, no—"

He said no more about it for the rest of the evening. But when he left me at my door, he kissed me hard and long, as he'd never kissed me before, kissed me until there was no breath left in my body, until I had no will of my own. Then he released me and walked away, leaving me shaken to the core of my being, and afraid.

I was afraid of the way I felt about Tommy, afraid of the way my senses leaped at a look from him, afraid of his touch, afraid of his kisses.

That was one reason why, a few days later, I quit my job at the insurance company and went to work at Ravel's Restaurant. The other reason came of thinking over what Tommy had said about doing something to get what I wanted, and realizing that he was right. I *had* been childish in my dreaming; I'd expected a fairy godmother to give me the things I longed for. I didn't consciously say to myself when I took the job at Ravel's cigarette counter that I was taking it to meet the men who came into Ravel's for lunch and for dinner, the well-to-do businessmen of Overland and the smart young men who had the cream of the jobs in town. I told myself just what I told Tommy. "Ravel's pays five dollars a week more," I said, "and the work is more interesting. I'm tired of being stuck in a filing room with a lot of dusty statistics."

Tommy was silent; then he gave me a little lop-sided smile. "You took me seriously, didn't you honey? I hope you remember that you're not Vee Nelson."

I flushed. It was unkind of him to remind me that it was at Ravel's that Vee had met the wealthy man she married. "I don't know what you're talking about—"

He laughed; then he rose and bent over to kiss me lightly. "Oh, yes, you do. Try your wings, sweetheart, and I'll see you when you quit that job."

My heart felt as if it had been dipped in ice water; my voice came out tight and thin. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you're not taking a job; you're making an experiment. My being around might confuse the issue."

"That's not true!" I flared. "You just don't like my going to work there—"

Tommy shrugged. "Maybe." He was already turning away. "But there's nothing I can do about it except to say that I'll be here when it's over."

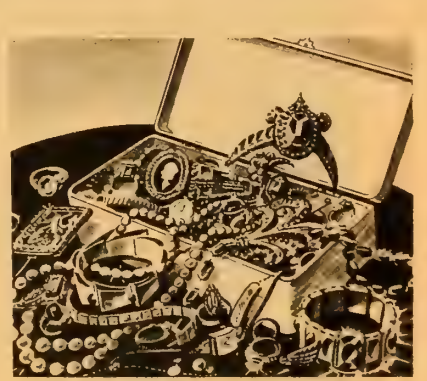
Numbly I watched him go. There was nothing else to do. Easy-going, good-natured as Tommy was, he had a stiff core of pride. He would not argue; he could not be drawn out and made to defend himself or his point of view.

Tommy kept his word, and I didn't see him at all after I started work at Ravel's. I missed him, but I would have missed him a great deal more if it hadn't been for the excitement of my new job. It was fun, after having been shut up in the rear office of the insurance company, to stand behind the shining glass counter at Ravel's, to be greeted by the customers as they came in, to joke with them and to be paid extravagant compliments. I enjoyed the attention, and with one exception I didn't mind that they meant no more than that they were pleased to be served by a pretty, smiling girl. The exception was Justin Clark.

Justin was different from the others. He wasn't married, and he was young—in his early thirties—and something in his laugh, in the way his hair grew back from his forehead, reminded me of Tommy. He didn't joke all the time as the other men did; he talked pleasantly, asked how I was as if he were really interested. I found myself thinking of him as the nice Mr. Clark, and then as Justin, found my eyes wandering toward his table in the diningroom—and the old dream of being a woman who shopped on Varick Avenue changed a little, and it was Justin I met for dinner at the Regent Hotel on maid's night out. In the long, warm summer evenings, when I was through work early at Ravel's and there was nothing to do but go to the movies with my young brother, I longed for Tommy, but the mornings brought a sense of anticipation, and thoughts of Justin. Perhaps today Justin would ask me to go out with him, and the dream could begin to come true. Perhaps tonight he would take me to dinner. . . .

But Justin didn't ask me out. He continued to be pleasant, to stop to chat with me, but not once did he suggest that I see him outside Ravel's. And then one night there was a bachelor's dinner at the restaurant, and I was asked to work late. Justin was one of the men who filed past my counter into the private diningroom, and while I served the few late-staying regular customers, I watched the closed double doors of the private diningroom, and listened to the sounds of talk and laughter, and dreamed. I dreamed that one of these days the same crowd would be giving a bachelor's dinner for Justin, and I would be the bride-to-be. I would have a two-carat diamond engagement ring, and of course I would buy my trousseau on Varick Avenue. I'd have that blue suit at Crane's for a going-away dress (it would be just right with my mink coat, and my wedding gown would come from Hudson's. . . . I was trying to decide between a cap and a circlet for the veil, when the doors of the private diningroom opened to admit a gust of laughter—and Justin. He came toward me, walking carefully, carrying a slim-stemmed goblet. "Hi, Diana!" he called. "I brought you some champagne. I told the fellows that Diana had to celebrate, too—"

My heart leaped and then dropped sickeningly as (*Continued on page 95*)



No One But You was inspired by a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony's program, heard daily at 1:45 P.M. EWT, on Mutual



I could bear the silence no longer. I crept into his arms. "Tommy, please—"



Henry and Homer, late as usual, start off one of those frantic Aldrich Family days. (Henry played by Raymond Ives, Homer, Jackie Kelk.)

Will our Children be ready?

IT seems that there are still emergencies. I've just come from an emergency meeting at Henry's High School. And I'm upset, upset enough to sit down like this and try to do something about it. If I wait too long, I might stop being so upset and think of many reasons for not trying to do my share. I could say to myself that I'm not an educator, not an expert, not a professional propagandist and, perhaps, it would be better to leave this sort of thing to these better equipped people.

But, right now, I'm an upset mother. And I want to stay upset long enough to say a few things and maybe have those things reach a lot of other mothers.

Our heads and hearts have been full of the war for a long time, now. That's as it should be. That was the big job facing us. The war, with all the needs and sacrifices it brought, had to be fought and won. Certainly, all of us, as a nation and as individuals, have done everything in our power to bring about the victory over our enemies



We've been fighting, working, praying for peace.

But have we let our children make a mistake

that will make peacetime harder for them than war?

By MRS. SAM ALDRICH

which is so hearteningly close now.

After the meeting tonight, though, I'm beginning to wonder whether we haven't tended to lose sight of the real issues for which we were working and fighting. Haven't we, perhaps, lost sight of the forest for the trees? Is it possible that all the thousands of immediate and pressing tasks and responsibilities that the war posed have blinded us to the realities for which we were fighting the war?

Peace. Of course, that's what we want. But that's only a word. It's what peace stands for, what it means in terms of living tomorrow, that we have to keep in mind. I have ideas about peace. I know what I want it to be and what kind of a world I want it to produce and keep.

I have a son. He has not had to fight in this war. I want the peace to be such that he will never have to fight in a war. I want the world to be such that he will never even have to think about the chances of having to go to war. I want the world to be a good place in which to live. I want all people to live decently, in good houses, with more labor-saving devices, with much more time for the fun of living. I want science to develop so that all people can be helped to live healthy, happy lives.

I'm not being an idealist about this. The possibilities for this kind of a world exist. The groundwork has been laid for it. But, if we have learned nothing else out of the events of the last few war-torn years, we should have learned this—that nothing, not peace, not prosperity, not security, not progress, nothing depends on a few wise men. Everything depends on the people. The people—the old and the young.

As I see it, the future, the kind of world for which so many of our finest young men have given their lives, will belong to the young. It will be their world, to make of it what they will, to build it, to shape it to suit their needs and desires. And that's what I'm so upset about. Will our youth be prepared to take its place in the world of tomorrow?

Tonight, at the school, some appalling, frightening facts were read to us. I'm going to be blunt about those facts. That's the best way to make them hit home, I think.

Since 1941, the enrollments in our high schools have fallen off by over one million students. As a nation, we're back where we were in 1934 as far as the number of children attending high schools is concerned. Think what that means! We're going backward, instead of ahead. We're losing all the progress that was made through hard years of fighting to raise the general educational level of our country, progress that was a justification for democratic methods.

Radio mother to the maddening Henry since 1939, attractive Katharine Raht knows all about adolescents. She was a teacher before switching her talents to the theater and radio. The Aldrich Family is heard Fridays, 8:00 P. M. EWT, CBS.

For generations, forward-looking people struggled to spread education in this country, to develop a more and more intelligent population which can cope with the modern world and all its problems. By 1940, we had reached the all-time high of 7,244,000 enrollments in high schools. And a fairly large percentage of these more than seven million students could be counted on to go further to higher schools.

And then came 1941. Since that year, fewer and fewer children have been returning to their high schools each fall. The loss, as I said before, has been over a million so far.

Long ago, the people who were interested in youth and in the preservation and extension of democracy, recognized that as the world moves forward, life gets more complicated. Jobs get more involved and demand more skills and more knowledge to acquire those skills. The plain business of living in a town, or a city, or as a citizen of a nation demands more and more understanding. The simple matter of getting along in every day life today is a much more complex matter than it was twenty years ago, thirty years ago. Think of the mechanical devices people have to be able to use today—radios, cars, refrigerators, airplanes, electric stoves, electric irons, electric mixers, harvesters, combines, machines of all descriptions. Even though it may never occur to us, just learning how to use these things demands a higher degree of education than was needed in the old "horse and buggy, icebox, and gaslight" days.

And, if this is true of today, how much more true will it be of the future? How much more will be required of all people, if they are to be ready to take their part in the plans that are already being made for tomorrow's living?

There are enough young people running in and out of my house for me to have some ideas about what has happened. It's too easy to say that it's all because of the war. That is only a part of it, I think.

I know that in many places, boys and girls of high school age were encouraged to take jobs to help in the war emergency. (*Continued on page* 63)



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A dream to share

The quiet dream in Jim's heart almost died there, because he thought he was the only



IT'S too bad my horse, Doady, can't talk.

He could tell a story or two, I guess. But maybe it's just as well he can't carry on a conversation in human fashion; he might tell the wrong things.

Doady might talk too much, and that would be bad. He might, for example, have the wrong slant on Vera. He might think I made a big mistake in acting the way I did when Vera and I went different ways, and it wouldn't be Doady's fault for taking things for granted. You see, Doady doesn't know all the facts, either. I'll tell them to you, and you'll see what I mean.

To begin, I'm a milkman. My route runs over the eastern corner of Tillary, a city of fifty thousand middle-class people who work mostly in the factories that turned out aluminum kitchenware during peace time and airplane parts for the war. Doady pulls my milk wagon and I guess he's one of the more intelligent animals in the stables of the Tillary Dairy Company.

"Make with the clop-clop, Doady," I can say, and he will trot down the street, stopping at the next house on my route without further instruction.

"Time for the feed bag, Doady," I can say, and that wonderful horse will head for the stables. Once he hears that signal he won't stop for anything and I can just imagine him conjuring thoughts of breakfast, getting more anxious and hungrier as he speeds through the quiet streets with a triumphant air.

I talk to Doady all the time when I'm on the route, and it doesn't matter much whether he understands me or not. Some things I don't quite understand myself, and that's why I talk it over, out loud, with myself and Doady. He's a perfect audience, never answers back.

"Look, Doady," I'll say, "another beautiful morning. Another dot in the continuous line of life. You just can't tell, Doady, where the line started, and where it will end. It reminds me of my geometry in high school, Doady. Life is like a straight line; nothing more than a series of points. Do you follow me, Doady?"

The best I'd ever get in reply from my favorite horse was a turning of his head until those big, chocolate eyes of his gazed at me, and I'd imagine he was saying; ". . . let's go, Jim Brown, you dreamer. There's work to be done. Twenty-one more streets to deliver milk to. Time's a wastin', Jim Brown.'

Sure, I knew I was a dreamer; knew it since I was a kid. That was one reason why I took the job with the milk company. I loved to get up early in the morning, or the middle of the night, and watch the meeting of the light and the dark. There was something dramatic about the new day's arrival that never failed to leave me with the feeling that I had witnessed something more beautiful than the



dreamer in the world

most skillful of stage presentations. If the day was to be sunny my mood was mellow; if the skies were clouded I'd pretend it was the opening scene of some melodrama; and the props and scenes were appropriate to my imaginations.

"Wind from the northeast, Doady. Rain. Clouds. Thunder. No lightning. This is a light drama. No death in this one, Doady; just a story of unhappiness with a good solution in the end. Maybe sunshine later in the day."

Or it would be: "Snowflakes, Doady. Sharp winds and sound effects. A story of rugged courage among the pioneers of America. New England stuff, Doady."

There was another reason why I took the job with the milk company. It had to do with my leg. The Navy doctor who took the chunk of shrapnel from it had the right idea, and when I got back to the States and stayed at the Marine Hospital for four months, waiting for the muscle to knit, the medico there said the same thing.

"In a few years you'll have no trouble, Brown," he said. "But you've got to give that leg plenty of exercise. No desk job, Brown. Get out of doors; walk and walk and walk. Don't give it a chance to stiffen up."

It seemed like a long time ago, but it was only six months. It seemed like a long time, but I could remember that little island in the Pacific just as plainly as anything; and the day I got the shrapnel was one I'll never forget. Six of us going over a hill to find some little yellow men, knowing we had to find them first; if they found us it would be too bad. We knew that.

A beautiful morning. First rays of the sun shooting like fire through the ocean sky. Roar of the surf in the distance, and the booming guns to remind us the battlewagons were behind us. A sudden growl of mortars and the earth around us vibrates as it begins to rain steel on every side. Falling flat on our faces. Digging into the sandy soil with our toes and our fingernails.

That day was different. I closed my eyes and saw Vera's face; a cricket chirped nearby, but Vera's voice was there too.

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The quiet dream in Jim's heart almost died there, because he thought he was the only dreamer in the world



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That day was different. I closed my eyes and saw Vera's face; a cricket chirped nearby, but Vera's voice was there too.



From the following morning on, my schedule worked like clockwork so that I was always there on Maple when Vera came along.



The clatter of machine guns, not ours; and the sudden yell of Tommy Miller on my left.

I didn't like to think about the rest of the day. It hurt my body and my brain to think about it. But the thought did occur to me when my leg collapsed under me, ". . . the little yellow men found us first. They saw us before we saw them!"

EACH of the six of us was hit, and Tommy Miller was down for keeps. They dragged us away to safety after a while, but the whole world had changed for us during the first five minutes of battle. We were out of it, and Tommy was out for keeps.

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So you see there were compensations in my job besides the good pay. The atmosphere was grand for a war veteran and the Tillary Dairy Company was just about the nicest outfit any fellow could work for; so it was no wonder I was happy.

But happiness, they say, is never really complete. It's as though you are always trying to add that extra sugar-coating or frill to it; and I guess in my case I wanted to meet the right girl. And the sooner the better. The right girl, I told myself, would fix me up for life. Not that I had entertained the thought of being a milkman all my days; there were supervisor jobs and managerial positions I might hold some day. But for the time being, while my leg was not completely healed, I knew darn well I'd be all right covering a milkman's route.

"What do you think the girl will look like, Doady?" I said aloud one morning as we came down St. John's Hill. Doady didn't even turn around to look at me; he was enjoying the slight slope that gave him a chance to run a little faster. He seemed to want to break into a genuine gallop whenever he came over the crest of the hill, and I had to hold him back.

"The right girl, Doady," I continued, reining my chestnut-colored friend as we neared the corner of Maple Street, "will be something special. She will have special hair and special complexion and she will be special from head to toes. Don't ask me any more about it, Doady, for that's all I know about her; except that she might come special delivery."

As the milkwagon swung around the corner on its rubber wheels I saw a lone figure coming down the street. It was natural for me to observe any person, man or woman, on the streets in the early morning because there were not many people up and about at that time. And as I thought about it later I remembered there was an unusual setting for the picture. The warm June sun was spread like a comfortable carpet on the sidewalk and the girl I saw was walking right into the sun. Her face was bright with sunshine and her stride was as graceful as anything I'd ever seen. She wore slacks and carried a lunch box, and I knew right away she must work in one of the big war plants.

I didn't have to rein Doady over to the curb; he stopped automatically in front of the right house, Number Twenty-Three Maple. I took the bottle container and climbed down, and the girl came right up to the house and turned in.

"Morning," I said, without giving myself chance to hesitate, "aren't you Mary Miller?"

She stopped for just a second, smiled at me and said, "No, I'm Vera Wagner." Then she went inside.

It was a triumphant moment for me, Jim Brown. I delivered my milk and climbed aboard the wagon.

"Doady," I exulted, "that was strategy, if you don't mind my saying so. We have met Vera Wagner, and is she something!" I wondered how I had ever got up nerve to strike up a conversation like that, but I wasn't the least bit mad at myself.

And the next morning I made my schedule fit so that I was right in front of Twenty-Three Maple when that special kind of girl came home.

"Morning, Vera," I called out when she was half-way down the street and I could see the smile break out on her face. She was laughing when she came up to me, and I saw her looking at the veteran's pin in my lapel.

"That was pretty bright," she said, "making out I was somebody else so you'd learn my name. How long have you been delivering on this street?"

I told her it was a matter of months and her eyebrows arched, telling me she was surprised she hadn't seen me before. She sat down on the steps of the house for an instant and admired Doady; and do you know that horse-pal of mine actually looked pleased! You have to know horses to detect any emotion in their make-up, but I know Doady. Yet his pleasure could never have come up to mine.

So when Vera Wagner went into her house and I rode down the street in my wagon I found myself actually singing. A warm, happy sensation coursed through my veins and broke out on my lips. "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" was the the unmusical result—I was definitely no singer. But no song ever sounded sweeter, nor did any song ever have more meaning than that tune on that day.

It was the same next morning, only this time Vera had a piece of sugar in her hand for Doady; and that old ham of a horse (*Continued on page 73*)



From the following morning on, my schedule worked like clockwork so that I was always there on Maple when Vera came along.

The clatter of machine guns, not ours; and the sudden yell of Tommy Miller on my left.

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Jimmy and Rita had to get married, They were in love, first of all. The future looked wonderful. And then there was that house, the white house on the hill that was determined to get the Carrolls to come to live in it

By Mrs. JIMMY CARROLL

JIMMY and I always agreed that if our love story were ever told, our house would have to get a leading part, so now that I'm setting out to tell it, the house is the first thing that comes to my mind. It's a white house on a hill and is approached by a long, winding driveway. None of these things, however, is what makes it so special—the secret of its importance is all mixed up with a boy's dream, a struggle for success, and a stubborn fate that insisted on having its own way.

It all started eight years ago. I was only 17, but belonged to a crowd of young people who gave marvelous parties. Our week-end get-togethers were famous for music and games and good food. Someone brought Jimmy along one week-end, and soon he was an accepted member of the gang. Sometimes he'd show up with a girl, but mostly he came stag. Always he'd be kept busy at the piano, singing as many of our requests as he could. A lot of the girls thought he was terribly shy, but he was very friendly with me right from the beginning. I guess he thought that it was easier to talk to me because I was so young.

Anyway we went along for two years like that—a friendly, gay acquaintance. Then one rainy Sunday afternoon our pleasant, impersonal relationship vanished, and it was as though we were meeting for the first time.

I can remember that afternoon clearly—every small detail. The rain was beating dismally at the window, but inside we had a blazing fire, lots of gaiety, and Jimmy leaning against the piano singing all our favorite songs. I was curled up on a sofa near the fire, a little apart from the others. Jimmy had just about sung his throat dry, but good-humoredly agreed to sing one more song. He began to sing "Love Walked In," and our eyes met and held. I don't know whether it was the atmosphere, my mood, or just the way love strikes you, but I was aware of a definite experience.

When the song was finished, he made his way over to me, and I found my heart beating surprisingly fast. It was very strange—after all, I was 19 now. I'd been modeling for a year, and considered myself very sophisticated. Yet here I was getting all excited because Jimmy Carroll sang a song to me.

He sat down and when he began to talk, I realized that he, too, felt stimulated and aware of something new and exciting between us.

"I want to tell you first," he said, "I've quit my job."

"Oh? Have you got something else lined up?" He was a buyer for a chain store and though it was understood that he was going to try and make a career of his singing eventually, I'd had no idea he was going to make the break then.

"No," he shook his head. "But I know I'll never get any place as far as my singing is concerned if I stay at the store. You have to be on call, for one thing, if you want to get a job in the singing field."

"But can you afford it?" I asked, getting practical. "I mean doesn't it cost a lot of money to study, and support yourself while making contacts?"

"Sure, sure it does," he agreed, "but, Rita, anything that's worth while is a gamble. I've saved some money, and if I don't go after the breaks now, I'll just stay right in the same rut. You have to go out and work for what you want. You have to be able to sacrifice—otherwise, I guess it wouldn't be worth it when you got it. Nothing is easy in life, but I want to sing—I know I can and I know I will."

There was something about the quiet, intense way he said that, that was com-



Whatever it is that makes dreams come true, Jimmy Carroll has the knack of it. Otherwise, how could he and Rita and Jimmy Jr. be living in the house he's dreamed about since he was fifteen?



Jimmy Carroll, who gambled with his chain store career because he knew he could sing, found so many people who agreed with him that now he has his own three-times-a-week program on Columbia.

Haunting house—!

pletely convincing. He believed he'd make the grade, and from that moment on I believed it too. We kept talking about the things in life that were worth while—carefully, but inevitably, we approached the subject of love.

"I've never been in love," he said, studying the toe of his shoe. Looking at Jimmy's serious face, I knew that when he told a girl he loved her, he would mean it—it would be the real thing—the works.

"What kind of girl do you expect to say it to, Jimmy?" I asked. "Have you got any ideas?"

"I have no blueprint of her," he put his head back and gazed at the ceiling. "She'll be pretty, I hope. She'll love me and I'll love her, naturally. She'll be interested in my work and encourage me. Some day we'll live in the country and have some very superior children." He smiled a little at himself. "Oh, I guess you can't decide what a person is like—you only know that the right one will be pretty super, and I think you know when it happens."

That last remark made me wonder. I'd thought myself in love several times, and I recognized the symptoms coming on right now. But somehow this was different—there was an enchantment about this. Perhaps that's too fanciful a word—anyway I felt a wonderful excitement, which was strangely enough accompanied by a sense of peace and kind of contentment.

"If you're considering getting married," his voice cut across my thoughts, "I'm available."

I must have gasped audibly. I know I stared in utter amazement, unable to say a word.

"You're the first person I've ever discussed marriage with," he rushed ahead. "I love you, Rita, and I'm serious about marriage. I don't have anything to offer right now, but love." He leaned toward me earnestly. "It won't always be that way. I believe in myself—I want you to believe in me."

Somehow I recovered sufficiently to breathe, "When did you discover that you were in (*Continued on page* 65)



PORTIA BLAKE MANNING (played by Lucille Wall) is genuinely a woman of today. Though she believes her husband died in Germany, Portia, instead of surrendering to despair, has thrown her energies into her law practice and into raising her young son. In her life and in her personality Portia expresses the courageous, forward-looking spirit that will build for the future.

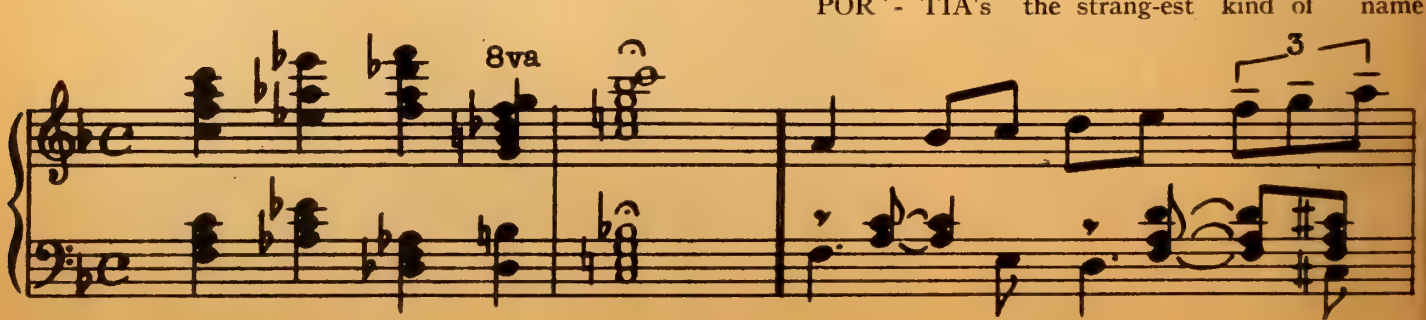
PORTIA

Here is the haunting theme that, each afternoon at 5:15 EWT, over NBC, raises the curtain on the latest events in the life of Portia Blake

Lyric by PETER THOMAS
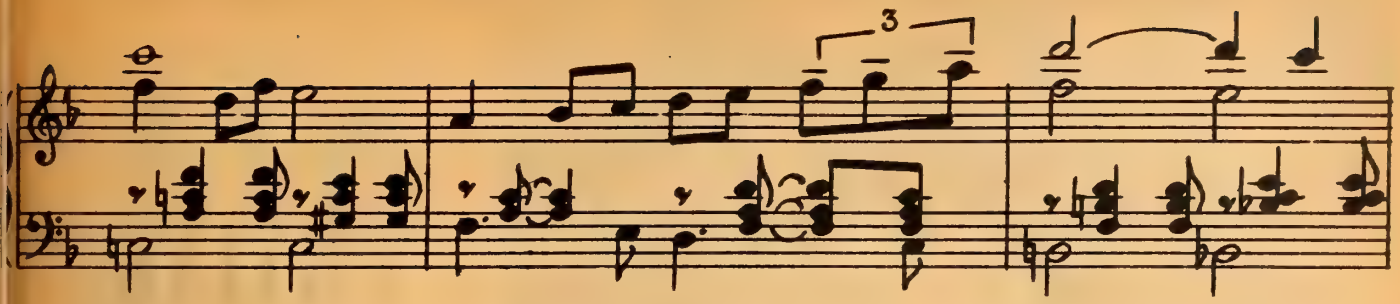
Music by LEW WHITE

POR - TIA's the strang-est kind of name

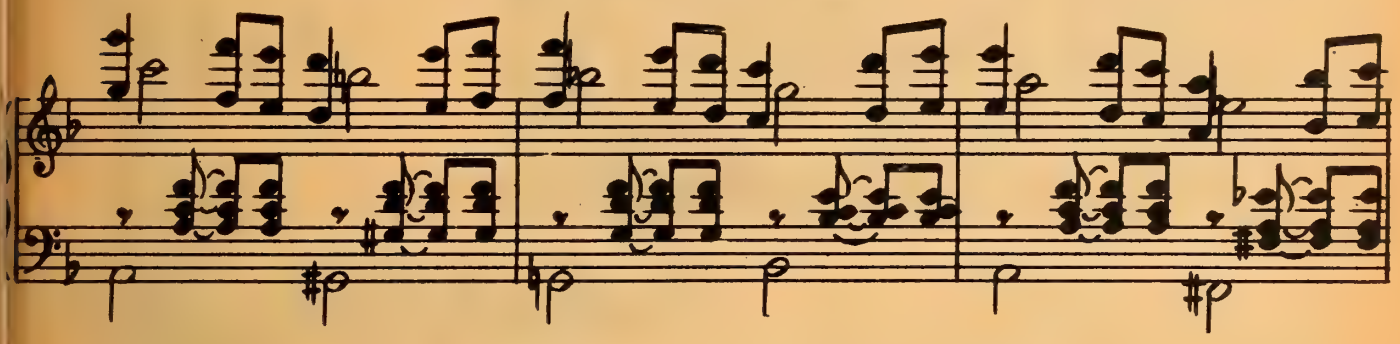


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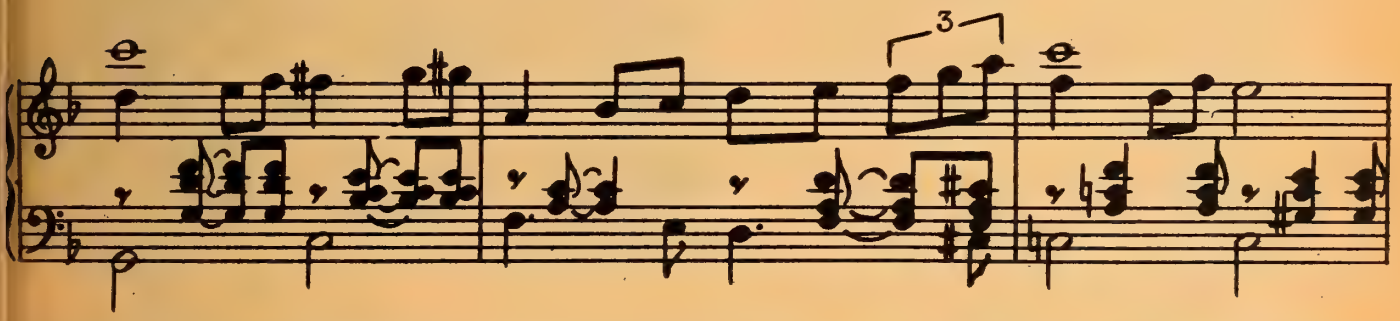
POR-TIA's the name of some-one I love. But
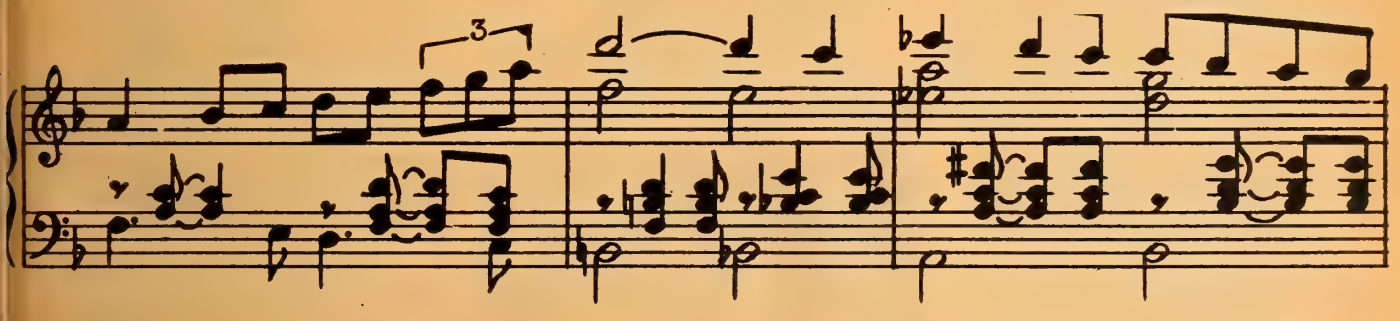


what's in a name when her kiss lights a flame so the stars hide in shame up a-
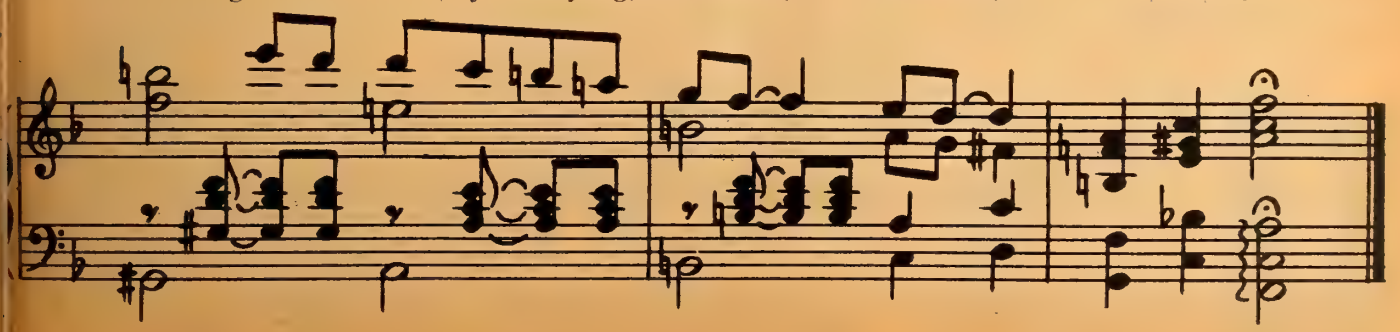


bove. POR-TIA's a dif-f'rent sort of a name,



but it sounds sweet and beau-ti-ful, too! So I'll spend my time in pray-ing

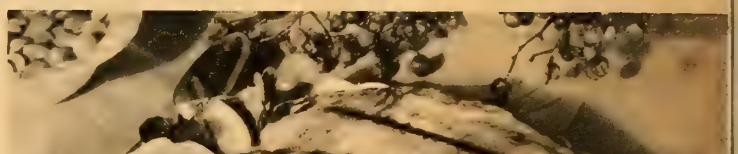


I'll go thru life just say-ing, POR-TIA, POR-TIA, I love you.





Out of the FRYING PAN



If your family belongs to the fish-when-you-can't-get-meat group, experiment with new fish dishes that will be welcomed not merely as a substitute for the fast-vanishing steak, but for their own delicious, appetizing sake.

IT HAS been a long time since we have talked about seafood in this department—a serious omission since many of us are depending on it more than ever before. Fish has come out of the frying pan—there are numerous interesting variations. And with oysters in season, this is a good month to try a few new tricks.

Oysters En Brochette

1 pint oysters, drained
12 slices bacon, cut in quarters

Arrange each oyster between 2 pieces bacon on toothpick. Place in pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil each side 3 minutes. Remove toothpicks. Serve on hot buttered toast. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Garnish with chopped parsley.



BY KATE SMITH

RADIO ROMANCES FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon on CBS. She is vacationing from her Sunday night show.

Creamed Oysters

1 pint Bluepoint oysters
3 tbls. butter or margarine
2 tbls. flour 1 cup rich milk
¼ cup drained cooked oyster liquor
1 tsp. lemon juice
½ tsp. salt Dash of pepper
⅛ tsp. celery salt

Place oysters in saucepan. Melt butter in another saucepan. Add flour and stir to a smooth paste. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. As sauce begins to thicken, place oysters over medium heat, cover, and cook gently 2 to 3 minutes. Continue cooking sauce, stirring constantly, 2 to 3 minutes. Drain oysters; measure ¼ cup oyster liquor. Add oysters, oyster liquor, lemon juice, and seasonings to white sauce, mixing well. Reheat. **Creamed Oysters and Mushrooms.** Saute ½ pound sliced mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add to creamed oysters.

Creamed Oysters with Curry. Add ¼ teaspoon curry powder to Creamed Oysters with seasonings. **Oyster Fricassee.** 1 egg, slightly beaten, with 2 tablespoons light cream to Creamed Oysters.

Fried Oysters

1 pint oysters, drained
Flour Sifted bread crumbs
1 egg, beaten with 1 tablespoon milk and dash of salt and pepper

Roll oysters in flour, shake off excess, dip in egg mixture, then roll in crumbs. Fry in deep fat (390° F.) until golden brown (about 1 minute). Drain. Serve with lemon sections or tartar sauce, or one of the tomato or chili sauces.

Fried Fish Fillet. Use fillets of flounder, haddock, cod, sole, etc. Roll fillets in seasoned flour. Fry in small amount of cooking oil in iron skillet 8 to 10 minutes, turning to brown both sides.

Broiled Fish Fillet. Use fillet of flounder. Separate fillets, spread with softened butter or margarine, and season. Broil 12 to 18 minutes.

Cod Baked with Vegetables

1½ to 2 pounds fillet of cod
2 tbls. softened butter or margarine
1¾ cups canned or fresh tomatoes
¼ cup finely diced onion
½ cup sliced celery
½ tsp. salt 1 tsp. sugar
Dash of pepper
2 cups cooked vegetables, green beans, peas, carrots, etc.

Sprinkle fish with salt and pepper and place in buttered shallow baking dish. Spread with softened butter or margarine and sprinkle with paprika. Combine tomatoes, onion, celery, and seasonings and cook, covered, 6 minutes. Add remaining vegetables and pour around fish. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 35 minutes, or until done. Stir vegetables occasionally. If quick-frozen fillets are used, without thawing, bake 35 minutes or till done. Makes 5 servings.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	ABC:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	Four Clubmen
		8:30	ABC:	Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45	CBS:	Bennett Sisters
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Friendship Ranch
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	George Hicks from Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow (from London)
		1:15	NBC:	America United
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
10:15	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Ford Show
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.
11:00		2:00	CBS:	Stradivari Orchestra
		2:00	ABC:	Washington Story
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
11:55		2:55	CBS:	Olin Downs
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic
		3:00	ABC:	Kay's Canteen
		3:00	NBC:	WEAF World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	You Were Meant to Be a Star
		4:00	NBC:	NBC Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Your America
		4:30	ABC:	Andrews Sisters Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
		4:30	MBS:	What's the Name of That Song
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	ABC:	Mary Small Revue
		5:00	MBS:	Let's Face the Issue
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		5:30	ABC:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Silver Theatre
3:00	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
8:00		6:30	NBC:	Men at Sea
		6:30	MBS:	Upton Close
		6:30	ABC:	Ice Box Follies
		6:30	ABC:	Report to the Nation
		6:45	MBS:	Dick Brown
		7:00	MBS:	Opinion Requested
4:00	6:00	7:00	ABC:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Wayne King Orchestra
4:15	5:15	7:15	ABC:	Don Gardiner, News
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Rogue's Gallery
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Frances Langford, Spike Jones
8:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:15	ABC:	Raymond Moley
		8:30	ABC:	Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey and Co.
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Steel Horizon
7:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theatre, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Cedric Foster
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:30	9:45	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Theatre Guild Series
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Earl Wilson Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parkey's
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
		10:30	MBS:	What's the Good Word
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Searchinger
		10:15	MBS:	This is Helen Hayes
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



PLATTER PROMOTION

Usually, radio performers go through a dozen auditions before they land a contract. Not so Marshall Young, the baritone on the Arthur Godfrey network program, heard Monday through Friday at 9:15 A.M. (EWT) over CBS. Young didn't even have to appear for his audition.

Godfrey was casting his show by recordings only. Larry Puck, a talent scout for CBS, had heard Marshall sing at the Palmer House in Chicago and phoned the singer to send him a recording—if he had one.

That was simple for Marshall. He had lots of recordings. He's a self-trained singer. He learned by listening to records made by headliners, and then made dozens of recordings of his own voice. The learning came over a number of years of playing back his own records and criticizing them and perfecting his style to suit his own liking.

Marshall is twenty-eight years old, and when you ask him about his pre-career life he shrugs his shoulders and says, "It was ordinary." He was educated in New York at the Abraham Lincoln High School and New York University. He worked as a draftsman for the Brewster Aeronautical Corporation for a time before going into the Army Air Force, from which he has been honorably discharged.

Young broke into radio by singing on local stations at first. Then he got a job as featured singer with Bill McCune's orchestra. Later, he worked with the Lee Castle and Bob Grant dance bands. It was all good experience, but a lot different from the job he's got now.

"Now," he says, "I get up just about the time I used to get to bed—6:30 in the morning—and hum on the subway all the way from Brooklyn to Manhattan. Humming loosens up the throat muscles." Of course, by the time he goes on the air for the repeat broadcast at 3:30 in the afternoon, he's thoroughly warmed up.

When he first got the job with Godfrey, Marshall used to get thrown off stride by the emcee's ad-libbing. It only took a few weeks, though, for him to gain poise and talk naturally at the microphone, regardless of what was going on around him.

Right in the beginning, Godfrey decided that Marshall would probably appeal to his feminine listeners and announced on the air that the ladies could have a picture of the singer simply by writing for it. The response was terrific. And, since photographic material is so hard to get these days, Godfrey has kept remarkably quiet—his being quiet is kind of remarkable in any case—about making any more picture offers.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	mastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	ABC:	Lisa Sergio
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
12:30	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	NBC:	Backst..ge Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	ABC:	Jack Berch
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30	ABC:	Report from Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family Singers
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Singing Lady
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
		6:00	NBC:	Hoagy Carmichael
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00			CBS:	Ted Husing
		7:00	ABC:	Headline Editor
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Super Club
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Hedda Hopper's Hollywood]
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner
8:15	7:15	8:15	ABC:	News of Tomorrow
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of Mary Christmas
5:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Sherlock Holmes
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Beulah
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Rex Maupin's Orch.
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Rise Steven's Show
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Calling Tokyo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Leave It To Mike
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Stuart Erwin Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC	Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
		8:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Army Air Forces Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britto
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		3:45	ABC:	"Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
	3:40	4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family Singers
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Chick Carter
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Singing Lady
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:40	CBS:	Eileen Farrell & Sally Moran
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:35	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	ABC:	Headline Editor
8:00			CBS:	Ted Husing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Danny O'Neil
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:30	ABC:	County Fair
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Everything for the Boys
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum & Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	ABC:	News of Tomorrow
		8:30	ABC:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theatre of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Roy Rogers Show
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	The Doctor Fights
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Saludos Amigos
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Victor Borge
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Sumner Welles
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Man Called X
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Service to the Front
		10:15	ABC:	Janet Flanner from Paris
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
		10:30	MBS:	Wings for Tomorrow
7:30			NBC:	Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
		11:15	CBS:	Joan Brooks



WHAT YOU'D CALL A TROUPER

In these days of avid curiosity about the little-known countries of the Eastern war fronts, there's an actress in the NBC studios who can give you all the answers. She's Muriel Starr, the "Mrs. Garvin" of the Young Widder Brown serial—Monday through Friday at 4:45 P.M. (EWT) over the NBC network. From first-hand experience, Miss Starr knows the cities and obscure places of every continent, island and peninsula on the globe.

She was born in a lumber camp near Montreal, Canada—which is a far cry from the glitter of Broadway, where she was to be a star just seventeen years later. Her first appearance on the glamor street came when, at the age of five, she was brought to New York to act in a play written by a friend of the family. She was seen in that performance by Harry Miner, one of the most successful producers of that day, and immediately engaged to appear with James A. Hearn in "Shore Acres."

After that beginning, Miss Starr hardly missed a season in the theatre. She appeared with De Wolfe Hopper and many of the matinee idols of the period. At thirteen she even conformed with theatrical tradition by being stranded with a company in a small town in Connecticut. Luckily, another traveling company appeared there very soon and Miss Starr was able to replace the leading lady in that company. She played the part of a mother with a child of five—and did it well. Off stage, she continued to wear her long brown hair in a braid hanging down her back.

By the time she was fifteen Miss Starr was doing a dramatic sketch in vaudeville with William Hawtrey, a distinguished British actor. The name of the sketch was "The Child Wife," which was appropriate enough. Miss Starr's seventeenth birthday found her a full-fledged star on Broadway. She signed a long term contract with Oliver Morosco for his production of "The Truth Wagon." After that play's Broadway run, Miss Starr went with the show to the West Coast. Then came an offer to go to Australia for six months. Miss Starr took that offer and with it the first step on a series of theatrical journeys that was to take her to practically every part of the world.

After leaving Australia, she acted in the East Indies, New Zealand, India, the Orient, Africa, London and the European continent. She returned to Broadway only once in 20 years to appear in "John Hawthorne" with Warren William. Then, seven years ago, she came back for good, played in Maxwell Anderson's "The Star Wagon" and decided to retire.

But before long idleness palled and radio beckoned. In a very short time, Miss Starr had a score of dramatic parts to her credit in this field, too, among them roles in Just Plain Bill, Amanda of Honeymoon Hill, Kitty Foyle and Young Widder Brown.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
		8:30	ABC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:15	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Three Pianos
		2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Wmoan in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	ABC:	Beautiful Music
		4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	ABC:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mystery
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family Singers
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:35	ABC:	Singing Lady
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Ted Husing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Saint
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	ABC:	News of Tomorrow
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting Club
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Billie Burke
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Curtain Time—Drama
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Crime Photographer
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Nora Martin, Leonard Sues
6:30	8:30	8:30	CBS:	Detect & Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Jones & I—Drama
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
		9:30	MBS:	Brownstone Theatre
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Phil Harris & Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Counter Spy
		10:00	MBS:	Human Adventure
7:30			CBS:	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Colonel
		10:30	ABC:	Radie Harris
		10:30	MBS:	Between Us Girls
		1:30	NBC:	Dance Band

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club:
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Britt
10:40	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:10	NBC:	Woman in White
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers!
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	ABC:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:45	ABC:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
12:45	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Feature Song, Bob Trout
1:30	3:30	4:30	ABC:	Report from Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family Songs
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
2:10	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Singing Lady
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00			CBS:	Ted Husing
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:45	ABC:	Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:15	7:15	8:15	ABC:	News of Tomorrow
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	G. I. Laffs
5:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Adventures of Topper
		8:30	MBS:	Agatha Christie's Poirot
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Morton Gould
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Variations by Van Cleve
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Trans-Atlantic Quiz
		10:00	MBS:	Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:30	10:30	ABC:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	John Daly, News



LITTLE MISS CONTRARY

When Gus Edwards left New York for Hollywood, his last words to his niece, Joan Edwards, were, "Stay out of show business."

How dutifully Joan followed her uncle's advice is shown by the fact that now she's one of the featured singers on Your Hit Parade, heard Saturday evenings over CBS, and is recognized as one of the top popular singers of the country.

Joan is a bona fide New Yorker, having been born in the Big City in 1919. She attended George Washington High School and managed to squeeze in a college education at Hunter College. She was already busy with her career, but, by persuading the Dean to reshuffle her classes at Hunter, she found time between studies to become a pianist and singer on a local New York radio station.

Joan studied music at Hunter, specializing in singing and piano. When she was graduated, she went on the radio as a full time singer. Rudy Vallee heard one of her programs and invited her to do a guest shot on his show. That guest appearance stretched into an eight-month tour of the country with Vallee and his orchestra.

Setting off on another track, Joan organized her own orchestra for a network sustaining program. That was the show that sold her to Paul Whiteman, who signed her as a vocalist for his own program. Joan stayed with Whiteman for two years.

Then, Joan again felt the need for a change. After the termination of her contract with the Whiteman orchestra, Joan kept busy as a guest star on many of the top programs. She sang with George Jessel and on Duffy's Tavern as well as many variety programs. Simultaneously, she tackled night spots and had long engagements at the Cafe Pierre, George White's "Gay White Way," the Hotel New Yorker and in Boston at the Copley Plaza. All of which was lucrative and interesting, but radio remained the first love of her heart.

So, in 1941, Joan signed a contract as one of the featured vocalists on Your Hit Parade and has been there ever since.

Joan's life is a very well-rounded one. She's not just a career girl. She's married to Jules Schachter, a CBS staff violinist, and they have a small daughter, Judith. One of Joan's hobbies is a very practical one—cooking. The hobby part comes in because she likes to make what she cooks attractive to the eye as well as the palate. Her lamb stew is something quite different from the pedestrian kind.

Eventually, Joan says, she wants to write music and make her own arrangements. She already has one song to her credit—did you know she wrote "And So It Ended?" Sooner or later—as her busy schedule allows—she insists there will be many more.

Stay out of show business, the way her uncle advised? Joan is a smart enough girl not to need advice. At any rate, she couldn't pay much attention to this particular bit.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:15	9:15	NBC:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Nation's Rations
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	The Soldier Who Came Home
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	ABC:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	2:30	4:30	ABC:	Report from Abroad
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family, Songs
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	6:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	ABC:	Captain Midnight
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	ABC:	Singing Lady
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore & Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		6:40	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Ted Husing
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Jerry Wayne Show
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Pages of Melody
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cecil Brown
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
		8:30	ABC:	This Is Your FBI
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Correction Please
	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Adventures of the Thin Man
		8:30	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Those Websters
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Death Valley Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Dunninger
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore
		10:00	ABC:	Man from G-2
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Harry James and Band
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:30	ABC:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	ABC:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	United Nations News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		9:30	NBC:	Encores
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Archie Andrews
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30	ABC:	What's Cooking—Variety
		10:30	NBC:	Bern Klassen, Tenor
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC:	Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
1:30		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Hookey Hall
		11:45	ABC:	Chatham Shopper
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
		1:00	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Fun Canteen
		1:15	NBC:	Music As You Like It
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Elliot Lawrence, Orchestra
		1:30	MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
1:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Mac Vane from London
		2:00	ABC:	News
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:00	NBC:	Musiciana
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:15	ABC:	Hidden Valley Gang
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Sky High
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		2:30	ABC.	It's a Hit
		3:00	NBC:	Symphony
12:00		3:00	CBS:	The Land Is Bright
		3:00	ABC:	Saturday Senior Swing
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:00	ABC:	Saturday Symphony
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
		4:30	NBC:	Music on Display
		4:30	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
		5:00	ABC:	Duke Ellington
2:00		5:00	CBS:	We Deliver the Goods
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:00	MBS:	Hall of Montezuma
3:15		6:00	NBC:	I Sustain the Wings
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	ABC:	Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Edward Tomlinson
		6:30	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	The American Story
		7:00	MBS:	American Eagle in Britain
		7:15	ABC:	Leland Stowe
4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Meet Your Navy
		7:30	MBS:	Arthur Hale
7:15	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
		8:00	MBS:	Frank Singiser
5:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Viva America
		8:30	MBS:	Symphony of America
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
		9:30	MBS:	Jean Goldkette's Orchestra
		9:30	MBS:	Calling All Detectives
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	ABC:	Coronet Quiz
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
		10:00	ABC:	Hoosier Hop
		10:15	CBS	Assignment Home
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
R		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown
R 10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS	Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	11:30	ABC	Hoosier Hop

(*Continued from page 8*)

name was unknown to the record company and her southern accent didn't help matters too much. At any rate, the labeler was fooled to the extent that the record carries the credit, "Singer, Dinah Shaw."

* * *

Get set, everybody. Fred Allen couldn't stand it any longer. He's coming back on the air, starting any day now—and will be heard on Sunday evenings at 8:30 P.M. (EWT) over the NBC network.

Well, we've missed him and his wry humor maybe a lot more than he's missed handing it out. It should work out well all around.

* * *

Did you know that Norman Corwin's terrific V-E Day script, "On A Note Of Triumph" has been recorded? The Columbia Recording Corporation has put it out in an album—twelve sides, and costing $6.50 for the set. It's also been published in book form by Simon and Shuster.

* * *

The way we see it—there can't be too many ways to keep this script around and available to everyone. It should be made required reading throughout the country for the duration of the war—and for as long afterwards as it might seem necessary to make sure that every last citizen of these United States has learned the bitter lessons of this war—learned them so well that they will never be forgoten.

* * *

Another did you know—the Quiz Kids and their Quizmaster, Joe Kelly, are starred in a new 18-minute film, titled "Kids Must Eat." Schools, civic groups and other organizations can obtain the 16 mm. film from the U. S. Department of Agriculture without charge except for the mailing cost.

* * *

News analyst, Quizmaster and Special Events Director all wrapped up in a six-foot-two package is the Yankee Network's Lester Smith. A Dartmouth man who began his career in 1936 as special correspondent and sportswriter for the Boston American, Smith carries on for Cedric Foster, coast-to-coast Mutual news analyst, in the two o'clock spot, while Foster is on vacation, and at present while he is a Navy Correspondent in the South Pacific, broadcasting whenever battle conditions permit.

He also presents the story behind international news headlines to a nationwide audience for Bill Cunningham, while Bill is in Germany covering the trial of war criminals.

In addition to newscasting, Les is an expert quizmaster, performing Monday through Friday on Quizzing the Wives, and every Friday night on the Quiz of Two Cities.

All special events broadcasts of the Yankee Network are handled by Les. New Englanders are still talking about the job he did ad-libbing for fifty-five minutes before General George S. Patton Jr. arrived at the Hatch Memorial Shell to start his first radio talk since arriving from Europe. And he could have duplicated the performance in German, French or Spanish. Versatility is his middle name.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Paul Lavalle, director of Highways in Melody, is composing a symphony for victory. It will be presented on V-J Day. It's called "Liberty Symphony" and is dedicated to the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt. . . . Fifty former members of the Fred Waring troupe are now in the service. . . . Tommy Dorsey and his equally famous brother Jimmy are going to make a screen biography of their careers. . . . Truth and Consequences is going to be broadcast from Hollywood permanently. The climate seems to have got Ralph Edwards. . . . Mutual's show Queen For A Day is being made into a million dollar movie. . . . Van Johnson is playing a leading role in the film being made by MGM, based on the life and career of Guy Lombardo. . . . Maggie O'Brien has been signed to do a series of guest appearances on the Radio Theatre and with Edgar Bergen. . . . You'll probably be hearing Mickey Rooney starred in a network variety show—depending only on the whims of the Army. . . . Harry Von Zell is going to announce the new Joan Davis show. . . . Burl Ives is in Hollywood on a $25,000 per picture deal with 20th Century Fox. . . . Modest little Polly East of Fun and Folly with Ed East and Polly recently made her 16th blood donation to the American Red Cross. Where do you stand in that kind of activity?



Triple-threat man of the Yankee Network—Les Smith, who finds his time pretty well filled by his jobs as quizmaster, Director of Special Events, and news analyst.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE—Shirleyan Gibbs' engagement was announced in May



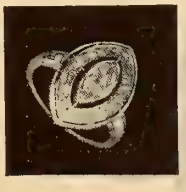
SHIRLEYAN GIBBS HELPS A SOLDIER make a record to send home. She has been taking a special course in Occupational Therapy to fit her for work with convalescents in the hospital—bringing the patients cheery diversions like the record machine in the picture, teaching arts and crafts planned to re-educate stiff muscles. Many more girls and women are needed to help in this important work. Can't *you* volunteer in your community?



SHIRLEYAN'S COMPLEXION is one of her greatest charms—and the cream she uses to help guard its fresh "soft-smooth" look is Pond's!

Shirleyan Gibbs of Detroit

to wed James E. Scripps, Merchant Marine Officer



SHIRLEYAN'S RING is unusually lovely—a marquise diamond surrounded by small diamonds.

SOFTLY curling dark hair, wide-spaced, velvety-brown eyes, patrician clear-cut features—that is Shirleyan.

And her fine, smooth complexion has that clear, fresh satiny "Pond's look" you'll notice about so many engaged girls these days.

"I really *love* Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so soft and silky, and it does a perfectly grand cleansing job."

This is her quick Pond's Beauty Care . . .

She *smooths* on Pond's fluffy-soft Cold Cream generously. Pats it lightly all over her face and throat to help loosen dirt and make-up. Tissues off carefully.

She "*rinses*" with *more* Pond's, sliding cream-covered fingers all over her face with little spiral strokes. "It's this *extra* cleansing and softening that's so special," she says. "Twice-over cleansing is just *twice* as good, I think."

Copy Shirleyan's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream, every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Get a *big* Pond's jar today—the big wide-topped jars are a joy to use!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney · Miss Nancy Leeds · Lady Doverdale

LOOK!
I'm curling my hair one-handed!



It's the new GAYLA "easy-lock" curler which snaps in place almost automatically, without fumbling and without snagging or cutting the hair.

If you "do" your own hair, you know how tiring it can be! But not with *this* curler! It's marvelous!... Not only easy on your hair and patience, but actually safer to use. And it gives you lovely curls!

No other curler like it!

EASIER...Unique patented feature: Snaps closed easily, with one hand, from any position.

When opened, loop is firm, convenient handle for winding.

SAFER...No projecting rivets to catch hair.

The distinctive open end means no cutting or mashing of hair.



Copyright 1945 Gaylord Products Incorporated Chicago 16 Illinois

R "Gayla EASY-LOCK CURLERS"
R MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
HOLD-BOB *bobby pins • hair pins*

I Believe in You

(*Continued from page 36*)

can be whole just of themselves." I argued. "People are the product of what they inherit."

There was something very thoughtful in the way Duncan's brows drew together. "Let's look at the facts." He was wholly the scientist now. "Mr. and Mrs. Deming trained you, but they must have had good material to work with. As for my brother, does he expect to have a pedigree with his wife, as he does with some prize animal he buys?" He smiled a little, but it was a taut smile. "Don't pay any attention to his ideas—he'll get over them."

They were my ideas, too—at least, I had always agreed with Don. But Duncan had a way of making fears seem ridiculous and barriers vanish. Suddenly the day seemed even brighter and, impulsively, I spurred Copper on.

"Come on—I'll race you!" I dared him over my shoulder.

We galloped side by side over the last half-mile, my blood tingling with the hard, fast rhythm of the race, my hair flying behind me, and Duncan's face lit up with a rare, reckless gayety. We both had to pull in hard to stop in time at Red Rock and we were both laughing when Duncan came over to help me down from my saddle.

I slid down between his arms, my hands coming to rest on his shoulders.

I was startled. Startled, suddenly, to find in the breadth of his shoulders, in the hard circle of his arms, a strength such as I had never experienced before. Not even with Don had I ever known this quick certainty of protection and security—and a tense power behind that strength. We were motionless, both of us, and for a moment I seemed to be recapturing something that had happened to me before. Something that had to do with the darkness—and a man walking toward me—and his arms around me.

While he got out his tools and instruments, and later, while he moved from one spot to another, chipping away at the rock, squatting on his heels sometimes to examine more closely the rock strata, I followed him and we talked. Sometimes he asked the questions and sometimes I did, but between us we covered as much of my childhood as I could remember and as much as Duncan could recall of his conversations with Mother. It was fruitless.

I was discouraged, and while we ate lunch I tried to tell Duncan why.

"If only it weren't so important. I feel as though we were groping in the dark with nothing to guide us . . . the locket isn't much good or the initials . , !" I balanced the little gold oval in my hand and studied it, for the fiftieth time.

"Are you sure it is important to you, Joanne? Suppose you never do find out, is it going to make much difference?"

I had a hard time speaking. My throat was choked. "I want a normal, natural life. I want children. It wouldn't be fair this way."

"Fair?" His hand came over and closed on mine. "A child would be fortunate to have you for a mother. And any man proud to call you his wife." He kept his eyes carefully on the glowing tip of his cigarette. "You are the best proof we could ever find of what kind of people your family were.

"Joanne, who were the early settlers? All kinds of people—from cities and farms and factories. All kinds of nationalities and races. And they intermarried. That's why Don's theory is wrong. Some animals can in-breed, but not humans. That's what made the Germans' idea of racial superiority such a joke. Germany was overrun in every century by other peoples and races—by the Tartars from the West and the Romans from the South and the Vikings from the North. And all the invaders inter-married. No one country can claim an unmixed blood line."

Duncan went on. His voice had deepened and again I felt this personal disquiet within him.

"When a man loves you and asks you to marry him, he does so because he wants you—*you*—not your family or your background. The physical is important, Jo. Nature doesn't give a darn for family—or even for how talented you are or how intelligent you are. And that deep, physical longing between two people doesn't often make a mistake. It doesn't often draw two people together whose fundamental, inherited beings are so different they wouldn't be compatible."

He wasn't looking at me, but there was something not quite big-brotherly about the tone of his voice. It was almost as though this were something necessary and intimate that he and I must come to understand together. I

ARE THERE JAPANESE AGENTS IN AMERICA?

YES!

That means that we *must not talk* about movements of men, ships or material to or from the Pacific fighting area. *We must not talk* about new weapons, even though they have already been used against the enemy. *We must not talk* about military information gained in confidence.

OUR JOB IS TO KEEP THE JAPS IN THE DARK!

felt my cheeks grow warm and the little pulse in my neck pound insistently. I was glad when Duncan said he had to get back to work.

I wanted a little time by myself, anyway, to think about the things Duncan had said. I was oddly unsure in my own mind—and not often in my twenty years had I been unsure. Somehow the importance of finding my parents was being replaced by the importance he had stressed, of myself as a person, without the necessity of a family tree or even a family name. The Demings had given me theirs—shouldn't I be proud of that and satisfied?

I had wandered a little farther away and taken a round-about route back, my arms full of stones, when I suddenly found myself on a ledge directly above where Duncan had moved and was working.

"Come on—I'll grab you if you fall!" he called, laughing.

I STARTED down and at first it was easy. I dug my heels in the dirt, breaking my descent. But towards the bottom the cliff was steeper and I found I had started a small avalanche of loose rocks and dirt. It was harder and harder to keep my balance, and at the last I ran, letting myself almost fall into Duncan's waiting arms. The rocks flew in all directions and the momentum of my fall flung me headlong against him, forcing him backward. But his arms kept me safe.

Safe—and close and tightly pressed against him. I looked up at him, breathless, trying to regain my composure—and suddenly I knew that I had felt this way before. This stillness that fell between us—this hushed waiting—this dream-like spell as his eyes held mine—this tense, mounting wonder—! It was five years ago in the cottonwoods of the Henry ranch—the night Don had kissed me. *But this was not Don—it was—!*

Duncan bent his head and, as though they obeyed a will and a force outside ourselves, our lips met in desperate surrender. With the hard, staying pressure of his mouth on mine, with the stirring of my blood at his nearness, I could not think—I could only feel. This was a rapture I had known only once before in my life—and now I knew for sure that it had been Duncan who had kissed me five years ago and awakened me to the breathless meaning of kisses.

"It was you—that night at the party—" I murmured incoherently.

"You remembered?" His eyes held mine. "Yes, I loved you then, Joanne, and I love you now. Everybody knows it—Don included—except you." He smiled a little wryly. "And now I suppose you're feeling guilty." His smile changed to an infectious grin. "Well, I'm not. Don doesn't deserve you. And if you ever change your mind—"

Duncan—? The tall, remote man, the studious scientist, the big brother who had laughed at me and mocked me, always unreadable with that half-smile—*in love with me?* I couldn't think what this meant to me. I was still dazed by the emotional storm of my senses. Absurdly, I wanted to reach down and stroke his dark, thick hair as he bent over the ground. But I was in love with Don—I was going to marry him!

Duncan straightened suddenly. In his hand was the locket, the baby locket that must have been torn from around my neck by my fall. And Duncan's face was puzzled. In a second I saw why. The locket had fallen open



IF YOU HAD TO DECIDE

Suppose it was up to you . . . to say who should have first call on this nation's soap supply.

Wouldn't you say exactly what the government has said? . . . that Fels & Company, along with other leading soap manufacturers, must help keep men and women in the service supplied with this indispensable item of war equipment. *Of course you would!*

If you thought about it twice, you would realize that one of the reasons our fighting men are winning battles is because they have plenty of good soap. A clean soldier is a healthy soldier. He is in better condition for combat. He gets well quicker if he is hurt.

So—when you find, as you often will, that you can't get Fels-Naptha—just remember that by going short on your favorite soap for a little while now, you are making a long-term investment in a peaceful future.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

I followed you to Miami...



And we had 2 months in Heaven. You marveled that my hands were still so smooth and soft. Didn't you see my Jergens Lotion, darling? Dishes and laundry take nature's softeners from hand skin, but Jergens helps make good.

★

Sunsets on Promenade Walk—*"And for me, sweet,"* you said, *"the unforgettable softness of your hands."* How can a girl risk disenchantment, when Jergens hand care is so easy?



Young Army and Navy Wives use Jergens Lotion, nearly 3 to 1.

Eagerly help *protect* their hands, with Jergens, against disillusioning roughness. Like professional care for your hands. Yet simple! No stickiness!

Doctors often help even neglected, old-looking skin become satisfyingly soft, deliciously smooth and younger-looking. How? By applying 2 special ingredients—which are both in your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).



For the softest, adorable Hands, USE

JERGENS LOTION

and in his other hand was a folded, yellowed scrap of paper!

We opened it quickly. The words on the torn scrap were barely legible ". . . thank good . . . baby is well . . . ho . . . you will like Penton . . . home . . . Tom."

My heart was pounding so that it shook my body and I stared at Duncan in terrified hope. Everything that had passed between us a moment ago was forgotten. Could this "Tom" be my father? Could the baby be a child named Joanne?

"Penton—that's only seventy-five miles from here, Duncan!" I whispered.

"YES, and it's a small town and they would probably have records or someone might remember a man named Tom if he were there twenty years ago and if he were preparing a home for his wife and baby," he answered in a hard voice. "But take it easy, Joanne. This might have nothing to do with you. That locket might not be yours. And, think carefully. Remember that if Mother Deming had thought it best for you to know she would have told you herself. Can't you be satisfied with the life you have had and the person you are?"

"What do you expect me to do—tear this note up and forget about it?" I flared at him. Without knowing fully just why, I knew that Duncan had put me in the wrong again. "I'm not strong and self-sufficient like you. Don and I are people with roots and without those roots I'm not complete. I'm going to Penton and I'm going to find out!"

Actually we were quarreling, even though my anger died immediately and even though Duncan never raised his voice and though he changed the subject quickly. But everything—the day we had spent together, the turmoil we had been plunged into by that sudden, unbidden, bewildering kiss—and my feeling of guilt as a result—the finding of the paper in the locket and the struggle between us which went deeper than words—these made a tension between us and gave to the most ordinary things we said hidden meanings. We rode home in a strange undercurrent of condemnation on Duncan's part and stubborn defensive moodiness on mine. His goodbye was curt . . . the more so when he found Don waiting on the porch for me.

My quarrel with Duncan had robbed me of all pleasure, and the events of the day now seemed to be a haze of confusion and sharp words that had cut away all the window-dressing from my set standards and my pet prejudices. And there were memories of other words, too—kind and gentle and strong and passionate that had a way of steadying the world, of forcing open my eyes. And always, always, in a hidden, secret place in my heart, the memory of a moment of rapture.

So when Don suggested we drive to Penton that next Sunday I agreed . . . but listlessly.

And when Sunday came I found an excuse for not going. And in the week—two weeks—that followed there were always excuses for not going to Penton.

Why? I wasn't sure. But as each day went on I only knew that I dreaded the prying and the poking into records, the questioning of strangers, the visiting and the dry, statistical facts I might get out of Land Offices and Courthouse clerks, and the sly gossiping of old-timers. The whole idea seemed distasteful, as though these shadowy figures of my unknown parents were going to be dragged unwillingly into the

light and exposed to the sight and sound of strangers.

The other reasons I hardly dared examine. For no reason that I would let myself name, Duncan's opinion of me had become suddenly, overwhelmingly, important. He wanted me to stand on my own two feet. He wanted me to be brave enough to face the world without caring for the opinion of others. As long as I could put off going to Penton I could fool myself that I was living up to what he expected of me. But I was only temporizing. I was afraid. Was I the person Duncan thought—or was I a coward?

Don was pressing me to go.

"Why put if off, Joanne?" His voice was sharper than I had ever heard it, one evening while we sat listening to some new records Helen had brought out from town. "It's been nearly three weeks now since you found the paper in the locket and—"

"Oh, stop pestering her!" Helen said impatiently from where she and Sandy were leaning over the victrola. "I don't see that it matters, anyway. Joanne's been my cousin for twenty years and I couldn't ever think of her as anything else, no matter what her name really is."

I was surprised and grateful to her. In all the time that we had lived in the same house I had never before seen any evidence that her affections went any deeper than a placid acceptance.

But I couldn't put Don off any longer.

SO I told him, "I'll go with you Sunday, for sure. There's a dance this Saturday night at the Hohmeirs. I'll stay overnight with Nancy Hohmeir. It's on our way to Penton and you can pick me up there the next morning."

I felt a certain relief now the decision had been made. But underneath it was a growing, dragging unhappiness that came from the knowledge that I was finally committed to a course from which there was no turning back. Duncan had said "*. . . if you ever change your mind. . .*" I shut my ears. It was Don and I. It had *always* been.

Jud drove us over to the Hohmeirs, but I had no heart for the party. Abstractedly I listened to the flirtations going on in the back seat as Helen divided her attentions equally between Sandy and Bill Gentry.

The first person I saw was Duncan, standing talking to our hostess. My heart leaped senselessly, and then, when he broke off his conversation to come to my side and take my arm, it trembled with a queer, bewildering panic. If I hadn't before realized how seriously and deeply he had meant his "I love you, Joanne" that day at Red Rock, I knew it now when he looked at me. And I couldn't control the foolish leap of my pulse.

"Don will be a little late," he told me. "May I have this first dance?"

But before we could start we were interrupted. Miss Ward, the fussy, prim little seamstress, bustled up to me.

"Joanne, my dear—I just heard! Why, it's the most exciting thing I have ever heard . . . just like one of the novels in Peony Green's lending library!" Her voice had taken on the agitated, almost gleeful, tone of one whose drab life must be lived in the tragedies or happiness of others. "To think you are adopted! Jenny Deming never said a word to me in all these years." She patted my arm, her little bird eyes bright with sympathy. But I felt sick. If Miss Ward knew it, then it was no longer a secret.

Such eager Kisses



Q. I'd love to be kissed like that.

A. Then see that your skin's smooth as satin.

Q. Oh, my skin's hopelessly dry!

A. No! This new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream helps "make over" dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Provides such "all-you-require" care for smooth skin it's like a "treatment" every day. Helps gently erase little dry-skin lines. Simply use Jergens Face Cream—without fail—

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**
3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

A safeguard against crinkly dry skin—this skin scientists' cream. Made by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.25 a jar (plus tax). Share the happiness so many girls know—have kissable, satin-smooth skin. Jergens Face Cream is the only cream you need.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION



—what's more, only Meds have the "SAFETY-WELL"!

More and more users of internal protection are finding in the Meds' "SAFETY-WELL" the extra protection, the greater security they want! Why don't YOU try Meds?

- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Med's easy-to-use APPLICATORS are dainty, efficient, and disposable.

Meds only 20¢

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS
Economy package
40 for 65c!



Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much *more*, so much *faster! Extra* protection for you!

* * *

Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands *gently* and *comfortably*—adapting itself to individual requirements.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

How could I dance in front of all those questioning eyes? Duncan gave me no chance to think. He swung me behind the last couple as they promenaded around the room.

These were my friends and my neighbors. I had known them all my life, yet now I felt as if they were all strangers to me. Or rather, that I was the stranger, the freak on display. What were they saying about me? *Poor Joanne . . . well, maybe she won't be so high and mighty after this . . . I always thought there was something queer . . . I hear the wedding is put off . . .*

I saw Don come in the door. I saw Miss Ward buttonhole him, saw him bend his head and listen. And when he straightened, the stiff, proud control of his face told me better than words the anger and humiliation he felt. When he saw me looking he waved. It was there for all to see—that he was standing by me.

AND then Duncan caught me to him hard as we whirled in step. I looked up and he was smiling. Smiling at me—with perfect confidence in himself and in me and in our steps that matched so well, and in the deeper, stronger courage that flowed from his heart to mine.

From his heart to mine—and back again. Because I was smiling, too. Like a black curtain the fear had dropped away from me. I knew, with a flash of insight, that it had not dropped all at once, but that it had fallen from me long ago that day at Red Rock and I had only been clinging to it ever since because I had not been ready to give it up. I had not wanted to give up those tattered remnants of fear and misery because I had thought they had been all I had to bind me to Don.

I could stand alone now. I could go to Don and show him that I was a whole person, complete in myself. The wedding would not have to be put off while we went through our pitiful search for names and persons to sanction our marriage. I was Joanne Deming. My Mother and Dad were the people who had loved me and reared me, and I was closer to them now than I had ever been before.

Let my friends whisper and turn their backs on me. *I was the same person I had been before.* Nothing real had been changed.

The dance ended and we walked slowly over to where Don was waiting. Almost immediately the fiddle was tuning up for a waltz and Don hardly stopped for a greeting before he pulled me onto the barn dance floor.

We circled in silence. There was so much for me to say that I found I could not put it into words. And, besides, there was something in the stiffness of Don's back and in the set hardness of his face that checked the words on my lips. It annoyed me. I wanted him to be as glad as I was. Surely he could feel this release from fear in me!

"Don—" I finally managed to say—"I want to get married right away. There's nothing to stop us—nothing real—"

He interrupted. "Right away, Joanne. The sooner the better."

I *knew* then. There was no answering gladness in him. This was a duty, an honor-bound duty he must perform. He loved me, yes. But the cost to his pride far overbalanced any happiness he might have felt in marrying me. He wanted to go through with it as he would have gone through any ordeal to which he was committed. This was his way of showing the world that

the Henrys were above public opinion. He had made a bargain and he would stick to it.

It hurt me—but in an odd way of feeling. It hurt because Don had failed me. He was standing by me in the face of all his beliefs and pride, but he was failing me in the deeper, truer sense of understanding. He was fulfilling the letter of our love, but not the spirit.

The next dance was a square dance and as the figures filled up with eager couples, as I stood beside Don on the sidelines—I knew what he was thinking and suffering. I wanted to tell him it didn't matter. I didn't care if I wasn't asked to dance.

"How about it, Joanne? Are you sitting this out with Don or will you take a chance with me?" I turned in amazement at the voice. It was tall, red-headed Simon Foley who stood there and for a moment, while I winked away quick, unbidden tears, I thought to myself that at last I knew what an angel looked like. Tall—and red-headed.

WE were the last couple on the floor and we didn't have long to wait before Gram Shrank called out the first command. As if in a dream I found myself advancing with Simon to bow to our facing couple. The toe-tapping, beating rhythms of the folk dance caught us up and swept us through the *all hands left—all hands right—swing that pretty girl—dolce do—allemande right—all promenade!*

There was a pause and we all stood, laughing, gasping for breath, our faces flushed from the vigorous movement of the dance. For just a little while I had forgotten, and it seemed as if there was the same acceptance of me as there always had been.

Then Binna Marks spoke, softly, at my elbow. "Jo—I haven't had a chance to see you. I've been away for two months. And I wanted to tell you how sorry I was to hear about your mother. We were all so fond of her."

Your mother! Binna knew that I was adopted. Miss Ward would not have missed a single individual in this room when she told the news. Yet—to her I was still the daughter of the Demings.

Nor had it made any difference to Helen. Or to Jud, I realized. Perhaps a few people might gossip, even maliciously. A few might even wonder and talk about whether my birth was legitimate or not. But to these who were my real friends it didn't matter. It didn't matter at all.

I went through the rest of the dance in a thoughtful mood. I was measuring up that hurt that Don had given me, and wondering at the littleness of it. Why hadn't it struck deeper, pained me more intensely? For so many years my future and my life had been in his hands; for so many years I had believed what he believed.

Perhaps that tenderness I had felt for him the other day should have warned me. Because it had been pity. The love I had felt for Don had come to a fork in the road: on one side there was true and passionate understanding, the other lane had led to this dwindling away into pity and sympathy, this feeling that was no longer love.

When the dance ended I found myself moving, magnet-drawn, to Duncan.

It was intermission and we wandered outside. The stars were out, too—not cold and distant, but whitely-gleaming, softly-luminous in the black arch of the night.

"Do you mind so much—everybody's knowing, I mean?" he asked after a



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while, as we stopped beside a fence.

"I don't mind at all," I answered truthfully. A kind of peace was on me, but it was a peace that was preparing my heart for a new thing to come, for an inevitable moving forward into something between us that would be said this night, that would mean a strange and wonderful and waiting ecstasy. I was testing my heart, trying it for its readiness. The old loyalties had left an emptiness and for a moment I wanted it that way, before it would be filled with the new.

He chuckled. "Miss Ward is downright indignant. She says if it were Helen she could understand."

I hadn't thought of that, but I did now. Helen didn't seem like the hard-working, dependable Deming people. Yet she was one of the family and I, who had responded better to their care and training, was really not.

"Are you going to Penton tomorrow morning? Don tells me that's the plan."

"No. I've changed my mind." My heart was beating faster. Would he read my words the way I meant them? Would he remember that he had said . . . *"if you ever change your mind . . .?"* I looked up at him. "Duncan—"

I had thought that he moved slowly, but the arms that pulled me to my feet and tight against him were quick and eager, with a hardly-repressed violence. My hands were around his head and the wildness, the rapture that had filled me before when Duncan kissed me was there again in the intense demand of his mouth on mine and of his body pressed against mine. But this time the wildness was not a thing snatched at and fleeting—it was a lasting fire that would grow with the certainty that here in Duncan's arms I was in my rightful place. This would be ours again and again. This was the reality of love.

Just two people who asked nothing more than this need of each other. To whom family and friends and background were unnecessary because our only identity was in being together.

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Will Our Children Be Ready?

(*Continued from page* 41)

But I think most of the appeals were made for them to work during the summer months.

It was a good thing, making use of the energy of our young people during summer vacations. It was good for the war effort. And it was good for the youngsters. It gave them a fine, meaningful sense of taking a patriotic part in the war. Earning money was also a good feeling for them. It made them feel more grown up, more like accepted citizens, with responsibilities and deserving of respect. Besides, in lots of cases, cases where an older brother, or even a father, had been drafted and the family budget had suffered, boys and girls were proud to be able to help support themselves and to ease the burdens on their mothers.

THEY have what they consider good reasons, many of them, for not wanting to go on with their education. I think we have to examine these reasons.

I think the one which bothers me most is a very sad commentary on our failures in the past. I understand that lots of today's adolescents have a certain bitterness and cynicism. They remember the depression too well. It has left its mark on their thinking. The realities of unemployment, of Home Relief, of poverty and aimlessness, are more clear to them than all the plans which are being made for the future.

This is a challenge to all of us. We cannot afford to raise a generation of cynics. The kind of world we want to build can't be built by hopeless, embittered, untrusting people. This attitude is in itself a very strong indication of how much these very children need further education. They need to be helped to understand all that is happening today, they need to be shown that there is a real and good future for all of them—if they are able and competent enough to work for it.

There are some boys and girls who, for their age, are making very good money and holding down what they consider very good jobs. Some of them may even get a great pleasure and sense of satisfaction out of having their wages compared with the money their parents earned when they were young. But the world today is very different from the world in which their parents started out in life. Everything is higher—wages included. And tomorrow's world, again, will be very different from the one we know now.

These boys and girls should be made to think of it this way—will this same job seem as wonderful to them five years from now? Will this same salary seem as good, later, when they have families of their own to support? And where do they expect to find the knowledge and skill that will help them to advance to better jobs? How can they expect to get ahead in a more highly technical and mechanical life than any we have ever known before?

Look at all the men in the service. They can't learn enough. Their demands for opportunities to study were so great that the Army had to set up a special organization to provide them with the courses they wanted. And they do study—even in the foxholes. Ask any young soldier or sailor what he wants to do when the war is over. Nine

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out of ten will answer they want to finish their education. They've seen something of the world. They've got some idea of what it will take to get along in the future.

I realize that many mothers will probably say that it's easy for me to feel this way. I don't need the money that my son might be earning.

Maybe I do have an easier life than many other women. I wish the world were such that all people could live more easily, without worry about family needs and desires which are hard to meet. But more important than wishing, I believe very strongly that we can build such a world—together.

Until this kind of world has been won, I suppose there will be children of high school age who must work. But, even if they do, some means must be found for them to continue their education. It can be done. There are Federal and State child labor laws to protect the health and opportunities of children. Parents must find out what these laws are and make sure that they are being carried out to the letter. And parents and children alike must understand that when a boy or girl is urged to sacrifice a few hours a day of working time in order to spend that time in getting part-time schooling, the sacrifice will be paid back a hundredfold.

AND, I think, the important thing about the future is that it will be what we make it—or fail to make it. We can help, we people who have grown up. But the main tasks of the peace, of rebuilding and developing the whole world, these tasks will fall to the young people who are growing up now.

Someone once said that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. I don't think that was intended to mean vigilance only in the sense of armed sentinels always standing on watch for an enemy. It means that, too. But I think it means much more. To me it means a constant awareness of the real things that go into making and preserving liberty and peace. It means an honest knowledge of the needs of all peoples, readiness to pitch in and contribute the greatest amount that is in us for the widest good and protection of the rights and well-being of all. It means an understanding that this is the only way to safeguard liberty.

I want my children to go to school. I want them to become alert, useful citizens of the future. I'm not being a dreamer about it. I believe firmly that this will be the way for them to live full, satisfying, happy lives. I want them to learn all they can, so that they, in turn, can add to the store of the world's knowledge Not just for the sake of having more knowledge, but because such knowledge will enrich their lives as well as the lives of others, cement the peace of the world—the peace on which our own safety and prosperity depends—and will expand and spread all that is good and decent throughout our own country and throughout the world, until there will no longer be any necessity for wars.

I want my children to go to school. And they will go on with their education. But I'm not so blind that I believe it will be enough for *my* children to be educated. I'm not so blind that I can't see that *all* children must be given as equal opportunities as possible, if the future is to be kept secure for my children as well as all others.

If only other mothers and fathers will see this, too! If only all parents can make their children understand it!

Haunting House

(*Continued from page* 47)

love with me, Jimmy, I—I mean, are you sure?"

Before he had a chance to answer we were joined by several of the others, but I knew by the look in his eyes that he was very sure indeed. Before the party broke up, we did manage to make a luncheon date for the next day.

I went home on air that night—when I told my family, my father read me the riot act. Jimmy had no job, I was only 19, it was too sudden, and what kind of a future was there in singing anyway?

I might have been convinced except for the growing faith I had in Jimmy. I realized that I always must have vaguely believed that he'd accomplish anything he started out to do. Now I knew I wanted to marry Jimmy—that in some peculiar way, sudden as it was, it was completely right for us. However, the violent opposition by my family made me unsure of myself. It's important for a girl to have the good wishes of her family at a time like that.

THE next day at luncheon, however, the spell was woven about us again, and I forgot my doubts, my fears, and my family. We found ourselves planning our future together. There are few things so painfully sweet as the first plans of two people in love. We even got to the subject of what kind of house we'd have some day.

"I know just the kind of house I want," Jimmy leaned across the table towards me. "There's a house in Closter, New Jersey, that was built when I lived there as a kid. I guess I was about 15. It sits on a hill, surrounded by about seven acres of land, way back from the road, and there's a long, winding driveway leading up to it."

"It sounds wonderful," I said happily.

"It is!" He caught my hand under the table. "It's owned by someone else, of course, but it's just the type of place I visualize you and me living in some day." He gestured with his free hand. "It's Colonial style—white, with blue shutters."

After that first luncheon date, Jimmy faced the first tough grind of trying to break into the singing business. When six months had passed, and he had nothing but promises, he was almost ready to go back to the store; but before discouragement got him, he was offered a job with the Ben Yost Singers. It meant going on tour—trains, bad food, strange towns—but it was a beginning, a start, and that's all he asked.

The first time he got back into town, I went out to New Jersey with him to visit with his family. They were opposed to our getting married too, so it seemed as though it was the pair of us against the world. We'd planned taking our license out that day—October 14, 1939, and in the afternoon we went down to the City Hall.

"Do you think our families will soften up by the time we get married?" Jimmy asked as we made our way along the corridors.

"No," I sighed, "I don't think I'll ever get to have a nice, sentimental wedding where all the relatives gather and cry and everything."

"You gals set a lot of store by that sort of thing too, don't you?" He glanced sideways at me.

I shrugged. "All that really isn't important."

"Look, darling," Jimmy stopped and



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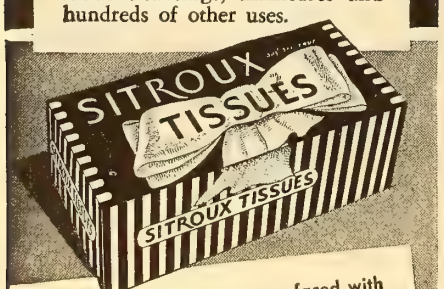
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faced me, "Why don't we get married today—right now?"

We looked at each other for a long moment, and then we were in each other's arms, and the decision was made. We had the Judge marry us as soon as we took out the license. Jimmy had only four days before he had to go back on tour, so we decided to go into New York and have some sort of honeymoon. We were feeling giddy and wonderful and adventurous. We registered at the Waldorf-Astoria, which fling left us completely broke, but we had four days touched with magic, and our hopes were bright, our hearts were high, when I kissed him goodbye and he resumed his touring.

I went back home and kept working. My family relented a little, but they couldn't get enthusiastic about the match. Jimmy blew in every few weeks and we'd have a day or two together and he'd be off again. This went on for eight months, and then he was offered a job at the "American Jubilee" at the World's Fair. He jumped at the chance, because it meant staying in town and also we could finally get an apartment of our own. I was also offered a job at the "Jubilee" but I had to refuse, because I'd just discovered that our baby was on the way.

When the Fair closed, Jimmy got a job in the chorus of a new program. One night he was called in to substitute for Morton Downey on Morton's program. We were thrilled at the write-ups he got from that appearance. They were so good, in fact, that when James Melton was taken ill soon after, Jimmy was rushed in to fill his place on Melton's show. He did a wonderful job that time too, and subsequently pinch-hit for Kenny Baker, Frank Parker and Dick Brown. These substitutions created a great deal of excitement in the trade, and before we knew it, the sponsor took him out of the chorus and made him the star of the show. He's now heard three times a week on CBS, at 6:15 EWT—the program's called Jimmy Carroll Sings.

When he was set with his own show, we began thinking about our house in the country. After endless searching, we had almost decided to just stay in the city in our apartment, even though Jimmy, Jr. was three then and the country would have been grand for him.

Then one night Jimmy had Elizabeth Rinker on his show. She confided that she and her husband were going to California to live and wanted to sell their house. Jimmy came home fairly popping with excitement. That house was the white one with the blue shutters in Closter, New Jersey! We weren't in a position to buy the house, we wanted to rent—but we exclaimed over the coincidence for a long time.

One Sunday afternoon, five or six months later, we were over in New Jersey on another house-hunting expedition. After being shown endless places for rent, and not liking any of them, we were ready to admit defeat, when the real estate woman finally said that she didn't think anything would meet our requirements except one house which was for sale. We reminded her rather wearily that we wanted to rent.

"I think you ought to see this place," she said, herding us back into her car. "It seems to me to be what you're looking for."

We drove along some beautiful countryside, and soon we came into sight of a white house on a little hill. This was Closter—that was *the* house! It was too incredible. Here was fate stepping in again. If ever a family was meant to live in one particular house, we were that family.

We worked out a deal with the owners through the mail. We were skeptical about whether or not they'd accept our terms, but it seems that they, too, were helpless in the hands of that stubborn fate I told you about.

So here we are, right in the middle of a dream come true. Sometimes when I think of Jimmy and me at that first luncheon date, holding hands under the table, daring to hope and plan—I want to say to all young couples who are dreaming their wonderful dreams—decide what you want, want it badly enough, work for it hard enough, believe in miracles—and, above all, believe in one another.

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Part of My Heart

(*Continued from page 29*)

I said, "But we can't afford it."

"Is that it? Is that what's the matter?" Tommy asked quickly.

"Running this house costs a lot of money," I answered. "We can't afford another child and new things for our home and all of the spending you want to do outside, too."

I thought that by talking to Tommy that way I would discourage his spending money on what I considered foolishness—money on shows and entertainment and flippant things away from home. But Tommy didn't see it that way. After that he began to think his salary was inadequate for our needs. Money became too important to him. In the year that followed he changed jobs three times, each time looking for a better paying position whether he liked it or not. And he began to try to win money through gambling, too.

Because so many of our quarrels began over money, I thought after a while that money, alone, would save our marriage. "Nothing else could be wrong," I told myself, "not with a marriage that started out so well."

What I couldn't see was that marriage must be cared for like a garden. If weeds of neglect and misunderstanding are allowed to grow in it, the beautiful, good part will be choked out and destroyed forever. And I wasn't taking care of my marital garden—I was closing my eyes to the insidious growth of mistrust which was destroying the fruit of our love.

It was Diane who showed me so plainly that our marriage was beyond saving. One night when she was four years old, we were eating together alone, as we often did. She raised her dark blue eyes to mine and asked thoughtfully, "Why doesn't Daddy live with us the way other daddies do?"

"Why, Diane," I answered quickly, "he does live here."

"Not like the other ones," she said, and her sharp little face was troubled.

"How do they live?" I asked softly.

"They go places—all of them—and they do things and have fun," she said.

And have fun! The truth of that old "out of the mouths of babes" quotation came to me. Little Diane had shown with such amazing accuracy the change that had taken place in my relationship with Tommy. I felt guilty when I looked at her little face. Children were entitled to happiness. They had no right to live in an environment fraught with strain and dissension. They were entitled to beauty and love and laughter. That's when I knew that I must separate from Tommy.

It was very late when I heard Tommy tiptoe past my bedroom door.

"You can turn the light on, Tommy—I'm not asleep," I told him. "Anyway, I want to talk to you."

Tommy flashed on the light and stood in the doorway.

"Can't it wait until morning, Mary?" he asked. "I'm very tired."

I was tempted to retort with sarcasm—to ask him whose fault it was that he stayed out so late, but I knew that this was no time for an argument. This was something that had to be settled seriously, for all time.

"Tommy," I asked, "what do you think of our marriage?"

He stood silently looking down at me, and I realized suddenly how much older he looked than he had even a year ago.

"You know what I think, Mary," he answered. "I think just what you think."

"What happened to us, Tommy?" I asked and there were tears edging my voice.

"I failed you—that's all," Tommy repeated. "I'm just not right for someone like you. I can't make enough money."

"You make enough, but you don't save it," I began.

"Please, Mary, let's don't argue that tonight," Tommy said wearily as he backed out of the room.

"We can't go on not facing things," I insisted. Then I plunged into what I'd been thinking about all evening. "Tommy, do you think we should go on living together?"

"Maybe not," he answered.

"We don't match," I said. "And we never will. I've been wondering if we should get a—a divorce.'

"A divorce is pretty final—but if that's what you want," he began. "But not a divorce, Mary—not until we're sure. Let's just separate for awhile—until we really know."

"How will we know?" I asked him.

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more—we'll know it. If we do—" his voice trailed off.

"If we do, then what?"

"Then nothing will stop us from getting back together," Tommy said.

"But loving you—wanting to hold you—well, that isn't enough. We have to find each other in all ways—again. You have to need me, too."

Before Tommy went away that night, he wrote a telephone number on a slip of paper and sealed it in an envelope. When he handed it to me, he said, "if you need me, open this envelope. The people at this number will know where to find me."

Then he bent down and kissed my forehead, and his gentle lips awakened old, exciting memories within me. "Goodbye, darling," he whispered.

The first week that he was away, I felt lonely and lost. I missed Tommy's whistle at shaving time in the bathroom each morning—his quick step on the front porch at night. But most of all I missed him when I looked into Diane's wide-set questioning eyes, eyes so reminiscent of other eyes which had looked at me with love. Two or three times I was tempted to look inside the envelope Tommy had left for me and to call him to come back. But I couldn't. I was sure that I missed only the *habit* of having him around—not Tommy himself. And I knew that this week's separation had solved nothing—that if we returned to each other the old personality differences would prevent us from weaving the old threads into a new pattern of happiness.

In the days that trailed endlessly one after another, in the months that followed, the pattern of my life didn't change very much. I continued to concentrate on my home and on Diane the way I had when Tommy had lived with us. Each month I received a check from the national sales organization for which Tommy was working. It was impossible to tell from the impersonal typewritten envelope where Tommy was or how he was doing. But I told myself as time slipped by and I continued to get along without Tommy that it didn't matter where he was—really—that I could get along without him forever.

After six months when I thought of my former life with Tommy, I thought of it almost as a dream. The joy and the sadness, the heartache and the excitement—all faded into the background. I still wondered about him, of course, and I knew I always would—but the collapse of our marriage didn't hurt so much any more. Sometimes, I wondered if I were numb, if my heart had died within me. And I wondered if I ever again would feel anything—either pain or pleasure.

Gradually, I ceased to think of Tommy very much unless I heard laughter. Then I was reminded of the man I had given my heart to so trustfully—a man who had loved joy as much as he loved life, I would be listening to a radio program and as laughter rose after a comedian's joke, I would see Tommy's face as it had been in those first days when the light was still on behind his eyes. Or, walking past a noisy, laughter-filled restaurant, I would think of the days when life for Tommy and me had been a song to be sung with gay little trills of joy.

Only Diane's eyes could make me feel guilty. Sometimes, when I looked into those reproachful eyes, I wondered whether or not I'd made a mistake. A child is entitled to a home in which two persons love her—and love each other. I began to realize that a love affair is bigger than just two persons—it affects other innocent persons—little lost children like Diane. The only way I could switch off this feeling of shame was to tell myself that she would be happier in a peaceful, quiet home than she would be in one where her parents always argued and differed.

I wonder now if that dead part inside of me ever would have come alive again if Diane hadn't been hurt. Somehow, I don't believe it would. I had felt numb for days. I just walked along through each day—not living at all—really—just existing. And it took stark, terrible tragedy to unlock my heart.

The day that my little Diane was hit by the grocery truck is a garish slash in the dull grey ribbon of my life. She had gone out to play in the front yard while I dressed to take her downtown. Several times I looked out and smiled at her as she played with the bright new ball I had bought her the week before. And then it happened. One minute she was bobbing up and down, vital and smiling and happy. And the next minute she was lying on the pavement, white and strangely still, while the fascinating ball dribbled slowly along the opposite curb.

The next few minutes were a wild, exciting, fantastic confusion. I don't know who picked Diane up. I just remember a white-faced truck driver who kept mumbling, "I didn't see her—not until she was right in front of me. God help me—I didn't see her."

The trip to the hospital is vague now, too. I don't know who drove us or how long it took us to get there. Everything seemed unreal and peculiar as if it weren't happening to me at all, but was occurring in a play. I couldn't believe that the still, tiny body with its twisted leg belonged to my little girl.

I couldn't make myself think that the pale, empty vacant face in my lap was Diane's. This couldn't be happening!

Someone had called the hospital and the attendants were waiting to wheel Diane away when we got there. There's something awe-inspiring about a hospital, isn't there? Maybe it's the closeness of death, or perhaps it's the hope and prayer and fight of the living—I don't know. Whatever it is, it always has impressed me and frightened me, too. I was scared now, and lonely, as I followed the attendants down the echoing corridor to the room where they were taking Diane.

The truck driver was waiting outside of the room. His face was an anguished grey; tears washed down his cheeks.

"It's all my fault, lady," he said. "I killed her, I killed your little girl."

"It isn't your fault," I told him softly. "Diane's always been a quick little thing—she followed the ball into the street—and you were coming—that's the way it happened."

A very strange strength began to creep through me as I comforted him. It was as if this sudden tragedy had brought with it a new and strange power to help me to bear it. I cannot explain it now, but if you have ever had to bear sudden and terrible grief, you know what I mean. While the tragedy was tearing my heart, strength to bear this hurt was making it pound with strong determination. I felt completely self-sufficient. And I was glad. This was proof of a dramatic kind that I didn't need anyone outside of myself to bear anything that might come to me. I thought of the many stories I had read where concern for a sick child had reunited the parents. I was proving today that that was wrong. Grief was here—and I could bear it alone, without Tommy. I was strong, strong, STRONG. And I told myself as this new inner strength poured through me that I would never need Tommy again.

Dr. Smith came clicking efficiently down the hall while the truck driver and I still stood outside the door. When the young doctor went inside the room the truck driver paced up and down, smoking incessantly.

In about five minutes, the doctor came out and the attendants came to wheel Diane away again.

"It's a broken leg," Dr. Smith told me. "And we'll have to go to the X-ray room to find out whether her skull is fractured or not."

"Is she—going to get well?" I asked.

"If her skull isn't fractured, she's going to be all right," he answered.

But still I didn't feel the need of anyone's hand in mine. I didn't need anyone else to help me bear the tragedy of this moment. My new-found reservoir of strength was pouring energy and hardiness into my body. Although I prayed with all of my heart for Diane to be spared, I knew that I could face even her death alone.

It seemed like hours that we stood in that eerie hall—the truck driver and I—waiting for Dr. Smith to come to tell us whether my little girl would run again and laugh again and love me again. But when he finally came he was smiling and he said, "She has suffered from shock and the broken leg all right—and a fairly simple concussion. But she's going to be all right."

At first I was conscious only of relief. It washed over me in great waves of thankfulness. And then the strangest thing happened to me. An exultant joy spread through my whole body and pounded inside of me until it threatened to burst through my skin. It was glorious and a little frightening and the biggest thing that ever had happened to me. I wanted to scream—to run up and down this quiet hall calling out at the top of my voice, "She's going to get well—she's going to be all right—my little Diane's going to live." And all at once, it wasn't enough to know this—all at once there was something else I must have. Tommy, I must share this with Tommy.

Once in a lifetime a great truth is revealed to us with blinding clarity. This was the moment of my revelation—I learned something I should have known a long time before. I knew that no grief is so great that you cannot find the strength to bear it alone all by yourself. No grief in the world! But I discovered that overpowering, world-filling joy is another emotion entirely—a much greater emotion—one that has to be shared because the tension of it is too great to be relieved without the help of someone else. In that moment, I wanted Tommy more than I ever had wanted anything before in my life.

My hand shook when I took the envelope Tommy had left me out of my purse. And I cried a little as I read the scribbled message written in that dear, familiar handwriting. Scrawled on the paper above the telephone number was just one line—which I shall remember as long as I live.

"If you really need me, darling, you know now how I feel about you."

He came to me within an hour. I heard his familiar, quick step in the hall outside Diane's room. And then he came in and saw Diane, sleeping peacefully now, and looked at me beside her, and I didn't have to explain



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anything. I didn't even have to talk. That's the way it is with someone you've been married to—someone you've loved and lived with and watched from day to day. There's a wonderful sensitivity that comes to people who know each other that well. I could feel this awareness between us as I walked into the glad comfort of Tommy's arms and knew that they would be my sanctuary forever.

"I'm sorry, darling," he whispered, "that you had to go through this alone."

"It wasn't hard—not that part," I told him. "But I had to have you here **for this**—for the glad part."

He smiled and I knew that he understood. Of course he knew what I meant—dear Tommy. This had been what he had tried to tell me before he went away. He had tried in so many ways to explain that he needed a wife to share his joys, not his troubles. But I hadn't listened—I hadn't *known*.

Diane awakened as we stood there looking with new understanding into each other's eyes. And as I listened to the thrill of joy which pushed through her young voice when she turned to me and said, "Oh, mother, he's back," I realized that even a little girl can know the exultant glory in the sharing of pleasure. All of the months when she must have missed her daddy, she didn't cry or speak to me of him, but bore her loss within herself. But now that he was back, she lay looking at me with a glorious happiness burning in the bottom of her eyes.

At that moment I knew that Tommy was more right for me than anyone else in the world. I realized, too, that a successful marriage takes lots of work on both sides—but I was sure with an exciting certainty that Tommy and I could achieve lasting happiness. I recognized that no marriage is perfect in all ways—that no two persons with different backgrounds and inherited traits can melt together without leaving a few tiny flaws in the finished product. But I believe now with new sincerity that our marriage will be more successful than many. Because Tommy will bring me laughter and sunshine. And now—at long last—I will be able to do more than just help him face his serious problems. . . . I shall reach out for the joy he brings me with my eyes shining and my heart wide open.

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A Dream to Share

(*Continued from page 45*)

nodded his head in a way that almost made me jealous. On the following mornings, with my schedule working like clockwork so that I was always on Maple Street when Vera came home from the night shift, we got to know each other in a wonderful, wonderful way. At least I got to know Vera, for she told me more about herself and her job than I told her about myself.

I say I got to know more about Vera every day. Well, that was true in a sense; but you'll have to remember that I was a discharged veteran with a leg injury, that I was working on a job that was new to me, that I had the faculty (or was it a bad habit?) of dreaming; and that I really knew very little about girls. Looking back now, I can say those things; but when I first met Vera I didn't realize how important they were.

FOR example you can take the conversation I had with Vera one morning about music.

"It's really amazing, Jim," she said, "the way the big companies have gone out of their way to make it comfortable and enjoyable for war workers. Tonight, for instance, they had Tommy Turk and his orchestra play for us for an hour. The dance was arranged so the changing shifts could get on the dance floor together. It was keen, Jim."

"Who's Tommy Turk?" I asked, innocently; and Vera's eyes opened widely, incredulously.

"You don't know Tommy's Trio?" she asked. "You've never heard his recordings?"

I had to admit it was true, and the moment of silence that followed seemed to be dedicated to my ignorance of such matters. I felt, suddenly, as though I had been cheated out of part of my education; as though I were standing outside, looking in.

And just at that moment Doady champed, turned his head and looked at me. It was a hint that I'd better get going for the work to be done. Vera smiled at Doady and went into her house; and I drove Doady down the street wondering to myself how I could ever get a musical education of the kind that would make me aware of the importance of the Tommy Turks and the others who made hot music hotter.

"Now that is something for us to think about, Doady," I said half aloud. "The girl likes music, a special kind of music that we know very little, if anything, about. Gosh, Doady, it sure makes you feel kind of dumb."

When I got back to the stables that morning I asked Bill Williams, the feed man, about Tommy Turk.

"Tommy Turk and his Tacoma Trio!" he said with a smile. "Sure, his clarinet is something special. At least that's what my kid brother says. He collects Tommy's records, got a load of them in the cabinet.

"Tell you what," continued Bill. "You buy some Harry James albums, then swap them with my kid brother for the Tommy Turk discs. You'll get hep to both leaders that way and save dough in the bargain."

I told him I'd think it over, sensing I was being trapped into something I wasn't at all sure about. He said it was okay for me to let him know when I was ready for the deal. But I let the matter drop because something else





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came up to occupy my thinking. It happened in another conversation I had with Vera.

She asked me what I did in my spare time, and I was half afraid to tell her. It was my secret and one I felt sure would not appeal to her. I said I didn't do anything in particular in my hours off from work, and she told me she was crazy about bowling.

"There's some alleys right near the plant," she explained enthusiastically. "Air conditioned, Jim. It's the last word. Not one of these smoky places, your eyes don't get red; and they have industrial leagues that give you a chance to win prizes at the end of the season. Do you know I made the five-ten split twice the other afternoon? And I've developed a hook that our team captain says will add twenty pins to my score. That won't be so bad!"

So once again I tried to find out something about Vera's interests, this time bowling; but the men I questioned told me I just had to bowl before I could ever understand it. And it seemed impossible for me to start learning the game. Furthermore, I wasn't sure it would be good for my leg; and I decided to forget about it, to avoid the subject again.

I thought about Vera all the time; remembered the green tint in her eyes and the reddish glint in her hair when the sun struck it a certain way. I remembered the soft line of her face, and the trace of a dimple in one cheek. That dimple was most tantalizing to recall because it never quite developed into a real dimple. She'd smile and the little trace would appear as though it were ready to bloom like a flower, and I was sure it must have been there when she was a little girl.

And being the kind of guy I am, it was the thinking of those things when I was away from Vera that made me almost tongue-tied and reticent when I met her each morning. She always seemed glad to see me, and yet I wondered if she was just being nice; and I wondered if I had any sense in my heart hoping that liking might be something bigger and more wonderful in the future.

I knew she was studying me from all angles when we talked, and that bothered me to the extent that I was careful in what I said. I did want to make the right impression on her so badly that maybe I was not my natural self. Believe me, that worried me.

"Tell me," she said one day, "about those sounds you hear in the morning. You mentioned them when we first got to know each other."

Some foolish instinct made me back away. "Oh, I guess I have a vivid imagination, Vera. It's silly, isn't it?"

"No," she replied. "What's silly about the trolley song you hear on St. John's hill? I'll bet nobody ever thought of that before. I'll bet nobody ever heard it that way, the way you heard it. And what you told me about the alarm clocks sounding like roosters with bells was wonderful."

Vera was smiling, and the dimple was threatening. I felt embarrassed and I made a move to get into the milk-wagon. She lost the smile immediately as a curious wrinkling of her brow transformed her face. "What's the hurry this morning, Jim?" she asked.

I got into the wagon and Vera stood on the sidewalk petting Doady's nose.

"Your master says the world smells different in the morning, Doady. He says it's fresh and clean, as if it had had a bath. He says a milkman lives in a different world, Doady; and, you know, I think he's right."

I felt the color run up my face and I took the reins in my hands.

"Make with the clop-clop, Doady," I said. "Have to get going, Vera. Today's collection day, and I have to work on my accounts." Doady started slowly as though his soul were full of regret; and I know horses don't have souls. It was mine that was regretful.

"The girl is laughing at us, Doady," I said quietly when we were three blocks away. "She's laughing, and it hurts. She doesn't understand, and we don't understand. The world is full of misunderstanding. She understands bowling and jive; and all we understand are sounds and colors and the feel of the earth when you sit on the river bank and fish."

That last remark about the fishing was, perhaps, the thing that annoyed me most. It was the little secret of mine I referred to. I could just imagine Vera with her modern ways laughing like mad if I ever told her about THAT She'd think I was a terribly corny guy if she knew what I did on my day off.

She'd laugh to herself, of course; but I'd sense her feelings and it would hurt like the devil. I knew that. The truth was I didn't even really fish. I had a very special place for this special day of the week, and I always went alone; I brought along a line and dug a few worms; but the biggest fun of it was to just sit on the bank of the little yellow stream and think. It was so quiet there, so peaceful and satisfying to my soul that it was like some warm and wonderful tonic.

You had to be sort of queer, I conceded, to do a thing like that. You had

to half-close your eyes, let the warm sun cover you, and then you'd hear the things the ordinary people missed. You'd hear the water lapping gently, and you'd hear the wings of a dragonfly sing, and you'd hear the burp of a frog and the rustle of reed grass. And the most wonderful overtone was the water wheel's groaning, like strange organ music, solemn, but very beautiful.

Some time during the day you'd open your lunch and eat it; and when it came time to go home you'd feel a little lonely and know that the summer would be over eventually and that part of your life would be eliminated for six months by snow and ice.

But how could you explain all that to a girl like Vera, even if she had been the world's most understanding girl?

So when she asked me again what I did on my day off I told another fib.

"I fish for trout," I said with a definite tone. "Been doing it for years."

I figured that by emphasizing trout she'd envision all kinds of fancy equipment with special hooks and gear, flies instead of worms, expensive rods and baskets for holding the fishy prizes. I figured that she knew nothing about the sport because very few girls do; and when she asked me where I fished I said, "Out near Van Ness."

It was a Saturday morning when I told her that, and I said, importantly, that I had to get started as soon as I got back to the stables. Was I wrong in detecting a kind of disappointment in her blue-green eyes as I left her? Did my consciousness of her presence fool me in the suggestion of loneliness in her voice as she said good-by? At the time I was confused, but beyond that was the conscience that bothered me about my little white lie.

Trout fishing! That was good. If Vera saw me with my miserable fish line and my lunch in a brown paper bag she'd have the answer. As I rode out to Van Ness on the trolley car I wrestled with my unhappiness, realizing all the time that my attempts at being sophisticated with Vera had brought me no pleasure. And I was certain that the day would be an unhappy one.

I GOT off the trolley at the last stop. A taxicab driver was taking a load of men who carried fancy fishing equipment, but I walked down the road to the river, just a few hundred feet. I stood on the bank, watching a small boat rocking gently in the current. The place was as peaceful as ever and I dropped to the grass, stretched out in the comfortable sunshine.

Ordinarily I would have dozed off, for that was the first reaction I always had after arriving there. But that day was different. I closed my eyes and saw Vera's face; I opened them and saw the outline of her profile on the water. I recognized the smell of the sod by my cheek, but there lingered in my nostrils the faint scent of the perfume she had about her. A cricket chirped nearby, but Vera's voice was there, too.

I began thinking of my job as a milkman, wondering if I would ever be quite as happy working at it again.

"It's funny," I said half aloud, "the way things are always changing. First I'm crazy about my job, then I'm crazy about a girl I meet while working on the job. Then when I find I don't quite make the grade with the girl I lose all interest in my job!"

Yes, I was positive I didn't have a chance with Vera; and the more I thought about it, the more distressed I became. I looked across the river and wondered how everything could be so different; the softness of the water was gone, the sounds I loved to hear were not there. The sky was blue and clear, but as I looked aloft there was a pensiveness in the air, or at least, I imagined it was that way.

I began thinking about my pals in the South Pacific, wondering how they were. I thought about Tommy Miller who was dead, and about his girl "Rolly Eyes"; she must be somewhere, poor girl, unhappy girl.

I heard the trolley car in the distance, climbing the hill that brought it to the end of the line; then I saw it come into view around a turn, and I compared its appearance to that of a yellow caterpillar. The trolley groaned to a stop, and from where I lay on the grass I could see the people getting out.

"Funny," I thought, "how people look alike. Now that fat fellow looks just like Bill Williams. And that girl looks just like Vera, only she's wearing a dress instead of slacks."

Then I jumped to my feet, my heart pounding. It was Vera! She was standing near the trolley, looking around her as though she were trying to make up her mind about something. When she started for a taxicab I called out to her, and I noticed the happy tone of my voice.

"Hi, Vera!"

She turned around, sort of half-waved her hand, and started toward me as I began walking toward her. She was about a hundred yards away and I couldn't take my eyes from her as we neared each other; my eyes took in everything: the way she had her hair down to her shoulders, the pretty white

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pinafore, the wedged shoes, the redness of her lips—and the slightly worried expression in her eyes.

I guess I had a wide grin on my face when she came up to me, for I felt the whole world warming up; the birds were singing and the full beauty of the summer day burst forth from the valley land around me.

She held out her right hand to me, holding a little lunch basket in the other.

"You're not mad at me, Jim?"

Mad? Why I was the happiest fellow in the world at that moment.

"You don't mind me being out here, Jim?"

Mind? It was just too wonderful to be true, and I wondered if I were dreaming.

Vera walked over to the tree I had been sitting under, looked at the brown paper bag that contained my lunch, and turned toward me again with a happiness in her eyes I had never seen before. She sat down on the grass and I did the same. We just looked at each other for a few minutes.

"I'm so glad you didn't bring your fishing tackle, Jim," she said. "I would never have found you down the river, although I was going to look for you and watch you fish."

"But, Vera," I countered. "You worked last night. You didn't sleep today. How did you. . . ."

"I don't work tomorrow, Jim. Sunday, remember? I guess I was pretty bold coming down here uninvited. But I wanted to so badly."

"Well, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you say something?"

She looked at me reproachfully for a moment, then turned her eyes away to gaze out across the river.

"I waited," she said. "I thought if I waited long enough, you'd ask me to come. But I just got tired of waiting; I thought I'd take a chance."

"I was afraid to ask you, Vera," I said. "I thought you were a different kind of a girl, maybe. I got my impressions from the things you said; things about bowling and music and your friends. They were all strange to me, Vera . . ."

The dimple was threatening. Vera's eyes were smiling, too. Her hand managed to find mine and we were silent.

"It's just the way I pictured it, Jim," Vera said softly after a while. "I knew it would be this way."

"You mean the river and the trees and the quietness, Vera? You mean you actually enjoy this kind of a day?" I couldn't get the inflection of amazement from my voice. "But how about the other things, the bowling and that music? Those things don't go with this. They're so different. . . ."

Vera's face was close to mine. I could feel her eyelash brushing my cheek.

"Oh, I like Tommy Turk all right," she said, as though he were a vague competitor of mine, "but, really, I'm a pretty awful bowler. I told you about it because I thought maybe you'd be interested. A girl has to make conversation. . . ."

"You mean it was something like my trout fishing? Imaginary?"

She laughed and the color came into her cheek.

"Let that be a lesson to you, Jim Brown . . ." she began to say, but my embrace dissolved her words into nothingness. Our first kiss was a punctuation mark on her sentence, and our first day settled around us in fragrant peacefulness, a dream that was no longer far in the future, but real and here and now, for both of us.

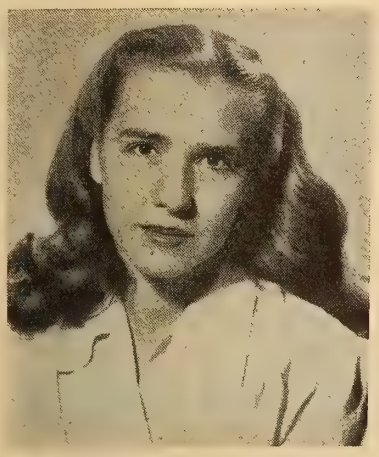


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SIX MONTHS ago Toni Darnay was just another stagestruck girl who lived at New York's Rehearsal Club. Today, at twenty-three, this virtually unknown ingenue has copped one of radio row's biggest prizes in the leading role in the serial The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters (CBS, daily at 10:30 A.M. EWT).

Intent on a footlights career, Toni payed little attention to a microphone career but did take time out to make one or two auditions. She was in the arduous throes of rehearsing for the Philadelphia tryout of "Sadie Thompson" when a call came through from her agent telling her to come to New York to try out for the lead in a new serial. She made the trip and three hours later had the part of Evelyn Winters.

Born in Chicago some twenty-three years ago, Toni is descended from her grandfather Landon Gates who owned a string of theaters at which her mother acted. "The Barrymores had nothing on the Darnays" recalls Toni. "There were eight children and when we went to dramatic school, onlookers really saw some emoting."

At thirteen, Toni embarked on her stage career—not without much protest put up by her doctor dad—and went on a vaudeville tour with mama in tow. After some years at College Prep High in Chicago, she started dancing professionally at such Windy City night spots as the Chez Paree and the Palmer House, but she never stayed long in any one place—"My father always yanked me out."

At the age of eighteen she was doing stock at Oconomowac Walk, Wisconsin, where the Marjorie Montgomery Ward Baker award was presented to the new play in which she had a part. At that point Toni picked up her baggage and came to New York, where she weathered a saga of buying clothes at sales, having every pair of stockings a major investment, and not knowing where her next meal was coming from. She did stock at Bridgehampton, Long Island, Dennis Playhouse at the Cape (where she appeared in "The Duenna" with Gregory Peck), and Cambridge. Then came a part in "Sadie Thompson" and radio row knows the rest.



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INTRODUCING KATHRYN CRAVENS



KATHRYN CRAVENS has been enabling millions of radio listeners to obtain News Through a Woman's Eyes for several years through her program of that name, so it was inevitable that as soon after V-E day as the Army would accredit a woman radio correspondent for broadcasts from Europe she would be the first woman to receive such accreditation. Her programs are broadcast twice a week over the Mutual network.

It was because, as an actress, she always wanted to rewrite and improve the scripts she was assigned to act, that Kathryn Cravens became radio's most outstanding woman commentator. She began her career as a movie actress, for Fox Films, under the name of Kitty O'Dare when she was 15. After eight years of that activity she turned to acting dramas broadcast by KWK in St. Louis and later over KMOX.

Her flair for interpreting current events, for doing interviews with the great and near-great, in a way that had a special significance for feminine listeners, soon put her on a coast-to-coast CBS network.

Kathryn Cravens was born in Burkett, Texas, where her father was a country doctor and her mother the postmistress. Texas, incidentally, is still one of her major enthusiasms—or is that news when one thinks of the attitude of all people born in Texas? Her other strong interests are flying, Victorian furniture, good clothes and people with strong personalities.

Before she flew to Europe this spring she had already scheduled interviews with a number of important personages, including Gen. de Gaulle, Bernard Shaw and the Pope. But her main purpose was to get a picture for American women of how the common people of the liberated—and the conquered—countries of Europe are managing in the wake of Nazi devastation such vital but humdrum problems as feeding their families, caring for their children's health, recreation and cleanliness, keeping themselves dressed and alive. Her job is to report a "woman's angle" on living conditions amid the chaos of a catastrophic war—a chaos that American women have been protected from.

Whirlpool

(*Continued from page* 21)

one of the most appealing people I'd ever known—there was something boyish about him, something that made you want always to be there when he needed you. I had realized, of course, from the first that he was moody—sometimes very gay and sometimes in the depths of depression. But I didn't think that was very serious. Part of it, I thought, was because he had never really found himself, never found what he wanted to do with his life. He'd had a succession of jobs from the time he'd finished high school, never settling down to any one of them but always quitting to go on to something he thought would be better. Sometimes it was because his boss didn't like him, sometimes the money wasn't enough. All his reasons seemed good ones, and he didn't have much trouble getting a new job because everybody liked him. I felt all he needed was the responsibility of a home of his own and all his moods and changeability would go.

PART of it, too, I felt was his mother's fault. She babied him, and hovered over him, even when he was twenty-five years old. She was a widow and although she had two daughters younger than Woodie, he was her baby. "He was always a sensitive child," she told me once. "People never understood how easily he could be hurt. But I did. No one ever understands Woodie as I do." She resented me from the first. Not so much me myself, as the fact that Woodie wanted to marry me. She would have resented any girl who "tried to take him away from her."

In spite of that, we were married. And at first I thought I was right that all he needed was our love and marriage to be happy. He got a job as salesman at the Acme Automobile Agency, and he was good at it. You couldn't resist Woodie when he really wanted to sell you something in that eager, confiding way he had. I gave up my job, and for the first few months we were wildly happy.

The first small hint of the terrible thing that was to come was when he unexpectedly sold two cars in quick succession to customers the other salesmen had given up as too hard to sell. Woodie was naturally elated—but it was a strange, unnatural kind of elation. The night he came home after the second sale, he caught me up in his arms and swung me around until I was breathless.

"Put on your new dress," he said. "We're going out and celebrate."

"But, darling," I protested laughingly, "we celebrated last night and the night before. We're going to spend all that money you made in celebrating making the money!"

"What of it? There'll be plenty more. I've gotten started now and nothing can stop me. Nothing! I'll be the best darn salesman Acme ever had—that anybody ever had! Hurry up, get ready."

It wasn't only spending the money that bothered me. It was the almost feverish look in his eyes and the way he couldn't keep still for a single minute. We went out to one of the most expensive places in town, and Woodie had too much to drink. He didn't get drunk, only excited, and the feverish look in his eyes heightened. He wanted to buy everybody in the place as many drinks as they could order. When we got home, he grabbed me fiercely in his





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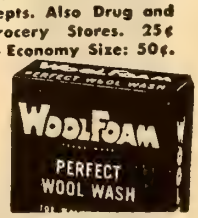
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arms and kissed me tensely, eagerly.

"We're going to be rich and we're going to have fun!" he cried exultingly. "I'd never have done it without you, Nancy. With you, I can do anything!" For the first time that night I didn't respond to him with my own equal measure of joy. I felt uneasy in the face of that wild exultation. Uneasy and deeply unhappy.

His mood of recklessness persisted, even became more wild. I began to worry—not so much about all the money we were spending on the expensive gifts he brought home to me or our "celebrating" in which I no longer had any heart, but because of what was happening to him inside. The only way I can explain it is that everything he did he did too intensely. He drove too fast. He drank too much. And his love for me seemed to break all bounds and become too abandoned.

I told myself that it couldn't last. Nobody in the world could live like that for long at a time, as if he were consumed by some strange and driving urgency.

I WAS right, but not in the way I'd hoped to be. Suddenly his mood of elation was broken, for no reason I could see, and it was followed by the deepest depression. It was true he wasn't making as many sales as he had been, but that was only natural in his business. It was bound to have its ups and downs. But he would come home now sunk in the deepest gloom. Some mornings he even refused to go to work at all. "What's the use?" he would say. "Nobody wants to buy a car from me. And the boss is blaming me for it, too. He's got something against me."

"That's silly!" I would tell him. "He doesn't blame you at all. You have a fine record and this is just a slump." I would try to cheer him up but it wouldn't work. He refused to go out at all, even to see any of our friends or anything like that.

In my desperate anxiety, I tried to talk to Mrs. Frazier about it. But she either couldn't or wouldn't understand. She seemed almost to blame me.

And then came that day when, for the first time in my life, I knew real terror.

I had been downtown shopping, and I remember I hurried home earlier than I'd planned because, suddenly and for no special reason, I had an unbearable feeling of anxiety about Woodie. He had been so depressed when he left for work that morning.

I found him stretched across the bed, unconscious. And beside him, on the table, was an empty bottle that had contained sleeping pills, and a scrawled and incoherent note to me. Much later, when I was able to read it I deciphered it to say: "Darling, there's no use in going on. This is the only way out for me."

The doctor got there barely in time to save his life. And then afterwards, when we knew he wouldn't die but when he lay there in that strange coma where he recognized no one, Dr. Blythe told me the truth. The truth I should have known before.

Woodie was mentally sick. He was what is known as a manic-depressive. Once, six years before I met him, he had been in a mental hospital for a few months. He had responded so well to treatment they had had every right to think he was well. Now he would have to go back.

"Do you mean to say you weren't told of his illness before you married him?" Dr. Blythe demanded of me.

I shook my head numbly. "I never knew," I whispered. "But even if I had—I'd still have loved him. I can't—not love him just because he's sick." I caught the doctor's hand. "Can you cure him? Can you make him well again and like he used to be?"

"We'll do our best."

Dr. Blythe talked to Mrs. Frazier. She said Woodie had wanted to tell me, but she wouldn't let him. She told him it was all over and to be forgotten. She seemed to feel it was a disgrace; she couldn't understand that to be sick in your mind is no more disgraceful than to be sick in your body. She wanted to hide it, like a shameful thing, and she always made excuses for Woodie's erratic behaviour by saying that people didn't understand him, instead of accepting it as an illness that could be cured. Even now, she didn't want him taken back to the hospital.

"Mrs. Frazier," Dr. Blythe said at last in exasperation, "if your son had an acute appendicitis attack, would you think you could operate on him yourself or cure him with kindness? Well, this is the same thing. He is acutely sick in his mind and must go where there are expert doctors to take care of him. This can't be cured by kindness any more than a ruptured appendix!"

SO Woodie went to the sanatorium, and I resolved to wait as bravely as I could for his recovery. I went to the head of the Acme Company, told him the truth, and he offered me a job as bookkeeper. I felt terribly alone. Mrs. Frazier resented the fact I wouldn't come to live with her, and implied that if Woodie had been happier with me all this would never have happened. She said I didn't really "understand" him. I had few friends in Wilton, and there was no one I could turn to for sympathy. It was as if I were living in a vacuum of waiting and loneliness, with all life suspended until Woodie should recover. Now that that waiting was nearly at an end, I was afraid.

Or rather, I realized now, I had been afraid until the moment I finished telling the story to Don Colman.

Impulsively I reached across the table and put my hand over his. "Thank you for this!" I said. "You were right—it helped to talk about it. Somehow now I feel calmer and more hopeful."

"I'm glad it helped," he said quietly. "Sometimes talking about something you're afraid of is like turning on a light in a dark room—all the things that looked so scary in the dark turn out to be familiar, well-loved things and you're not afraid any longer. There's only one question I'd like to ask." His eyes were very direct. "Would you have married Woodie if you'd known the truth about him?"

"I don't know," I said in a low voice. "I don't know. We loved each other very much. All I do know is that now I want to—sort of take care of him and keep him well."

"He's lucky to have you. But then—" he smiled "—any man would be!"

"Did you know any of this before—about Woodie, I mean?"

"I heard some of it around the office, of course," he admitted. "I knew for instance, you always went out to see him on Sundays—"

"And you knew I might be unhappy and depressed after it," I interrupted suddenly. "And that's why you asked me to dinner. It was all a fib about your being lonely!"

Don looked embarrassed. "Well—no, it isn't quite like that. I *was* lonely.

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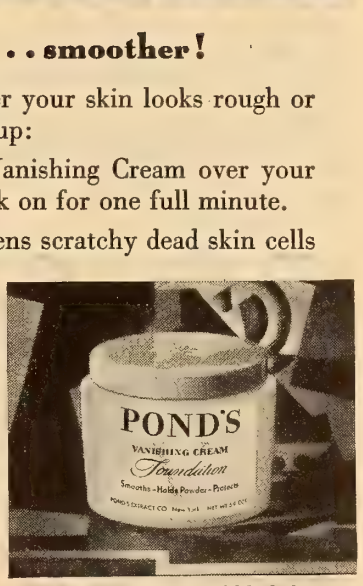
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After



Before

For this true-to-life camera portrait Mrs. Peninger wore a glamorous evening gown created by the famous designer Kiviette.

The Story Behind the Story

Mrs. Peninger, only 5 feet 1½ inches tall, had worn a size 9 when she was married. After her baby was born she went to 138 pounds! Heavy hips and thick waist above slim legs made her look all out of proportion. One day her husband reminded her how slim she *used to be*. That decided her. She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course, lost 7 pounds the first week, kept on until she lost 26. Now with 6 inches gone from her waist, 8 from her abdomen, 7 from her hips, she wears size 9 again. Her skin and hair are lovelier than ever before. "I cannot praise the DuBarry Success Course enough," says Mrs. Peninger. "It has shown me how to be healthier and happier than I had thought it possible to be."

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And now you've made me feel I've found a friend."

Don took me home then, and when he left me at the door I felt I, too, had found a friend. The knowledge comforted and sustained me. Somehow it made me face Woodie's coming home in the way I should—with happiness and with firm faith in our future. That was what he needed from me—the feeling of security I could give him. His whole adjustment in these crucial days ahead might depend on that. Now I felt strong enough for that dependence and that giving. Don Colman had helped me find it.

The day of Woodie's arrival I stayed home from work. I scrubbed and cleaned the apartment until it glistened. I prepared his favorite dinner. I made myself as pretty as I could.

WHEN he came, he came alone, just as if he were returning from an ordinary absence like a business trip. He opened the door and set down his bag, and then he looked around him.

"It hasn't changed," he said softly. "It's just as I pictured it. It hasn't changed at all."

"Of course not, darling," I said. "It will always be the same."

"And you haven't changed either," he said with that same soft wonderment. "Your hair's still gold with the light on it, your mouth is still soft and red, and—you still love me."

He held out his arms then and I ran to him. We clung together. "What would I ever do without you?" he murmured against my hair. "What would I ever *do?*"

I tried to laugh, but it was an unsteady little sound. "You're not going to have to try, darling. You'll never get rid of me!"

All during his getting settled and unpacked, and during dinner, we never mentioned his illness. As at the hospital, you would never have known he had been sick. It was when we were doing the dishes together that he said, "You know, Nancy, I've decided not to go back to the Acme. I'd rather start fresh, get a really good job somewhere."

"Have you thought about where?" I asked carefully. I didn't want him to start going from job to job as he had done before we were married.

"I'm a good salesman," he said with confidence. "There are several places I could go. And I'd like you to stop working now, and just let me take care of you. You will, won't you?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course, darling. That's what I want, too." But it wasn't true. We owed a lot of money still, the hospital had been expensive, and I'd rather have kept on working for a while. But I thought maybe the responsibility would aid him in his re-adjustment and that I could give him more security that way than if I let him see I was worried.

The next day I gave notice at the office. And afterwards, I went out in the salesroom to say goodbye to Don Colman. He held my hand a moment in his firm, warm grasp. "I know everything is going to be all right," he said, "but if you ever need me for anything, Nancy—to talk over something—if there's anything I can ever do—"

"Thank you," I said feelingly. "If there ever is, I know I can count on you."

And that was true. I thought how strange it was to know someone so little and yet so well. I might never see Don again, except just on the street, because it might upset Woodie to know

I had been out with a man while he was sick. But just the fact that Don was there, that he could be confided in and trusted, made me feel good. And he knew I felt that.

Woodie went to work for another automobile agency and he seemed happier than he had ever been. At first, I watched anxiously but unobtrusively for signs of any unnatural behavior in him. But there were none. He was completely normal, and our life was just as it had been when we were first married, before the shadow fell across it. There was only one thing that worried me. He depended on me so utterly. He always wanted me home when he came from work. He always wanted me near him so he could reach out and touch me, as if for reassurance. It was as if he were afraid that some day I might not be there. And over and over, he repeated the refrain: "What would I ever do without you, Nancy? What would I ever *do?*"

And always I would say, "You'll never have to try, darling."

Slowly I began to relax. I didn't watch him so anxiously. I began to believe that we had both done what Dr. Blythe had said must be done: we had blotted out the past. We didn't see his mother much—the doctor had told me frankly she was bad for Woodie. So, although she resented me more bitterly than ever for taking her son away from her, we visited her only occasionally. I wanted to make new friends, to have people in sometimes for bridge or for supper. But Woodie didn't want to. "I'd rather be just with you," he said. "You're all I ever want."

I began, too, to long for a child. Woodie's disease was not inheritable, he was cured now anyway, and our lives would be richer if we had babies to love. But Woodie said "Not yet, Nancy. Now I just want you all to myself." And when I tried to point out that we would be closer than ever if we had a child to share as a living part of ourselves, he got upset. It was almost as if he were jealous. So I stifled my hope until a better time when he would be sounder.

I TOLD myself I should be completely happy, that I *was* completely happy, now that Woodie's health was restored. But I found that just as I stifled the desire for new friends and activities, my hope for children, I was stifling part of myself. His complete dependence on me did that. His whole life revolved around me and only me, seeking the reassurance and encouragement he needed. Unconsciously, the strain of it began to tell on me. I felt restless sometimes, as if I were no longer free to be myself. But then, I thought, that was a small price to pay for his happiness; I wanted always to take care of him, to keep him well. That was the only thing that counted.

And then one day Woodie was arrested for reckless driving.

He had been driving an agency car sixty miles an hour on one of the main arteries through Wilton, and he had just missed crashing into a truck parked near the sidewalk. He was fined, and his driving license was suspended for several months.

"But what made you do it?" I cried when he came home, half defiant, half ashamed, and told me about it.

"How do I know? I just felt like driving fast. I felt good and wanted to do something about it. For Lord's sake, Nancy, you act as though I'd killed someone."

"You might have! Oh—Woodie—" I

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began to cry. It was not so much what he said as the way he looked that filled me with that sudden desperation. His eyes were too bright, his movements too quick, he was over-excited. And every one was a sign of the horrible dread that had lurked in my heart, had been lulled, and now was springing to life again. Every one was a sign of the shadow that lay over him.

"It might have happened to anybody," he insisted. "Everybody drives fast once in a while. I tell you, I don't know what made me do it!"

I tried to control my tears and my terror. "I think, darling," I said as quietly as I could, "that you ought to see Dr. Blythe again. Tell him about it—see what he says."

For a moment he looked so angry I was frightened. Then he lit a cigarette with unsteady fingers. "That's silly. There's no need for that. I—I won't do it!" But I could tell he, too, was shaken.

"Please, darling. For my sake. Just to see what he says."

AT last, I persuaded him. He was still defiant, but he agreed to go if I would go with him. We went out to the hospital together that afternoon.

I sat in the waiting room, fighting against despair, while Woodie talked to the doctor. I had had to do it, I had had to bring him here. And yet—

Finally Dr. Blythe came out. He looked grave. "I think he'd better be re-committed, Mrs. Frazier. He has agreed to it voluntarily, and that in itself is a very hopeful sign. I've pointed out that this may be a recurrence of his illness and his commitment would be a preventive before it gets too far advanced. . . . I'm sorry, my dear. But I'm still hopeful. You were very wise and very brave to make him come."

"Can I—see him?" The words would hardly come.

"Of course."

He ushered me into the office and left us alone. Woodie clung to my hand. "I'm not really sick again, Nancy," he said, imploring me—and himself—to believe it. "You know that. I've just been working too hard, and I'll get a good rest out here. That's all. It'll only be for a little while . . ." The words tumbled out incoherently in his effort to assure us both. His grip tightened on my hands until the pain was almost more than I could stand without crying out. "You'll be there when I come home, won't you, darling? *You'll always be there, won't you?*"

"You know I will, Woodie," I promised. "Always."

And so my life of anguished waiting began again. The existence that was only half existing, not wife and yet not widow. The old loneliness and the old despair—but this not quite the same, for now there was a desperation in it. Now I had to face the inevitable question: was this to be the pattern of my life forever? Was Woodie never to be completely well? Were the fear and the terror always to be there? I had done everything I could for him. I had loved him, given him what he needed and wanted, sometimes at great cost to myself—and still it was not enough. The iron gates had claimed him again.

I must give up forever my dream of children. I could not bring a child into the world with a father who was not able to be a real father. I must give up my dream for anything but living always alternately between the hope that Woodie would be cured and the fear that he could not.

I went back to the job at the Acme.



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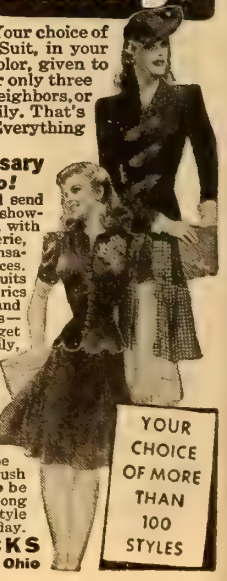
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This time, even when Woodie was home again, I would keep it. I would have to, for security. And this time I could not bear to see his mother. I felt sorrow for the tragedy that was hers as well as mine, but her blame of me, both spoken and unspoken, was so unfair and so hurting that our sorrow only separated us further. People were hard to face. Those who knew about my husband tried to be kind but sometimes it was awkwardly done. Those who didn't were always shocked and embarrassed when I explained that he was at Blythe Sanatorium.

There was only Don Colman.

He remained unchanged. He welcomed me back to the Acme warmly but not too sympathetically, as if my coming were the most natural thing in the world. His real sympathy was always there, underneath, for me to feel and to call upon if I needed it. I saw him every day at the agency, and once or twice he invited me to lunch. At first, that was enough. Just seeing him, knowing he knew the whole story and understood, was like tapping a hidden source of strength for me. But as my terrible, lonely waiting went on, I seemed to need him more and more. He asked me out to Sunday dinner once, after my visit to Woodie, as he had done before. And after that again, until it became a regular thing that I have dinner with him every week. We didn't talk much of Woodie—I didn't want to burden him with my troubles. And, besides, we found so much else to talk of—places he had been, books we had both read, people . . . it didn't matter. There was always his slow smile, all the relaxed happiness of being with a friend you trust and know.

ONE night we were caught in a sudden downpour on the way home, and I invited him in to wait until it was over. We sat there quietly, listening to the rain beating on the roof, not speaking.

"I wish," I said suddenly, "that Woodie could know you as I do. He has so few real friends, and he would like you so much. I always wanted him to meet you but I thought—well, that it was better not. You understood that, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "I understood that. A hundred times, after he came home, I started to telephone you—and then kept myself from it. Because I thought it was better not—for everybody's sake."

There was something so curious in his voice that I looked up at him. His eyes were on me and, for the first time, there was a look of pain and urgency in them. "You see," Don said simply, "I've loved you from the beginning. Not as a friend, Nancy—but as the woman I wanted."

The blood drained from my face as my heart, for that one second, seemed to stop beating. I stared at him and, slowly at first, then overwhelmingly, realization came. I made a little gesture toward him—and then I was in his arms. His lips came down on mine, seeking, finding. There was exultation in that kiss, there was fulfillment, there was almost unbearable sweetness and unbearable desire.

He let me go, almost roughly. "And you love me, too," he said.

"I never knew it," I whispered. "I never knew until this minute—Oh, Don—"

Compelled beyond my strength, I went into his arms again. All the friendship, the instinctive companionship, the sense of peace with him, came



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back in overflowing measure — and there was more, much more, besides, rising irresistibly within me.

"We can't!" I cried. "We can't love each other like this!"

"But we do. Oh—darling—"

"No, wait. You asked me once if I would have married Woodie if I'd known the truth. I don't know—I still don't know. What I do know, is that, sick or well, I never should have married him. I loved him because he was boyish and fun, because somehow he needed—always, even before he was ill—someone to lean on and look after him. It's as if he were always the child and I the mother. It was never like this, Don—like this between you and me. I know that now. It isn't just the loneliness I've had, or the despair—this is real, darling. Real and for forever—"

"That's the way it's always been with me," he whispered. "Real and for forever. If it weren't, if I didn't trust it, I'd never have told you—no matter how much I wanted you. But now—I've got to take care of you, darling. I've got to get you free of this dreadful life of yours. We've got to share together this glory that we've found."

"But how?" I cried. "He—he needs me so. I can't let him down, Don."

He got up and walked to the window. His face was set. "I know. He's sick and helpless—don't think I haven't tortured myself with that, over and over. But your whole life is being wrecked. Sticking by him as you have didn't cure him."

"But it helped. He—he would kill himself if I left him," I cried imploringly. "I can't do that to him."

He turned and faced me. "If he were well, would you tell him about us?"

"I'd have to! It would be the only fair thing to do. I'd never make him happy, loving you as I do. And there would be your happiness, too, my darling—and mine. But this way—"

"This way—" and the face that I loved so well was closed tight as if to shut out pain—"this way, what are we to do?"

I sat there, unable to speak, while it echoed and re-echoed in my heart. *What are we to do?*

The love between Don and Nancy brings no hope of happiness, promises more devastating tragedy for Woodie. But there is one way out—they find it in the conclusion of Whirlpool, in the October Radio Romances, *on sale Friday, September 14.*

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A Love of My Own

(*Continued from page 25*)

Perhaps Paul didn't want the child to go to school, on his daddy's first day.

I dreaded going home, after school. I turned toward Main Street. I had a sandwich in Nick's and slipped into the movies. It was late when I reached home. But almost as soon as I switched on the hall light, Patty was knocking on the door.

"Gosh, for a while I thought you'd never get home!" she laughed. "I hate to impose so soon—but Paul and I simply must celebrate."

But as I settled down in their house, Paul was uneasy. "Sure it's okay?" he mumbled. "We won't be late."

Patty giggled, "Won't we, though? Do you realize, my big handsome husband, it's been two years since I've danced with you?"

They were very late. I'd fallen asleep, and Patty's laughter startled me. "Gosh, you look cute!" she cried, "Your hair all fluffy, like that. Doesn't she, Paul?"

HE was humbly apologetic. "We never should have kept you so late. I'm sorry." He looked tired. Patsy should have remembered, he'd been through a lot. Maybe he wasn't up to dancing the night away, yet.

He smiled, and something happened, oddly, inside me. "I felt guilty, not being home to pussyfoot around tucking the kids in if they get uncovered," he said. "That was one thing I thought of doing a lot, when I was—too far." He made for the stairs.

In the weeks after that, Patty couldn't get enough of dancing and going to parties. She kept asking me to sit in their home, evenings. While one part of me yearned to be near Eddie and Gilly, some other part of me was sick with jealousy and a strange, cold knowledge that I must stop, I must cut myself off from the children—and Paul.

Because somehow, Paul and I were swiftly close. I seemed able to read his lean-muscled face. Without wanting to, I knew when his smile grew puzzled, listening to his wife. Without wanting to, I sensed his growing bewilderment, as Patty failed to settle down into the calm responsibility he must have looked forward to.

Several times, I ran into Paul in the supermarket. He laughed about lugging groceries home, but I wanted to cry. At least, Patty should be with him! At least, doing it together, it might have been warm and sweet . . .

Then Patty went on a trip to Chicago, to visit her family. She hadn't seen her mother for the two years Paul was gone. "She's dying to see me!" Patty explained. "She's not so young, and besides, I've stuck close to home so long!"

On fire with delight, she disclosed, "She sent me the money for the trip. Now that Paul's home, I won't have a thing to worry about."

Oh, it was none of my business! Why must I clasp my hands, glancing across this untidy room to Paul? He sat so still! But when she said, "You want me to go, don't you darling?" he murmured, "Of course, Patty."

I'll never forget driving Patty to the station. Never forget the matter-of-fact way Eddy called, "Have a good time, Mama," and turned to me, "Now do we get ice cream, Aunt Monda?"

Gilly, absorbed in a black-and-white panda Paul had bought him, waved once and forgot the whole thing. "It is a boy panda, isn't it, Daddy?"

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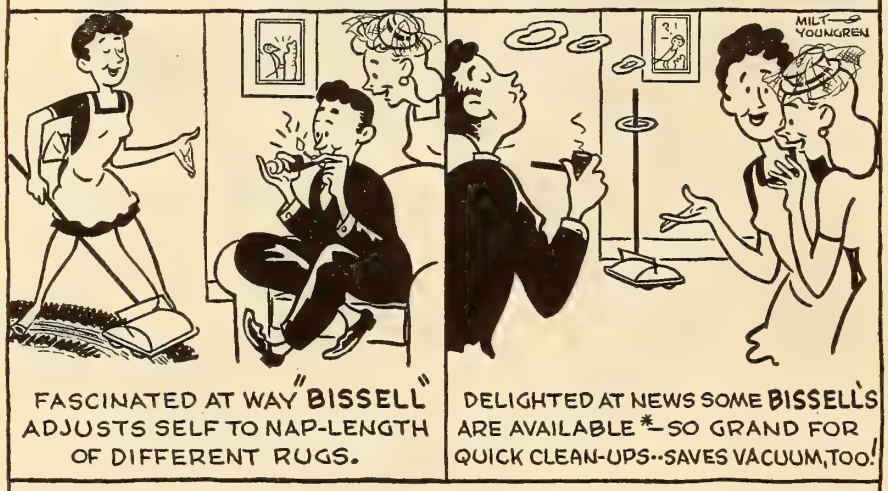
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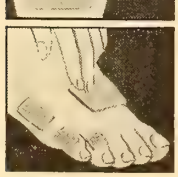
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Gilly was ecstatic these days, in the warm, fat content of a little boy who has no words when things bother him, who only knows when he's wanted. Now he was wanted. Paul whittled for him, and sailed boats, and taught him to part his hair man-like. Paul let him watch him shave, and did not scream, "Oh, let me alone!" when he tagged after him.

All that went through my mind as we drove back to the house next door to mine. I had not planned on going right in, starting dinner for them, as though I had slid into the place Patty should have . . . But Paul said, as the car stopped, "I'd like to talk to you, Monda."

I went into the house with him. The boys ran straight to the backyard. Paul and I were alone in the kitchen.

"Maybe I should have told Patty—but I hated to spoil her vacation," he began awkwardly. His big hand touched the toaster—there were crumbs on it. "The thing is—I signed up to start a job tomorrow. If I'd told her, she'd have felt I was holding her back."

Paul had been offered several jobs. He had told me about them, while Patty listened impatiently. "Long as we won't starve, darling, I know whatever you choose is best," she'd said, and gone blithely on to something else.

But I couldn't help putting in, "Managing a hardware store, and being your own boss, seems so much better for the future than working a lathe, Paul."

Now he was saying, "It's the hardware store. Mr. Durand wants to get back to his other store by next week. so I must start tomorrow."

"Oh, yes, you must!" I could take Gilly to school with me every morning, I planned swiftly. He'd be good as gold, in the kindergarten. After school, I'd bring them both home. "It—it won't be hard for me to make their supper, and have yours ready, when you get home," I said steadily.

PAUL touched my shoulders. In a rich, strange tone he said, "You're the best friend a family could ever have, Monda."

A family! That mocked me, in the hard days ahead. For they were hard—getting up early, rushing next door to rouse sleepy Eddie and help him dress while Paul did Gilly. Marching into the kitchen, making the cereal and the coffee. Sitting there, the children on each side, facing Paul.

It was hard—because it was stirring, and too wonderful, and not really *mine*, not really *happiness*—to walk through the sunny, early-morning street at Paul's side, Eddie's hand trustingly in mine, Gilly's in his dad's.

"Eddie's growing out of his sweater. Paul."

"Yes, I'd better get them both new ones. Heck, what do I know about such stuff?" His grin, stabbing me. "Would you, Monda?"

"I'd love to. And though it's not delicate, how about underpants?"

"Okay. Ten bucks see you through? Just got paid yesterday."

Paid, I thought. His first paycheck since the Army. Oh, why was Patty so blind, why must Paul come to me with his pride and his pleasure, spending for his children the first fruit of his work in a peaceful world?

The evenings were even worse. That last week before Patty came home, I thought I could not bear it. To sit there, in the chair where she belonged. To hear Paul say, "I told Mr. Durand if we'd mark all the items by a code system, and have cleanly laid out count-

ers down the front—Say, he was tickled!" He stretched his long legs and sighed. Fear such as I had never known choked me. Insidiously, trying to fight it off, yet surrendering somewhere deep inside to the sheer joy of this heart-deep contentment. I was thinking of myself and Paul like this—forever!

My face flamed. Blindly, I reached for a stocking in the basket of mending. I could not thread the needle.

The next night, as I washed the dishes and Paul dried, I said quietly, "I'm glad Patty's getting home tomorrow. The children miss her."

His back was toward me. Always, Paul's height, the width of his shoulders were fresh and new and thrilling to me, and always I withdrew my eyes hastily. Fighting off the spell I mustn't let grow, between us.

NO, I must not fool myself, lie to myself because I was lonely, because I was an old maid, not even pretty. If there was a spell, it was one-sided. It did not exist for Paul! He loved Patty.

How can I tell of the vivid, the glowing Patty who came dancing off the train, that Saturday? She was all in green—even green, high-heeled, open toed sandals. "Look at me!" her smile seemed to say. "Look how happy I am!"

Paul held her off, looking down at her. "You're more beautiful than ever," he said softly. "Patty, you look like a bride."

"Oh, darling, I feel so young and free." She smiled at me, over his shoulder. Then she drew away from his arms, straightening her fragile hat. "Not a dish, not a pot did I wash!"

The children were almost shy with her, gaping up at this new, fashionably dressed Mama. "Don't touch my skirt, darlings, your hands might be dirty," she warned.

"You've been an angel, Monda!" Patty said, as Paul drove us home. "Were they too bad?"

"They were the angels," I said quietly. "But they need their mother."

And, when they all piled out, I said, trying to laugh a little, "Now I'll get acquainted with my own livingroom. It's a dusty jungle!"

Paul's tall head jerked up. But I walked steadily, my head high, to my own gate.

But though I stayed sternly away in the days after, I lived too close not to hear their voices, quarreling. "If you won't ask Monda to stay, then we've got to leave the kids alone. They're sleeping anyway!" That was Patty, shrill and angry.

"I won't do it," he said, positively.

"You're their mother, Patty."

"I'm alive! I have a right to good times!"

In my own house, I trembled. It killed me to know Paul's weary unhappiness.

Paul never sought me out. Only the children, puzzled and hurt, looked at me as though they were going to cry when I hurried past, without stopping to talk, without inviting as I used to "Come in, I've got something for you."

Two weeks later, it began to storm just as school let out. Eddie, I thought automatically. I must take him home!

I left my own room, as mothers who had hastily brought rubbers and raincoats surged in, to find him before he could leave. Outside Eddie's room, it was dark. Someone touched my elbow.

"Monda!"

I looked up. Like a sliver of glass through my heart, Paul's eyes struck mine. I whispered thinly, "I was just

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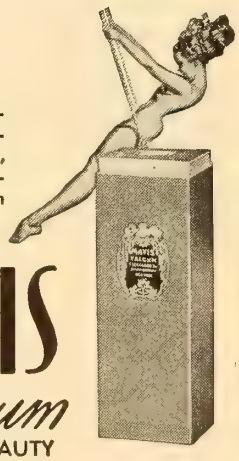
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going for Eddie."

"I left the store in charge of the clerk," he said rapidly. "I phoned Patty, but she—" His voice died.

We faced each other, we two, there in the bleak school hall with the bustle of mothers, the voices of children, around us. We looked at each other, and somehow in that moment all pretense was swept aside. It had rained—and I thought of Eddie, blocks from home.

It had rained—and Paul's thoughts had flown, like mine, to the little boy. He had come—because Eddie's mother wouldn't.

Our two hearts, hand in hand, I thought, as Eddie came out of the room. "Dad!" Joy sang in his voice. "Aunt Monda!" Widely, he grinned. Over Eddie's head, his eyes spoke to me. Paul's eyes spoke of love. They spoke of pain—and of helplessness.

WE were not alone. Yet we were more truly alone than two people have ever been. It was only a split-second. Yet in that moment, without words, Paul had said, "I love you," and I had answered, "I love you, too."

I slipped to one knee, to help Eddie with his rubbers. My head bent, I heard Paul whisper, "If things were different—"

I did not look up. "I know," I said steadily. "It's all right, Paul."

It was next day that our school was electrified with the news that Eben Waters, our principal, was back. I was teaching fractions when he looked in, and for a moment, I didn't recognize the burly soldier who grinned at me, then said, "Hello, children!"

The children goggled. Amy Waters, his niece, squealed, "Uncle Eben!"

Then I was shaking his hand, smiling, "How wonderful, Mr. Waters!"

"You won't think so when I put this knowledge factory on a fast, Army-education basis!" he laughed. "Gosh, the smell of chalk is nice—after slaving over a hot machine gun!" I saw the star and wings of the Air Force then on his shoulders.

"Just a sergeant," he said, "Disappointed the School Board. They expected at least a Major!" There were ribbons on his breast, stars.

"Yep," he was saying, as the children crowded around us, asking questions, "they made a waist gunner out of me."

Scholarly Mr. Waters, a waist gunner. It didn't fit in with the slightly solemn young man who had presided over the teacher's meetings, and looked in our rollbooks, and coughed almost embarrassedly about teacher-lateness. "Miss me, Miss Woods?" he grinned, sitting down in the first seat.

He seemed younger, less stiff than when he went away. "The school missed you," I said.

"I was talking from me to you," he said astoundingly.

He stayed there the short half-hour before the bell rang, and to my astonishment walked home with me. He told me about reading educational bulletins in a barracks in England, and being kidded about working on a new fourth-grade curriculum while the Fortress bored through the skies over Germany.

"The boys thought I'd jinx 'em," he said. "A crew on their last run gets superstitious."

He was back for good, now. "Flight surgeons told me education in this town must be suffering," he said. Appreciatively, he glanced around my living-room. "Ask me to supper, Miss Woods. Best way in the world to get on the

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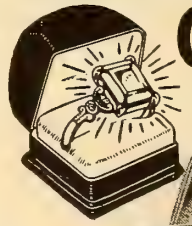
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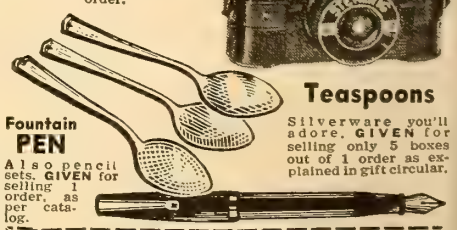
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right side of the strict new principal."

It was flattering—and in an odd way thrilling—to have this kind of light chatter with Eben Waters. I really enjoyed that supper. Afterward, we went to a movie, and he said solemnly, "Tomorrow I should honor the sixth grade teacher, but I think I'd rather dine with you again. Inviting me?"

That surprised me. It was even more surprising, in the days that followed, that Eben should continue to walk home with me, ask me to movies, tell me more and more about his experiences.

I enjoyed it—but mostly, it was good to have a refuge from loneliness, from thinking about Paul.

Several times, Paul saw Eben calling for me. His lips tightened, and he turned away. Once Eddie was on the porch when Eben came, and he ran through the gap in the hedge. "Are you Aunt Monda's boyfriend?" he demanded.

"Hey—am I cutting you out?" Eben roared, tousling the fair hair. "You're a little young, aren't you? Not——" he leaned forward confidentially, "that I blame you. Your taste is excellent."

PAUL called Eddie, then, and as he ran home Eben asked softly, "What's silly about having designs on you, Monda?"

We were due at a dinner in the home of one of the school board members, but Eben seemed to forget about that, drawing me into the house. "I thought I was making it rather plain," he said quietly.

My heart rocked. Paul! Paul!

"I—I don't know what you're talking about." I didn't want to hurt him. He was too fine. I honored his integrity, his straight-forwardness. I liked his candid laughter, his companionship, so undemanding and yet so comfortable. But I wasn't now the lonely girl who had thought she would never have a sweetheart.

"Monda!" His voice startled me out of the far country of thought. Eben's warm hand closed over mine. "You're timid, that's what's the matter with you. Up in the morning, out to school—back to the dishes. I broke that up!" There was almost satisfaction in his voice. "Didn't I? Oh, darling, if you'd only let me show you the right, the rich way to live!"

"I'm satisfied, Eben," I insisted, drawing away. "We'll be late."

"You can't put me off like that! Look, I accused you of being cut and dried, and you didn't even get mad!" His eyes had changed, there was a speculative gleam in them now.

I sparked, "Well, what would you like me to do?"

"Marry me!" he cried, astoundingly. Before I knew what he was going to do, Eben had swept me into his arms.

For an instant, my bones were honey. For a wild moment, as his firm mouth pressed down on mine, there was a magic flash, transforming me. But then I was trembling, pushing at him, remembering in suffocated, unshed tears that Paul, my Paul, had never kissed me. Never dared . . .

Very gently, I heard my own voice saying, "I don't love you, Eben."

All the joy, the expectancy, died in Eben's eyes. His thick brows came together. He stood very stiffly, as though he had offered me a gift and I had not even unwrapped it. "You don't?" he said tonelessly. "But—" Puzzled, he stared at me. "But you *liked* me."

As though he were putting the parts of a puzzle together, he said, "It was always fun, our being together. Fun for you, too. You weren't just entertaining the troops, Monda. Not you."





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"Oh, don't—don't let's talk about it!" I begged. "I—yes, I like you. But love! That's different."

What was there in my voice, my eyes, that betrayed me? Startled, Eben glanced down at me swiftly. "Now you're alive . . ." he said, slowly. "You're shielding something. That's love. *There's someone else.*"

"Oh, no!" I gasped.

Eben was very wise. Very kind. For he grinned ruefully, and glanced at his watch. "You were right, honey," he said quietly, "We'll be late."

AT that dinner, he seemed the same as always. Light, full of fun, friendly But once I caught him staring at me oddly. And when he took me home, his mouth looked grim. "I'll get to the bottom of it, Monda," he said, almost harshly. "Because I love you. I want to marry you. Quick!" One square finger touched my nose, and he rubbed it a little as I'd seen him rub the nose of a baby in our kindergarten. Tenderly, protectively. "I'll tell you a secret, Monda. I kept thinking about you from the day I hired you for the school—remember? But you had your sick mother . . . and I was unsure of how good a principal I'd make. I know they all thought me too young. I had hard work ahead, and there seemed lots of time."

He ruffled my hair, then. "Don't freeze up on me, Monda. You're the one I've had in my heart too long to change, now. This is fair warning—I'll get to the bottom of this."

He did not ask me to tell him who it was I loved. He gave me a wry, half-smiling, "Goodnight, honey."

Why did it have to be that night that Paul and Patty had their worst quarrel? I was halfway up the stairs to my room when I heard her cry out shrilly. I didn't hear Paul for a long time. Patty was raging—I could hear only snatches. "Slavery, that's all this is! You used to help me, but now you're at the store all the time. I won't stand for it! I never go anywhere—"

Then I heard him. "Please, Patty. If we both try, if you'd only—"

"I won't listen! I had fun in Chicago, with Mama! I'm going back."

I didn't dream she actually meant it. I suppose Paul didn't, either. But after the long hours when the sound of her hysterical sobs was punctuated by little silences, by Paul's patient voice, I heard Eddie wailing. "Mama, Mama! Where's Mama? Isn't she coming back, Daddy?"

It was almost dawn. My heart twisted with pain for Eddie, for innocent Gilly. I flung on a robe. On his back porch, Paul was standing like a man in a trance. He wore no overcoat. The dawn was icy.

"She left," he said, as I came running over. "She actually left, Monda."

What was there to say? Our eyes spoke—and yet, so withdrawn in grief was Paul, that somehow even the love for me that had leaped from his eyes, that day in school, was stilled.

"You must go after her, Paul," I said. "She can't—this isn't the way—"

If she were gone forever, if they were really to be divorced, it mustn't be like this—hastily, unplanned. . . . My mind darted in and out through the future. But the rest of me was busy with the children.

I forgot about school, about my class. It didn't even matter that the neighbors watched avidly from their windows as Paul went to his store, that morning, while I stayed in his house.

Doggedly, I ran Paul's home that day. I played with Eddie and Gilly.

taking their minds off the ugly scene last night with games and laughter. Mercifully, they loved me—and it wasn't too hard, by nightfall, to have a clean orderly house and two reassured little boys and a good supper to greet Paul.

We talked a little, that night, after they were in bed. "All day I thought she'd be back, Paul. She will be."

"I don't think so," he said heavily. He brushed the hair off his forehead, staring at the floor. "Patty's stubborn, and she—" He added, "Maybe it wasn't fair to her, she's so young—all this work. She had two awful years."

The skin on my wrists crawled. "You mustn't blame yourself, Paul." I got up. "It's too soon, to talk. Maybe—maybe she'll be back tomorrow."

The second day she didn't come back, either. Paul phoned from the store. "Is everything all right? I can't go after her. Mr. Durand is in New York. And you ought—" he stopped.

"I'll manage."

I was still sitting by the phone, numbly, when the front door opened. Eben Waters walked in!

He looked angry and determined. "Don't tell me this isn't any of my business," he began brusquely. "Remember, I love you, Monda. I'm not here as the principal." He stood over me sternly, accusing. "I came to tell you a few home truths, because you need them. You're stealing Patty's husband!"

My lips opened, but Eben's voice stormed on, "You think you're right and noble, Monda! Being an angel in extremity to an abandoned man, being a good housekeeper, as the flighty girl never was! You're cooking for him, keeping his children clean and fed. Giving them the things she didn't!"

I BEGAN to sob. "I won't listen to you!" Eben was somehow terrible—his bulky body strong and straight here in this house that was Patty's, where for so long I'd usurped her place. "Look at yourself—see the truth of what you're doing!" he stormed. "For two years, you've been living Patty's life. Now—now that I'm back, now that you have a chance to live your own life, open your eyes!"

Angered and shocked, I denied it all. "It's not true! I'm not living her life! I only did what I could. And when Paul came home—when I knew how I felt, I stayed away!"

The condemnation, the harshness ebbed from Eben's voice. "I know you fought, Monda. But you clung, too. Clung to a vision of love that was fake. Patty owned something you always hungered for, Monda." His eyes compelled me. I could not look away from the blazing, devastating truth in Eben's eyes. "You always wanted a husband and children. Oh, Monda—darling! You don't need Patty's life! You're too good, too fine for that. You deserve your own."

"It's not true!"

His eyes held mine. He took my hands. "I understand, Monda. You're generous, and you need love. You suffered because the children suffered. But believe me. It was never Paul. When you believe that, I'll be waiting."

My mind spun, as the door closed behind him. Oh, it wasn't true! No, it wasn't . . . I wasn't stealing Patty's husband. Hours later, when Paul came home, I stared at him over the children's heads. Patty's husband.

Wordlessly, as the children ate, I drew Paul into the kitchen. There was worry creasing his brows, I realized


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heavily. Misery in his eyes. But love—the dedication and the exultation I'd hungered for, where was that?

Paul was sick about Patty! There was no room in his heart for me. And suddenly knowing, realizing that Eben's words had been true, was like being washed clean. I could face Paul squarely.

"Paul, I'm going to Chicago to bring Patty back. I—I've been thinking, and well—maybe my being next door, close, had something to do with her restlessness. In a way," I swallowed hard, "I encouraged Patty. I took over her responsibilities, I trained her almost, to slough them over. Letting you know right away that I did so much. She was generous, Paul. She never suspected how my being so wonderful would make her seem too sloppy." Suddenly, the details of washing and ironing didn't matter so much. "Patty thinks you're smart, and perfect, and much more intelligent than any other man on earth, Paul!" I breathed. "I never thought you were the best. I—I'm too sensible. Oh, Paul, forgive me! I—I've been so wrong, and so mixed up, and I dragged you into it."

Paul listened quietly, his head half-averted. "You can't take all the blame," he said at last. "I came home tired. Patty didn't try to understand." His fingers balled up into fists. "It was my job to make her see, to help her understand. They're our children."

Softly, I breathed. "You still love her, Paul. She's so pretty . . . and she'll settle down."

Then I was running to the telephone, seeing Eben's eyes again, hearing him say, "When you believe that, I'll be waiting."

Thunder began, in my heart, when his voice came over the wire. "Listen, Eben," I begged breathlessly. "I've been a fool—you were right. Oh, forgive me! I—I told Paul. And Eben, could you come with me to Chicago, darling? Please? Oh, Eben—let's bring Patty home to Paul, together!"



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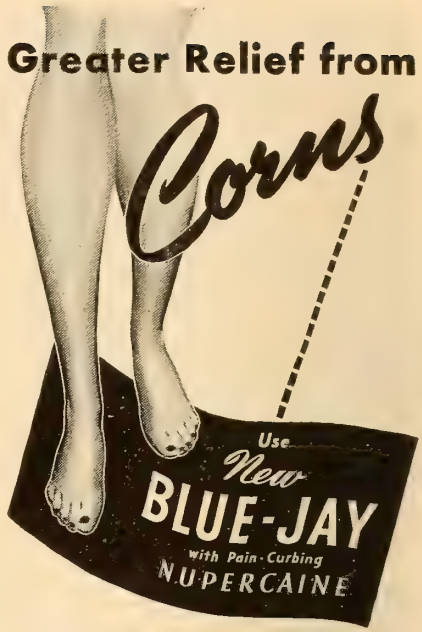
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No One But You

(*Continued from page 39*)

I realized that he was drunk. I stepped back, and then Justin set the glass down on the counter and pulled me to him and kissed me.

I slapped him, hard. I'd thought sometimes, tentatively, shyly, of Justin's kissing me—but not like this. Not casually, because he'd been drinking and felt like kissing a girl. Disappointment and disillusionment lent force to the blow.

Justin stepped back, his cheek reddening, his face angry—ugly. Then he laughed, made a little mocking bow. "I'm sorry I offended you, Miss Gleason," he said. "But it's all right. Quite all right. And I'm going to give you a tip. Don't ever do that again. When you work in a place like this you've got to know how to laugh things off—"

I DIDN'T hear what else he said, didn't see him go back to the dining room. I turned away, shaking, took my hat and coat from the rack, and walked out of Ravel's, walked through a litter of broken dreams about a wedding dress, about being Mrs. Justin Clark. I'd been a fool to think that the smiles, the chats had meant anything. Justin showed as much attention to everyone; I realized that now. To Milly, the headwaitress, and to Ben, the shoe-shine boy, and to Mr. Ravel's fat, bearded wife. And I was through with Ravel's forever. *When you work in a place like this*—I shivered, feeling that I'd made myself cheap, feeling exposed and vulnerable and shamed and angry, all at once. I didn't have to work there. I didn't have to have the kind of job in which it was necessary to laugh off unwelcome attentions.

I called Tommy from the corner drug store. I was still trembling, and now I knew a new panic. Suppose Tommy wasn't at home? Or suppose—suppose he'd changed his mind about me? But he was at home, and as soon as I heard his voice, I knew that he hadn't changed his mind. "Tommy," I said, "I've quit Ravel's."

There was a kind of soundless exclamation, as if, although he'd been expecting the news, he could not quite believe it. Then he asked, "Where are you now?"

"At the cut-rate drug."

"Wait. I'll be right down."

A few minutes later his rattling old car stopped before the store. I got in, and he held me for a long moment, wordlessly. Then he started the car, and we drove out of town. I rode with my hand in his, looking at him, realizing I'd been starved for the sight of him, realizing how much I'd missed him and longed for him. After we'd stopped in the shadows of a country lane, Tommy gathered me into his arms; sat with his face pressed against mine. "Are you going to marry me now, Diana?"

Even then I hesitated. Briefly, the old picture of myself far in the future, married to Tommy, wearing a five-year-old coat, never having enough money for good clothes, for really beautiful things, rose before me. Then it disappeared in a rush of love for him. And Tommy was safety. With Tommy I would always be as secure as I was now, in his arms. I would never feel as I'd felt tonight when I'd run away from Ravel's—exposed and afraid and alone in the world.

"Yes, Tommy," I said. "I'm ready

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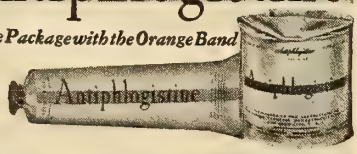
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to marry you now, darling—if—"

He kissed me—a long, deep, intimate kiss, and time and the world fell away. Then Tommy was laughing softly, saying, "I've got a surprise for you, too, sweetheart. I'm rich, comparatively. I got a raise last week—fifteen dollars a week."

Happy as I was, I realized the practical significance of that. "Fifteen dollars!" I exclaimed. "How in the world—"

"I had an offer of ten more from another firm. So the boss upped their price five. He didn't know that I'd have been willing to stay on with no raise at all."

I laughed and pulled his head down, roughed his hair. That was exactly like Tommy—to pay no attention to his salary so long as he liked his work and the men he worked with. At other times I'd despaired over his impracticality, but now it only seemed to make him more endearing.

"Hold on!" He grinned and pulled away from me. "Don't get so excited. A fifteen dollar raise isn't wealth, considering the extra taxes—and so long as the Army didn't think me fit to fight the war, I've got to help pay for it. Besides, that isn't all the news. I'll have you know that you're trifling with a public figure, young woman—the new treasurer of the Camper's Club."

There was justifiable pride in his voice. The Camper's Club had been formed by Tommy and his friends when they were in high school, and instead of dying out, it had grown until most of the young men in town—those who weren't away fighting—belonged to it. Lately, with the war, the Campers had done less camping and fishing and had given their support to so many public causes that they had become a really important part of the civic life of Overland. "You see, honey," Tommy crowed, "Lots of good things are happening. I told you we'd be happy, and we will be."

WE were happy, wonderfully, unbelievably happy. Blindly happy. Now, looking back, I can see where things were wrong from the start—yes, even before our marriage, when Tommy insisted upon giving me the white wedding that my parents couldn't afford, insisted upon a honeymoon at the big hotel at Green Springs, insisted upon helping to buy my trousseau. For the first time in my life I had clothes from Varick Avenue—not the most expensive clothes on the Avenue, to be sure, but far better ones than I'd ever owned. Even I caught my breath at the total cost. Tommy reassured me. "I've been looking forward to this for a long time," he said, "and I've been saving for it, too. This is the only wedding we'll ever have, and we want it right. Besides, once we get settled and start living like ordinary people, we'll have any left-over bills paid in no time."

But we didn't start living like ordinary people—that is, like other young couples who depend upon a modest salary for their income. We lived like—well, we lived like Tommy, who loved a good time, and Diana, who liked expensive things, and who were too much in love and too absorbed in each other to be much concerned with prosaic things like budgets. We took an apartment in Fairview Terrace—although Tommy wanted a house, with a lawn he could landscape, but there weren't any houses for sale in Overland. Secretly, I was pleased that there weren't. Our apartment was smarter than the kind of house we could have afforded, and al-



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though it was expensive, we told each other that it was only for a year, when there would surely be houses for sale. Besides, it was really economical, considering that there weren't any other unfurnished apartment buildings in Overland, and our other alternative would have been a furnished room—and it would have been foolish, wouldn't it, to pay rent on someone else's furniture when we could buy our own on the installment plan and have something to show for our money? It was economical, too, to buy a car—a second-hand car, of course, but one that was better-looking and newer than the coupe Tommy had been driving for years. That was two months after the wedding, and most of the bills had come in, and Tommy at first had no thought of buying the car when it was offered to him. "I wish we could, honey," he said, "but we just can't. We've got to be a little thrifty until we're out of the red."

"MAYBE buying the car would be thrifty," I suggested. "Didn't you say that your old one needs overhauling, and that repairs will cost a fortune? And suppose it can't be fixed? What will you do then, needing it for work as you do?"

We decided, finally, to look at the car, to take a trial run in it. After that, I knew we had to have it. It was so beautiful—a sleek, dark green convertible that looked—well, it looked like the blue fox jacket that had been part of my trousseau, like our handsome new apartment. Tommy shook his head when he signed the papers. "I'm not saying this isn't wise," he said, "considering that we don't know how long it will be before automobiles are on the market again. But it's the last expense. The very last."

It wasn't, of course. In another month it was Christmas, and there were presents for Tommy's family, presents for mine. Tommy gave me a tiny watch with diamond chips that I'd set my heart on months ago, and which he hadn't been able to afford at the time of our wedding. He could afford it even less at Christmas time, but he knew that I'd have been disappointed with anything else. I gave him a pair of hand-turned gold cuff-links that, once I'd seen them in the window of a Varick Avenue jeweler, seemed to be the only gift worthy of my husband. He was delighted with the cuff links. He told me over and over again that they were just what he wanted. But somehow, he forgot to wear them except when I reminded him, and once I caught him looking at them and shaking his head, as he'd shaken his head over the new car.

But more than everything else, one single factor contributed to the slough of debt in which we found ourselves by spring: the fact that I wasn't working. Tommy didn't want me to work. No matter how much he worried about the bills, no matter how often he warned me to economize—and the warnings came oftener as the months went—he refused to agree to my working. "We're not that badly off," he said. "We ought to be able to live on my salary, and we're going to. Besides, I've seen too many instances where the wife starts out to work for a year or two—and the one year becomes ten or twenty."

When you don't work, and when you are used to working, it's astonishing how much time you have. I went to the Red Cross, and helped out at the Blood Donor Bureau, and called on my friends,



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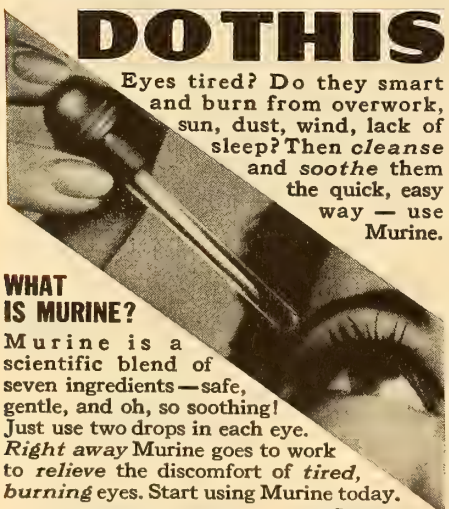
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and there was still time left over. There was still time for me to put on my smart suit and go strolling down Varick Avenue, intending only to look. Nearly always I came home with something—a dress, a hat, a piece of costume jewelry that had been marked down until it was really a bargain. I charged everything on the accounts we'd opened when we'd bought the clothes for my wedding.

I could lunch on a charge account, too, in Hudson's tearoom, with soft carpets under my feet and a deferential waitress at my elbow and soft, stringed music in my ears. Usually I took one of my friends with me, and I never let them pay for their own meals, or treat me in return. "Next time," I'd say, and I'd sign the check with a little flourish. That was a life-long dream come true—to sign the check at Hudson's. I enjoyed it even when I had qualms about what Tommy would say.

Tommy said exactly what he said when I called him at work and asked him to meet me at the Regent Hotel for dinner. "Honey—we can't afford to eat out so often. Don't you realize that we can eat at home for a week on what we'll spend downtown in one night?"

"But I've promised," I'd protest. "I've got Betty Lind with me, and I said you'd take us to dinner at the Regent." And Tommy would groan and give in. Once he refused, flatly, and I burst out, "For heaven's sake, stop talking about money! I can always go to work, can't I, if we're really broke?"

I WAS ashamed the moment I spoke the words; I'd have given anything to be able to take them back. Tommy met me at the Regent for dinner that night, but he was a stranger to me. He talked politely, but his eyes didn't meet mine, and when he wasn't talking he sat in heavy silence. We drove home in silence—and then, when we were in our own apartment, I could bear it no longer. I crept into his arms, clasped them around me when he made no move to hold me. "I'm sorry," I whispered. "Oh, Tommy, it was awful of me! Please, Tommy—"

He relented then. He kissed the top of my head, my eyes, my lips. "It's all right, sweetheart. Only—we've got to take it easy. We just have to. I don't want to close your charge accounts, but you've got to understand—"

His expression, more than his words, reached me. I'd heard the words before, often. But now for the first time I saw how harried he looked, saw lines in his face that hadn't been there before, saw that the smile in the depths of his eyes seemed to have gone.

I was careful after that. For the next several days I stayed at home, and when I shopped for food I counted the cost of the supplies I bought as carefully as I counted our ration points. And then I had my accident. I was hanging up shower curtains one morning—curtains I'd washed and pressed myself, instead of sending them to the laundry—and I'd stepped up on the edge of the tub when my foot slipped and I fell, struck my face against the faucets. The blow stunned me, and for a few moments I knew nothing at all. Then I pulled myself up, made my way to the telephone, my mouth dripping blood and my whole body one big throb of pain.

I don't remember very clearly Tommy's coming home, his examining my smashed mouth, his rushing me to the dentist. What I do remember is being in the dentist's chair, hearing him explain to Tommy what would have to

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be done to restore my jaw. I heard, too, the estimate of what it would cost. When the dentist turned away for a moment, I plucked Tommy's sleeve.

"We can't," I whispered with difficulty. "It's just a few teeth, Tommy. We can't afford it, right now."

Tommy straightened. His glance flicked the diamond-studded watch on my wrist, my dress, the expensive purse on my lap. "Oh, yes, we can," he said.

If Tommy was unusually silent that week and the next, if the strained look became so much a part of him that his face was a tight mask, I hardly noticed it. When I did notice, I put it down to sympathy for me. My mouth still hurt intolerably; I spent most of the time lying down, drowsy from the tablets I'd been given to dull the pain. And then, whenever my mouth healed at all, I had another trip to the dentist for reconstruction work—and then there was more pain, more tablets, more hours spent resting in the cool dimness of my room.

I was lying down the night the phone call came. It was just after dinner, after Tommy had fixed his own meal and had brought me a soothing, lukewarm soup. I heard him leave the kitchen for the telephone, heard his voice, briefly, heard the click as he replaced the receiver. Then silence. Utter silence. Minutes of silence—until it occurred to even my pain-clouded mind that there should be some sound, some movement. I called, "Tommy!" There was no answer. I called again, and then, stung by sudden fear, I got to my feet and went into the living room.

Tommy was standing by the telephone. His back was toward me; his hands hung limply at his sides. I crossed over to him, touched his arm. "Tommy, what is it?"

Then he smiled, a ghastly imitation of his old grin. "Nothing. The Camper's Club just called a meeting, that's all. For tomorrow night."

"But tomorrow's Friday—"

"I know. It's a special meeting, because of the bond drive. We're going to

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vote on buying a thousand-dollar bond."

I understood then. I didn't know the details, but I knew, somehow, the terrible essential truth. From a dry pinched throat I said, "And—there's no money to buy the bond."

Tommy's head moved in negation; then he dug his palms against his forehead, lifted his face. When he spoke, his voice was level, impersonal, as if he were talking about something he'd read in the newspapers. "There's about twenty dollars in the treasury. I took the rest. One of our customers, a stockbroker, gave me a tip, and it looked like a sure thing. It looked like a chance to get out of the hole—and I couldn't see any other way out."

"When was that?"

He didn't look at me.

"WHEN was it?" I repeated. "It was last week, wasn't it?"

He said nothing, but his silence was an admission. He had taken the money after my accident.

He went on, "I knew a couple of days ago that I'd lost the money. But I still thought I had a chance. I mean—I could fake reports, and since the club started we haven't drawn anything but small sums for entertainment. When we've made big contributions, we've taken up a collection. I thought I could borrow some of the amount, pay the rest back before anyone ever found out. Now—this happened."

"What—" I moistened my lips—"what are you going to do?"

"Tell them. There's nothing else to do."

Tell them. Until then I'd thought only of how Tommy was feeling; I'd been sharing his burden of shame and hopelessness; I hadn't realized fully what it all meant. But now I saw that Tommy would be disgraced, not only in his own eyes, but in the eyes of everyone. Disgraced—he could be brought to trial, imprisonment! The thought was too monstrous to be credible. "There must be something we could do," I insisted desperately. "We could sell things—"

He flung himself out of his chair, suddenly savage. "There's nothing!" he flung at me. "Don't you think I haven't racked my brains, trying to figure some way . . . Sell things! We can't sell anything because we don't own anything. Nothing we have is paid for. Please, Diana, go back to bed. You can't help—"

A blow would have been kinder. But I didn't deserve kindness; I knew that even as his words shriveled my very soul. I was at fault. It was I who had piled the load of debt on his shoulders, who had taken advantage of his generosity and his love for me, who had paid no attention when he'd tried to stop my spending, who had threatened him with getting a job of my own when he'd tried to take a firm stand. It was I who had brought us so close to disaster that my accident had been enough to ruin us.

Neither of us slept that night. After a long time Tommy came into the bedroom and lay down for a while, but he got up again, and I heard him pacing the living room. Toward morning I dropped off into a sleep that seemed not sleep at all, but scenes endlessly enacted before my eyes—Tommy at the Camper's Club, telling his friends, the men who had known him all their lives, who had liked and respected him, that he was a thief. Telling them, and then sitting white-faced and silent, refusing to defend himself. Then there was Tommy in a courtroom, and a



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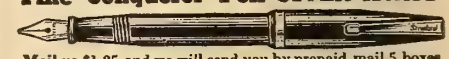
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stern-faced judge was sentencing him, and I was screaming, "No—no!"—I awoke sitting up in bed, drenched with perspiration.

Slowly I looked around me, realized that it had been a nightmare. But the rest of it—about the Camper's Club and the money—that was all true, and it was worse than any nightmare. Tommy was gone—gone to work. I knew, because some tools he'd brought home the night before were gone, too.

I had to think of something. I told myself that while I dressed, while I made myself coffee. Sell the car . . . but Tommy needed that in his work. Sell the furniture, sell my watch. . . . Even my watch wouldn't bring anything. The diamonds were only chips, expensive though it had been. I dragged a chair up to the bureau, frantically pulled out drawers, opened boxes. There were Tommy's gold cuff links—we'd get a few dollars for them, a fraction of their cost. There were gloves and handkerchiefs and underthings of mine—all expensive, all worthless now. There was jewelry—I was shocked at the amount of jewelry I'd bought. Costume jewelry. Sterling silver. Sterling, gold-filled—labels that had set high prices and that meant nothing now. Silver was cheap. Simulated sapphires. Simulated rubies . . . junk. Just junk.

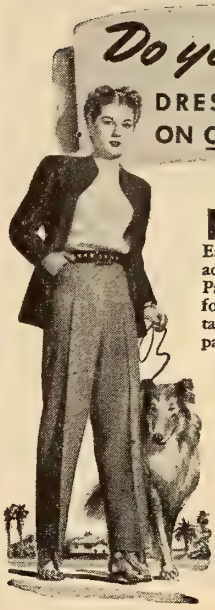
I sat there with that heap of glittering stuff on my lap, and I knew the full extent of what I'd done. I traded my husband's peace of mind, his integrity and honor, for a few handsful of trash. Perhaps I'd traded his love for it. *Go back to bed, Diana. You can't help.* . . . Of course he couldn't expect me to help him; it was I who had destroyed him. But I could have helped him once, if I'd behaved like a grown woman instead of a spoiled child. For all my foolishness and my greed, I knew the value of a dollar better than he; I had a better head for figures. I could have given instead of taken away. If people—Tommy's friends—would only understand; if they could only know the truth. . . .

And then I knew what I had to do.

TOMMY didn't call me that day, and he didn't come home at dinner time. I was relieved that he didn't. I'd made my preparations—had dressed up in my best, had dumped the costume jewelry into a shoebox and had filled it up with bills, all marked "past due"—and I was afraid of Tommy's seeing me, guessing my purpose. At seven-thirty I left the house, carrying the shoebox. At eight I approached the downtown building where the Camper's Club held its meetings. I waited there for a few minutes, standing in the shadow of a doorway, watching a few stragglers pass me and go in. I waited until eight-fifteen, until eight-twenty, and then I decided that the meeting must be well along, that Tommy must have told them. I went upstairs. The door of the club room was unlocked. It opened easily, silently under my hand.

The scene was almost exactly as it had been in the nightmare. There were a score of men at a T-shaped table, all of them men I knew, Tommy's old friends. Most of them were turned so that I couldn't see their faces, but the faces I did see were angry and shocked and bewildered. Tommy sat facing me, at the head of the table, next to Roger Martin, the president. He wasn't looking at me; he was looking at Roger, and his face too was as I'd pictured it—white and tight-lipped and silent. Roger's face was flushed; his forehead was wet. "But, Tom," he was saying

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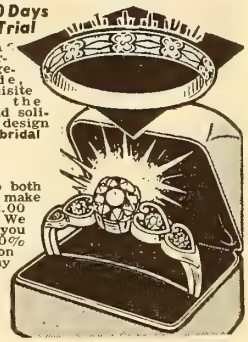
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with desperate emphasis, "if you'd only explain why—"

Then all the face disappeared in a blaze of excitement. Through it I heard my own voice saying, "I can explain, Roger—"

"Diana!" That was Tommy, and I was glad that I couldn't see him, that I was still blind with excitement.

"I can explain," I repeated. "That's why I came here—to tell you what really happened, because Tommy won't tell you. You know that he's honest; you know that if he ever did anything dishonest, he had a reason. But he won't tell you what it is, because it involves me."

"Diana!" Tommy was on his feet now, and his face was dark red, not white. "Go home—"

"Let her talk, Tom. I want to hear her." Roger's level voice steadied me, and it had its effect on Tommy, too. He sat down.

I set the shoebox on the table, dumped it, and its glittering contents spilled out. I pushed the bills toward the men nearest me. "This is a sample of what happened," I said. "This is a sample of what I did with Tommy's money after we were married. Tommy knew I'd never had money to spend for luxuries, and he knew I loved them. He let me buy things as long as he dared—and then when he tried to stop me, I wouldn't listen. He didn't want to humiliate me by closing our charge accounts—and I went right on spending until a couple of weeks ago when he made me see that I had to stop. And then it was too late, because right after that I had a bad fall. I smashed my teeth, and that's why Tommy borrowed your money—to have my mouth fixed. He didn't steal it. He meant to pay it back, and he still means to. But he took it for me, because I needed it, not for himself—" And then all at once I was aware that my self-control was gone. My knees were shaking violently, and all the little muscles in my face seemed to have come apart, and each one was doing a crazy dance of its own. "That's all," I said in a strangled voice, and I turned and ran from the room.

I was nearly home before the shattering excitement died down, and I could breathe normally again. Then all I felt was complete exhaustion, and a kind of peacefulness. Dimly, I had an idea that I'd made a melodramatic fool of myself, but it didn't matter. I knew, too, that Tommy might never forgive me for what I'd done tonight, but that didn't seem to matter, either. It would matter terribly tomorrow, but right now all that mattered was that Tommy's friends knew the truth. Surely they wouldn't prosecute him now. They could understand a man's being helpless before a greedy, extravagant wife. . . .

At home, I flung myself down on the bed without bothering to undress, feeling drained and limp, but with every nerve alert for the sound of Tommy's key in the lock. It came finally after what seemed like hours, and I went weak and shaky with relief, and then tense again. Suppose Tommy had come home only to say that he was going away. Suppose—

The bed springs gave; Tommy had lowered himself down beside me. I turned my head. He was lying as I lay—prone—his head turned toward me. Our eyes met and locked, and in their depths all we were was revealed—each of us with his own shame and his own remorse, and each of us with faith in the other, and love. I drew a long, wavering breath. Tommy took my hand, curled his fingers loosely, almost reverently around it.

"I'm not going to jail—thanks to you, Diana."

"You wouldn't have, anyway."

"I'm not so sure. A couple of the boys were mad enough to see that I got there."

There was a long silence, but it was the silence of understanding, and mutual thankfulness. Then Tommy said, "It won't be easy, you know. There's not only the hard work and the pinching to pay our debts and the club money, but there's. . . . The boys said they wouldn't talk, but you can't keep a secret when twenty men know it. It won't be fun for you, facing the town."

"I don't care. I can face them."

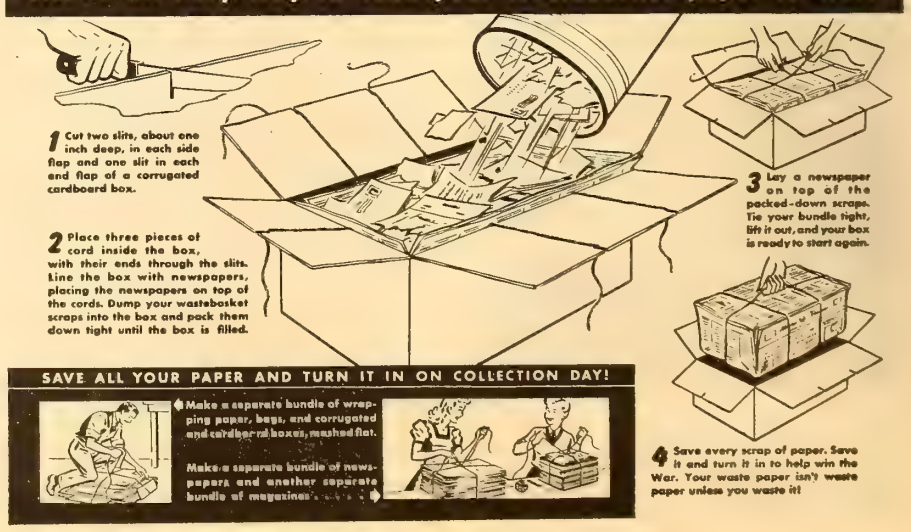
His fingers tightened on mine. "I may lose my job."

"You'll get another."

"You're sure, Diana—sure you want to go through it with me?"

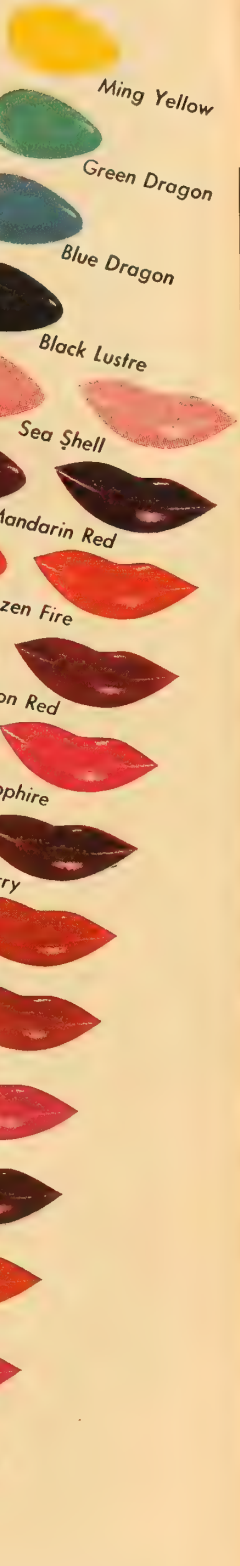
I didn't answer. There would be time to reassure him later. But just now it had struck me that another old dream—an old mind-picture, rather—was coming true: the picture of Diana, Tommy's wife, shabby, in a four-year-old coat. And I didn't mind at all. It was all right. Everything would always be all right, so long as we were together.

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"How about a love life of your own, Pet?"



GIRL: Umm... Hardly my Big Year, is it?

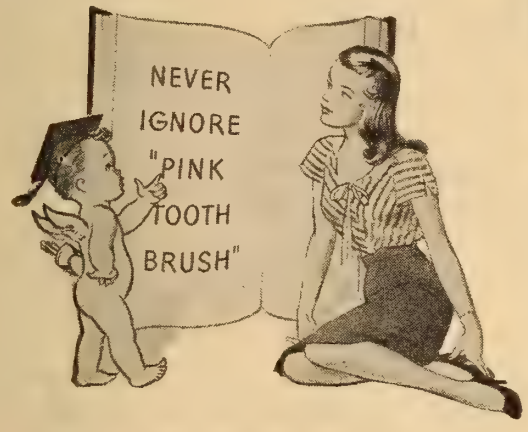
CUPID: But it *could* be, Cupcake. It *could* be.

GIRL: Of *course* it could! Just let somebody leave me a million dollars, for instance. Or give me a big movie contract. Or even a new face. Or—

CUPID: ...or just teach you that even a *plain girl* can be pretty if she'll smile! If she'll sparkle at people!

GIRL: If she *can* sparkle at people... which *I can't*. Not with my dull teeth. And I brush 'em, too. And—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?



GIRL: Well, lately, but—

CUPID: But *what?* Don't you know that's a warning to *see your dentist?* He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And *that'll* help my smile?

CUPID: Chick, Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums means sounder, brighter teeth. *And* a smile that'll help you to your own love life! Start with Ipana and massage today!





For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

OCTOBER, 1945

Radio Romances

FORMERLY Radio Mirror

VOL. 24, NO. 5

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director
DORIS McFERRAN, Editor
EVELYN L. FIORE, Assistant Editor
JACK ZASORIN, Art Director

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Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios



Radi-I-Q



By JACK LLOYD

One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 76. A score between 11 and 14 is good, 7-12, fair, and below 7—well, listen in more often, won't you?

1. Can you name the motion picture stars of the following radio shows?
   a. Mayor of the Town
   b. The Saint
   c. Man Called X
   d. Adventures of Topper
   e. Sherlock Holmes
2. The Blue Network recently changed its name. What's the new one?
3. Complete the following names of day-time dramas:
   a. The Romance of ——— ———
   b. Pepper Young's ———
   c. When a Girl ———
4. Can you name the famous radio crooner who was once a barber?
5. What are the first names of the three Andrews Sisters?
6. Give the occupations of the following radio characters:
   a. Lorenzo Jones
   b. Joyce Jordan
   c. Brenda Cummings
7. Name two dramatic shows on the air with stories about the F.B.I.
8. One of the following is *not* a network vocalist. Know which one?
   c. Joan Brooks d. Peggy Mann
   a. Mary Small b. Jo Lyons
9. Are the following facts *true* or *false*?
   a. "Rochester" 's real name is Eddie Anderson
   b. Fred Waring is the originator of the famous Waring household mixer
   c. Frank Sinatra is the brother of bandleader Ray Sinatra
   d. Famous novelist Kathleen Norris writes Bright Horizon
10. Do you know the quizmasters on the following shows?
    a. Thanks to the Yanks
    b. Truth or Consequences
    c. Information Please
11. Unscramble the names of the following news commentators.

a. Raymond Schubert b. Walter Thomas
c. Paul Winchell d. Lowell Swing

12. Who's the happy host of ABC's Breakfast Club?
13. Who's the famous baritone who takes a lot of kidding because his name is made of three *first names?*
14. What's the name of Henry Aldrich's famous side-kick?

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A girl can be too trusting at times!

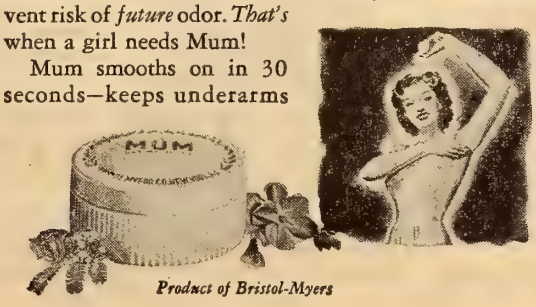
SHE WIELDS an outsize powder puff. Covers herself with a cloud of fragrance. And never suspects that before the evening is over, she may be guilty of underarm odor!

No fault of the powder or her bath, that. She just doesn't stop to think that while her bath washes away *past* perspiration, underarms need special care to prevent risk of *future* odor. *That's* when a girl needs Mum!

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds—keeps underarms odor-free all day or evening long. You're sure of the daintiness men admire.

Mum won't irritate your skin. And, says the American Institute of Laundering, Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes.

You can use Mum before or *after* you're dressed. It's quick, safe, sure. Won't dry out in jar. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar today.



Product of Bristol-Myers

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

Lovely Pattie Clayton, who has not been singing very long on Arthur Godfrey's CBS program, is already "preferred listening" for men in the services.



Students Dolly Mitchell, Ferdie Froghammer, Arnold Stang and Georgia Carroll waste no time between classes on Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge.

KATE SMITH'S switch to Friday broadcasts this Fall is good news for everyone. It means the end of the senseless competition between Kate and Jack Benny and for Kate's fans it spells more songs by their favorite and a minimum of needless dialogue. Taking a leaf from Bing Crosby's book, Kate is cutting down on guests, adding more songs.

* * *

Some of radio's leading personalities have signed to record for Cosmopolitan Records, new disc company. You'll soon be hearing Joan Edwards, Jerry Wayne, Enric Madriguera, Gertrude Niesen, Barry Wood, and Four Chicks and Chuck, recording for Cosmopolitan.

* * *

I met lovely Dinah Shore when she was in New York near the finish of her triumphant open air concert and hospital tour, and she told me a cute story in which she was the amused victim of a practical joke.

Accompanied on her tour by Ticker Freeman, her small-sized and agile pianist, Dinah and Ticker would be met at each stop by a large delegation. The welcoming committee would clamor around Dinah and blithely ignore little Ticker. This would keep up in every town they visited and the neglected pianist would sulk. He yearned for one hour of glory where he could steal the spotlight from his attractive boss.

"Ticker had a friend in a midwestern city who was handling all the arrangements for us at the Army hospital we were to visit," Dinah said, "so when we arrived there, the crowd was out. Only this time they all ran around Ticker, showered him with compliments and attention. As for Dinah Shore, she was ignored."

This didn't satisfy the ambitious Ticker. That night at the concert, the Army officer made the announcement to the impatient wounded GI's:

"Now fellows, I want to introduce the person you've been waiting for, that great star, the world's greatest jazz pianist, Ticker Freeman! Assisted by singer Dinah Shore!"

* * *

Talking about top flight singers, keep your eyes focused on Mary Ashworth, beautiful Boston-born blonde. Featured

Continued on page 109



Grand Ole Opry star Roy Acuff owns several of the finest "walking" horses in Tennessee.



So Sweet to Come Home To!

Isn't it the nice thing, the *wise* thing, to let Listerine Antiseptic help you be that way today and tomorrow and all of the tomorrows?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Never, never, omit this wholly delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



Actor Joseph Cotten recently received one of Jimmie Fidler's service awards for his tireless campaign, via radio and cross-country tour, on behalf of the American Red Cross Blood Donor's Recruiting Service.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS





Patrice Munsel (left) and Janet Waldo (above), both outstanding young radio stars, add to their career laurels a fashion distinction. A committee of designers voted them two of the best-dressed teen agers.

BY THE time you read this, the new Joan Davis show will be well under way—it turned up on Labor Day, and was welcomed by a radio audience that, appreciative of summer fill-in shows as it may have been, was glad to get back an old favorite for steady listening pleasure.

Heard on CBS Mondays at 8:30, EWT, the show, besides the "Queen of Comedy," has Harry Von Zell, Verna Felton and Shirley Mitchell for more laughs, and Andy Russell for songs. This is Russell's first regular role on a major sponsored network show.

Portly, jolly Harry Von Zell is equally at home in radio as an announcer or a comedian. To wind it up, there's a twenty-piece orchestra, under Paul Weston.

* * *

Two young radio stars placed high in the first annual fashion award made by a committee of high-ranking designers for the best-dressed teentimers: Patrice Munsel, representing opera, and Janet Waldo, representing radio acting. The choice was made from a nationwide selection of photographs—more than 20,000 were considered.

According to Miss Grace Norman, head of the committee that made the award, the teen age girl is at last coming into her own in the world of fashion. No more bobby socks and sloppy joe sweaters, Miss Norman says. All of the winners expressed a preference for simply cut clothes with good lines, neither too casual nor too sophisticated for their age group. Eighteen-year-old Patrice Munsel, the Metropolitan Opera's youngest star, chooses bright accessories to lend versatility to her brown, navy, and gray basic outfits. Janet Waldo, eighteen-year-old star of CBS Corliss Archer serial, prefers red and blue in her comfortable, casual California-slanted clothes.

Like the other winners of the teen-timer fashion awards, Patrice and Janet make time in their busy days for war work. Between opera engagements, Patrice sings at canteens and at servicemen's hospitals. Janet, who does movie as well as radio work, entertains at canteens and camp shows.

* * *

Have you heard the Armed Forces

Continued on page 8



You've lived for this moment. And he must find you excitingly lovely to your fingertips.

Thrillingly-soft hands are so endearing... let Trushay guard their precious beauty.

This delicately fragrant, creamy lotion is such a joy to use!

Smooth on Trushay before everyday tasks, before you do dishes. This "beforehand" idea is Trushay's own! And now you can guard soft hands even in hot, soapy water!

Rely on Trushay's velvet touch whenever, wherever you need it.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



"Alluring!"

says Mrs. Herbert Marshall —charming wife of one of Hollywood's most distinguished stars.

MRS. HERBERT MARSHALL:

HERE IN HOLLYWOOD, glamour isn't just a word... it's a way of life. That's why I'm so delighted with your alluring new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. My special pet is that exciting Tangee Red-Red.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

Yes, Mrs. Marshall, and I think you'll agree that the smart new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks are not only lovely to look at... *they're wonderful to wear!* They don't run or smear. They stay on for many extra hours. And Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish assures lips not too dry—not too moist... vivid lips with a satin-like smoothness that makes them doubly inviting... In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be



Suave Herbert Marshall outwits all enemy agents as The Man Called X, Monday nights on CBS.

(*Continued from page* 6)

Radio Service show Tokyo Calling? Take a listen and hear the kind of propaganda the Japanese are handing out about us. The show is on the air Mondays at 10 P. M. (EWT) over the American network.

And, talking about Japanese propaganda—Sammy Kaye got word from a GI in the Pacific not long ago, that Tokyo Rose in her Zero Hour broadcasts played an entire Sammy Kaye Sunday Serenade program! Radio Japan probably transcribed it from a program short-waved overseas.

Sammy's correspondent wrote that as soon as the music was over, on came the "saki-saki" (propaganda). "Do you hear this good music?" cooed Tokyo Rose. "How would you like to be home dancing to that lovely music? You can do it, boys, very soon, if you will stop this war of fighting against the Japanese." The boys love the music and pay as little attention to the accompanying propaganda as the GI's did in Africa and Europe when the Germans used the same tactics.

Tokyo Rose, incidentally, we are told by our own correspondent in the Pacific, has been practically forced off the air by the GI's themselves. The GI's have set up small radio stations on every beachhead and are putting on swell shows that the Rose can never match. Besides, a few of them have managed to cut in on her wave length occasionally and made her sound plenty foolish. She's expected to retire into a great silence any moment, now.

* * *

Here's an idea lots of mothers might like to pick up. Constance Bennett has something new in the way of "baby books." Instead of filling the one she's keeping for her daughter Gyl with records of when she cut her first tooth and said her first gem of a word, Constance is pasting it full of the important headlines of every day since Gyl was born two days after Pearl Harbor. Gyl's one girl who's going to know her place in history right from the start.

* * *

Ever since Tommy Dorsey's been broadcasting from Hollywood, California's real estate sharps have been hounding him with intriguing but highly inflated deals on the good earth.

But Tommy has a stock answer for them all. "I'm not buying anything," he says, "that I can't load on the Super Chief and take back to New York." Might we suggest that Tommy give them with "Don't Fence Me In" on his trombone?

* * *

There's a pat on the back coming to Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. Those zanies have their serious side, too, and when they show it—it's good.

This last summer, they put in three weeks playing benefits in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Atlantic City, to raise money for the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation to Aid Delinquent Children. There's been an awful lot of talk during this war about juvenile delinquency. Abbott and Costello didn't talk much—they did something.

* * *

In one of his serious moments, Arthur Godfrey ad-libbed some remarks about the U. S. A. that are well worth passing on.

"You know that old saying, *it's a small world,* is getting truer and truer every day," he said. "I couldn't help thinking that when I looked through the mail the other day.

"I don't know whether you remember, but a couple of weeks ago, I happened to mention that I wondered what all you folks were doing every day when we come into your homes for a half hour of 'nothin'.' I got some very interesting letters.

"There were letters from Maine, from Texas, from Illinois, from Oklahoma—from all over the country. And reading them showed me something I hadn't thought of before. This world and especially this country of ours is really much more of a small town than most people imagine.

"You listeners in Texas who wrote that you had just finished washing the luncheon dishes, or were darning, or dusting, are kind of sisters-under-the-skin with the other women in Maine and Oklahoma and the rest of the country, who were doing the same things at the same time, and had interrupted their work to relax for a few minutes with us, on this crazy clambake we call a program. Most of you had children home from school and



Actress Suzanne TaFel adds her talents to CBS' Theater of Romance, heard each Tuesday night.

Are you in the know?



Do this often, if you're addicted to—

- ☐ *Tantrums*
- ☐ *Booking blues*
- ☐ *Hickey trouble*

You can drown *all three* sorrows (above)—in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes; improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hickeys . . . boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. To help you stay sweet and dainty, *Kotex now contains a deodorant.* A deodorant that can't shake out because it is processed right into each Kotex napkin—locked in, not merely dusted on. It's a new Kotex "extra"!



To use silver correctly, would you—

- ☐ *Start from the outside*
- ☐ *Start from the inside*
- ☐ *Catch as catch can*

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you choose the poise-preserving sanitary napkin . . . Kotex. Truth is, Kotex gives you confidence through *comfort.* Because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no roping, no wadding up, with Kotex.



If he stood you up last night—

- ☐ *Should you blow your top*
- ☐ *Be a tearful earful*
- ☐ *Bide your time*

Tears or temper won't teach him. Bide your time 'til he calls again, then give out with the brush-off. Keeping calm wins many a victory . . . over "calendar" jitters, too. With Kotex, see how serenely you can sail through difficult days! For you're sure the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. Unlike thick, blunt napkins, those patented flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines...and you'll feel secure with the *extra* protection of Kotex' special *safety center!*

A DEODORANT
in every Kotex napkin
at no extra cost



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Whoopee! I got the Injun sign on Prickly Heat!"



"Your little Indian will whoop with joy"—

"Look at my smooth-as-satin skin . . . and you'll know why Mommies an' babies are ravin' about mild, soothin' Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder. It's a won-n-nderful help in preventin' prickly heat, urine irritation, chafing and lotsa other skin troubles! Here's why I say it's the *best* for baby's skin. . . .

1. Most baby specialists prefer Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Powder to any other baby powder (and 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be *antiseptic*).*

2. Mennen is smoothest—shown in microscopic tests of leading baby powders. Only Mennen powder is *"cloud-spun"* for extra smoothness, extra comfort.

3. Makes baby smell so sweet . . . new, mild flower-fresh scent!

*According to surveys

"Buy me the best . . . Mennen!"



IT'S BACK! 50¢ Money-Saver Size (Also 25¢ Size)



Also . . . 4 times as many doctors prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL as any other baby oil or lotion*

were busy trying to keep them occupied.

"I get so darned tired of hearing politicians and statesmen saying that the country is divided by ideas and customs that are so different that it's impossible for us ever to have complete unity. That's just silly. A few differences in ideas and local customs and accents are never going to keep you—at your radio in Oklahoma City—from bringing up your children and running your homes and living and thinking in the same old U. S. A. way about the things that really count—any more than they will you, in Houston, or Chicago, or Kansas City."

* * *

Phillips H. Lord, writer-producer of Counterspy, has a very unusual way of getting his show ready for the air.

He does a kind of "remote" production job. Eight days before each broadcast, the actors do a detailed dress rehearsal which is recorded in the control room of a New York studio. The recording is then sent by plane to Lord, who makes the necessary revisions in his quiet retreat among the pines in Maine.

He listens to the program on a playback machine in his home and, as he listens, he makes notes and corrections as well as written comments on the performance. These are sent back to New York by airmail. By the time the show goes on the air, it's had as complete an editing as though Lord had been sitting in the control booth during rehearsals—which is what most producers do.

* * *

We love the idea of Carmen Dragon's "vacation." The thirteen weeks that Toasties Time is off the air, Carmen has nothing to do but direct the music for a couple of films—Hunt Stromberg's "Young Widow" and Danny Kaye's new picture, "The Kid from Brooklyn."

* * *

Not all actors are improvident and thoughtless of the future. Lots of them are branching out into other businesses, now, while things are going well for them.

Walter (Service Time) Burke runs a summer resort in Pennsylvania. Arthur (Casey, Press Photog) Vinton raises turkeys. Ted (Big Town) De Corsia sells his own farm-grown vegetables. Santos (Perry Mason) Ortega has a Pekingese kennel.

* * *

There's one thing to be said for the Warnow family—they're all staunch individualists. When Mark Warnow gave his kid brother a lift up the ladder of fame a few years ago, the kid refused to capitalize on his brother's reputation—so he changed his name. He is known today as Raymond Scott.

Now, Mark's twenty-year-old son, Morton, just returned from the ETO, where he had been a prisoner of war for nine months, has announced a similar intention. He wants to be a writer when he gets out of the Army—but he's going to get himself a name of his own—and his own breaks.

* * *

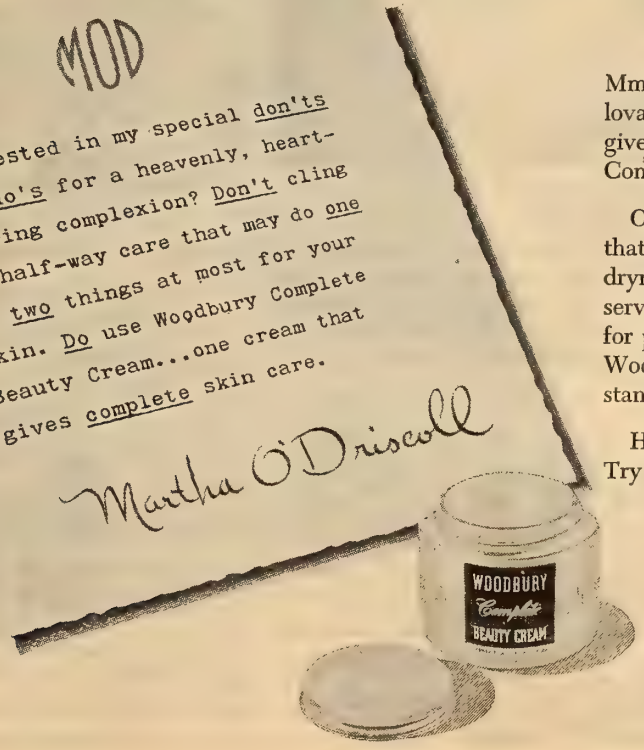
The Lombardo gang is never so happy as when their travels bring them within short range of Connecticut, where Mama Lombardo lives. That's because, whenever they are near enough, Mama makes regular trips to wherever the band is playing, loaded down with food and delicacies for her brood—and food and delicacies as only Mama can make them, which is what the gang misses most of all when they

(*Continued on page* 12)

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL, APPEARING IN UNIVERSAL'S "SHADY LADY"

Another Hollywood Star ...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin





Mm-mm-mm-mm is for Martha ... of the luscious, lovable complexion! And for you, too, if you give your skin beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream.

One cream that *cleanses, softens, smooths* . . . that doubles as a *night cream* guarding against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines . . . that serves as your protective *powder base,* too. And for protection against blemish-causing germs, Woodbury contains exclusive "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

Hear him say "you're mm-mm-mm-arvelous"! Try Woodbury tonight. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

... it's all you need!

R
R



HOW I LOST MY HUSBAND

I guess I was really to blame when Stan started paying attention to other women. It wasn't that I didn't know about feminine hygiene. I had become . . . well . . . *forgetful.* Yes, I found out the hard way that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! My doctor finally set me right. "Never be a careless wife," he said. He advised Lysol disinfectant for douching *always.*



AND WON HIM BACK AGAIN!

Our romance is so *special* again—now that I know about *proper* feminine hygiene care! Since I had that talk with the doctor, I use Lysol *always* for douching. As he said: "Lysol is a *proved germ-killer* . . . far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." Lysol is easy to use and economical. But, most important, it *really does the job!*

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of *every* woman. So, douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution . . . *always!* **Powerful cleanser**—Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic**—Lysol douching solution is *non-irritating,* not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; *deodorizes.* **More women** use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (*For* **FREE** *feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.*)



Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol Disinfectant **always!**



Glamorous Ann Sothern brings the enchanting Maisie to CBS' new Sunday night comedy show.

(*Continued from page* 10)
have to go out on tour assignments.

* * *

Stories about kids and the war always get us—where it hurts. Like this one—from John MacVane, NBC war correspondent.

MacVane's back in the United States after seven years in Europe. In 1938, MacVane, then a reporter on the N. Y. Sun, went to France with his wife. Realizing that war was coming, he decided to stay abroad, and joined the Paris staff of a news agency. In 1940, he joined the NBC staff in London and was assigned to cover "the invasion of London," which at that time seemed to be imminent.

He accompanied the American First Army on the invasion of France and was injured during the action at Normandy, for which he was awarded the Purple Heart.

MacVane's children, Myles, three years old, and Sara Ann, fifteen months, were born in London and are now seeing the United States for the first time. Recently Myles heard thunder for the first time and told his mother he heard guns. Mrs. MacVane told him he was wrong, that what he heard was the noise made by two clouds bumping together. A few seconds later there was another peal of thunder.

"Well, mother," Myles said, "those clouds are shooting at each other again."

That could well be passed off as a cute saying. But think of it this way. Think of a small kid learning about guns and bombs and death and destruction, before he's had a chance to learn about the natural phenomena of the world. When you think that way, you want to make very sure that tomorrow's kids won't have to go through anything like this.

* * *

Karl Swenson feels right at home in his role as Father Brown on the Mutual mystery series. Karl's grandfather was the pastor of the Swedish parish in New Britain, Connecticut, and his family always hoped Karl would be a minister. Early in college, however, Karl switched his interest to dramatics. He has played many religious roles in his radio career, though. . . . John the

(*Continued on page* 14)

They had a date with fate..

and a rendezvous with love!



GINGER ROGERS

as the lovely but lonely star who finds romance!

LANA TURNER

travels from 10th Ave. to Park—on curves!

WALTER PIDGEON

fresh from adventure—and plenty fresh!

VAN JOHNSON

Purple Heart hero with his heart on his sleeve!







M-G-M invites you to come on an exciting and romantic...

Week-end at the Waldorf

EDWARD ARNOLD · PHYLLIS THAXTER · KEENAN WYNN · ROBERT BENCHLEY

LEON AMES · LINA ROMAY · SAMUEL S. HINDS

and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA · A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Sam and Bella Spewack. Adaptation by Guy Bolton. Suggested by a Play by Vicki Baum. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD. Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

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LITTLE LULU by Marge



(*Continued from page* 12)

Baptist on the Ave Maria Hour, Christ for The March of Time and now the detective-priest on the Adventures of Father Brown.

* * *

When Don Bell left his home town of Hutchinson, Kansas, eighteen years ago to join the Marines, he had exactly a dime in his pocket. After leaving the service in 1931, he wound up in Manila and settled there as a radio broadcaster for a department store. Came the Jap invasion and Bell became the "voice of liberty" in Manila.

For thirty-seven months, the Japs hunted Don Bell—and he was right there in the Santo Tomas prison. Fortunately for him, he was listed in the Japanese records as Clarence Beliel, his real name, and they never caught on.

After his release, Bell rejoined Mutual as a correspondent. He earned himself a short rest in New York. On his way back to his post in the Pacific, Bell stopped off at his home town for the first time in eighteen years. He was accorded all the honors of a returning hero. Standing before a microphone, Bell was asked by the Mayor what he had achieved since leaving home.

Bell reached into his pocket and pulled out a dime. That was all the money he had. His pocket had been picked the day before on the train.

Bell returned to his home town exactly the way he had left it—with a dime to his name.

* * *

Ernest Chappell, new m.c. on the Star Theater, is sometimes kiddingly called "Mr. Charles," by his friends. It's all right, though. He's married to Claudia Morgan, who plays Nora Charles in the Thin Man.

* * *

Joe Haynes, honorably discharged from the Marines, finds civilian life—particularly working as a radio sound effects man—fraught with danger. On one program he was assigned to dub in the sound of a turned-over chair and a body fall. He outdid himself on the job and, after the show, discovered he had cracked a rib.

* * *

Twenty different government agen-

(*Continued on page* 16)



Edward Everett Horton is funny even when heard and not seen, as Kraft Music Hall's summer star.

It's cleaner, brighter **Taste**

means cleaner, brighter teeth—

Pepsodent tooth paste

with **Irium**

removes the film that

makes your teeth look dull



Use Pepsodent twice a day,
see your dentist twice a year

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"The Touches of her Hands are like the Touch of Down"—*James Whitcomb Riley*



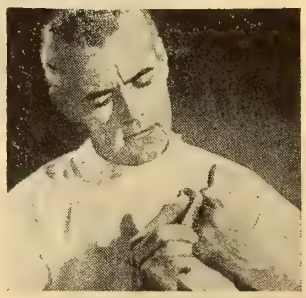


Lady, you don't get a touch like down from Peeling Spuds!

It's a mean job . . . cooking, cleaning, scrubbing. No wonder you feel like hiding your hands! Rough, eh? Reddened to the wrist. Well, use Pacquins regularly every day. This snowy cream helps hands win a young-skin look—soft, white, sweet to touch!

Doctors and Nurses found

a way to keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubbings a day. More abuse than most hands take in any day's housework! It was Pacquins Hand Cream that was originally formulated for their professional use. It's super-rich with an ingredient (doctors call it "humectant") that helps dry skin feel softer, smoother, more pliant!





Pacquins

HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth . . . not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

R
R

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

Continued from page 14

cies are providing material for the Now It Can Be Told series. Dan Seymour produces the program, based on material most of which has never been revealed before for military reasons.

* * *

Irene Kuhn, now being heard as a correspondent from Chungking, was the first woman news commentator in the Far East.

Mrs. Kuhn, widely known writer and newspaper correspondent, whose autobiography "Assigned to Adventure" was a best seller, has spent five years in the Orient. While in China she wrote for various newspapers and in addition broadcast from the China Press-Kellogg station KRC in Shanghai. She was the first woman correspondent in the East and the first person ever to broadcast in the Orient over China's first radio station.

Mrs. Kuhn's travels started shortly after she left college. After a few years on newspapers here, she joined the European staff of the Chicago Tribune and covered assignments all over the continent. Later she covered the Mediterranean, Egypt, Singapore and the Straits Settlements for the Tribune, until she finally reached Shanghai. There she joined the staff of the China Press. Most recently, she's been the assistant director of NBC's Information Department in New York, a post she left to return to China.

* * *

Ed Begley, who plays villains and "heavies" on the Crime Doctor shows, has been awarded a citation by the American Red Cross for his efforts in behalf of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service. Ed has done a number of sketches and shows before factory workers, urging them to be regular visitors at the blood donor clinics. He says it's his way of keeping up with his son, Cpl. Thomas M. Begley, who is with the Army Amphibious Engineers in the Philippines.

* * *

James Monks, we hear, isn't satisfied with being one of the most sought after young actors in radio. It isn't enough for the guy that he can do a couple of dozen different dialects. Now, he's taking singing lessons!

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER. . . . Look for Perry Como in a picture soon. This one will be titled "Doll Face" and is a screen adaptation of the play, "Naked Genius." . . . Ralph Edwards has signed a contract with RKO which will make him a star. He's to play straight parts and that he likes. . . . Alec Templeton will appear in MGM's movie, "Cabbages and Kings." . . . Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff, president of RCA, in a move to encourage young scientific students, announced a scholarship plan providing for as many as ten students to receive RCA scholarships during the academic year 1945-1946, thirty during 1946-1947, fifty during 1947-1948, and sixty each academic year after that. Each scholarship consists of a cash award of $600. . . . DuMont Television is building a set to sell for $150, which will tune in radio stations as well as television. . . . The King Sisters are set for the Rudy Vallee show. . . . Goodman Ace will probably have signed by the time you read this, to write and produce the Danny Kaye show. . . . How about taking a tip from Ed Begley—and becoming regular donors to the Red Cross Blood Donor Service? The war isn't over yet and a lot of our boys are going to need a lot of help to bring V-J Day a little closer.

Cutex color stimulant

SCHIAPARELLI interprets

CUTEX *Alert*

"Alert"... pulse-stirring, heart-warming color to light up beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli, France's ingenious designer, catches its high excitement with a flame-topped dinner dress ... sponsors four other exciting Cutex colors to touch a spark to the Paris fashions in her latest collection. Try and find a lovelier polish at any price!





HONOR BRIGHT



OFF DUTY



YOUNG RED



AT EASE





No other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! √ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. √ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. √ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Jewels in your Hair

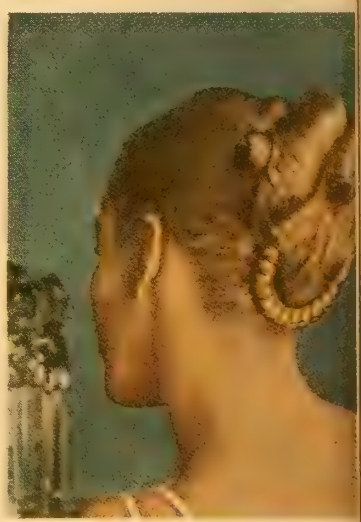
for After-Dark Glamour

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair!

LISA FONSSAGRIVES . . . glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

THIS TURQUOISE TIARA certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoos unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A GOLD BRACELET was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining-smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.





WEAR LARGE COMBS set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



A horrible thought flashed into my mind. Was it possible that Bob knew?

Part of me

THE sun lay hot and bright across the tops of desks that had been scarred and varnished over and scarred again; and dancing motes of chalk dust filled each beam of light as it slanted in through the broad windows. I had erased all the blackboards and wiped them with a damp cloth, had thrown away the stubs of chalk too small for further use and replaced them with long, new sticks, neatly spaced at intervals along the ledge which ran under the boards. I had sharpened my pencils and emptied the sharpener of all its shavings; I had changed the point on my pen; I had done everything it was possible to do on a Friday afternoon. And all the time he had sat there, in the fifth desk of the second row from the window—bent over his book, never once looking up, not speaking, wrapped in inviolable sullenness.

It was utterly ridiculous, I told myself, to be afraid—afraid, mind you!—of a twelve-year-old boy. I was Miss Wilson, the efficient sixth-grade teacher at the Granite Street school, I had been teaching for seven years, I knew how children's minds worked, there should be no problem they could offer me that I did not know how to cope with . . .

Charles was another woman's husband; Bob was that other woman's son. But deep inside of Frances there was something that claimed them both

But I did not know what to say to Bob Lane. I did not know how to reach him.

The clock over the door said 3:49. I could do the cowardly thing—in eleven minutes I could say, "Very well, Bob. You may go. And I hope you will remember, next time, that this is a schoolroom and not a sharp-shooting range." I could say that, knowing very well he would remember nothing of the sort—knowing that on Monday he would be the same handsome, intractable, unhappy boy he was now, and that I would be forced to keep him after school again.

No. That would be begging the question, confessing my own failure—at the very best, postponing what would sometime have to be done anyway. Sitting at my desk, I said quietly:

"Bob."

He raised his head—slowly, deliberately, as if to impress upon me that he was doing it in his own good time—and looked at me. "What, Miss Wilson?" he asked.

FOR an instant I couldn't answer. Would I never remember—idiot that I was—how the full, direct gaze of those dark blue eyes always made my heart stop? Would I never learn to steel myself in advance? Of course he was very like Charles. Naturally he had not only Charles' eyes, so level and honest, but the same high prominent cheekbones and square jaw as well. Boys quite frequently look like their fathers. But it would have been so much easier for me if Bob had not.

I made myself say, finally: "Come up and sit in one of the front desks. I thought we might have a little talk."

He got up, moving with that same slowness, not quite openly insolent but so near to it that there could be no doubt he planned it that way. Some boys were awkward at twelve, but not Bob. Already, he had an athlete's control over his body. But the good impression given by his grace was spoiled by his sulky expression and the slovenliness of his clothes. They were expensive clothes—trust Myra for that!—but he wore them with contempt. Pockets bulged and sagged out of shape under an accumulation of heavy objects; his tie was knotted any old way; a smear of dirt ran across one trouser leg. Yet I always had the strange impression that his untidiness was deliberate, intentional, not at all the thoughtless indifference toward their appearance of most boys.

He sat down without a word at the desk I indicated. He waited—hostile, defiant, bored— No, not bored, I realized suddenly. There was alertness in him, alertness hidden and held in check, and no one can be bored and alert at the same time. Say, rather, that he was wary.

"You know, Bob," I said, "I don't *like* to keep you after school. I'd much rather not, to tell the truth. But you don't leave me much choice."

"I'm sorry."

"No, I don't think you are at all," I told him, and had the satisfaction of seeing that at any rate I'd surprised him. "Bob—" I leaned toward him, putting urgency into my voice—"why can't we be friends? Your father and mother are both good friends of mine. I used to think you were too. What's happened? Why don't you like me any more?"

For a moment I thought that in my desire to find some way of reaching him, I'd said too much. A wave of painful color spread itself across the clear skin of his face, and his eyes, under their straight, silky young brows, held mine with a kind of agony—as if he wanted to turn them away, but couldn't.

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But then he said, and I went weak with relief: "Gee, Miss Wilson, it's nothing to do with *you!* I never thought you'd think—I mean—I like you all right, honest."

"Why don't you help me, then? You know, Bob, you're the sort of person other people follow." Perhaps he'd respond to flattery, and anyway, it was true. "If you behave yourself in class, the others are likely to behave themselves too. But if you're busy looking out the window or throwing spitballs or making a commotion—then the whole class gets restless. It makes things harder for me."

"Mmm." He considered that, recognized its justice. "Yes, I guess maybe that's right. I never thought of it that way, Miss Wilson."

"Of course you didn't." I smiled at him, pleased with my own cleverness. Why, it hadn't been difficult at all! I had just let panic get the upper hand of me; I'd unconsciously assumed that he was different from any other boy because he was Charles' son. "Then you *will* try to be better, Bob?"

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After he had left the room I stayed where I was, remembering. Remembering so much, remembering things that had happened before Bob was even born.

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"So tragic. Cut off at the very start of his life. And Mr. Bellison says he had real talent—he would have been famous someday." (Mr. Bellison was our town's musical authority, the organist at the Congregational Church.)

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Enchanted



A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES



EARLY in the morning, late in the night—those were the lonesome times. Early in the morning, when you squeezed yourself a glass of orange juice and made yourself a cup of coffee, and drank them, standing, in the kitchen, instead of getting a big cereal-and-eggs-and-muffins breakfast for two, and eating it with your husband at the sunny table by the window. When you, then, opened the shop by yourself, and fed the animals by yourself, and waited, waited, waited, for something to happen.

Late at night, after you had fed the animals by yourself, and closed the shop by yourself, and gone, lonely, to the big bed that had seemed so wonderfully a haven, when it was shared. When you waited, waited, waited, for sleep to come and bring you blessed oblivion until the lonely morning came.

It hadn't been so bad, when Ken was simply away. Other women, too, were waiting for their husbands to return from the war, I'd tell myself as I drank my orange juice and coffee, or as I turned out the light at night. Soon he'll be home, and life will be the way we want it to be, and all our plans will be realities.

But now—now that there would never be a coming home for Ken, when all those plans had turned out to be foolish dreams, the loneliness seemed to creep into my very bones, like winter cold. And it got worse, not better, with the passage of time. I suppose it's logical, when you have no future, to retreat into the past. The present, and the future, were too much for me to face. But the past was different—that was all there is of happiness, because I had shared it with Ken. And so I spent my days going back into the past. The past—the only part that counted, the part spent with Ken—was nearly three years gone.

Three years ago, Ken had left me, and the little pet shop, and the animals he loved so much, and the profession that he was studying so industriously and ambitiously, and gone into the Army. Then I had marked time. Soon, Ken would be home; he'd finish his training at the university's school of Veterinary Medicine, and we'd convert the pet shop, which had earned our living and paid Ken's tuition, into a regular hospital-kennel. That was the future we had planned. But now there was no future, for Ken had died fighting. It was nearly fourteen months since I'd been told of his death, and the sharp agony of new grief had subsided into the dull ache of bitter loneliness.

Now, each morning, I pulled up the venetian blinds which covered the shop's windows, without even wondering what the day would bring, because I knew it could bring me nothing. I simply noticed—as I was noticing this particular morning—what the weather was like, and turned back to the shop. This morning, *it's a nice day*, I told myself, seeing that everything had a bright, freshly-scrubbed look. *It must have rained cats and dogs during the night.* And then I would have given anything to take the thought back. That had been one of our private jokes, Ken's and mine. When I'd complain about the rain, he'd

Out of her memories, Penny tried to fashion an enchanted cloak to keep her warm and unafraid, to keep out loneliness. But there is only one spell strong enough to fight loneliness.

say, "Why Penny, it's raining cats and dogs—that's good for business!"

Oh, Ken—what am I going to do? What am I going to do without you?

Slowly, I turned away from the window to face the work of the day. I had asked that question so many times, and still I asked it, knowing that there was no answer.

As I turned, I saw out of the corner of my eye a little girl running at top speed down the street toward the shop. Her braids were streaming out behind her, and as she drew nearer I noticed that she held a small cocker spaniel puppy in her arms, his big ears flapping like distress signals with every jolt of her flying feet.

In a moment she came abreast of the shop, turned and came panting in. Quite unable to speak for a moment, she held out the puppy to me with a look of mute appeal.

Some of her desperate urgency communicated itself to me, and I snatched the little fellow and began to feel him over gently for broken bones, while I repeated, "What's the matter—what's the matter, dear?"

With a long gasp that was close to a sob the child managed to get the words out. "We were watching a man paint a fence and Smooch drank out of the paint bucket and the man said it was white lead and it was poison and he told me to bring Smooch here and—oh, oh, please, don't let him die, don't let him die!"

Paint—white lead—arsenate of lead—that was arsenic, wasn't it? Hastily I dumped the puppy back into the child's arms and raced for the kitchen, reciting over in my mind the things Ken had taught me—*salt . . . empty stomach . . . egg white . . . milk . . .*

When I got back, I found that the little girl had put Smooch on the linoleum-covered table where I show dogs I have for sale, and that Cassy, my own little Maltese terrier, had leaped up to console the frightened little fellow with one of her particularly thorough face-washings. When I shooed her down, Cassy promptly transferred her ministrations to the little girl, who needed them by now.

I forced Smooch's mouth open and poured a liberal spoonful of salt on the back of his tongue. There was nothing to do now but await results. I steadied Smooch with one hand, and put my other arm around the little girl's shoulders.

"What's your name, dear?"

"M-M-Myra. Oh, will he die? Will he —?"

My arm tightened about her. "No, Myra. I think we're doing just the right thing for him, and you were wonderful to bring him here so quickly. But you hold him now, will you, while I go call up a doctor and make sure?"



Dr. Jackson, whom I always consulted about the dogs in the shop, was out of town judging a kennel club show, I knew, so I began to search through the listing of veterinarians in the phone book for one close by. In a moment I found a Dr. Phillip Reeves over on Market Street, just a couple of blocks away.

Dr. Reeves, when I reached him, sounded nice. I explained.

"Any results from the salt?"



It was strangely sweet, that kiss; I forgot, for a moment, the identity of the kisser.

The story Enchanted was adapted from a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony's daily program, Mutual, 1:45 EWT.

I peered over at the table. "Yes, doctor."

"Well, give him some egg white then. Tell you what—you're doing fine, but I'm not busy right now. Suppose I drop over, just to make sure?"

In a surprisingly few minutes he was there, coming into the door of the shop swinging his bag, as Myra and I were inducing Smooch to have another egg white.

Nowadays, when I thought of veterinary at all, I thought of someone fat and old, like Dr. Jackson, not someone young and vital and quick—like Ken. But that's the way this man was. He didn't look like Ken at all—he was dark and Ken had been very fair; his eyes were brown and Ken's had been clear blue; he was taller by a head than Ken had been. And yet the quick movement of him, the ready smile, the gentleness of his hands as he ruffled Smooch's big ears brought Ken back, in a painful twist of memory, closer than he had been in a long time.

"I'm Phillip Reeves," he said. "You're Mrs. Manning?" And he put out his hand.

I gave him mine, strangely reluctant at first, and then pleased with the strength and firmness of his fingers.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Manning. And this is Myra, and this—" with a wave of my hand—"is Smooch."

Cassy came forward, smelled of him gravely, and then put her two little grey paws up on his knees, wagging her tail like mad. Obviously she was saying, *I'm someone you want to meet, too—I'm Cassy.*

"And that's Cassy—my own dog," I added.

He scratched Cassy's ears expertly, and grinned at Smooch. "What did you want to go and drink paint for?" he inquired. "That's an awful fool trick—all it got you was a lot of people fussing around and pouring things down your throat. And it probably didn't taste good in the first place."

He talks to the dogs, I thought, on a caught-in breath. *Just the way I do. Talks to them, just as if they understood, and when you do that they really do understand. He talks to the dogs just the way we used to—Ken and I—together.*

I watched him as he worked over the little dog, reassured Myra, and finally sent the two of them away. "Come back and see me again some time," I called impulsively after the little girl, as she skipped away. "Come back and bring Smooch to see me!"

I turned away from the door, and found myself looking straight into Dr. Reeves' eyes. "How about me?" he asked, picking up his bag. "How about me—can I come back and see you—and Cassy—again some time?"

I turned my eyes down to Cassy, who was pawing at my knee, as if she were urging me to say yes. "Why, of course, doctor, if you wish," I answered stiffly.

I thought that ended it, but instead of going he sat down suddenly on the edge of the table. "I've walked by here a number of times," he said, "and wondered about the place. Do you own it, or just work here?"

"I—I own it. It's all ours—mine!"

"Oh. Don't you keep any help?"

I shook my head. "No, I can manage quite easily by myself."

He looked at me sharply, and a little frown pulled his straight black brows together. "But—well, as I say, I've passed here often. And you seem to be always open—early in the morning, late at night. Don't you—"

"I like it," I broke in shortly. "It keeps me busy. I haven't anything else to do." And I couldn't keep the bitterness out of my voice. For a moment, I was sure he was going to ask questions, and I was terrified. I didn't want to give him the answers, to repeat the story, and so make it clearer, hurtfully clearer in my mind, how little the world had to offer me.

But he didn't ask any questions. He just looked at me very closely for a moment, and then smiled—a warm, generous, sweet smile that lighted his whole being. Then he picked up his bag again, gave Cassy a final pat, and said good-bye. I watched him as he went down the street, whistling *Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?* And I thought, *he won't be back,* and wondered why on earth that made me feel unhappier, sorrier for myself than ever.

But he did come back—often. Always, it seemed, in time to give me someone besides dogs and cats and birds and the lone monkey to talk to, just when I felt the loneliest, when my spirits were lowest. Early in the morning, on his way to the office. At night, when he'd been keeping late visiting hours, or had been on an emergency case. At lunch time, once, armed with a basket from the delicatessen down the street—the contents of which we ate picnic-fashion, aided by Cassy, under the big tree in the back yard.

He's good for me, I kept telling myself. *It doesn't matter if he does make me remember Ken—I've got to face the fact that Ken's gone, and Phil gives me someone to talk to, someone who understands the problems of the shop, someone to advise me.* But I'd know that I was fooling myself—Phil Reeves wasn't good for me. He made me restless, irritable, more discontented than ever. Before I got to know him, I'd been living in a state of suspended animation. Now my thoughts, my feelings were coming awake, under the stimulus of his talk and his laughter, and the awakening hurt. It made me rebellious against life. It reminded me too much of all that I had lost, of all the dreams that were smashed, the hopes that were dead, the plans that had gone awry. But I couldn't tell him to stay away—how can you tell a man, who has done nothing except be pleasant and helpful, to take himself out of your life, please, and leave you to crawl back into your shell?

One afternoon, when he stopped by, he asked, "Penny, is there any good, honest reason why you have to keep this place open until ten or ten-thirty every night?"

I shook my head. "None, except that I might as well—I haven't anything else to do, and (*Continued on page* 75)

Red Letter Day

All Bob knew about the girl on Sunset Drive was that there were often letters for her from a soldier. So he was afraid he would never know any more . . . until that day!





I WANTED to wear a uniform and I finally got one.

But I wanted to be Bob Jones, S 1/c; not Postman, third-class.

Turned down at the induction center because I had a punctured ear drum, I had to push back the tears that were bubbling up from a well of disappointment in my heart. All the fellows my age in town were okayed for the Army or the Navy, and some of them made the Marines; and I know darned well that Navy officer had his eye on me. But the doggoned ear scared him off and I cursed the day I had jumped twenty-five feet into the swimming hole and smacked my ear so hard I had trouble with it ever since.

Yes, I can remember coming out of the induction center with a leaden heart and the bright sun of the early morning had become a distasteful yellowish color that painted the world in a sickly tint. The induction center was right across the street from the Post Office, near enough for me to read the inscription cut in the stone base:

HENRY MORGENTHAU, Secretary of the Treasury.

JAMES A. FARLEY, Postmaster General.

Built in 1939.

1939! That was the year I smacked my ear! I cursed again and turned away from the reminder, but half-way down the block I stopped walking and looked back at the building. I punched my right fist into the palm of the other hand and went back to the Post Office, went inside and said hello to Mr. Berg, the postmaster.

"Get that chin out, Bob," he said. "I saw ou come out of the induction center. I know how you feel, feller. But what're you going to do, bust out crying? Here. Read this, it just happened to come in."

I knew what he was handing me. He had shown me one of those applications before, and I knew what he was aiming at. I looked at the paper without hardly seeing it; yet the application had a different meaning for me now. My mind was working at a different pace, as though the wheels were turning over at a slower rate of speed and I could see my life almost standing still; so making a decision was easy, even a decision like that.

"Okay, Mr. Berg. It's a deal. I'll take this home and fill it out. I'll be the best postman you have, or the worst. Suppose I come in tomorrow and go to work."

The postmaster laughed and shook his head.

"Not so fast, Bob. This is civil service and you'll have to go through the regular routine; but I'll have you working here before the week's over. And after a while I can get you a route. You'll love it, Bob. You'll love it!"

His words echoed in my ears all the way home. He was right when he said I'd eventually love the job, but there was more significance to his use of the word "love," as you shall see. Mr. Berg didn't know it, but he was pushing me right into the path of the juggernaut that is love; he was pushing me in front of a steamroller I couldn't resist, one that knocked me flatter than a pancake, and from which I never quite recovered.

The transition I made in my work was just what I needed at that time. I had been working in the Merrel Lumber Company as a sales clerk, selling lumber supplies to people who wanted to improve their homes; window sash, woodwork for floors, screen doors and other items that gave you splinters in your hands. It was okay, but I was glad to quit and go to work in the post office where I was assigned to a mail-analysis job. I had to sort all the mail for the town, mail that came from all over the world; a big sack comes from New York, you unlock it, dump it out on a table, start sorting it for the different routes in town, then break it down into streets. That was my job.

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"Okay, Bob. Okay." He came over and put a hand on my shoulder.

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"You get to know people, Bob. You get to know just about everything that goes on in your route. You have to listen to all kinds of belly aches, and you take an interest in the doings of your people; you get to be sort of a Mr. Anthony for everybody. If you're the type who is curious, you get your ears full of gossip. Wait and see, Bob. You'll get a kick out of it."

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It was interesting to come down a street like Reynolds Avenue because that's where the foreign element lived. Nice people and friendly but inclined to be noisy. Mr. Pelligrino always yelled out the front door in Italian and I never knew what he was saying. One day he came out with a glass of red wine for me and I had to drink it because he finally made me understand it was his birthday. I didn't like red wine and this was very bitter; but he was delighted to share it with me. He wanted to give me more.

And there were other experiences I had which were amusing or unusual. Mrs. Bricker over on Teller Avenue made quite a fuss over me the first day I came around with the mail. She remembered me from the lumber company and she told me about the trouble she had with the screen door on her back porch. I took off my coat and went to work on it, and in twenty minutes it was working beautifully. She gave me a mystery—a real chiller—book to read as a reward.

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The happiest Sunday in my life brought sunshine, enough breeze for my little boat—and Susan.

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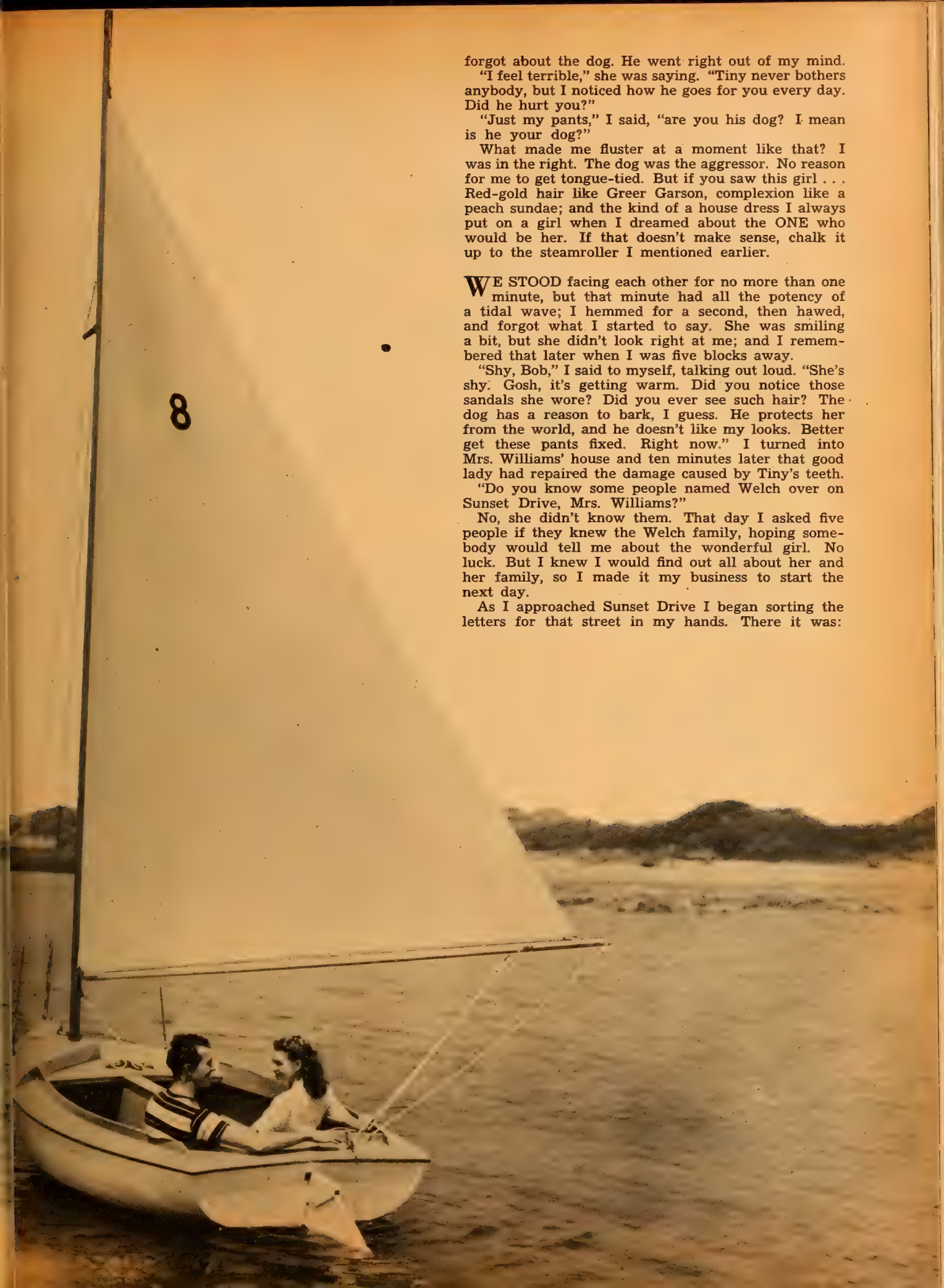
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"Shy, Bob," I said to myself, talking out loud. "She's shy. Gosh, it's getting warm. Did you notice those sandals she wore? Did you ever see such hair? The dog has a reason to bark, I guess. He protects her from the world, and he doesn't like my looks. Better get these pants fixed. Right now." I turned into Mrs. Williams' house and ten minutes later that good lady had repaired the damage caused by Tiny's teeth.

"Do you know some people named Welch over on Sunset Drive, Mrs. Williams?"

No, she didn't know them. That day I asked five people if they knew the Welch family, hoping somebody would tell me about the wonderful girl. No luck. But I knew I would find out all about her and her family, so I made it my business to start the next day.

As I approached Sunset Drive I began sorting the letters for that street in my hands. There it was:



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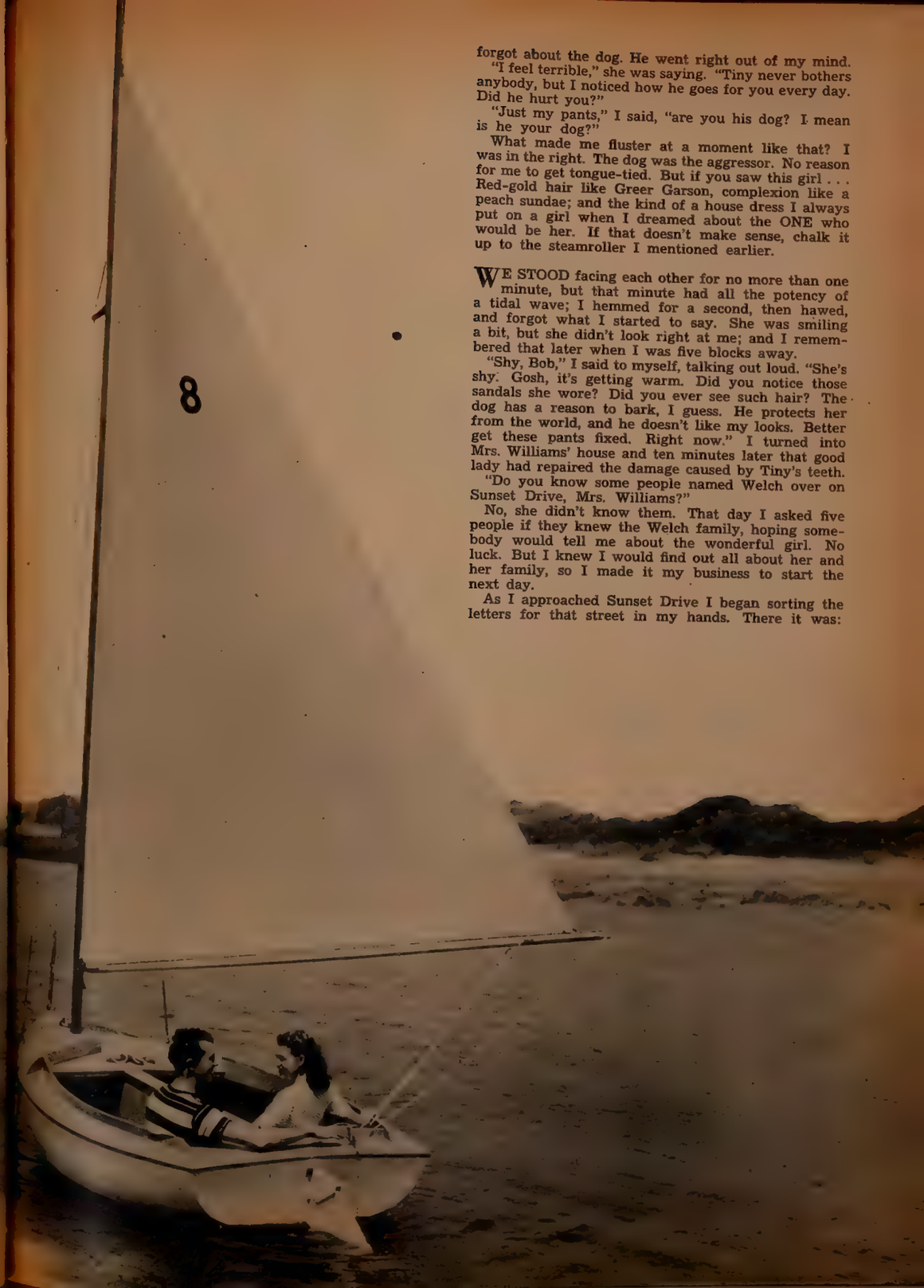
WE STOOD facing each other for no more than one minute, but that minute had all the potency of a tidal wave; I hemmed for a second, then hawed, and forgot what I started to say. She was smiling a bit, but she didn't look right at me; and I remembered that later when I was five blocks away.

"Shy, Bob," I said to myself, talking out loud. "She's shy. Gosh, it's getting warm. Did you notice those sandals she wore? Did you ever see such hair? The dog has a reason to bark, I guess. He protects her from the world, and he doesn't like my looks. Better get these pants fixed. Right now." I turned into Mrs. Williams' house and ten minutes later that good lady had repaired the damage caused by Tiny's teeth.

"Do you know some people named Welch over on Sunset Drive, Mrs. Williams?"

No, she didn't know them. That day I asked five people if they knew the Welch family, hoping somebody would tell me about the wonderful girl. No luck. But I knew I would find out all about her and her family, so I made it my business to start the next day.

As I approached Sunset Drive I began sorting the letters for that street in my hands. There it was:



The happiest Sunday in my life brought sunshine, enough breeze for my little boat—and Susan.

"Susan Welch, 28 Sunset Drive." A letter from a soldier. My heart and my head began a race, and it looked as though my head was outstripped; I couldn't get my mind off that letter, and that girl. And when I came down Sunset she was waiting by the gate.

"I locked Tiny in the cellar," she said. "I won't let him out any more in the mornings until you've passed here."

SHE was being sweet to me, and it wasn't hard for her to be sweet. I laughed about the nip her dog gave me the day before and I stalled with my mail bag so I could be with her for a few minutes. Her blue-green eyes were watching the bag anxiously, and when I drew out her letter they were aglow with anticipation. I didn't like that.

"Nice day, Miss Welch," I said, awkwardly. "If I didn't have to work I'd be out in my boat."

"Boat? You sail?" She was still eyeing the letter.

"Oh sure. That's my first love." (I regretted that.) "I mean it's my hobby. The boat's only a 10-footer, little bigger than a catboat; but I can get places —when the wind blows."

She was looking at me, and yet she wasn't. And the natural shyness was tantalizing. I wanted her to talk to me, but she just half-smiled and ran into her house. The steamroller was running over me again. I didn't want her to leave me so quickly; and I almost wished her dog would get loose so I could stay around a while, even if I got into another scrap with him.

Funny how a girl in your life makes all the difference, how she adds to the general picture of your existence; how you think about her when you're shaving in the morning, and again when you're reading a newspaper in the night. The image of her keeps slipping into your consciousness until it gets a permanent niche in your mental apparatus. You see her for a couple of minutes in the morning, and it is like food for the day.

But of course you have to be mentally adjusted for the image to come in clearly. It's like tuning into a radio program; if you're on the beam the experience is delightful, and the song you hear keeps running through your head. I don't know how good I am at explaining the first symptoms of love, but maybe you get what I mean. I kept telling myself that I had met Susan Welch somewhere, sometime; and even though I knew that was improbable, I wanted to believe in somethink like reincarnation.

Of course I was the kind of a guy who always kidded myself, told myself off in private conversation. And a postman has a lot of time to think things out because when you walk you think; and, believe me, I didn't get those blisters on my feet from riding a bike.

"Hang on there, feller," I'd say. "Don't let yourself go. If you were a sailor you'd hang on to the boat hook when you'd come alongside; if you didn't hang on, you'd find yourself adrift. Watch out, Bob. You can get killed that way, or anyway badly hurt."

I don't suppose anybody but myself would understand that kind of talk. When I said I could get killed that way I meant I was running up against a situation that might turn out badly, and my reactions to Susan Welch had all the significance of deep water to a sailor.

And yet I plunged right into the whirlpool, determined to see the other side of the river at any cost. But I don't think I would have taken the plunge if certain elements had not figured in the case. It happened this way.

One morning I was coming along Sunset Drive with my mail and I saw Susan picking pansies in her front garden. I felt pretty chipper that day because the weather was so beautiful, the world was so green with grass and the breeze from the nearby harbor had just a suggestion of saltiness. The combination of things, plus the sight of Susan in her garden, made my heart sing—and I whistled something appropriate to my feelings. I tried to appear casual in my approach but you have to try it some time under similar circumstances to understand how hard it is to make your feet walk slowly, and to make your breath come easily.

When I came up to Susan she looked at me, smilingly, and said:

"Penny for your thoughts, Bob Jones."

"You can have them for nothing," I replied, then realized I couldn't really tell her what was on my mind. "Right now I am thinking of orange ice," I said.

"That needs further translation, Bob."

"The dress! The socks! Sue, you look like a dish of orange ice."

HER lovely complexion became decorated by a delightful coloring, and the sight of it went right to my head.

"Sue," I went on, plunging into the unknown, "wouldn't you like to go sailing with me one of these Sundays?"

She was looking down at the letter in her hand, a letter from her soldier; and the realization of the circumstance —the arrival of the letter and my invitation for a date—stopped me cold. I didn't know what thoughts were in her mind, but I had an idea she was confused; and when she looked at me, silently for a moment, I regretted having asked her.

"Here comes a turn-down, Bob. Get set, feller."

"Well," she said finally, "I do appreciate your invitation, Bob, but I never leave Dad very much. You know he's an invalid."

"I didn't know that, Sue. I've never seen your Dad."

"He doesn't get out much. The doctor makes him take things easy, and I'm the only one he has."

In a few minutes I left Susan, left her in her garden picking flowers and it was as though I left part of my heart with her. Of course I put on a good front, told her I'd be seeing her; and she smiled and said she hoped so. I noticed she didn't go into the house with her letter, noticed she kept it in the little pocket of the orange ice dress; and noticing those things made me all the more confused.

What right had I to feel unhappy? You have to earn unhappiness, just like happiness. That's what I told myself as I trudged along my route. The soldier had a priority, he should come first; and Susan's story of her invalid father should have satisfied me fully. Yet I was miserable and I could sense the lights going out in my thoughts of the future. And with those lights going out came the dissipation of my interest in my job. All at once it became a bore for me to deliver mail, it became a ridiculous job, and the uniform I wore became a mockery. "Civil War Soldier," I called myself.

I faced a miserable week-end. I had, in my subconscious, planned to take Susan out in my boat; and with that disappointment of a turn-down for the date came a lifeless, futile feeling which told me in capital letters that I was in love with the girl and should have known better than to take such a chance with my feelings. Now I was paying for the foolishness of expecting she might care anything about me.

I went down to the boat that Sunday morning and watched the folks of our town take their little craft out into the Bay. They were happy people, and I was jealous of their laughter and conversation. I got my little boat ashore and started to paint it, a job I had been putting off all spring. I thought it would be better if I kept my hands busy so I wouldn't have time to think about Susan; but it was like trying to black-out the sun. All day long her face and her lovely figure kept appearing before my eyes; and her voice was there to haunt me in a tantalizing way.

"That needs further translation, Bob. I appreciate your invitation, Bob. The doctor makes Dad take things easy, Bob."

It was the soothingest, softest voice you ever heard; and with it came the scent of something lovely she used for perfume. It was all there, all day long; a visionary package of loveliness. And I couldn't touch it; it was for someone else, not for me.

The following Monday morning, however, was really the red-letter day for me. I started on my route half-heartedly, telling myself to be sensible; telling myself I had an important job, important for the world. There was Mr. Miller, the retired engineer. He looked forward to getting his mail as though it were the only thing of interest left in life for him.

"Hello, Mr. Miller. Here's one from your boy, Jim. San Francisco APO number." The old man's eyes light up and he pats me on the shoulder.

"Do you play golf, Bob? You know you have a golfer's name—Bobby Jones." He's having a little fun with me.

"No, Mr. Miller. I like sailing . . ." And when I say that the sharp pang of sailing without Susan comes back to bother me.

Little things. (*Continued on page* 85)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Amanda



The story of a love that steadfastly endures through the trials of a changing world.



EDWARD LEIGHTON, Amanda's husband, has been discharged from the Army, and is finding readjustment to civilian life rather difficult. Formerly a wealthy young landowner, Edward is dissatisfied with the moderate comfort he can now provide for Amanda. He dreams of making a great deal of money as quickly as possible, and taking his little family back into the luxurious kind of living they once enjoyed at Honeymoon Hill. In spite of Amanda's assurances, Edward cannot overcome his discontent and his feeling that he has somehow disappointed his wife's expectations.
(Edward Leighton played by Staats Cotsworth)

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert; heard daily at 11:00 A.M., CBS.

CLAIRE TREMAN, Amanda's attractive young friend, married FRASER AMES, Washington lawyer, because she was grateful for many kindnesses. Amanda warned Claire that gratitude was not enough to keep her happy with a man twice her age, though Fraser is successful, sophisticated. Very much in love with Claire, Fraser knows that his feeling is not returned, that she loves his nephew Tom. (Patricia Wheel, Reese Taylor)





TOM AMES, handsome young nephew of Fraser Ames, has fallen into a situation that has all the elements of unhappiness for many people. Devoted to his celebrated uncle, Tom would never willingly cause him pain, but he has not been able to deny to himself the fact that he has fallen deeply in love with Fraser's young wife, nor can he remain blind to the knowledge that Claire is in love with him. (Chester Stratton)



IRENE MILLER, beautiful, vicious, coarse, has caused explosive trouble for the Leightons since Edward first brought her home to act as his model.
(Elizabeth Eustis)



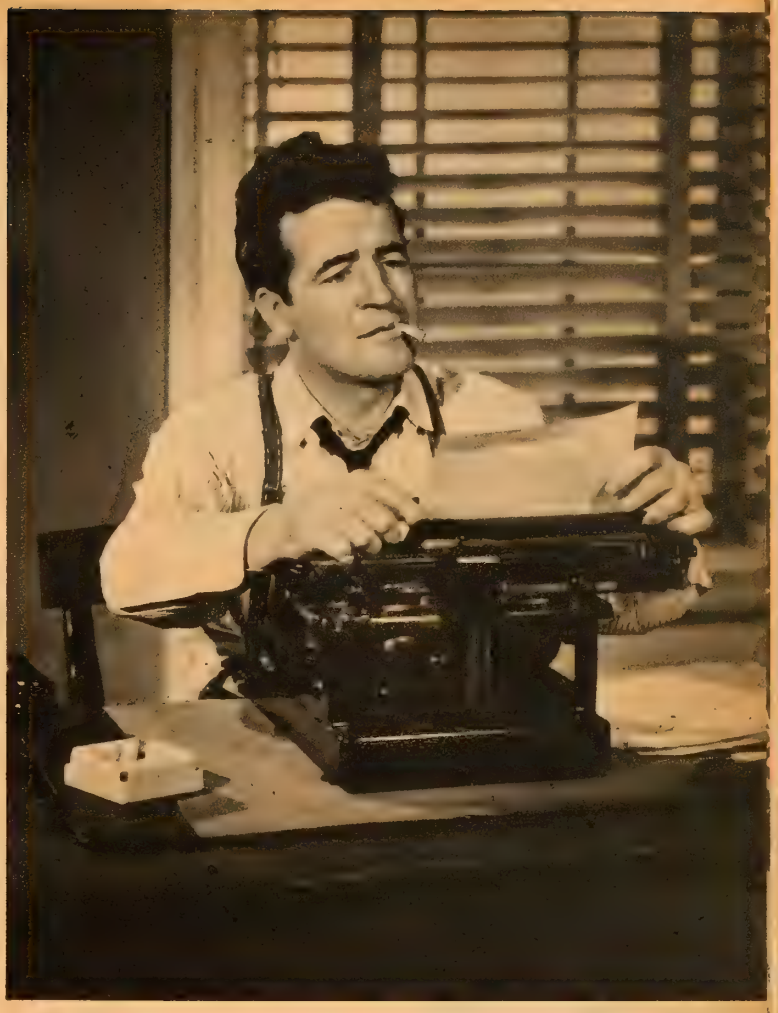
AMANDA, beautiful red-haired girl of the mountains, married Edward Leighton when he was the wealthy owner of Honeymoon Hill. She educated herself in order properly to fill her position as his wife, but when they lost the estate she used her education instead to get a job, to help support their young son Bobby.
(Joy Hathaway)



MARTIN DOUGLAS, manager of the Foster Aircraft Company, was Amanda's first employer. Now he has undertaken to help her in her effort to get Edward to face life realistically, to be contented and interested in the job he does—a job that provides them a modest, but adequate, standard of living.
(Rod Hendrickson)

MAJOR BRUCE DOUGLAS, now stationed in Washington with the wife who was his childhood sweetheart, is the Leightons' close friend.
(Lamont Johnson)







RALPH DALY'S role in the lives of Edward and Amanda cannot quite be defined. A progressive, persistent, ruthless newspaper correspondent, Ralph has always claimed friendship with the Leightons, but in spite of his professed loyalty he has been at the bottom of some of their most upsetting troubles.
(Paul Conrad)

JEAN CURTIS, whose husband is overseas with the Navy, is just the sort of friend Amanda needs right now. Practical, down-to-earth, hard-working, Jean has been a source of courage and advice to Amanda, who has never before faced the problem of helping Edward provide for her little family.
(Evelyn Juster)

Betsey was bitter against the women who gossiped about her and John. But her bitterness turned into fear, became a question

A love like this

IT WAS one of those mellow autumn mornings, all dusty gold in the sunshine, all softly blended color, when you feel richly at peace with yourself, when you know in your heart all the goodness and fruitfulness of earth. John had just started out for work, and I was watching him from the kitchen window, loving him, loving the way he carried his head—thrust forward a little, stubborn and eager at once; his shoulders, not quite level but very broad and strong; his deceptively slow-looking, rolling walk. They all spelled John to me; like the dark, direct gaze of his eyes and the strength and the gentleness that were in his hands; they set him apart from other men, made him especially wonderful and almost unbearably dear.

I saw him pause at the bus stop, look up and down the street. Then he turned and came back toward the house, moving very fast now, almost running. I went to the door, thinking that he had forgotten something, and he caught me on the threshold, held me close, laughing, kissed the tip of my nose. "It's a glorious day," he said. "There won't be many more of them this year. Let's skip school and enjoy it together."

"School" for John was his job in the





accounting department of the Saybury Soap Company; for me, it was the small but profitable bakery I ran at home. I laughed and kissed him back, but I shook my head at his suggestion. "I can't," I said. "I've got special orders today. There's the Price wedding cake, and three dozen almond rolls—"

"I knew you wouldn't," he said. "I was only half serious. What I really wanted was a minute more with you. Just look at this morning, and all for us!"

If anyone should ask what happiness means to me, I would say that it is a morning like that, and John and I standing together with the wonder of it all about us. I remember the utter contentment in John's eyes as he said, "We've got everything, haven't we, Betsey? We have all we want today, and we've something even better to look forward to. To think that I'd ever find anyone like you—"

And I remember my answer, teasing, because if I didn't say something light I would have exploded with happiness. "You say that now," I laughed, "when we've been married only three months. What do you think you'll say three years from now?"

His arm (*Continued on page* 99)

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Adapted from Stars Over Hollywood's story "Cupid Has An A Book" by Jacqueline Rhodes and Elizabeth Hardy.

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His arm (*Continued on page* 99)



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Adapted from Stars Over Hollywood's story "Cupid Has An A Book" by Jacqueline Rhodes and Elizabeth Hardy.


to be in Love—!
When a girl's hands are full but her heart is empty, what can she do? Can she turn her back on her man, her job, turn her face toward a strange, untried tomorrow?



The girls kept coming to the kitchen door to watch me make the seven pies.

THERE'S a certain time of day that, all my life, I've waked up in the morning looking forward to. It's that little time between afternoon chores—the shopping, the menu-planning, the laundry-checking, the hundred little things any homemaker has to do—and going in to get dinner. My mother always called it the "pulling yourself together" time, and what she meant by that was that you should go somewhere away, all by yourself, and sit quietly, and think. Think about anything you wanted to—your worries or your happinesses, or whether or not you had said the right thing to Mrs. Warner when you met her at the supermarket, or even the book you had read yourself to sleep with the night before. It was seldom a book I had to think about; when you run a busy boarding house for five hungry, lively young girls, as mother and I did, you don't get any time to read books. But mother always saw to it, no matter how rushed we were, that I got that fifteen minutes or half-hour for "pulling myself together".

And when mother died, and I started to run Tanner House by myself, I still managed to scrape together a quiet, solitary few minutes each day. I had Maggie Fitts to help me, of course, to set the table and see that the vegetables didn't burn. Maggie described herself as "kind of a maid" and that's exactly what she was, but the girls all loved her dearly because she was always ready to sew on a missing button or mend a torn hem. So they brought their missing buttons to Maggie, and their problems to mother. And when mother died, they started to bring their problems to me. Not right away, of course. There was a time after mother died when all of us went around feeling as though we had lost the only person we could ever really unburden our hearts to. That was the kind of woman mother was, you see; she was never soft with you if she thought you were in the wrong, and never harsh if you were really suffering from one of the thousands of things girls suffer from, things that range from a broken necklace to a—fancied—broken heart. She had, always, the right word and the right smile. There were no words to tell what her death meant to me; I locked my grief away inside me, and plunged into the work of running the house so that it would seem to the girls and to me that she was still around, somehow, managing things the way she wanted them.

One day, about a month after mother had died, when we were all sitting round the dinner table waiting for Maggie to bring in the blancmange which was her special once-a-week creation, I heard Randy say to Alice, "I don't care, I've got a right to!" There was something in her voice that made me prick up my ears; it was as though she had said *I'll get into trouble if I want to.*

"Got a right to what?" I asked before I thought. Randy shook back her hair and didn't answer, but Alice volunteered, "It's for the dance at the Community Center Saturday night—Randy told Jim she'd go with him, and now she wants to go with the soldier she met yesterday."

"He's only going to be in town one week-end and he doesn't know anybody else to ask," Randy said defiantly.

Janet, sitting beside me, looked at Randy with a little smile. "And besides the soldier's in uniform and Jim hasn't had a uniform ever since he was wounded and discharged."

Randy's long blonde hair hid her face from me, but I could see the edge of her cheek and that had turned red. "I'm not engaged to Jim," she muttered.

"He thought you were when he gave you that ring you're wearing," I pointed out tartly. And then, as though someone had prompted me, I added "Jim's too fine a boy to hurt. Why don't you and Jim take this soldier to the dance, together? That way you won't hurt anyone."

A little silence fell, and out of it Janet spoke softly. "That sounded ex-

actly as though—as though Mother Tanner were speaking."

Just then Maggie clattered in and placed the blancmange before me with a flourish, I busied myself serving it, hoping that my suddenly unsteady hand wouldn't splash it all over the fresh white cloth. It wasn't grief that brought the tears to my eyes; no, it was a strange exalted feeling, as though mother had come up behind me and placed her mantle over my shoulders.

It was after this that the girls started coming to me whenever they needed to talk. By the beginning of fall—six months after mother had died—I had almost taken her place with them. She had trained me well, I suppose; always I seemed to know exactly what she would have told them, and to frame my words so that what I said couldn't be resented.

It was funny, in a way. I was only twenty-seven; that was pretty young to be mothering Randy and Alice and Jenny, who were nineteen, and Mary Beth, who was twenty, and Janet, who was going on twenty-one. I sat on the porch, one September afternoon during my "pull-yourself-together" time, thinking about that. Inside the house Maggie was setting the table, an operation that always sounded as though she stood in the kitchen doorway and threw

She gave me a last glance over Carl's head, held tightly to his hand for a moment, and disappeared up the stairs.



the dishes and silverware on to the diningroom table. It had sounded that way as long as I could remember, but she never broke a thing.

As long as I can remember . . . Everything I did, all the things I lived with, went back that long. It was a good feeling, that security and familiarity; pleasant to sit, rocking gently, warming myself in the slender shafts of sunlight that struggled through the vines around the porch, making an identical pattern over my shoulders day after day. Pleasant to know that in a little while the girls would start coming home from the mill, and the house would be full of the noise and laughter of people of whom I was very fond.

Sometimes, behind this comfort and peacefulness, there would be a faint stirring of a feeling I couldn't quite name. Not often; but I could remember the time Marian Stroble had come back from Washington to stay with her parents, who lived across the street. I had waved to her from the porch, and thought of dozens of questions I wanted to ask her about Washington—what living there was like, and working there, what the stores and streets looked like. I never did get a chance to talk to her, though, before she went back; whenever I remembered her, there was this funny feeling. And sometimes when a car from Walnut Hill drove by, I felt it—Mrs. Tyle in her high-wheeled, solid, old-fashioned limousine, or one of the Byrnes boys in the bullet-shaped roadster that changed its color every two years. These were slender, brilliant threads traced across the pastel pattern of my days. The feeling they left with me was a vague restlessness, a sensation as though I weren't really living . . . But Mrs. Tyle didn't drive down from the Hill very often now, of course. Arthur Byrnes was in the Navy. I didn't know where Carl Byrnes was; I remembered hearing something about his being an engineer.



Then there was the time Walter had asked me to marry him. Walter, who owned the biggest men's furnishing shop in Penbury, who wore glasses and was very sure of himself with other people, but always wistful and uncertain and puzzled when he looked at me . . . that was the time that surprised me most of all. Because I liked him; he came pretty nearly every Saturday and took me to a movie, and sometimes during the week we went for a walk. There wasn't anything wrong with Walter. Nonetheless, I heard myself saying "I don't know, Walter—don't ask me now. I'm—confused . . ." And I was just as amazed as he was. But I couldn't say yes . . .

I hadn't had the queer feeling since then. Tanner House filled my life now, as it had filled mother's; the girls were a whole family, ready-made, for me to take care of. I didn't need anything else. I could call Walter, later, perhaps, and ask him to take me to a movie . . . No. I didn't want to think about Walter right now. I could enjoy myself just as much going alone. I stopped rocking abruptly.

"Rocking! An old lady's trick!" I thought with sudden irritation. The sun went away; I was chilled. It was almost time to go inside, anyway. A car turned the corner, and I thought, watching it absently, "When it passes the house, I'll go in."

But the car didn't pass the house. It came slowly down the street, under the low-hanging trees, and stopped at the curb in front of our house. It was a blue, magnificently long roadster, with the top down so that I could see the way the man in it was smiling down at the small blonde girl who sat beside him. Janet. I stood up without knowing I had, and Janet waved to me and got out of the car, with a low-spoken word to the driver. He waited till she had joined me on the porch, sent us a grin that was a flash of white teeth and a challenging lift of a brown, square-jawed face, and the blue car slipped smoothly off down the street.

"Nice car," I said to Janet as we went into the house. Janet laughed. "Nice man," she said. She squeezed my hand and her voice caught a little. "Oh, Jean—such a nice man! It's Carl Byrnes, Jean. I slipped and turned my ankle when I came out of the gate today and his car was standing there with him in it and he said he'd drive me home—so he did!"

"Catch your breath, dear! Carl Byrnes—what's he doing here? I thought he was abroad somewhere." It took me a second to catch my own breath. There had seemed something familiar about the shape of his head, and now I remembered the car too; the last time I had seen it, two—no, three years ago—the back seat had been piled high with luggage, a golf bag. Someone had been going away; they were always going away or coming home, sweeping through the town without ever seeing it. "Why was he driving you home?"

Janet, halfway up the stairs, turned to stare at me. "Jean—I *told* you—my ankle, and he was waiting for his father or somebody but he said he didn't have to—"

"Oh, yes, you did tell me." I looked after her until Maggie's urgent "Miss Jean, come quick if you're going to frost this here cake for dinner!" drew me into the kitchen, and it wasn't till we were eating the cake, later on, that I became conscious that I was seeing that little scene over and over again in my mind—the blue car, and the small blonde head beside the dark one—Carl Byrnes' casual smile.

I had never seen Carl Byrnes smile before. As a matter of fact, I had never spoken to him. There was very little contact between the Byrnes family and the rest of Penbury. The closest I had ever been to any of them was walking past their great white house in the middle of its little park on Walnut Hill—the (*Continued on page* 56)

Home—the thing most dear to her man overseas—

can be better guarded by a wife who understands

the laws her country has made for her protection



Other People's Houses

IT'S a very pleasant thing to have a comfortable home, a pleasant place where you are surrounded by the things you love, that you have gathered together and cherished over the years—a place that spells happiness and security to you. Sometimes you are so happy that you forget that there are people in the world who don't know that measure of security.

I had forgotten, myself, until the other day, when I met a little girl and her mother in the studios as I was hurrying to my broadcast. The mother was obviously urging the child to leave, when the little girl saw me, and cried, "Mommy—that's the Singing Lady. I *know* it is! I want to say hello to her!" And with that she broke away from her mother's hand and came trotting over to me. I'd just discovered that her name was Dorothy when the mother came bustling up.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "It isn't that I didn't want Dorothy to talk to you, of course, but I've been trying to get her away for half an hour. We really haven't any time to waste—I simply have to spend every spare second looking for an apartment. That's a full-time job, nowadays. I've been dragging poor little Dorothy around with me—I haven't any place to leave her—and she promised she'd be a good girl and help me house-hunt all afternoon if she could just come in for a minute and see if she could get a glimpse of the Singing Lady. She listens to you every day, when we're home, but she hasn't heard you for a week, we've been so busy looking for a place to live."

I talked to the little girl for a moment or two, and then, more to make conversation than anything else, I questioned her mother.

"Are you looking for a larger apartment than you have now?"

She shook her head, and I realized for the first time that the poor woman was almost frantic.

"No. I'm perfectly happy with what we have now. In fact, I did so want to keep the place, just as it is, until John—that's Dorothy's father—gets back from overseas. But the landlord says we have to get out, and that's that. There's nothing to do but look."

It was then that I remembered my own happy, secure home, and I felt terribly sorry for this young mother and her problems.

"You don't have to move just because the landlord tells you to, you know," I said. "The rent control regulations protect you."

She nodded.

"So I understand—but the landlord has a court order for our eviction, and I guess that makes it legal. It's my personal opinion," she added ruefully, "that he simply wants the place for that good-for-nothing brother-in-law of his."

I thought about it for a moment, and then had an idea.

"Look," I told her. "Why don't you go to the OPA's rent control office and talk it over with them? It wouldn't do any harm, and it might do a lot of good. It's possible, you know, that you really



Ireene Wicker is the beloved Singing Lady of American children. She is heard each Monday through Friday at 5:45, EWT, on ABC.

By IREENE WICKER

don't have to leave the apartment."

Slowly she nodded her head.

"All right," she said, but she didn't sound very convinced. "I'll try it. It'll be a relief from apartment hunting, anyway."

"You do that," I encouraged. "And I'm interested now—why don't you and Dorothy come back tomorrow and tell me what you found out? I have to run along now."

Sure enough, they were back the next day—and both of them simply bubbling over with good news.

"We don't have to move, we don't have to move," Dorothy sang out the minute she saw me.

We all sat down, and they told me the story. And as I listened, I thought of how many other people there must be who were having the same sort of difficulty, and who weren't fortunate enough to have found out in time what the rent control laws can do to protect them. And I decided then and there, in the name of my own comfort and security, and in the great interest I have in the welfare of children, and their families, to do what I could to see that rent control information was made more generally known.

It seems that the "court order," the eviction form, that was sent to this woman, is not a court order and did not mean that she had to move, at all. Her landlord had to get a court hearing and a court order before he could make her leave the premises. Going a step further, she found that under the Soldiers and Sailors Relief Act, she was protected against eviction, too. Her landlord wanted her to move because he planned to make a few little improvements and raise the rent on her apartment. This was not allowed under the law.

Much to my surprise, I discovered that OPA Rent Controls protect other people besides tenants. Rent Control is a safeguard against artificial inflation in real estate values. Rents can't skyrocket now, therefore real estate sales made on the basis of earnings from a property stay within reasonable limits in price. And therefore, property doesn't take on a false and higher value than it really has and, when people need mortgages, they can get them at reasonable rates and for reasonable amounts.

Landlords, strangely enough, benefit even more. It works like this. First, a man who has made his money from renting apartments or houses can go on making a profit without fear of any unsound or unfair rent competition. Rents remain stable and, as a result, the value of his property remains stable. That means he isn't likely to face a collapse in real estate values after the war is over. It also means that his taxes are kept down, because inflation is arrested and living costs are held down as much as possible.

Any one can see how tenants have profited from the law. These days, every tenant knows that there are many others ready to snap up his house or apartment. With the fear of being evicted hanging over them all the time, people would be unable to resist demands for higher rents. A man has to have a place for himself and his family to live. He's got to be sure of it—even if it means collaborating with landlords and paying higher rents than were ever paid before. Remember the stories we used to hear about people paying huge premiums for apartments? Remember the trouble there was in crowded war industry (*Continued on page* 94)

Home—the thing most dear to her man overseas—

can be better guarded by a wife who understands

the laws her country has made for her protection

Other People's Houses

By IREENE WICKER



Ireene Wicker is the beloved Singing Lady of American children. She is heard each Monday through Friday at 5:45, EWT, on ABC.

IT'S a very pleasant thing to have a comfortable home, a pleasant place where you are surrounded by the things you love, that you have gathered together and cherished over the years—a place that spells happiness and security to you. Sometimes you are so happy that you forget that there are people in the world who don't know that measure of security.

I had forgotten, myself, until the other day, when I met a little girl and her mother in the studios as I was hurrying to my broadcast. The mother was obviously urging the child to leave, when the little girl saw me, and cried, "Mommy—that's the Singing Lady. I *know* it is! I want to say hello to her!" And with that she broke away from her mother's hand and came trotting over to me. I'd just discovered that her name was Dorothy when the mother came bustling up.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "It isn't that I didn't want Dorothy to talk to you, of course, but I've been trying to get her away for half an hour. We really haven't any time to waste—I simply have to spend every spare second looking for an apartment. That's a full-time job, nowadays. I've been dragging poor little Dorothy around with me—I haven't any place to leave her—and she promised she'd be a good girl and help me house-hunt all afternoon if she could just come in for a minute and see if she could get a glimpse of the Singing Lady. She listens to you every day, when we're home, but she hasn't heard you for a week, we've been so busy looking for a place to live."

I talked to the little girl for a moment or two, and then, more to make conversation than anything else, I questioned her mother.

"Are you looking for a larger apartment than you have now?"

She shook her head, and I realized for the first time that the poor woman was almost frantic.

"No. I'm perfectly happy with what we have now. In fact, I did so want to keep the place, just as it is, until John—that's Dorothy's father—gets back from overseas. But the landlord says we have to get out, and that's that. There's nothing to do but look."

It was then that I remembered my own happy, secure home, and I felt terribly sorry for this young mother and her problems.

"You don't have to move just because the landlord tells you to, you know," I said. "The rent control regulations protect you."

She nodded.

"So I understand—but the landlord has a court order for our eviction, and I guess that makes it legal. It's my personal opinion," she added ruefully, "that he simply wants the place for that good-for-nothing brother-in-law of his."

I thought about it for a moment, and then had an idea.

"Look," I told her. "Why don't you go to the OPA's rent control office and talk it over with them? It wouldn't do any harm, and it might do a lot of good. It's possible, you know, that you really don't have to leave the apartment."

Slowly she nodded her head.

"All right," she said, but she didn't sound very convinced. "I'll try it. It'll be a relief from apartment hunting, anyway."

"You do that," I encouraged. "And I'm interested now—why don't you and Dorothy come back tomorrow and tell me what you found out? I have to run along now."

Sure enough, they were back the next day—and both of them simply bubbling over with good news.

"We don't have to move, we don't have to move," Dorothy sang out the minute she saw me.

We all sat down, and they told me the story. And as I listened, I thought of how many other people there must be who were having the same sort of difficulty, and who weren't fortunate enough to have found out in time what the rent control laws can do to protect them. And I decided then and there, in the name of my own comfort and security, and in the great interest I have in the welfare of children, and their families, to do what I could to see that rent control information was made more generally known.

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THE STORY:

WHEN I married Woodie, I knew very little about him—only that he was a handsome, intense young man, and that I was in love with him. I knew, too, that he had held a large number of jobs—too many—but I also knew that he did well at them, and I felt that marriage would settle him down. And it seemed to, for a while. He sold automobiles for Acme Agency, and did very well. We had a pleasant apartment, pleasant friends, a pleasant life—in short, we were happy. And then there came a time when Woodie was too happy—too excited, too elated over sales he had made, excited out of all proportion. It was then that I learned something I had not known before—that Woodie had been mentally ill, had spent some time in a sanatorium before we were married. Neither he, nor his mother, who didn't like me, who said I didn't "understand" her boy, had told me. And now Dr. Blythe said that Woodie would have to go back to the sanatorium for a while, but assured me that there was every hope for a complete recovery, that Woodie's love for me, and his complete need of me, would help him to make that recovery. I went to work as a bookkeeper for Acme, and there I met a new salesman, Don Colman, who was very pleasant and friendly. Several times he took me to dinner at that moment when my spirits were lowest—when I had come back from my weekly visit with Woodie at the sanatorium. When at last Woodie was released, I stopped seeing Don, however—Woodie took a job at another agency, I quit mine at Acme. For a while all was well, but it soon became apparent that something was wrong. Once again the great elation seized Woodie, and this time he himself admitted that he had better go back to the sanatorium. Once again I went to work for Acme, once again I began to see Don. Only this time it was different—this time, we knew that we were in love, Don and I—a hopeless, this-can-never-be love that seemed to be all the stronger because it was so hopeless!

THEY say that love transfigures a woman, that when she is well beloved, she is beautiful. That night after Don left, I went into the bedroom and looked in the mirror and I knew that that was true.

To myself at least, I had always seemed just an ordinary girl with medium features, a clear skin and a slim figure. I had never had any illusions about being really pretty. But tonight my hair was touched with a new brightness, there was radiance in my skin and in my eyes, and my lips somehow seemed softer, fuller. Even my body moved with a new grace, as if to music that only I could hear.

I could look at myself without vanity and be glad at what I saw. This was the way Don had seen me, this was the inner glow that he had stirred to life, that made me prettier than I had ever been before. He had created it and I was glad that it belonged to him.

Then suddenly the glow and the gladness faded. It was as if I had seen Woodie's face beside mine in the mirror. What right had I to be transformed by Don's love when Woodie was my husband? How could I, bound by marriage and all its vows, to one man, long for another?

Yet it was true. And what I had told Don was true, too. What I felt for him was real and for forever. I knew now I should never have married Woodie. When I met him, my parents had just



Whirlpool

Real walls closed around Woodie; but there were other walls, that were unbreachable and solid although they could not be seen—walls that closed Don and Nancy off from one another

died, I was in a strange town and a strange life. No one needed me. I belonged nowhere. Then *he* had needed me, he had been impulsive and attractive, and maybe even the opposition from his mother had played its part. I had mistaken all that for love. Even from the first day of our marriage, I had been more mother to him than wife. There had never been the equality of sharing that there should have been.

If Woodie had been well, I would have told him the truth—hard and bitter though it was. I would have asked him to let me renounce those vows, and it would have been for his sake as well as Don's and mine. This was no temporary infatuation, no unstable leaving of one man for another. This was everything. This encompassed all the kinds of love there were. This was a thing that comes seldom to anyone, and it clamored to be acknowledged.

But how could we acknowledge it?

If Woodie were well . . . The thought drew me, held me. When he was able to leave the hospital again and had had time to get readjusted, surely . . . surely. . . .

It was on that note of wild and desperate hope that at last I fell asleep.

The days that came after held a new kind of pain for me and a new kind of glory. Each one meant that I would see Don—even if it were only on the sales floor, across the office, at the water cooler. Even though it meant impersonal greeting, studiedly casual. I had only to see him—those dark steady eyes, that sweet, slow smile—to know again the transfiguring love that was in our hearts.

Each evening he came to my house. We were careful that no one should know. Whenever we went out to dinner together, we picked a place where we were least likely to run into anyone we knew. We could not bear the smear of gossip from those who would not, could not, understand. On the surface, the facts were ugly: I, the wife of a patient in a mental sanatorium, playing around with another man. We were not guilty within ourselves, we knew the truth. But who else would believe it or us?



AND so it was as if we made a place of our own and barricaded it against all outsiders. There, we could pretend for a little while that no one else mattered, we could be ourselves, enjoying each other and this newfound wonder. But always and inevitably, there came the intruding, unwanted presence. It came when we kissed each other—and drew back, afraid of the intoxication of those kisses. It came when we talked of what we felt for one another, whenever the word "future" was mentioned. It came when we read the unspoken question in each other's eyes: *What are we to do?* It came because no matter how hard we tried, Woodie was there—stronger than we were.

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"I know, darling," I said miserably. "But how? When?"

"We have to find a way. But it's got to be soon, Nancy! It's got to be soon."

The first Sunday I went to the hospital, I went with mingled dread and hope. If he were better, then my day of liberation would be drawing near. And if he were a great deal better, if he were well—that possibility trembled in my heart and made me tremble too.

But I found him depressed. It was the depression that always, in the cycle of his (*Continued on page* 67)

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"I had the Ring—"

—but in order to get married, discovered Marvin Miller, you have to get the ring and the license and the girl you love all together in the same place at the same time

By MARVIN MILLER

RADIO is the world's most fascinating business. I have been in the thick of it since I was eighteen, and I love it. But there was a time—back in 1938, when I was keeping moderately busy acting, announcing, producing and writing for only a couple of dozen shows a week—when I wished fervently to be transformed into a shoe salesman. That was the time I had the girl, I had the ring, I had the license—but I didn't have time to get married.

And if Elizabeth Dawson—she was the *girl*—hadn't inherited a sense of humor from her father (my nomination for the century's finest father-in-law) the money spent in the other two items would have had to be written off as bad investments. Elizabeth could see the fun in a honeymoon which began at eleven o'clock at night and ended at noon the next day.

But I am getting ahead of my story.

We met in St. Louis—not, as in the picture of the same name, at the Fair, but backstage at the St. Louis Little Theater.

The theater was a hangout for both of us. Elizabeth, who was rapidly developing a talent for illustration and design, had designed the settings for several productions and I had acted a part or two when my dawn to dark schedule at Radio Station KMOX permitted.

But on the night we met we both were playing the role of Stage Door Johnny—even the more inglorious because we were being kept waiting at the gate.

Elizabeth was waiting for her date of the evening, Kent Adams, the leading man in "Celestial Holiday," the play currently in rehearsal. I was waiting for *my* date, Julie Stevens, the leading lady. Elizabeth and I, total strangers, cooled our heels in the wings while Kent and Elizabeth rehearsed torrid love scenes on stage.

Kent tore off stage, when Elizabeth arrived, long enough to apologize for keeping her waiting, and to introduce her to me.

"Look after my girl, Marvin," he said, adding cagily, "but just make *talk*."

She wouldn't even talk, at first. I found out later she had been an usherette during a run of a play in which I played the lead and she was convinced that I was the most conceited person she had ever seen. She shuddered at Kent's suggestion that she sit and talk with me. She was sure, she told me afterward, that I would have one subject of conversation: *me*.

She was right. I did talk about me. But she listened. And the next time we saw Kent, Elizabeth was *my* girl.

"We had a lot to talk about," I told him, and ducked.

It was a year and a half after our meeting before we went shopping for wedding rings, but our courtship was conducted under the most difficult conditions.

My job on the staff at KMOX was a man-killer. I had a title: Assistant Chief Announcer. But I had no privileges. I began working at eight o'clock every morning with a Rise and Shine program, and signed off my last show at eleven at night. My dates with Elizabeth, of necessity, began at eleven-thirty and ended whenever her father's heavy shoe hit the floor above the livingroom in a sort of gentlemanly hint.

We never went to the movies. It was even too late when I got off work to go anywhere for a soda. So we developed our own peculiar dating technique: we played quiz games and Guggenheim (I, having appeared on a thousand radio quizzes, always won—which kept *me* happy). And it dawned on us slowly that you have to be in love to enjoy a spirited game of Guggenheim at three o'clock in the morning.

So I proposed.

Elizabeth, convinced, I am sure, that if she married me she might be let off Guggenheim, agreed—but she suggested that I broach the subject to her father.

I didn't know Mr. Dawson well then. He was a successful business man, but I knew him better as an actor. He hung around the little theater as faithfully as Elizabeth and I did, and occasionally played a character part.

One night he had scared me half to death when he walked into the livingroom with a shotgun under his arm. It *was* late, and the lights *were* low—and how was I to know the gun was only a prop for his current role in the theater?

When I arrived at the Dawson house to make my plea for Elizabeth's hand I was unnerved at the sight of her parents waiting for me in the extremely tidy parlor.

I blurted out my piece, and there was no response. Finally, in the grim silence, Mrs. Dawson remarked,

"John, dear, I forgot to dust the piano."

"It's all right, (*Continued on page* 97)



MARVIN MILLER and ELIZABETH DAWSON met, fell in love, decided to marry almost without effort. It was only afterward that the trouble started. Courting began at eleven-thirty, when Marvin's announcing chores ended. The wedding was sandwiched into a few scant hours. The honeymoon waited five years, by which time Anthony Dawson Miller was three years old and ready to go along. Now the busy Millers are learning to relax in the Hollywood sun, for Marvin's favorite announcing spots (Coronet Storyteller, Billie Burke Show and others) originate on the Coast.



WHEN A GIRL MARRIES, she learns—as did Joan (Mary Jane Higby) when she married Harry Davis (Robert Haag) that her new happiness brings with it new complications. Life in Beechwood is not always smooth for the Davises, but they are learning, slowly, that if they have faith in the strength of their love, there is no demand that, together, they cannot meet. When a Girl Marries, NBC, is a daily at 5:00 P.M. EWT.

SERENADE

The half-gay, half-wistful theme of When a Girl Marries

Words by J. C. Sangwin **R. DRIGO**

Allegretto

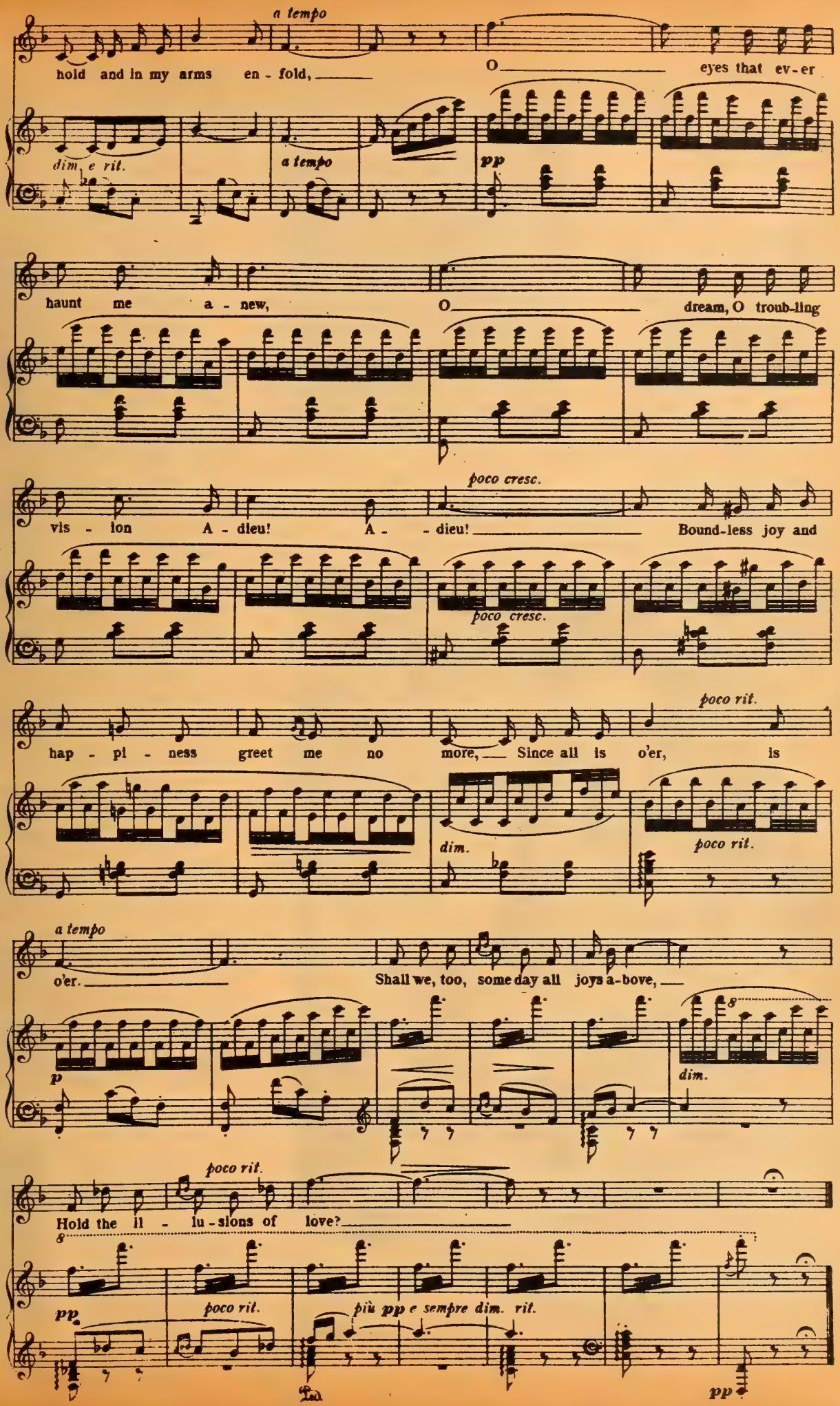
Poco più sostenuto

p

Love! ___ it was but the dream of a day, Ah! ___

p poco rit. *p dolce, espressivo*

___ the di-vine il - lu-sion that passed a - way. ___ Her for one glad mo-ment I sought but to


a tempo
hold and in my arms en - fold,
O
eyes that ev - er
dim. e rit.
a tempo
pp
haunt me a - new,
O
dream, O troub-ling
poco cresc.
vis - ion A - dieu! A - - dieu!
Bound-less joy and
poco cresc.
poco rit.
hap - pi - ness greet me no more,
Since all is o'er, is
dim.
poco rit.
a tempo
o'er.
Shall we, too, some day all joys a-bove,
p
dim.
poco rit.
Hold the il - lu - sions of love?
pp
poco rit.
più pp e sempre dim. rit.
pp

Packed with GOODNESS

With unusual breads, ingenious fillings, packable desserts, there's no limit—except space—to the goodness that you can pack into lunchboxes, even if you must prepare one or more each day.



THE children are starting to school again and almost as important in their minds as the new teacher and new classmates is the question of what they will find in their lunchboxes at noontime. It's even a more important question for the mothers who have the responsibility of planning foods which will be just as nourishing and appetizing as those eaten at home. For this reason I have selected this month a variety of recipes which are especially well adapted for lunchbox meals.

Raisin Bran Apple Crisp

- 3 cups thinly sliced apples
- 2 to 4 tbls. honey
- 1 tbls. melted butter or margarine
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- 3 tbls. butter or margarine
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 1 tbls. flour
- 1½ cups raisin bran

Mix together apples, honey, melted butter, salt, and cinnamon. Turn into 8-inch baking dish. Cream butter; add sugar and flour and mix well. Add bran and crumble together. Spread over apples. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes. Remove cover and continue baking 15 minutes longer, or until apples are tender. Serve with cream. Makes 4 servings.

Meat Loaf

- 3 cups corn flakes
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1 cup ground cooked veal
- 1 cup ground cooked pork (fat removed)
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tbls. minced onion
- ¼ tsp. sage
- ¾ cup diced celery
- 1 tbls. chopped parsley
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 tbls. ketchup

Crush corn flakes slightly; add milk and egg. Add remaining ingredients in order given; mix well. Pack into greased 8 x 4 x 3-inch loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 1 hour. Uncooked veal and pork, ground, may be substituted for cooked meat.

Raisin Bran Bread

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2½ tsps. double acting baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- ¾ cup milk
- 3 tbls. molasses
- 3 tbls. melted butter or other shortening
- 1 cup raisin bran

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg, milk, and molasses. Add to flour mixture, add shortening and raisin bran, then mix *only* enough to dampen all flour. Bake in greased 8 x 4 x 3-inch loaf pan, in moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour, or until done. Cool. Wrap in damp cloth or waxed paper and store several hours or overnight before slicing.

Raisin Bran Molasses Cookies

- 2 cups sifted flour
- ½ tsp. double-acting baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1½ tsps. ginger
- ½ cup shortening
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- ½ cup molasses
- 1½ tbls. vinegar
- 2 tbls. milk
- 1 cup raisin bran

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt, and spices, and sift again. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add molasses and vinegar; mix thoroughly. Add flour mixture, alternately with milk, mixing well after each addition. Add bran and blend. Drop from teaspoon or greased baking sheet. Bake in (400°F.) oven 8 minutes, or until done.

By KATE SMITH

FOOD COUNSELOR RADIO ROMANCES

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard CBS, at 8:30 EWT.



INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	CBS:	The Jubalaires
		8:30	ABC:	Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45	CBS:	Bennett Sisters
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Friendship Ranch
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Orson Wells
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow (from London)
		1:15	NBC:	America United
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
10:15	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Ford Show
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00		2:00	CBS:	Stradivari Orchestra
		2:00	ABC:	Washington Story
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:45	MBS:	Crooked Square
11:55		2:55	CBS:	Olin Downs
		3:00	MBS:	20th Airforce Time
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic
		3:00	ABC:	Kay's Canteen
		3:00	NBC:	World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	What's the Good Word
		4:00	NBC:	NBC Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Your America
		4:30	ABC:	Sunday on N-K Ranch
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
		4:30	MBS:	Crime Is My Pastime
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	ABC:	Mary Small Revue
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of Father Brown
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		5:30	ABC:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Ozzie & Harriet
3:00	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Abbott Mysteries
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Catholic Hour
3:00		6:30	NBC:	Men at Sea
		6:30	ABC:	Happy Moments
		7:00	MBS:	Opinion Requested
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Wayne King Orchestra
		7:00	CBS:	The Thin Man
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Rogue's Gallery
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Frances Langford, Spike Jones
8:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:15	ABC:	Raymond Moley
		8:30	ABC:	The Fighting AAF
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey and Co.
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Steel Horizon
7:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:30	9:45	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Theatre Guild Series
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Brownstone Theatre
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Searchinger
		10:15	MBS:	This Is Helen Hayes
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



OLD LEATHER LUNGS . . .

Jack Bailey, the man who does the most talking on County Fair, broadcast over the American Broadcasting Company's network, Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M. (EWT), is a graduate of the old school of county fair and side-show barkers, having spent several years "making the pitch" for fairs and carnivals from New York to San Diego.

Bailey, who used to be known to his associates on the midway as "old leather lungs"—he put in a stretch of three solid years, ten shows a day, without losing his voice and without missing a show—says he became a barker by a fluke.

It was at the Chicago World's Fair. Jack had dropped in to see a friend who was managing the "Little Orphan Annie Marionette Circus."

"My 'talker' ran out on me, Jack," his friend moaned. Fair people always call barkers, "talkers." Then the manager's eyes took on a strange and wonderful light.

Before Jack could escape, the manager had slapped a derby on his head, stuck a cane in his hand and shoved him on the platform in front of a seething midway crowd. "It was just beginner's luck," Jack says. "I filled the tent clear up to the roof and had them milling around in front of the joint trying to get in for fifteen minutes after the show started. For the next show, though, I laid an egg. The ushers outnumbered the customers three to one."

There are two things Jack won't talk about—his age and his education. He admits he was born in Hampton, Iowa, and usually refers to himself as a "slice of Iowa ham." Jack says his early education was mostly a fiasco, except for the music lessons his family insisted on giving him in the belief that he would one day be a great symphony musician.

After getting his start at the Fair, Jack drifted from fair to carnival to exposition for several years. Then it seemed natural to take a crack at radio. He remembers that he almost frightened the producer and engineer to death at his first radio audition.

The producer wanted to hear how loud his voice was, and Bailey let him have it, full—and almost shattered the transmitter. But he got a job as M. C. and found himself launched on a career.

Soon after breaking into radio, Jack became about the busiest man in the business. He announced Glamour Manor five mornings a week, Meet the Missus five afternoons a week, and four big evening shows each week, Duffy's Tavern, Stop That Villain, Money on the Line and Ozzie and Harriet. He also got calls for odd jobs here and there.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	ABC:	Lisa Sergio
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	What's Your Idea
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Little Jack Little
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	The Smoothies
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:30	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	ABC:	Jack Berch
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family Singers
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Singing Lady
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Geo. Burns & Gracie Allen
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Professor Broadway
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
		9:00	ABC:	Meet Your Neighbor
6:00	8:00	9:00		Lux Radio Theater
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Rise Stevens' Show
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Leave It To Mike
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Stuart Erwin Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.
		10:30	ABC:	Reunion U. S. A.
		10:30	MBS:	The Better Half

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Army Air Forces Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		3:45	ABC:	"Yours Alone"
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	The Smoothies
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
	3:40	4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family Singers
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Singing Lady
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:40	CBS:	Eileen Farrell & Sally Moran
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:35	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	ABC:	Headline Editor
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Danny O'Neil
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
		7:30	ABC:	County Fair
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Everything for the Boys
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
		8:30	ABC:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theatre of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	The Doctor Fights
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Saludos Amigos
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Victor Borge
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Man Called X
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Service to the Front
10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
		10:30	MBS:	Return to Duty
7:30			NBC:	Sigmund Romberg Orchestra
		11:15	CBS:	Joan Brooks



WENDY, LIKE IN PETER PAN

Wendy Barrie, who co-stars on CBS's Detect and Collect with Fred Uttal (Wednesdays, 9:30 P.M. EWT), came by her professional name legitimately—if second hand. She was born in London and her real name is Marguerite Wendy Jenkin, the "Wendy" being a compliment to the famous character created by Sir James Barrie in "Peter Pan." Sir James acted as godfather when Wendy was christened and, later, gave her permission to use that name.

Wendy was still an infant when she began her traveling career. Her mother took her to Hongkong, where Wendy's father's interests kept the family for several years. As soon as she was old enough to make the trip by herself, Wendy was sent back to London to attend the Holy Child and Assumption convents. She completed her education at a fashionable finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

During vacation, and if her father felt lonely for her, Wendy packed her things and traveled far and wide to visit him. Sometimes, she traveled across the Atlantic and Canada to the Orient. Other times, she went through the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Altogether she made some seven trips around the world.

Wendy wasn't bent on becoming an actress. In fact, she was having herself a fine time in a pretty dizzy social whirl in London—playing tennis, riding, playing the traditional English game of cricket and badminton. Then, as a lark, she and some of her society friends took a "flier" in the stage production of "Wonderbar." That rather turned out to be fun. So, later, when British film producer Alexander Korda spotted her having lunch in the Savoy Grill and offered her a screen test, Wendy jumped at the chance.

That screen test changed the social butterfly into a hard-working girl. Wendy got a contract and appeared in some 19 British made films.

In 1934, she grew restless. After all, she'd spent a long time in one place—long for a girl who'd grown up traveling, that is. Not quite sure what she wanted to do, she came to New York—without any letters of introduction or business contacts. Within ten days the scouts had spotted her red-blonde hair and bluish-green eyes and distinctly photogenic face—and she was signed for a Hollywood engagement.

You've seen her in lots of pictures. There will be lots more, probably.

Wendy's a gay girl—has a little of the pixilated quality that you associate with the characters in James Barrie's plays. She has never had to diet and can eat anything she wants without gaining weight, which in itself is rather unique in Hollywood.

In case the boys are getting ideas—that's out. She married David Meyer not long ago, and they are very happy and intend to stay that way.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:30	9:10	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Three Pianos
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
		2:15	MBS	Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
		3:00	MBS.	The Smoothies
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	ABC:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family Singers
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Singing Lady
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
		7:15	MBS:	Listen to the Waves
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Mutual Melodies
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Saint
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:15	MBS:	Now It Can Be Told
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting Club
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Billie Burke
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bil Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Curtain Time—Drama
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Crime Photographer
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Nora Martin, Leonard Sues
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Detect & Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Jones & I—Drama
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Phil Harris & Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Counter Spy
		10:00	MBS:	Human Adventure
7:30			CBS:	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Maisie
		10:30	ABC:	Radie Harris
		10:30	ABC:	Leave It to the Girls
		1:30	NBC:	Dance Band

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:30	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	What's Your Idea?
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:40	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:10	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	ABC:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	The Smoothies
		3:45	ABC:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:30	3:30	4:30	ABC:	Report from Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family Songs
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
2:10	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Singing Lady
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		7:45	ABC:	Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	FBI in Peace and War
5:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Adventures of Topper
		8:30	MBS:	Agatha Christie's Poirot
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Chrysler Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Variations by Van Cleave
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Trans-Atlantic Quiz
		10:00	MBS:	Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30	9:10	10:30	ABC:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Swing's the Thing



IGNORANCE IS BLISS—AND DOLLARS

Comically erudite George Shelton, one of the expert nit-wits on the zany quiz program It Pays to be Ignorant (CBS, Fridays 9 P.M. EWT) hasn't always been funny. By his own testimony, he started out as a dramatic actor and shifted to comedy, later, because he studied Shakespeare.

Shelton was born on the Bowery in New York City. He says that his early impressions of that colorful, noisy, down-at-the heels section did a great deal to enrich his sense of the comic.

He didn't start out as a comedian. He didn't even think of the stage as a career, in fact. His first job was as an apprentice printer. He wasn't even interested in the theater, until his family moved to Brooklyn and he got a chance to see some shows in the local stock companies. Somehow, that led him to take up a serious study of the works of William Shakespeare and he found himself keenly interested, especially in the bard's comedies. Soon, his head began to be full of ideas about the stage as a career.

One day he saw a want ad in a theatrical paper he'd taken to buying. It was for a dramatic actor to work in a tent show in Iowa. Shelton took all his savings and went out there—and got the job! From then on, he played everything from drama to blackface comedy and even sold medicine on the side. But his soaking in Shakespearean satire never left him and, eventually, he devoted himself exclusively to being a comedian.

When the first World War broke out, George enlisted. Armistice Day, he recalls, he was cooking pancakes in the trenches. He became a member of the Army of Occupation and formed a unit which toured Germany entertaining the doughboys, topping off a war record of eight major campaigns and two citations. Incidentally, during this war, he's been presented with several medals and awards for his work in entertaining service men.

When George finally got back to the United States after the last war, he went to work in vaudeville. It was there that he met Tom Howard, with whom he has been associated ever since. They toured in vaudeville together and appeared in numerous Broadway musicals and several motion pictures, as a team. They did several stints on radio before but they feel they've really found their niche since teaming up with Lulu McConnell and Harry McNaughton for the It Pays to be Ignorant show.

Shelton lives in Hempstead, Long Island, these days and spends as much time as he can out there, puttering around with carpentry and general handiwork. For relaxation he says you can't beat baseball—he's a Dodger fan from way back (need you ask?). He doesn't miss Shakespeare at all, any more.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:15	9:15	NBC:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:30	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:00	11:30	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	What's Your Idea?
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:30	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Berry Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	ABC:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family, Songs
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	6:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	ABC:	Captain Midnight
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	ABC:	Singing Lady
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore & Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		6:40	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Jerry Wayne Show
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
		8:30	ABC:	This Is Your FBI
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Correction Please
	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Hour
		8:30	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	5:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Those Websters
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller R
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Dunninger
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore R
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Harry James and Band
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:30	ABC:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	United Nation News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		9:30	NBC:	Army Air Force Band
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Archie Andrews
		10:15	MBS:	Rainbow House
		10:00	ABC:	What's Cooking
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Doc, Duke and the Colonel
		10:30	ABC:	Land of the Lost
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC:	Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Johnny Thompson
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
1:30		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Vagabonds
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Hookey Hall
		11:45	ABC:	Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
		12:00	MBS:	Hello Mom
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
		12:45	MBS:	Red Cross Reporter
		1:00	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Fun Canteen
		1:00	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
		1:15	NBC:	Music for Your Mood
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Elliot Lawrence, Orchestra
		1:30	MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
		1:30	ABC:	Round-up Time
1:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Mac Vane from London
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:00	NBC:	Musiciana
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:15	ABC:	Larry and Irene
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Sky High
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		2:30	ABC:	It's a Hit
		3:00	NBC:	Minstrel Melodies
12:00		3:00	CBS:	The Land Is Bright
		3:00	ABC:	Saturday Senior Swing
		3:00	MBS:	This Is Halloran
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
		3:30	NBS:	Music on Display
		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:00	ABC:	Saturday Symphony
		4:00		Memo for Tomorrow
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
		4:15	NBC:	Here Comes the Bride
		4:30	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		4:30	NBC:	World of Melody
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
		5:00	ABC:	Duke Ellington
2:00		5:00	CBS:	We Deliver the Goods
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
		5:00	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
		5:30	MBS:	American Eagle in Br tain
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:00	MBS:	Hall of Montezuma
3:15		6:00	NBC:	Rhapsody of the Rockies
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	ABC:	Harry Wismer, Sports
3:30	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Edward Tomlinson
		6:30	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	American Eagle in Britain
		7:15	ABC:	David Wills
4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Swinging on the Golden Gate
		7:30	MBS:	Arthur Hale
		7:30	NBC:	Noah Webster
7:15	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Beulah Show
		8:00	MBS:	Frank Singiser
		8:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
5:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Viva America
		8:30	MBS:	Symphony of the Americas
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
		9:30	MBS:	Jean Goldkette's Orchestra
		9:30	MBS:	Calling All Detectives
		9:30	ABC:	Flight to the Pacific
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	ABC:	Coronet Quiz
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
		10:00	ABC:	Hoosier Hop
		10:15	CBS:	Assignment Home
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
	11:15	1:30	ABC:	Hoosier Hop

COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS



Young Lorna Lynn has a fat list of acting accomplishment behind her, and a great career ahead.

IMAGINE a radio star who is blonde, blue-eyed—and who weighs only 85 pounds! Imagine an actress who's had a career for eight years now—and isn't afraid to tell her true age! (Which is eleven years old, of course; you might have known there'd be a catch in it!) Imagine all of this, and you've imagined Lorna Lynn.

Right now she's busily engaged in acting five days a week on the CBS show Danny O'Neil, Songs—in which she plays Danny's mascot Kathleen. But that's only one of the shows in the radio bouquet she carries around. She's also been on The March of Time, Salute to Youth, We the People, Arthur Hopkins Presents, Big Sister, American School of the Air, Here's to Romance, Appointment with Life, My True Story, and Treasury Recordings.

And lest you think for a moment that this tiny twig of femininity doesn't know how to carry her end in a pinch, let us give you this to gnaw upon: on the Ed Wynn Show, which was sponsored by a milk company, Lorna played the part of Beulah the calf; and the calf and Mr. Wynn had a four minute skit together each program. Mr. Wynn, having been a stage veteran for endless decades, rejoiced in ad libbing. One night he got off a very funny crack that wasn't in the script, and then turned to Lorna and asked directly, "Well, how'm I doing?"

Lorna wildly reread the script, but there was no sign of his question or her supposed answer.

"Tell me," Mr. Wynn repeated, "Beulah, how'm I doing? Is it good?"

Lorna came to life. "Why, it's better than good," she said slickly. "It's homogenized!"

Lorna Lynn's been on her own (even though she has a charming mother around to help out) ever since she was three years old. Mother or no mother, it was Lorna herself who went after what she wanted—and won it.

At three, then, she marched down to try out for the Jed Harris production of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," with her small hand tucked in her mother's. Well, the preliminaries were very simple: Lorna outread them all, got the part, helped her mother pack her bags, and set out for Toronto the following Monday to open with the play. The next three months were fairly simple, too: they toured, Lorna's reviews were splendid, and so was the entire show. Ahead lay New York City and Broadway—and trouble.

It came in the form of an order from the Children's Society, which had noted with horror Lorna's age: three. The order stated that no child could perform in the theater until he was seven years of age. Lorna's three-year-old face was lined with sorrow—and so were the somewhat older faces of Jed Harris, Helen Hayes, and the late Alexander Woollcott, who all made a direct appeal to the Society, explaining how important Lorna was to the play and how impossible it would be to train another child in so short a time. But the Society stood firm. So then there was only one thing to do, which was done. Down went Jed Harris and little Lorna to the City Hall, to see Mayor LaGuardia! Lorna scrambled to His Honor's lap at sight of him, and remained there twenty minutes alternately sobbing and smiling. The result was that she got a special permit—and she (and the show) played for eight rave months.

By the time she was nine years old, she was used to reading her notices over her breakfast cereal and milk. She'd been in the plays "The American Way" with Fredric March, "The World We Make" with Margo, "Love's Old Sweet Song" with Walter Huston, "The Trojan Woman" with Margaret Webster, "Panama Hattie" with Ethel Merman, "Jane Eyre" with Sylvia Sidney, and "Mary Ann" with Ernest Truex.

But so far she's resisted all the movie offers she's had, which have been plentiful. She likes radio because she can play a thousand types of roles—and because it doesn't interfere with her schooling or home life.

Now we're almost done with the incredible story of the amazing Miss Lynn. All but one last item: she's been engaged since the age of four—to Rags Ragland! During a show, he told her solemnly, "Lorna, I'll give you a dime if you promise to marry me in 1950."

"Okay, it's a promise," said Lorna, pocketing the dime. Years later Jerry Wayne approached her on the same subject—also during a show rehearsal. "Lorna," he said, "if I give you a nickel, will you marry me?"

"I'm sorry," Lorna said, "but I got a better offer from Rags Ragland—he offered me ten cents!"

Lorna Lynn thinks on her feet!

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



NANCY JANE MACBURNEY—Her smooth way of wearing her hair—whether it's fashionably "upswept" or "down"—gives an added charm to her lovely, clear soft skin.



JUNIOR CANTEEN HOSTESS—Charming Nancy Jane MacBurney, sings with the boys at a USO Canteen she helped organize in Chicago. She first met her fiancé there when he "just happened in." Many girls are serving as Canteen hostesses. Couldn't *you* help in *your* locality?



HER BEAUTY CARE—Pond's Cold Cream. "The cleansing-est, smoothing-est cream I know."

TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

Nancy Jane Macburney engaged to Robert Francis Reynolds Flying Officer, R. A. F.



THE RING Bob gave her just before he took off for England

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto "someday."

Another Pond's bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating "soft-smooth" Pond's complexion.

This is Nancy Jane's fundamental daily skin care . . .

She *smooths* white, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She *rinses* with *more* soft-smooth Pond's—working the cream over her face with little spiral whirls of her fingertips. Tissues off again. This second creaming-over "leaves my face feeling like silk," she says, "and so *clean!*"

Use your Pond's Cold Cream Nancy Jane's "twice-over" way—*every* night, *every* morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. It's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a *big* jar today—you'll *love* the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Viscountess Tarbat · Mrs. Allan A. Ryan · Miss Mimi McAdoo



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To Be in Love

Continued from page 41

nearest thing to an "estate" in Penbury. The family had been a part of Penbury life for generations, and there were plenty of poor relation Byrneses scattered around town, but even they held themselves so much apart that I would have been surprised if it had been one of them who brought Janet home. For a Walnut Hill Byrnes to have driven home one of my girls—one of the Penbury Mill girls—was extraordinary. And Carl—the most remote, the most brilliantly-colored of the lot, who flashed in and out of town without ever seeming to touch it, who carried about him the faint report of having been in far-off places—Mexico, wasn't it, or South America . . .?

There was something wrong with my mental picture of Janet beside him, and I thought I knew what it was. It was because girls who worked in the Penbury Textile Mill didn't get driven home by men who owned the mill—or whose fathers owned the mill, which came to the same thing.

My eyes went to Janet's face and stayed there, caught by something new in her expression. She looked soft and sort of sparkling at the same time—almost radiant; I had never seen her blue eyes so brilliant, or noticed before the clear-cut delicacy of her profile. Her animation troubled me. "It's impossible," I thought. Then—*what's impossible?* I asked myself. *That Janet should have come home in Carl Byrnes' car? But she did. No, what's impossible is that anything more should come of it . . . Janet will be hurt . . .* As if she felt the force of my thought, Janet turned to me with a smile of such vibrant happiness that my eyes wavered from it. She would be hurt!

One or another of the girls often came to my room at night, if there was something special on their minds. That night, when I heard a soft double knock I knew it was Janet, and as I let her in I wondered how to say what I wanted to say without wiping all of that new radiance from her face.

"Carl asked if he could call me," she burst out, almost before she had curled up at the foot of my bed. "I said yes, of course. Jean—did you get a good enough look at him? He's terribly nice—"

"He's been brought up to be nice," I answered, more sharply than I had intended.

"Yes, I guess so. He's been away in South America . . ." Janet stopped and looked at me, her smile fading. "Jean—what's the matter? Didn't you like him?"

I shrugged. "I don't know him. He looks nice enough, but anyone would in those clothes and with that car. And you don't know him, really; he practically picked you up."

Over Janet's face came the look we all knew. Janet was a gentle, calm girl; she never argued; but when she got that look on her face it always meant that there was something she had decided to do, and that nobody could stop her or swerve her an inch. "That's not true," she said. "I really had hurt my ankle. And anyway, it's not as though he were just anybody."

"Oh, Janet, that's just it—he's not just anybody, he's a Byrnes. And you're Janet Blake, who works in his father's mill. Don't you see? Maybe he will take you out once or twice, and then he'll be off again somewhere, going out with the kind of girls—his own kind of girl. He'll never think of you again. When he falls in love, marries, it will be one of them. That's the way things are, and we can't change them."

"Maybe I am his kind of girl," Janet said stubbornly.

I shook my head. "No, darling. You're as sweet a girl as anyone could want—anyone who was born into the same kind of life as you, and lived in the same way. But Carl Byrnes hasn't. He'll want somebody who was brought up the way he was, and went away to school, and was taught how to manage a mansion like the one he lives in. Someone he can be proud of in front of his parents. Not a girl who's worked in his father's mill. And if you see him at all, you won't be able to forget him so easily."

"I think you're wrong," Janet said. She slipped off the bed and went slowly to the door. "I don't think it's wrong to try to change things. Maybe if you want a thing hard enough you get it. Maybe I won't have to forget him."

And so I had lost.

It worried me terribly, all the rest of September and October. I had been wrong about one thing, anyway; Carl took Janet out much more than once or twice. By the end of October her chair at the dinner table was empty one or two nights during the week, and always on Saturday nights. She never volunteered to tell me where they went, or what they did, and of course I didn't ask her. She didn't talk much to the other girls, either; but she kept that glowing softness, and seemed to

★★★ ★★★

PUT IT BACK IN YOUR POCKET

. . . that money you were going to spend on something you don't *really need!* If you don't really need it, it's an inflation-making purchase, and not one American, if he really stopped to think about it, would do a solitary thing to make inflation a reality here. Inflation means danger—danger of the kind we had back in the days of the depression, the bread-line, soup-kitchen, apple-peddler days. So remember, don't buy above ceiling prices, don't buy rationed goods without surrendering ration stamps, and *put that money back in your pocket* until you reach a place where they sell war bonds—the really safe investment for a safe future in a safe America!

★★★ ★★★

grow lovelier week by week. She had fun with Carl, I could see that. I began to live in dread of the end that must come. The happier she was now, the more crushed she would be when it was over, and Carl was gone . . . as he would be.

Janet's birthday came at the end of October. That meant a party—Tanner House had a party on the most trumped-up of excuses, and certainly a twenty-first birthday was a real reason for celebration. But I couldn't put much heart into my planning. I was pretty sure Janet wouldn't want to bring Carl, and I was equally sure she wouldn't enjoy it without him, and I didn't know whether I ought to speak to her or not.

Well, it was lovely weather anyway. We'd have a backyard picnic, bring out the three trestle tables and load them with food, sit around on cushions on the grass and have fun—I cudgeled myself into enthusiasm and went downtown to look for paper tablecloths.

There weren't any. No paper napkins either. No candles of the size I needed for mother's old copper candlesticks. Mr. Schlomm at the ice cream parlor wasn't sure I could have all the ice cream I wanted, even ordering two weeks in advance. There wasn't much enthusiasm left in me as I waited on Carmel Street for my bus. I was tired and vaguely irritated, and still worrying about Janet,—when suddenly I looked up, straight into Carl Byrnes' eyes. He didn't know me, of course—he had only glimpsed me that first time he had brought Janet home; in a moment the light changed and the blue car pulled away, making room for my bus.

BUT in that instant all my formless dissatisfaction crystallized into a single feeling of depression. That odd, gallant lift of his head, those clear eyes, vividly blue—of course Janet wouldn't be able to forget him. And when he had gone everything else would be spoiled for her . . . what right did he have to burst in and upset the comfortable little world we had made of Tanner House? He didn't belong there.

I was so upset that I called Walter that evening and asked him to come over after dinner. I wanted to talk to someone, to try to get my thoughts clear. But I couldn't explain why I was so depressed.

"After all," Walter said soothingly, "it's Janet's life, Jean. She's young, you can't expect her to be satisfied just to be comfortable. She wants fun, a little excitement . . ."

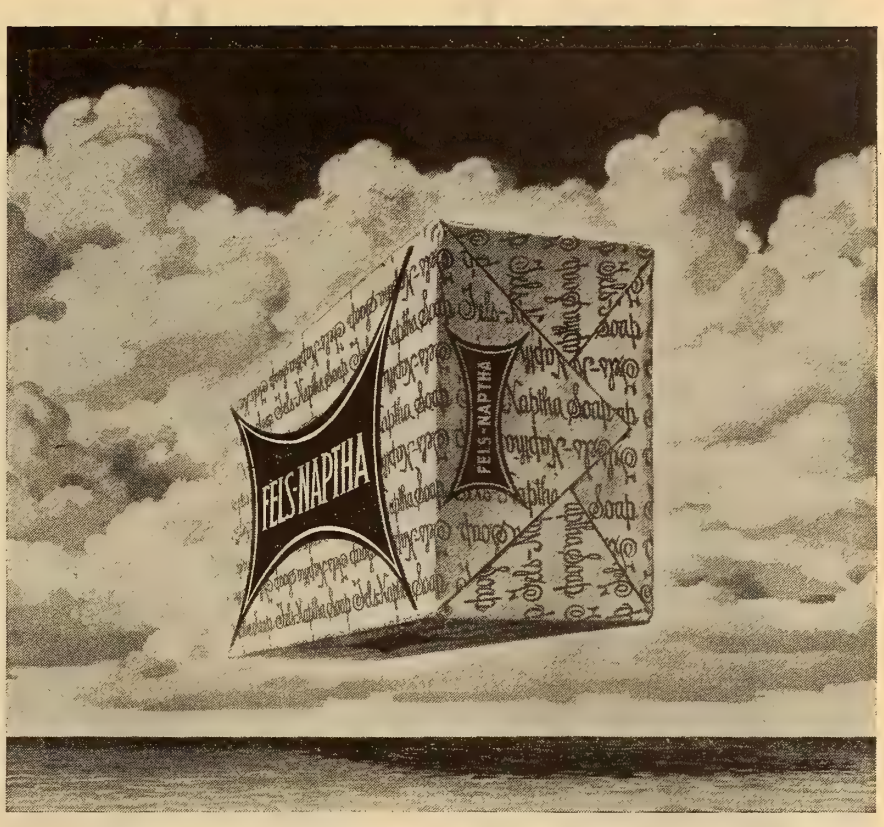
"She wants more than that, that's why it's so unfair," I burst out. "A man like that is more excitement than is good for a girl like Janet. She wants a husband and a home, and after Carl she isn't going to be happy with the nice, quiet kind of boy she's bound to marry."

Walter took off his glasses and polished them carefully. "He might marry her," he objected. "She's pretty enough, nice enough."

"You know better than that!" I snapped. "He comes along, with his good-looking face and all the glamor of his background, all the exciting places he's seen—and as soon as he's ready, off he'll be again. You wait and see," I finished darkly.

"Hey, don't get so excited," Walter said. "Who are you fighting for, anyway? It's not your nice comfortable life he's interfering with; it's Janet!"

I jumped up, exasperated. "Oh, Walter—go home. Anyway, I hear the



Not yet, but –

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence.

Soap is still near the top of the list of materials needed to win the war. So until the orders are changed the great Fels plant must spend most of its time making soap for fighting men.

This doesn't mean that *you* can't get *any* Fels-Naptha Soap. The limited supply for civilians is distributed as evenly as we know how to do it. There will be times, certainly, when your grocer has Fels-Naptha Soap on sale.

We know that most times the Fels-Naptha bin will be empty. And although that is disappointing, we think it's better than depriving the men who need good soap as much as they need good weapons.

The day is coming, when you will go to the Fels-Naptha bin and—if you feel like it— fill your market basket with this famous soap that now seems like a luxury. We *hope* it will be . . . soon!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

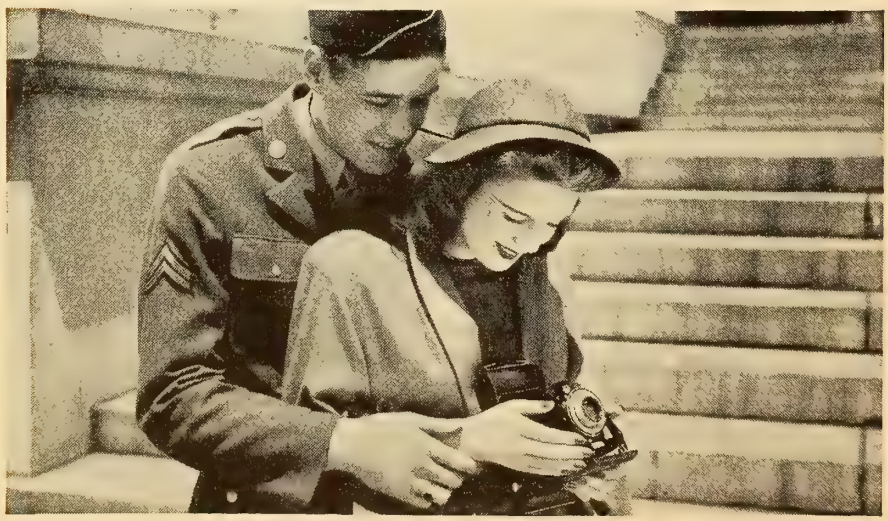
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♥

We'd forget to take pictures when our fingers touched. *"That a girl's hands can be so soft!"* you said. But you must have seen my Jergens Lotion, darling. It's Jergens care that helps a girl's hands stay soft.



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Gain sure softness-protection for your hands, too, with Jergens. Brings your skin 2 ingredients many doctors use to help drying, coarse skin to unforgettable softness. Hands soon look younger, smoother! Like professional hand care. Yet Jergens Lotion is easy, quick to use. No oiliness; no annoying stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



For the softest, adorable Hands, USE

JERGENS LOTION

phone ringing." With a muttered goodnight I strode into the hall and picked up the receiver.

"Yes," I said grumpily. And when the answer came, I felt as though somebody had poked my heart, it jumped so. Because there was the same challenging quality in Carl Byrnes' voice that I had seen in his face, so that I recognized it before he told me his name.

"Janet isn't in," I told him, wondering because he had never called her at the house before.

"I know it—she's here with me. It was you I wanted, Miss Tanner."

"Yes?"

"It was you, today, wasn't it—on Carmel Street? I thought so, but I just didn't think fast enough to ask if I could take you anywhere."

"That's perfectly all right." In spite of myself, my heart hadn't settled down yet. What did he want, I wondered? "After all, we've never really met."

"No," Carl Byrnes said. "But I saw you once, and I remembered you perfectly well. And about not meeting, Miss Tanner—couldn't we remedy that right now? If I took Janet all the way home—as I usually don't because she won't let me—could we talk a bit?"

Don't try your wiles on me, young man. I'm not a child. I took a firm grip on the phone and said, "Of course. Come right ahead." But when I hung up I discovered I was a little breathless. *Nonsense. If he wants to know what I think about him and Janet, I'll tell him what I think.* I went back to the porch rocker, fortified with some knitting, and waited.

IN ABOUT half an hour they came, he and Janet, slowly walking up from the bus stop. Close together. Not talking. *No car tonight; he must be trying to show me that he can ride on the bus just like other people.* "My goodness," I murmured half aloud, "maybe I *am* a child, or else a very old woman. I ought to be ashamed." I *was* ashamed —not only because of my peevish desire to find fault with Carl, but because I felt somehow that sitting there in the half-dark, watching them come up the street so close together, was an invasion of something private between them. I slipped into the house, just in time to be coming out of the livingroom as they entered the hall.

Janet put a hand on my arm as she introduced Carl to me, a hand that was chilled and tense. All her hope that I would like him, that I would feel differently toward him was in that hand and in the look she gave me. She said, "I'm rather tired; I'm going right up." She gave me a last glance over Carl's head, held his hand for a moment, and disappeared up the stairs.

I had smiled at Carl, but at his answering smile I froze again, inside. It was everything that disturbed me about him—his charm, the sureness born of having always had and done everything he wanted. I couldn't welcome this man into Janet's life, when I was so certain that he only wanted to stay there for a little while, until he went on his way again.

I led the way out to the porch and sat down, taking up my knitting again. There was silence for a minute; then Carl looked at me and I could see, in the dusk, the white flash of his grin.

"You look about twenty when you smile," he said.

I stopped rocking. "People usually take me for—for older than I am." I hadn't meant to say that at all!

"I'll bet they do. It's because of that funny little worried look you have. You don't look happy—but I beg your pardon."

"I should think so!" I said furiously. "Did you come here to tell me that, Mr. Byrnes? Because—"

"Because if so, I can go and you'd be quite right to say so. I am sorry. It's just that Janet's told me so much about you that I can't help knowing you're not really a lady dragon."

A lady dragon! Was that what Janet thought—was that how I'd been acting?

Carl Byrnes seemed to sense my hurt, because he went on swiftly. "Understand me—Janet thinks you're the best, the kindest person in the world. She can't be really happy when—" his voice became very sober, very grave—"when you don't approve of me, Miss Tanner. When she won't even let me come here or call her because she's so afraid you won't like it. You're all the family she has, you know."

An unexpected, violent surge of rebellion went through me. "I'm not her mother!"

"No," he agreed, "and that's why you shouldn't try so hard to act like a mother. That's what's wrong, that's why you're not happy. You're young yourself. It's wrong for you to be living in a quiet backwater, in a day-after-day routine. You want the same things your girls want, and you ought to have them. Everyone should have them—the things that are fun, adventure. You're not giving yourself a chance, and if you're not careful you'll start taking out your unhappiness on the girls."

His voice trailed away, came back again. "Please forgive me . . . I want to be your friend . . ." I sat stricken, silent, with a little moan in my heart that suddenly became words. "I have been happy—oh, I have been happy," I whispered.

"No." His voice was inexorable, like the voice of doom. He closed one of

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his hands over mine, and went on, "Believe me, you haven't been happy. You've been—oh, safe, sheltered; you haven't gone out to meet the world at all. And now you're beginning to be unhappy, and you won't be honest and admit it to yourself . . ."

"I won't listen!" I pulled my hand from his and ran into the house, up the stairs, not stopping for breath until I had the door safely shut behind me. I wouldn't listen . . . I pressed the hand he had held over my lips to keep back a sob.

"Jean!" Janet's voice came from the darkness. She snapped the light on and came to me anxiously. "I've been waiting—oh, Jean, what is it?"

I stared at her, trying to find words. "You're not to see him," I said harshly. "He's—he's no good for you . . . it's just as I said, he only wants fun. He'll forget you . . ."

Janet drew away from me. "He's good and fine. You were all wrong. I thought, after you talked to him, you would see—Jean, he asked me to marry him tonight. I guess you didn't give him time to tell you."

SHE read my question in my eyes, and nodded. "Oh yes," she said, "I'm going to. Next month. And then I'm going back to South America with him, because he's got to start working with a railroad down there. No matter what you think, Jean, it's not for any reason except that I love him, and I know he loves me. I *am* his kind of girl. I'll make him happy."

"You won't fit into his life," I said. In spite of myself my voice was trembling. "You won't. You can't, any more than I could!"

"Jean!" Janet's delicate face had gone very white. Her hand clenched round my bedpost until it seemed she must snap it off. "So that's it! It wasn't me at all—it was you all the time you were so upset about. You're jealous, Jean!" She whirled and walked out of my room.

It seemed to me I could see her words lying on the floor before me. They had a life of their own. Jealous. It was a writhing word; it twisted and twined about me, pulling me down into a sodden heap on my bed. I hadn't cried since mother's death, and then the tears of grief had been cleansing. But these were tears of humiliation; they burned my face and left me weak and ashamed, so that no sooner had they stopped than they must start again . . . Because it was the truth.

I faced it that night, and in all the days that followed. Ever since the first time I had glimpsed him beside Janet, that moment when he had actually touched my life, seemed real, for the first time. Or even farther back—when I was discovering that I couldn't think about Walter with placid acceptance . . . ever since I had felt the challenge of his personality, and drawn back from it in fear . . . I knew now that the fear had been, not for Janet, but for myself. Because I knew he was out of my reach, I had tried—frantically, hypocritically—to convince Janet that he was out of her reach too. I couldn't be in love with Carl Byrnes—a man I scarcely knew!

Now, at long last, I had problems of my own to think about during my pulling-together-time. I examined myself rigidly, turning my thoughts this way and that. *Be honest,* Carl had said—(surely, surely the very fact that he, a stranger, had dared to probe so intimately into thoughts I hadn't even known I had—surely that showed that

he sensed that he meant more to me than any stranger)—and I tried to be. What did I want? Was I in love with him? I saw again those strangely vivid blue eyes, the kind of eyes they say seafaring men always have, that look as though they had seen wonderful things in far-off places. I felt again the single touch there had been between us—the warm, hard clasp of his hand over mine. I heard his voice. Did I want that voice to say things to me, the tender things he was saying to Janet?

I thought I knew the answer.

It was as though I were wrapped tightly in a cocoon, insulated by my thoughts from the old, comfortable, familiar world. The girls came and went, and when they spoke to me I answered, though I never knew what was said. I gave Maggie her orders every day, just as always; I counted the sheets and planned dinner. I was conscious that Janet slipped in and out of the house like a little blonde ghost, but I couldn't do anything about it. Not yet. Not until I knew what I wanted, what I was going to do. Whether or not I would ever be able to get back again into the placid routine—the meaningless, empty routine, I saw now—that Carl Byrnes had shaken me out of. Until I knew, there was no wisdom or friendship or affection in me for anyone else.

On Saturday—the day of Janet's birthday party—I buried myself in preparations. It would be the best party Tanner House had ever had. I managed to get the candles for mother's hurricane candlesticks, and that seemed like a good omen, somehow. Maybe tonight things would get clear, maybe . . . I made seven huge pies, besides the birthday cake. The girls kept coming to the kitchen door, and Maggie and I smilingly shooed them away.

Janet came, a little later than the others, and stopped at the kitchen door. It was the first time we had spoken since that night, and she didn't look at me as she spoke. "I've asked Carl to come, tonight. I—it wouldn't have been any good, without him."

I nodded. I had expected him to be there. "I understand. And he's welcome, Janet, of course. I hope it will be a wonderful party for you."

"I know it will." She hesitated.

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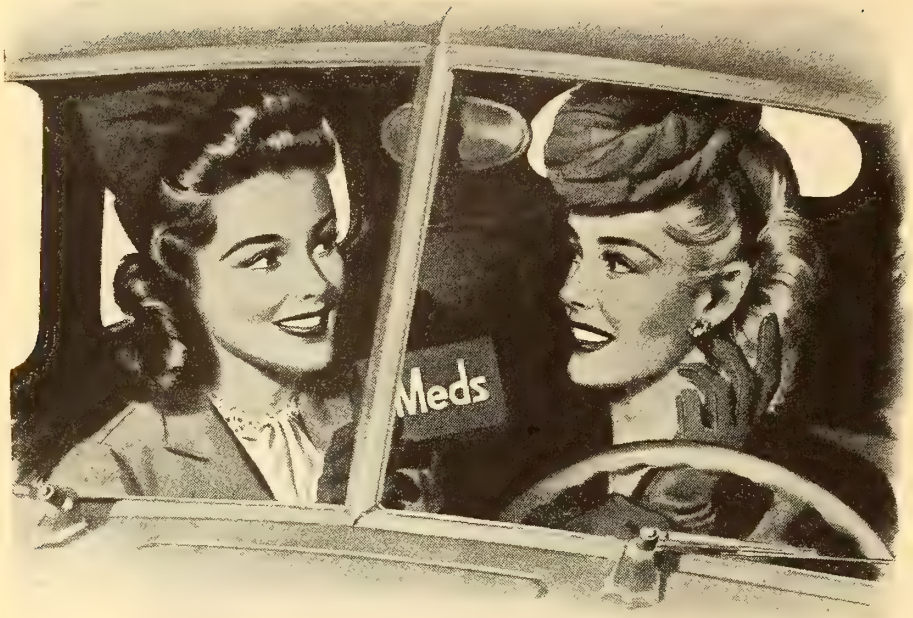
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"Jean . . ." There was an appeal in her voice and in her eyes, but she turned quickly and went upstairs. And what could I have done to answer that appeal? I needed help myself. I, always so grown-up, so very capable and self-sufficient, so well-adjusted. I—who had been playing a part, I thought bitterly; playing a part I wasn't wise enough to play. Telling my girls so definitely what they should or should not do, and all the while not honest enough, not mature enough to know what I myself should do. Or even what, deep down, I wanted to do.

Oh, I must find out! I must know whether or not I was in love with Carl Byrnes. I must admit it to myself, if I were. And then I must try to find some way back to happiness, because even if I loved him it meant nothing, except that I wanted something I could never have. Carl was going to marry Janet. I trimmed the crusts off one pie after another, not seeing them. Seeing only the word Janet had thrown at me that night. Jealous. Jealous because Carl was going to marry Janet.

I TOOK trouble with my dressing that night. I let Maggie fix the tables out in the back yard under the crepe myrtle bushes, and I went upstairs and took a long, relaxing bath and dressed very slowly, very carefully. I took my hair out of its tight, uncompromising knot and folded it into a thick black net in back. I patted and poked the front—it was soft, wavy, brown-gold hair, but I had never taken any trouble with it—until it fell in a gentle curve over one eyebrow. I pulled on my new dress, plain, slim, black, high at the throat and with only a fold over the shoulders for sleeves, so that my arms, hard and muscular from working, but still slim, gleamed whitely against the soft dark fabric. I added earrings, and two wide silver bracelets that mother's mother had worn. I had never worn them before, because they had seemed too daring, too garish. But tonight was different.

I was detached, looking at myself before I went downstairs. At any other time, I wouldn't have believed that it was myself, staring thoughtfully back from the mirror. But somehow, it wasn't surprising tonight. I expected to look different. I felt so very different, so enormously removed from the Jean Tanner who had gone through day after day worried, tense, fretful—living the lives of five other girls because she was afraid to live her own. Or was it just because Carl had said these words to me that I believed them? Was it all because I had fallen in love with a man I could never have had, and who was doubly lost to me because he was in love with someone else? Slowly, the girl in the glass nodded back at me. Somehow, tonight, I'd find out.

The tables looked lovely. Candles flamed in the copper-based hurricane lamps; the tables were laden with great covered bowls of salad, round red-skinned cheeses that had taken all our combined points, the pies Maggie and I had baked. The white-frosted, twenty-two-candled birthday cake would come later, and the ice cream and coffee. I was satisfied. Tanner House knew how to give a party!

The girls looked lovely too. But when I came out they stopped admiring each other, and looked at me in awe. Randy's Jim called out from the far table, where Randy had just firmly taken his finger out of the chicken salad, "Hey—who're you and what

have you done with good old Jean?"

"Oh, I put her to bed and came instead. She doesn't like parties," I called back, and under cover of the general laughter Janet came up to me. In the dusk, in a pale grey dress, she looked all silvery-gold, but there was no gaiety in her face. Only that same appeal, reaching out toward me, and drawing back because there was no answering comfort in me to give her. "You do look beautiful, Jean," she said softly. "You look—different."

"I am different," I answered. "I don't know how, or why—I don't know yet. But don't worry, Janet; try to enjoy the party, and I will too. We'll fix everything . . . somehow . . .."

Maggie clumped out on the back porch and bellowed "Mrs. Warner and Mr. Warner. And Mr. Walter and some other fellows coming through the house—" she glared at them as they passed her and came down into the yard—"instead of going round the side like they knew they should've." Maggie had decided that this was going to be a formal party, apparently. Even Janet and I had to laugh, and then we were very busy greeting people and finding cushions for them, filling their plates . . .

It was some time before Carl came. I knew he was there, even before I turned, because I saw Janet's face as she darted forward. But I didn't immediately understand why everyone fell suddenly silent, until I turned and saw that he wasn't alone. Behind him were a tall, square-jawed, unsmiling man, and a slim gray-haired woman whose eyes seemed to be boring into Janet's upturned face.

Carl had brought his parents to the party.

I guess it was a sort of stage-fright, what I felt then. There was no reason for it, I knew; if they had come for any reason it was to see Janet, they

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knew and cared nothing about me. But still I let Janet have a minute or two with them, before I went forward with reluctant steps. I was the hostess, after all—I would have to make them welcome—but what did one say to the Byrneses of Walnut Hill? To the Byrneses, who were only a name and, almost, a legend to all these other people?

I needn't have worried. By the time I reached them, Janet had said something that had brought a smile to Mr. Byrnes' tight-clamped mouth; Carl was looking over Janet's head at his mother, and his mother was smiling back at him and nodding, almost imperceptibly.

There was nothing for me to do but let Carl introduce me.

"Carl promised faithfully that you wouldn't mind our breaking in like this," Mrs. Byrnes said in a cool, high, swift voice. "We've wanted to meet you—" her eyes went to Janet for an instant, and came back to me— "all of you, and since we were driving by anyway to drop Carl off . . ."

"Not at all," I protested. "You're very welcome indeed." It sounded stiff, inadequate.

JANET laughed and reached out a hand to each of them. "We're absolutely delighted you came," she assured them. "Come and let me find you some cushions and fill you some plates."

"We have to run along—" Mr. Byrnes began, but Janet drew them away with her. Her voice came gaily back to us. "Not without tasting the birthday cake Jean's made me. It isn't a birthday party unless you get sick from too much cake and ice cream."

I said urgently, "Go with them, Carl—don't leave her alone."

Carl looked after them. "Janet's all right; she'll manage them beautifully. I'm not worried about Janet."

He took my hand and led me round to the side of the house, where nobody else had come. His hand was as I had remembered it, warm and hard over mine; his touch set my heart leaping up in that sudden jolt. I thought confusedly "It's true then, I do love him—if just touching his hand can do this to me—"

"You look very lovely tonight. Very different from the last time."

"Thank you," I murmured.

"Janet's told you about us," Carl went on, "that we're going to be married and that I'm taking her away with me? I love her terribly, Jean. We'll make each other happy, I know it."

I waited for those words to cut through the cocoon that wrapped me, for the echo of that *I love her terribly* to fill the emptiness inside of me with pain.

"You were afraid she wouldn't fit into my life—she told me that," Carl said. "But she's everything I want, Jean; everything I've been looking for. And look—" he turned me gently so that I could see across the grass to where Janet sat, her hands clasped round her knees, chattering to Mr. and Mrs. Byrnes as though she had known them always— "they're going to love her too. They couldn't help it. There won't be anything wrong, you'll see."

I found the courage to look up at him then; I looked at the clear eyes and the upslanted brows, the wide mouth that was unsmiling now—all the things I had reproduced so often in my mind—and I knew suddenly that, once again, he had revealed the truth to me, a truth that instinctively I had sensed, but wouldn't admit until I heard him say the words. There *was* nothing wrong.

Janet was right for him; they would be very happy.

At last the cocoon fell away, and a feeling rushed in to fill the emptiness. But it wasn't pain. It wasn't misery. It wasn't love for Carl Byrnes. It was friendship, affection,—love of a kind, the same warm kind I felt for Janet, and if there was excitement mixed in with it, I knew now what that excitement really was.

The next day, in my little interlude before dinnertime, I put it all together in my mind. It wasn't Carl I wanted. Carl belonged to Janet, and that was good and right. But I did want what Carl had symbolized, to me. He had excited me because he was apart from the life I was living—or trying to live; he represented adventure, the challenge of the world I had never gone out to meet, the life I had been pretending to myself that I didn't want.

Now I had a name for the formless restlessness that used to creep over me when the Byrnes' car flashed down the street. The details of Tanner House, the lives of the girls—these had filled my time, but they hadn't filled my life. I had felt suspended, as though I were waiting . . . now I knew that I *had* been waiting. If it had not been for Carl, I might have forgotten that feeling; I would have made more and more details so that my time would be busier than ever, so that gradually I would forget that I had ever wanted anything but the problems of the House, the peacefulness of late afternoons on the front porch, rocking—and yet, underneath, always, I would have been vaguely, wordlessly unhappy. Fretful, irritable—what had Carl said? *Taken it out on the girls*—as I had almost taken it out on Janet, not wanting her to have her happiness because I didn't have mine. It was cowardice that kept me at Tanner House, cowardice that kept me rooted in the path that mother had made for me; I had been afraid to admit to myself that I wanted to try another path, to test myself in another kind of living, because I had been afraid that I wouldn't have the courage to break away. Carl had given me that courage, now. He had shown me that I had to be honest with myself, deeply honest, if ever I were to have a hope of happiness. I must have courage to try for the things I wanted —and if I failed, I failed. At the very least, I would have lived in another place, besides Penbury; I would have met other people, and done other work . . . And at the very most, I might make a life for myself that was truly my own, the one I wanted, not filled with the tag-ends of other people's lives. Find, perhaps, someone to share that life. At the very most, I would be the girl who had looked back at me from the mirror, very different and yet not surprising, as though she were someone I had been waiting for . . .

I would never have believed that it would have been so easy to move out of an old world, into a new. But to the girl I was now, anything was possible. I waited until after the wedding, of course. It was a small, perfect wedding, at the house on Walnut Hill; and afterwards we all went down to the train with Carl and Janet. They were going into a new life and I shared their excitement, because I too was going.

I wrote to an aunt I had never seen. I had never expected to see her, either, because she lived half way across the country, in a city more than five times larger than Penbury. She would be terribly happy to have me, she wrote back. *Come at once and stay as long*



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as you like . . . Maggie Fitts would manage Tanner House. Why not? She could do it as well as I, except, of course, that she wouldn't mother the girls as I had.

"Come back, Jean," they all said wistfully, as one by one they kissed me goodbye when my train pulled into the station.

I smiled as I kissed them back. "You'll all be married and gone by the time I get back. I'll write to all of you!"

Then they were gone and Walter was there, handing me a small florist's box and a handful of magazines, looking down at me. Then he repeated what the girls had said. "Come back, Jean. We'll—I'll still be here."

I reached up and gently kissed his cheek, and shook my head. "No, Walter. Even if I should ever come back to Penbury, it wouldn't be to you. I don't know how else to say it."

"I guess I've known it a long time, anyway." He sighed. "Here, up you go. Don't forget to write."

I looked back at them from my window until they, and the station, and Penbury itself were far behind.

How different the countryside looked from a train window. I had driven often between Penbury and Eustace, but never had it looked like this—open, field beyond field, stretching to the horizon. I had never let my eyes wander to the horizon before; now I was free to watch the far, thin line of meeting earth and sky, free to wonder what beyond-the-horizon would be like.

The train settled into a steady chugging. Walter's flower box was still in my hands; absently I untied the ribbon, lifted out a single orchid—an orchid!

As I pinned it on, a queer sensation traveled over me. It started at the tips of my new slim calfskin shoes, wandered up to the top of my head. Someone—someone across the aisle—was watching me. I knew instantly that it was a man. I don't know how I knew, except that there was a challenge in the air, as though he were silently daring me to look up. I became suddenly conscious of the way my ankles looked, of the fit of the new green wool suit, of the unfamiliar mist of veil that tied the tiptilted little green hat to my head. Slowly, steadily, I finished pinning the orchid to my shoulder. Slowly I raised my head.

In a second's time, I was going to turn, to meet the challenge in the eyes that were watching me.

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IN LIVING PORTRAITS

in the November issue of

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Whirlpool

(*Continued from page 45*)

disease, follows the false elation. This was one of the times when he was most unreasonable, when he felt the whole world was against him.

"No one understands me," he complained. Not even you!"

He had accused me of that many times before when he was like this, and I had learned to accept it as a symptom and not be hurt by it. But today, even as I was moved to pity, I felt the goad of guilty knowledge. What he said was untrue, as it had always been—but had he seen my love for another man written on my face?

He looked at me. Perhaps he sensed something different in my voice. "You've changed," he said suddenly. "It's as if—as if you didn't love me any more!"

That, too, could be the morbid imaginings of his overwrought mind. And yet—for one minute, my heart seemed to stop beating. How could I tell him?

That night I wept in Don's arms. "It was so cruel to lie!" I sobbed. "But it would have been far crueler to tell him the truth *now*. What else could I have done?"

Don held me close. "Yes," he said, "you had to. He must be stronger before we tell him—and then we must tell him together, not you alone."

"BUT how can I go on lying?" I cried. "How can I let him think I love him when I don't—especially when he seems somehow to know it? I'm letting him, making him, believe in me—and then I'll have to take the belief away! Oh, darling—what can we do?"

Well, there was one thing we could do. And that night we decided, together, to do it—no matter how difficult or how unhappy it made us. We would stop seeing each other like this until the time came when we could go openly and honestly to Woodie and tell him we loved each other.

"We have to earn our happiness, the right to our future," we told each other. "If it is impossible to tell him the truth now, then we must act as if what he believes *is* true, until such time as we can tell him."

And so the goodnight we said was more than for tonight. It was for many nights and days to come. But always with hope burning brightly. And I wept when I kissed Don, wept for the parting, but dried those tears with the faith that the parting would be a short one and a right one and, through it, we would have bought the right for our Some Day.

It was when Don was leaving that my doorbell rang. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and for a moment I could only stare at him helplessly while thoughts of disaster flashed through my mind. Maybe something had happened to Woodie—maybe he was worse—maybe there had been another attempt on his own life . . .

It was disaster, all right, but not what I expected. It was Woodie's mother.

"I was just passing," she said, "on my way home from a bridge game, and I saw your light. May I come in, Nancy?"

She was already in. She was looking at Don Colman and then at me, and I saw suspicion and then an evil sort of triumph in her eyes. And I saw, too, the overflowing ashtray by the couch, filled with the stubs of the

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AT ALL GROCERS

R
R

68

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many cigarettes we had smoked nervously as we talked in our distress. They were proof Don had spent the evening here. And I knew my eyes were red with weeping, that my hair was rumpled, and, most ironic of all, that there was a small smear of lipstick on Don's mouth, left there by my kiss. My goodbye kiss.

Flustered, I performed the introductions. "Mr. Colman is from the agency. He—he was just leaving."

Don held my hand for a moment at the door and said in a hurried undertone, "If you need me, call me, Nancy. This is going to be hard for you. Would you rather I stayed?"

"No, no," I whispered. "It's better if you go." And I pushed him out.

Mrs. Frazier confronted me when I came back to her. "I thought so!" she said vindictively. "Mamie Webster told me she saw you with that man Thursday night at a restaurant, and, besides, I've had my suspicions for some time. I knew I'd find him here tonight. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"YOU'VE got no right to spy on me!" I cried heatedly. "Whose business is it if I have dinner with a friend?"

"Do you call this 'having dinner with a friend'? Having a man up here alone, kissing him, carrying on with him! While my boy is out there in that dreadful place! Well, I'm going to tell Woodie! I'm going to tell him what's going on behind his back, you—you cheap little hussy!"

It didn't matter what she called me. I hardly heard the sneering, spiteful words. What did matter, what struck terror to my heart, was the threat.

"You can't tell him!" I cried. "Mother Frazier—it will kill him. He'll never be well if you tell him now. And, besides, it isn't true—what you're thinking! You've got to believe me!"

I took a long breath. I had, above all else, to keep control of myself now. Not to lose my temper, not to try to answer her lies—they weren't important. What I had to do was—somehow—keep her from carrying out the threat that would be a mortal wound to Woodie.

"Mrs. Frazier," I said as calmly as I could, "I know you've never liked me. And maybe it's true I haven't been a good wife to your son though, God knows, I've tried to be. But you must not, you *cannot*, tell him these suspicions of yours now. You will do irreparable harm. Please try to understand me and if I've done wrong, then find it in your heart to forgive me. It's true I love Don Colman. It's true I don't love Woodie. When he's well, we're going to tell him and ask him for a divorce. But he can't be told until he is well. His whole future, his mental health, depends on his believing in me right now. Don't you see!"

Her eyes were completely cold, except for the vindictive fire that lit them. "So it is true! You admit you're carrying on with another man. Woodie's going to know that if it's the last thing I ever do. He's going to know it tomorrow!"

For a moment I felt as if I wanted to strike out—at her, at anything—to find release for the despairing anger that flooded through me. But that would do no good. I had to stop her from venting the jealousy she had always felt for me, on an innocent victim, and ruining not only Woodie's but all our lives. There was only one way.

"Very well," I said. "But not tomorrow. Tonight. You and I are going out

to the hospital and see Dr. Blythe. And if he says you should tell Woodie, then tell him. But first you and I are going to talk to the doctor."

I walked over to the telephone and called the hospital. Late as it was, when I told Dr. Blythe that something had come up I felt was vital to Woodie's well-being, he said instantly, "Come right out."

I saw that Mrs. Frazier did not want to go, that it was not the doctor she wanted to talk with but Woodie. But I gave her no chance to back out.

Dr. Blythe saw me first, leaving Mrs. Frazier in the waiting room outside. I told him the whole story as honestly and frankly as I could. Occasionally he interrupted with questions: when had I met Don, did I see much of him at present, what did we plan to do—things like that. I couldn't tell what he thought.

When I had finished, he sat silent for a moment and then he said: "You are quite right, of course. It is impossible that your husband should be told now, especially in the way his mother would do it. I would not be answerable for his actions or for his ultimate recovery if she did. His whole feeling of security comes from you and his dependence on you."

"But later, Dr. Blythe," I could hardly get the words out. "Later will it be all right to tell him—when he's recovered?"

"We hope for a full recovery. We hope that in the near future Woodie Frazier will be as normal as any man. When that happens—if that happens—then, my dear, telling him is up to you. It will be a blow, of course—it would be to any man. And it will give him pain and upset him. But I think you would be justified because you never should have been allowed to marry him without knowing of his previous illness. Whether you decide to leave him or not depends on where you think your real, your honest, happiness lies. I can't decide that for you. No one can. That is between you and your conscience, as it would be with any woman."

"THANK you for saying that," I said in a low voice. "That's what I think, too. I just had to be sure it wouldn't make him—dangerous to himself again. But I'm afraid of Mrs. Frazier—what she might say or do—"

"You leave Mrs. Frazier," Dr. Blythe said grimly, "to me."

What he said to her I never knew for certain. But whatever it was, it frightened her so that she gave him her promise she would keep silent. I think he must have painted the consequences for her of what would happen to her son if she carried out her threat, in words that even she, in her blind jealousy and over-possessiveness, could not fail to understand. She was very subdued and quiet when she came out, and she dabbed at her eyes once or twice with her handkerchief. Once again, I felt a sorrow and a sympathy for her, and a regret that we two women could not share Woodie's tragedy and strengthen each other in the sharing.

It was very late when I got home but I called Don anyway. I knew he would be worried, and I had to tell him what I had done and what the doctor said.

"You were wonderful, darling," he said, and his voice thrilled me with its pride and love. "All we can do now is hope. And remember this, my sweet—what we feel for each other is real and for forever."



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The tension I lived under during those weeks was terrible. My longing for Don grew so intense it was as if every nerve in my body cried out with it. The only solace I could find was in thinking of our future, planning for it, dreaming of it. Some day this would all be over. We would declare our love. We would be together. And then we would begin to live. All this inner agony of waiting was preparation for that day.

Woodie grew steadily better. I saw the improvement every time I visited him. And I rejoiced—not only for myself but for him. To be free forever of the dreadful blight that had hung over him so long, to be able to take his place with confidence in the world and live as other men—that was what I wanted for him.

I knew Don felt the same way, that he was not selfish in wanting Woodie to be well again. That was one of the wonderful things in our love; without speaking, we knew what the other felt. So, on Mondays, when Don would stroll casually into the office and ask "How was he yesterday?", I would say "Better," and his eyes would light and I knew he was glad in the way I was glad.

"It can't be much longer, then" Don would say, "before he comes home."

IT couldn't be much longer, and all my time—my minutes and hours—were measured by that thought. Yet when the day came, it was unexpected. Woodie just opened the door one evening and walked in.

I dropped the plate I was drying, and stared at him. I felt faint.

"I wanted to surprise you," Woodie said and grabbed me in his arms. "Oh, gosh, it's good to be here! *Gosh*—" He sort of choked up then, and I knew his feeling went too deep for words.

Now is the time to tell him, I thought wildly. Now. Not gradually, but with one clean and final thrust before his happiness becomes too much a part of him. And from somewhere a line of poetry came to my mind. *The kindest use a knife. . . .*

Gently, I pulled out of his arms. "Woodie," I said. "Woodie, I have something—"

"Oh, my darling, my little Nancy—you'll never know how I've waited for this. To come back and find you here as you have always been, to know that, no matter what happened, you were always here—it's all that pulled me through. The treatment wouldn't have worked if I hadn't had you to come back to, to want to live for. I told Dr. Blythe that."

"And he—" I faltered. "What did he say?"

Woodie laughed. "He said he was glad I appreciated my wife, that she was a wonderful person, and that I should remember that all my life, no matter what happened. As if I needed to be told!" He took me in his arms again and I could feel his body trembling.

I stood, unresisting, passive. The life seemed drained out of me and I felt cold as ice. I could see Don's dear face as clearly as if he stood there in the kitchen with us. This was the time to speak . . . this was the time . . . And yet I couldn't. Some force stronger than I, stronger than my love for Don, stilled the words I would have spoken.

Exhausted by the excitement of the day, Woodie went to bed early and fell immediately asleep. I moved quietly around the bedroom, getting ready for the night, and it was as if I were

not myself but another person whose every movement was an effort, whose every gesture brought pain.

I stood by the bed a moment, looking down at Woodie's face in the light of the shaded bedlamp. He looked so young and, in his sleep, so helpless. Like a child worn out and happy from a day's play . . .

I closed the door softly behind me and went into the living-room. I sat there in the dark, hardly moving, until the first light of dawn came against the windows. And when the day came, knowledge came with it.

I knew then that I would never tell him. I knew that there are some things greater than love, even a love like Don's and mine. Responsibility, duty, honor—I couldn't put a name to it. Perhaps what I was acknowledging was made up of all those things and more. I had married Woodie Frazier, for better or worse, in sickness and in health. Ignorant, yes, of his history—but I had married him, believing that my response to the child in him was love. It was that child-like quality that needed me, that had made me think I loved him. Well, that child was still there—in the other room, asleep and helpless. Sometimes sick and sometimes well. But still needing. He hadn't changed. I had.

And I knew what I was doing—not with pride or pity for myself, but with a cold evaluation of the facts. I was giving up the source of any true happiness I would ever know. I was facing a life in which I could be only part myself, deprived of children, deprived of real companionship, deprived of an adult love. Yet it was a sacrifice that must be made without remorse, a just sacrifice.

And when my husband awoke, breakfast was ready and I was waiting.

I cannot bear, even now, to think of the hour I spent with Don Colman the next day, in a secluded booth of a quiet restaurant, facing each other over a lunch that remained untouched. I cannot remember without pain the look on his face when I told him my decision—no, not mine but the decision that had somehow been made for me by forces out of my control—his outburst of disbelief, his accusation of unfairness, and then, slowly, his realization and acceptance. The sharpest memory of all is the way we looked bleakly at one another with eyes that held only misery.

AND out of that bleakness, the way he said, "This is goodbye then, Nancy. I'm going to leave Wilton. I can't stay here any longer."

And then he leaned across and covered both my hands with his. He even managed that slow, sweet smile as he said the words that will always be written on my heart. "If you ever need me, darling, if anything ever happens—I'll always be there, forever."

He got up and left then, without a goodbye. It was better that way. And I watched as he got his hat from the checkroom girl, as he paused for a moment at the door, then straightened his shoulders and went out, not looking back. I watched as long as I could see him, impressing each line of his body, the color of his suit, the angle at which he wore his hat, indelibly upon my memory so that always I could call it up and see him as he was.

Don resigned from the agency that afternoon and left Wilton that night. A few days later came a short note from a distant city, giving his address and wishing me well. That was all.

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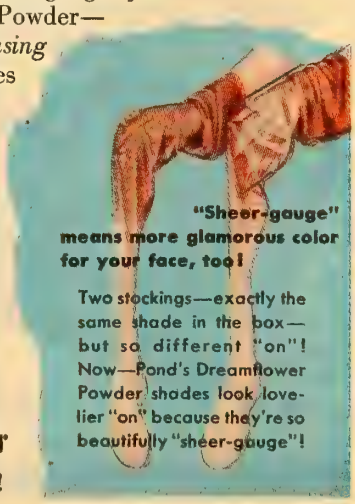


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I remained in my trance-like state. Nothing seemed real or clear, and I only went through the motions of living without knowing exactly what I did. I went to work, I kept house, I talked with Woodie. He, too, seemed unreal. He had a new job now and was doing well at it. The dreaded shadow haunted me, but though I watched him carefully he seemed better than he had ever been—more stable, happier. Once I went out to see Dr. Blythe. I told him I was going to stay with Woodie.

"That was for you to decide, my dear," he said, "and it's not for me to say whether you were wrong or right. But one thing you can always know: your faithfulness and care of your husband during the last two years has played a great part in his recovery. No matter how unhappy you may be, or how unfulfilled, you can always know that."

But knowing didn't seem to mean much at the time. Nothing did. The night that I had made my choice between what I wanted to do and what I must do, had left its mark on me. It had been as if youth ended that night—youth and all its bubbling well-springs of expectancy.

ONCE Woodie said, "What's the matter, Nancy? Lately you seem so absent-minded—as if you were miles away from me."

I roused myself and smiled at him. "Nothing, dear. I'm just tired." But after that I made an effort at least to act as I had before. If Woodie ever suspected the real truth, then my sacrifice would have been in vain. His faith in me must be kept intact, no matter what the cost, for all our sakes.

I tried not to think of Don—it hurt too much. But I dreamed of him constantly, sometimes seeing him clearly and as he was, sometimes in some dim, fantastic guise. Once I dreamed that Don and I were being married in a big, shadowy, cathedral-like place where the only sound was the minister's voice, repeating over and over the words of the ceremony; then suddenly the place grew light and I saw the minister's face, and it was Woodie, smiling and nodding at us. I woke from that dream, weeping. It was so close to what I wanted!

At Christmas, a card came from Don. It was the first I'd heard from him since the note giving his address. There was no message—but I knew what he intended it to say. It told me he was well, it told me that I was still and would always be a part of him. And I knew that even if he met and married someone he could love, as surely some day he would, we would still be an irrevocable part one of the other. Real and for forever, our love would still live, even though denied.

It was right after Christmas that Woodie decided to change jobs again. He wanted to start selling insurance instead of cars. I didn't like the change. He had good arguments for it, as he always did, but I was fearful of what it might signify. Everything he did, I had to question and examine in the light of his past illness, lest it might, somehow, bear in it the seeds of another recurrence. I tried to talk him out of changing, but impatient and impulsive as always, he refused to listen.

"But I'm contented as we are," I told him. "Please, dear—"

"You deserve the best and you're going to have it. Everything bigger and better—that's what I want for you!"

And that was the frame of mind in

which he left that morning—excited, stimulated by new dreams of new worlds to conquer, always looking for the fresher, greener pasture.

It was about eleven o'clock that the boss came to my desk. I sensed something even before I looked up and saw his face.

"I've got bad news for you, Nancy," he said in a low voice. "It's Woodie—he's been hurt—badly, I'm afraid."

I gave a sort of gasping sob. No words would come. "I'll take you to the hospital," Mr. Brody went on. And feeling unable to move, I still found I was moving, supported by his arm, hurrying out to the car at the curb, trying to listen to what he said as we started toward the hospital. "He was struck by a car, Nancy. It wasn't the driver's fault—Woodie was crossing against the lights and he—well, he was in too much of a hurry. He was—overexcited, according to the people who saw it happen. You know what I mean?"

Yes, numbly, I knew. I knew too well. When Woodie was in that mood, nothing could stop him from going where he wanted except—except—

"Will he—live?"

"I don't know, Nancy. I don't know. He's in the operating room now—they'll do all they can." He reached out and patted my hand. "It seems as if, in a way, something like this was bound to happen to Woodie. Being the way he was—"

Being the way he was, perhaps it was inevitable. I don't know. Perhaps the way a person is, does determine in some measure the things that happen to him. All I know is that I sat there in the hospital room beside that bandaged figure and thought, "No one is to blame. This just happened."

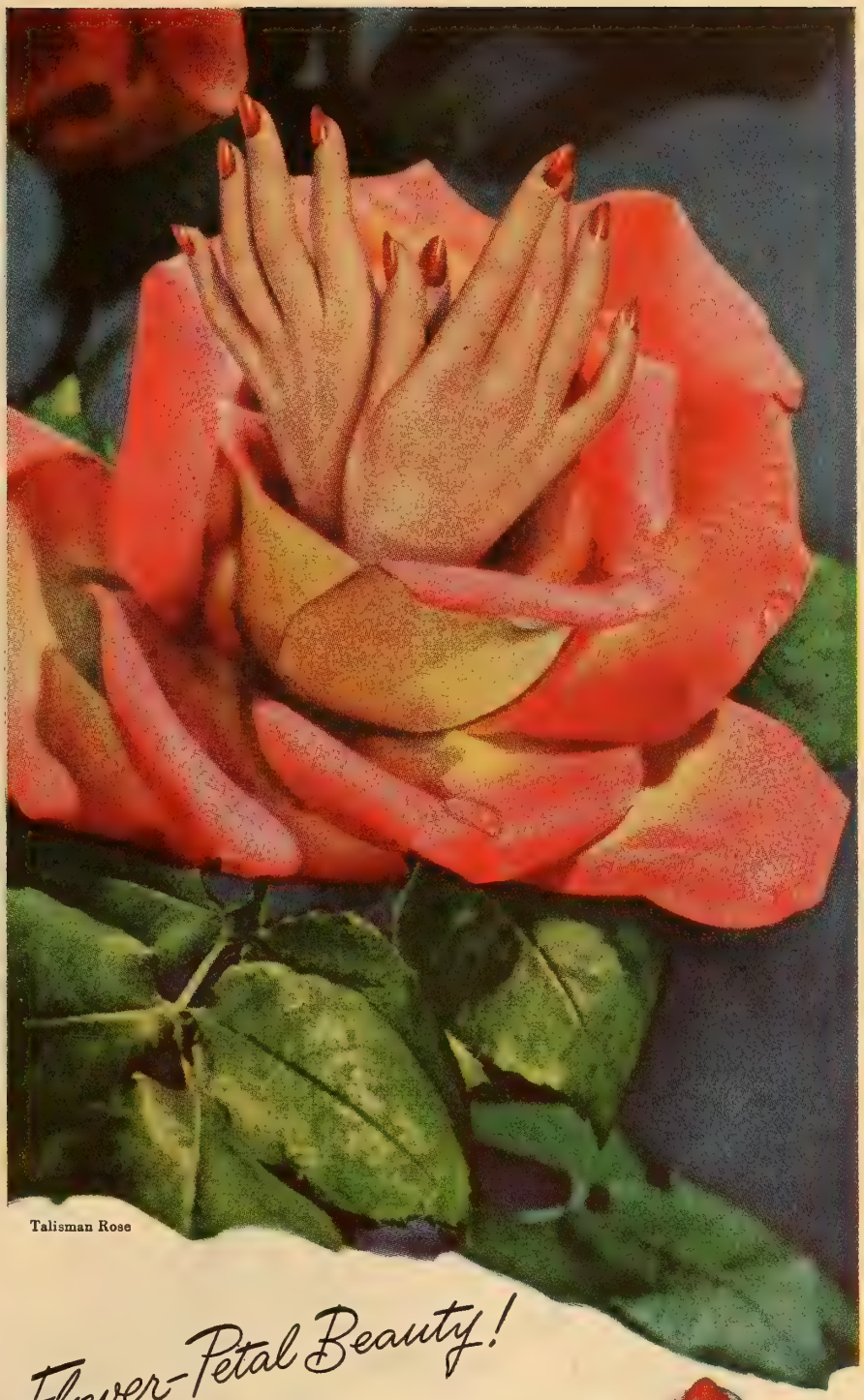
Some day, perhaps, when doctors know more about these things than they do now, we'll be able to say, instead of "This just happened", "This happened *because* of such and such . . ." "the way to cure it *absolutely* and *forever* is so and so . . ." Then there will be no more fearing, groping in the dark for people like Woodie and those who love them. But for me, waiting there beside Woodie, there was no such comfort. I could only feel that whatever could be done for him had been done, and now there was nothing to do but wait. If he recovered from his injuries, I would still be there, waiting to take care of him; I knew that for certain now. And if he didn't recover . . . that was a thought I would not admit into my mind. I could only wait.

ONCE he opened his eyes and smiled at me. I put my hand in his and he murmured, "Darling—I'm glad you're here."

Half an hour later, with my hand still in his, Woodie died.

Tomorrow I am leaving Wilton for good. There is nothing for me here now. There has never been anything for me here—except the deep lessons I have learned, and maybe they are the most important things of all.

I know that Woodie died believing in my love, and that my lie was justified. I know that as far as I was able, I never let him down. And I know that whatever lies ahead now, I can be unafraid to meet it because Don and I, together, proved that love is more than that feeling—no matter how all-encompassing—between one man and one woman. Love can build but not destroy. And our love built a refuge for Woodie where he was safe until he died.


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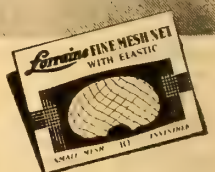


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Enchanted

Continued from page 25

people who work in the daytime like to be able to come in the evening. That Mr. James, for instance. He buys horsemeat for his Paddy, the Irish terrier, but he never gets home until after seven. My being open at night is convenient for him. And for people like Mrs. Finnelly, who—"

He looked at me, and shook his head in mock dismay. "Oh, Penny, there you go again!"

I felt my eyes go wide with amazement. "There I go again doing what, for goodness sake?"

"Talking yourself into something. You do it all the time—no, listen to me, Penny. I mean it. You do it all the time—you talk all around in circles making excuses for yourself. Now look here—don't be angry!"

"I'm not angry." The words sounded like stones being dropped from a great height.

"Then prove it, and prove that all your talk *is* just talk, by going out to dinner and to the movies with me tonight. This is Friday, so they've got shrimp at Mercy's Grill, and the new Gary Cooper picture is playing at the Rialto. How about it?"

To go out—on a date! A date! Suddenly I was appalled. Why, I hadn't even thought of such a thing. Ken had worked too hard, when he was home, for us to make many friends, and after he was gone, I didn't want to see people, or talk to them. Having Phil Reeves drop in all the time was strange enough, but to go out on a date with him—!

"Or, if that sounds too tame, we might go dancing at the Hilton," he was continuing. "They say that the new orchestra there is swell, and we—"

"Oh, no!" I cried. "Oh, no, Phil—Phil, I've told you that my husband—" I stopped, amazed that he could even ask me to go dancing.

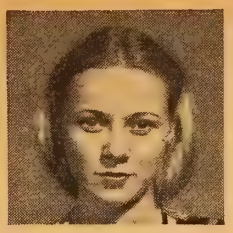
"Penny!" There was amusement and exasperation in his voice. "Penny, you're impossible. I'm no wolf—you sound as if I'd asked you to do something downright disgraceful. Lord, child, you can't stay shut up here for the rest of your life, you know. I may be a doctor for animals, but I know a lot about humans, too, and I know you're going to be a wreck if you don't talk to someone besides Cassy. Let's just say I prescribe an evening out for you—we'll go to the movies, if the idea of dancing is so dreadful. How about it?"

Looking at it in the abstract, it sounded wonderful. If I were just a girl, if I'd never been married, if I hadn't known Ken, it would have sounded like a perfect evening, in perfect company. But to go to Mercy's Grill, where Ken and I had had dinner so often! To dance with someone who wasn't Ken, to feel arms about me that weren't the arms of my love—oh, no, I couldn't do it!

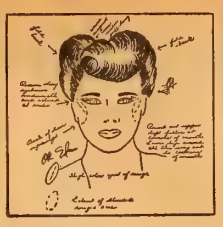
"I can't," I repeated dully. "I can't. It's awfully nice of you to worry about me, Phil, but really—"

But he wouldn't give up and in the end, I went—Phil was very persuasive. And I had a wonderful time. There were whole periods of time, whole seconds, minutes, hours, when the weight lifted from my aching heart, when I forgot that sadness was my companion, sorrow my bedfellow. My voice fell easily back into the pattern of laughter, my feet found easily the pattern

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of dancing. If you've once been gay, once been happy, you never forget how it feels.

I lay awake a long time that night, thinking. I wasn't blaming myself for having had a good time—thank heaven, I wasn't so foolish as to believe that it was wrong for me to have a good time, or that having enjoyed myself was something to be ashamed of. It was simply that I couldn't understand *why* I had enjoyed myself. How could I have fun with another man? Why would being out with anyone but Ken *be* fun? How could I do, with this comparative stranger, the things, so dear to me, that I had done with Ken, and enjoy them, instead of having them bring home my loss more desperately to me?

PHIL took his vacation the next week, and went home to see his mother and father. And I missed him—there was no hiding that fact from myself. I hadn't realized, until he was gone, how he had lightened the dull routine of the days—indeed, I hadn't realized how dull the routine of the days had been before he came along. The lone company of Cassy, I found, was not enough—oh, not nearly enough. Even the occasional visits of Myra and Smooch, on their way to some important dog-and-child business of their own, didn't help much.

You're an awful fool, Penny, I told myself. *Phil's just a friend—why on earth shouldn't you have friends? It's not good for you to sit alone and mope; certainly you can't do it for the rest of your life. The world has to be faced, not hidden from—the sooner you learn to face it, stand up to it, the better. It isn't as if Phil were a beau or a suitor—that would be dreadful, hateful! But he's just a friend, a companion—and what's wrong with that?*

There was nothing wrong with it, I finally convinced myself, and there was no disguising the fact that I was glad to see Phil when he finally came back. It was dinner time, and I was feeding

ANSWERS TO RADIO-I-Q:

1. a) Lionel Barrymore
   b) Brian Aherne
   c) Herbert Marshall
   d) Roland Young
   e) Basil Rathbone
2. American Broadcasting Company
3. a) . . . Evelyn Winters
   b) . . . Family
   c) . . . Marries
4. Perry Como
5. La Verne, Maxene & Patty
6. a) Inventor
   b) Doctor
   c) Actress
7. a) FBI In Peace and War
   b) This Is Your FBI
8. Jo Lyons
9. a) True
   b) True
   c) False
   d) True
10. a) Bob Hawk
    b) Ralph Edwards
    c) Clifton Fadiman
11. a) Raymond Swing
    b) Walter Winchell
    c) Paul Schubert
    d) Lowell Thomas
12. Don McNeill
13. John Charles Thomas
14. Homer Brown

the animals, when he came. And it seemed natural and simple and right for him to come in with a brief hello, take off his coat, and begin to help me—hampered somewhat by the leaping Cassy, who was frantic with joy at seeing him again.

"Miss me?" he asked, as he scooped down into the big bag of dog food. And then, without giving me a chance to answer, "Well, Cassy did anyway, didn't you, old girl? What are you going to mix this stuff with, Penny—water?"

I shook my head. "No, broth. There's a big pot of it on the kitchen stove—want to get it for me?"

He went out, and in a moment he was back, the big kettle held with two pot holders. "This is a really swell arrangement, Penny," he said, as he poured broth over the dry meal. "The shop, I mean—your living quarters upstairs, the shop here, and that huge back yard. That could be fixed up with some really good runs, and you could accommodate a lot more dogs to board. I wish I had a place like it," he added, and I heard his voice going on about his plans for a new and larger hospital-kennel, but I didn't hear the words. *It could be fixed up*—that was what Ken and I had said so often, so enthusiastically, to each other. The plans—the beautiful, happy, wonderful plans—for a future that never came! I leaned against the wall, suddenly sick, and closed my eyes.

I heard Phil drop the big wooden spoon, stride across the room to me. "Penny—is anything the matter?"

SHAKING my head, I tried to smile at him. "No, nothing—nothing's wrong." But even in my own ears the words sounded false, hopeless, defeated, just as I felt myself.

I felt his hand, gently under my chin, tilting my head up. "Open your eyes, Penny—Penny, open your eyes, because it's not nice to sneak up on a girl and kiss her when she isn't looking. And I'm going to kiss—"

My eyes flew open, my hands instinctively flew up to fend him off. "No, Phillip, no . . . no. . . ." But perhaps I didn't even say the words aloud.

And I learned, then, that just as your voice never forgets the ways of laughter, your feet the pattern of dancing, just so do your lips, once they have known the joy of a lover's kiss, never forget the kissing. . . . It was long and deep, that kiss, like cool water after a great thirst, like bread after a terrible hunger—and strangely, incredibly sweet. Strangely, because I forgot for a moment the identity of the kisser. It wasn't that I tried to pretend that once again, for a brief, unbelievable moment, I was back in Ken's arms. But I didn't, either, think of Phillip's lips on mine. It was simply that I was being kissed, sweetly, satisfyingly, and that, for a moment, was enough, and I felt my own welcoming lips responding.

But the moment was fleeting, the sweetness quickly bitter. My hands, stopped in mid-gesture a minute before, found his shoulders to push him away. "Phillip—oh, Phil—!"

He tried to make me laugh. "Penny, you're an enchanted lady, a sleeping beauty, sound asleep behind a wall too high for me to climb. I thought a kiss might waken you, might unlock the gate."

I shook my head. "Phil—you'll have to understand. Never, never, can you and I—can we—have anything like that. I told you about my husband, and how we loved this place, and what

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we wanted to do with it. I haven't told you how I loved Ken, because that's simply something I can't talk about. There are no words for it. I thought—"

"Penny, I didn't mean to—"

But I hurried on, silencing him. "No, listen to me. I thought for a while, Phil, when I first knew you, that knowing you was going to ease my loneliness. But it hasn't. It's simply intensified it. And I can't bear it any longer. It's not your fault—it's simply that you're too much like Ken, in what you do and in what you want out of life. And I can't stand to have Ken brought home to me like this. So please, Phil—please go away, and don't come back again!"

"But Penny—"

Tears were running down my cheeks. "Please, Phil—oh, please!"

He nodded. "I'll go now, Penny. I frightened you. I didn't mean to, and I'm sorry. But—I can't stay away. I think you know that."

I had myself under control a little better now—enough so that I could say, calmly, "You'll have to, Phil. I don't want it any other way," and to sound convincing, as if I really meant it.

When he was gone, the tears came again, and I felt helpless and sick, because I didn't know from what cause they sprang. My mind was a twisting torrent of thoughts—little, unconnected snatches of thought that had no beginning and no end, and no meaning.

Quickly, blindly, I fed the animals, and, although it was only seven, I closed the shop. Taking Cassy with me, I climbed the stairs to the loneliness that always awaited me there—and which seemed, tonight, blacker, more terrifying, than ever.

IT WAS shame I felt, I knew now. Not because another man had kissed me—I hadn't invited that kiss. But because it had answered a need in me, because that kiss had been so wonderful a thing. What kind of woman was I? Was I so lonely, so locked away from the world that I was hungry for kisses simply for the sake of being kissed—any man's kisses, any man's lips where only Ken's belonged? My love for Ken hadn't lessened one whit—then why, why, did Phil's kiss make me feel, for just a moment, as if I were right with the world once more? I didn't love Phil—then how could his mouth on mine bring out in me all the response, the warm, lovely feeling, that a lover's kiss brings?

And once again there came to my mind that cry to which never again would there be any answer—*Ken, what shall I do—what shall I do?*

And, at last, the answer came. At least, it was like an answer, remembering what Ken had said to me, that last day at the railroad station, before he went away. He'd said, tipping my chin up so that I had to look at him, had to let him see what must have been in my eyes, "Don't be sad, sweetheart—be happy, always be happy! My girl couldn't be anything but a happy girl."

And I had answered, "Darling, ask me anything but that. I'll be brave, I'll be good—but don't ask me to be happy until you're safely back to me! I can't be!"

He had been silent a moment after that, and then he had grinned at me. "Don't ever say *can't*, sweetheart—anything in the world you've got to do, you *can* do, if you really set your mind to it. But honey—well, all I can say is this: if you can't be happy, do the best you can! And now, smile



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at me!" And I had been able to smile.

Do the best you can. . . . Had I done that? Was I doing it now? No, of course I wasn't, I told myself honestly. Somehow it all became suddenly clear to me. I'd been acting like a child, instead of a grown woman—the woman Ken had loved, the wife he'd trusted to do the best she could, to find a way out of anything. And I wasn't finding a way out of my misery at Ken's loss—I was nursing it, forever finding fuel for the flame of loneliness, drifting along, taking suffering as part of my daily lot. Ken wouldn't have liked that.

But what could I do? Everything here—the shop, the animals, the house—everything reminded me of Ken, and our plans, and all the things that would never be. With these things to remind me, how could I break out of that wall Phil had spoken of, how could I stop being a cold, enchanted lady, and come alive again?

The answer was that I couldn't—not here. Never could I find happiness, or anything resembling happiness, never could I find contentment, even, or peace, alone here. In this place where our dreams had lived and died, there were meant to be two of us. And now that the other of the two of us was gone, I must go, too. I must go away from the animals, from the shop. I saw that clearly. I must find an entirely new way of life for myself—that way, and only that way, would I be doing the best I could.

And so I went to bed, and to sleep, sure that the new peace and contentment I had promised myself, in the name of Ken, had come to me even with the making of the decision.

I went about my work the next morning in a kind of trance, doing mechanically the things I had to do, but with my mind far away in the future, making new plans—a whole new set of plans for myself, to replace the ones that had been taken from me. I'd get myself a job, I decided, in some big store or factory, where there were lots of people to see and to talk to. And in a big city, where I had never been, where Ken had never been, where there would be nothing to remind me of him. I'd make friends, a whole new set of them. There must be thousands of girls like me, I told myself, who'd lost their husbands, and were adrift and lonely—perhaps I could find one of them for a friend, and we could take an apartment together. Anyway,

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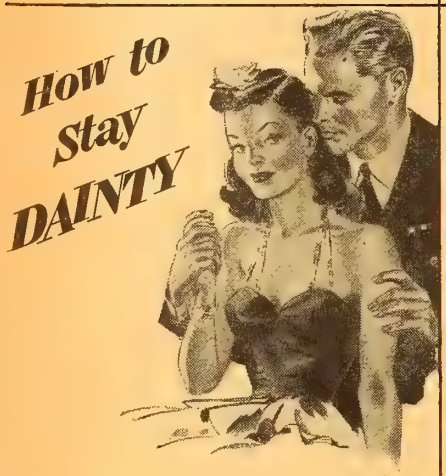
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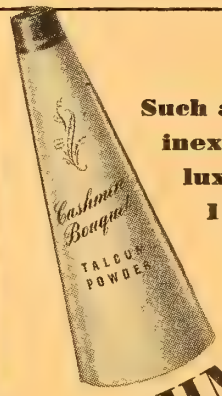
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there'd be people to talk to, to go to the movies with, to walk with in the park on Sundays, to . . .

Suddenly I put down the carton of bird seed with which I'd been filling feed dishes. Phil—I'd better call him right now, and offer him the shop. He'd surely want to buy, he—he'd said only yesterday that it was just the sort of place he wanted. And I'd better call him right away—*right away!*

I didn't question the urgency which propelled me to the phone. Of course, it couldn't be that I was afraid that if I didn't call him now, I wouldn't call at all. It couldn't be that—I'd made my plans, and they were right for me, weren't they?

But my hand shook, as I dialed the number, so that I had to steady my elbow on the counter.

He answered the phone at once, and without any preliminaries I told him what was in my mind.

"Phillip, this is Penny. I've decided to sell the shop, and I wondered if you wanted to buy it. You said last night—"

He interrupted swiftly. "Penny! What was that?"

"I said I was going to sell the shop, and—"

"I know, I heard you. But I thought I hadn't heard right." He was silent for a moment. "Penny, are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure!"

"You're not just—just talking yourself into something again? It's so sudden."

"NO," I heard myself saying curtly, "I've been called out of town. I've got to sell the place at once." It was a feeble excuse, and my tone must have hurt him, but it brought the right answer.

"Sorry," he said. "Yes, surely I want to buy the place, and I'm sure we'll have no trouble about price, Penny. Suppose I come and talk to you about it tomorrow morning—I'm busy the rest of today. When do you want to leave?"

"As soon as I can." The words sounded terribly like a cry of pain, and I repeated them, trying to make my voice sound normal. "As soon as I can."

"All right then—I'll be around tomorrow morning. If you want to leave, I can take over at once, and just put a caretaker in for a week or so, until I'm able to move."

"See you tomorrow," I said, "and thanks so much, Phil." But the phone was already dead. How strange and short he had sounded—not like Phil at all! Well—that didn't matter. Phil didn't matter, nor the shop nor the animals nor all of Blair's Ridge, any more. I was going away—I was going to do the best I could to find happiness.

I worked furiously the rest of the day, getting the place cleaned up, the books in order. So furiously that I didn't have time to think. And that was a good thing, because whenever a stray thought did come into my mind, it was always, *I'm doing this for the last time, for the last time!*

By evening the whole place, upstairs and down, was spotless and shining, and my plans were more definite. I wouldn't take anything with me, I'd decided, except my clothes. And I'd go to Chicago—five hundred miles away, and surely a big enough city in which to lose my memories. I'd go tomorrow, simply take a train and *go!* And when I got there, I'd find myself a job and a room and—and another life. . . .

I was too tired to eat, but I made myself a cup of coffee and fed Cassy,

the privileged one among the animals, out in the kitchen. And as I sat at the porcelain table, drinking the coffee and nibbling at a sweet roll I didn't want, I thought, *This is the last time I'll do this—the last time I'll drink a cup of coffee because I can't bear to get a meal in this kitchen when there's no one to share it with me. The last time . . .*

I fed the animals, then, and on impulse decided to close the shop early and go upstairs and pack. Something kept telling me to have everything ready, so that there would be no last minute decision, so that I could simply pick up my bags, and go to the station and buy a ticket.

It was after ten by the time I was through, and I was tired—tired enough, I knew gratefully, so that I could sleep. I was about to get undressed when I thought of the downstairs door—had I locked it? I'd better go and see.

I felt my way down the stairs in the dark—it was better not to turn the lights on and disturb the animals, once they'd been bedded down for the night. Cassy pattered down fussily beside me, her toenails clicking on the treads making the only sound.

The door, as I might have known it would be, was locked, and I turned to go back. But at the foot of the stairs I stopped, strangely reluctant. Inquiringly, Cassy thrust her cold, wet muzzle into my hand.

"Cassy," I said, "tomorrow we'll go—" And then I stopped. *Cassy!* I hadn't really thought about her. I hadn't stopped to realize that I simply couldn't pick Cassy up and take her along, as I could the two bags which were packed and waiting upstairs.

"Why, Cassy," I said gently. *"Why, Cassy—!"* And I sank down on the little stool I used when cleaning the lower cages. Cassy, with a little sigh of pleasure that I'd finally sat down somewhere, hopped up and curled herself into a neat ball on my lap, and began industriously to wash my hands.

"Daffy Cassy," I said automatically, and as automatically began to scratch her behind the ears. This was a regular evening ritual. *Daffy little Cassy . . .* that was what Ken had called her. Daffy little Cassy, and her terrible preoccupation with cleaning everyone up!

Why, I couldn't take her with me, I couldn't possibly. Into a strange place, to a YWCA, or a rooming house, where, in all probability, they wouldn't take dogs. To a city, where she'd have no backyard to run in, where, even if I did find a place that would accept her, she'd have to be alone all day. And yet how could I leave her behind? She wouldn't understand—she'd think I didn't love her any more. And anyway, how could I ever get along without her? She was my constant companion, my best friend. She was a part of my heart, a part of my life, just as the shop was, and the animals, and the house.

Just as the shop was, and the animals, and the house. . . . Suddenly, unbidden, tears began to roll down my cheeks, to drop on Cassy's anxious, upturned face. Hastily she transferred her attention from my hand to my cheeks, trying frantically to kiss away the tears as they fell. And then I began to cry in real earnest, burying my face against her furry little head.

"Oh, Cassy," I cried. "Cassy—what am I doing? What have I done?"

She snuggled close to me, trying to tell me in her own way that whatever I did was right, simply because I did it. Dear little Cassy—how could I leave

"It's EASY and it's FUN!"

'—says Mrs. Lois Clarke of St. Paul, Minn.

Wife and mother tells how she lost 53 pounds and "that middle-aged look."



"If only I had known how easily I could become slender," says Mrs. Lois Clarke, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. I read again and again about women who had taken the DuBarry Success Course, but I felt that somehow they must be different. So I went on—tired, irritable, overweight. Self-conscious about my looks, I dropped out of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Red Cross—just stayed home.

"At last, finding myself so out of proportion that I had to buy matronly dresses in size 42, I desperately decided to *do something.* That was when my mother, worried about my health, gave me the DuBarry Success Course. With her encouragement and my husband's tongue-in-cheek approval, I sailed in—went through the Course twice. Results: Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That "middle-aged look" is gone. My skin is fine and clear, and my hair, once so stringy, is now truly lovely. As for the Success Course, I want to say that Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."



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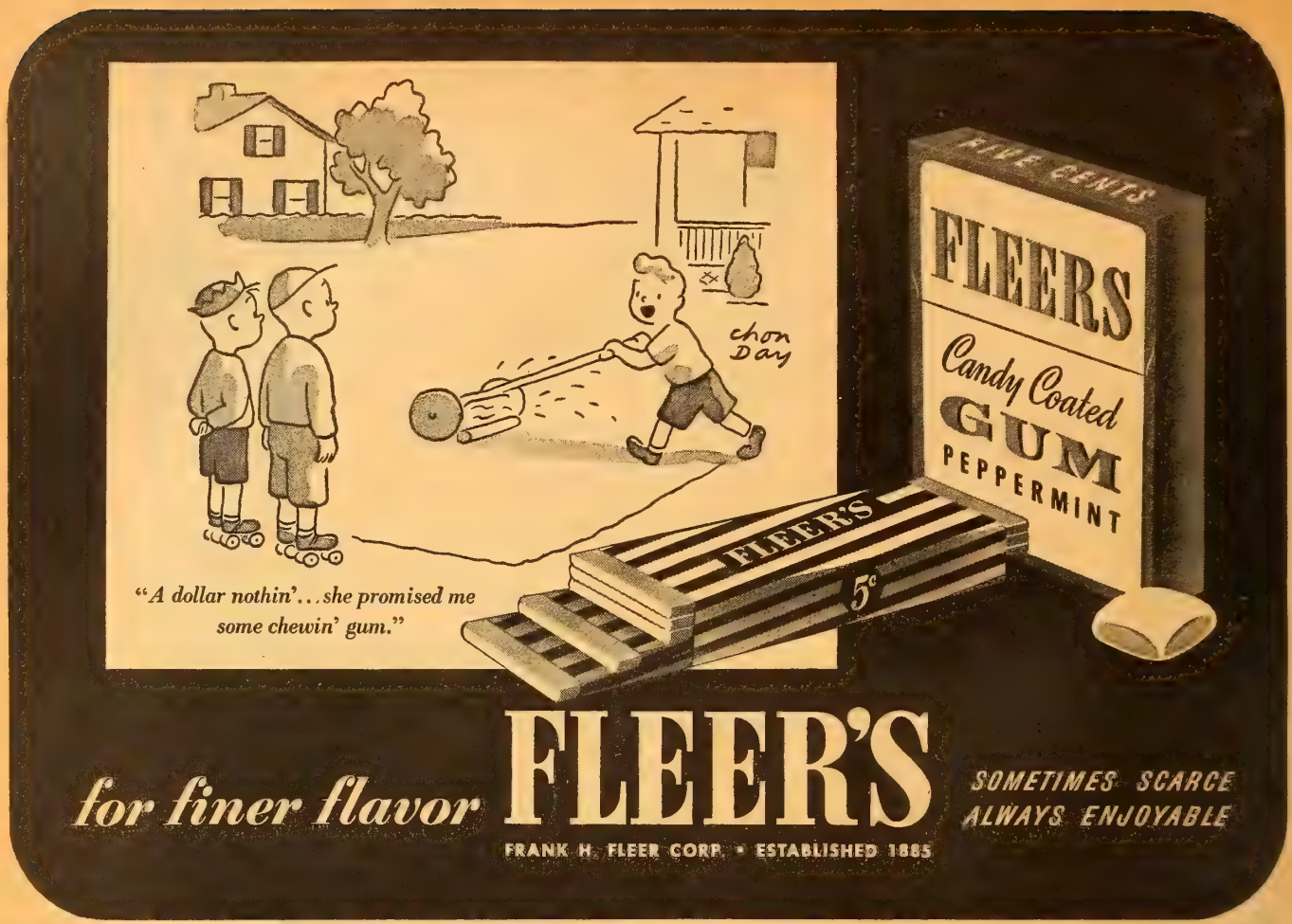
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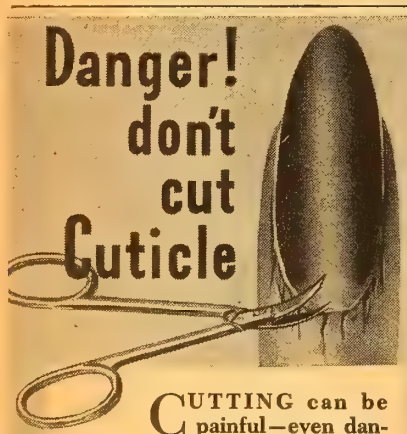
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her, how could I? Cassy, who had comforted me as best she could all the long months while Ken was gone, who had sat close to me and tried to kiss away the tears in those dreadful hours after the telegram came that told me Ken was gone forever.

I was horribly frightened, and I felt more alone in that moment than ever before. This place was my life—perhaps only half a life, now that Ken was gone, but better than no life at all. How did I know that I would be better off if I went away? How could I be sure that it was best to go? How could I pull myself up by the roots—

Suddenly I sat up abruptly, and dried my eyes. This was silly. Of course it was the best thing. I'd be lonely, I'd be homesick—that was only natural. But the loneliness and the homesickness would pass, and I would find happiness. Of course I was going, just as I had planned. I wouldn't let anything stop me. . . .

We sat for a long time, there in the shop, Cassy and I—somehow I couldn't bear to make her get off my lap. I had to sit, this one last time, and make her realize how fond I was of her—leave her enough love to last her until I could find a way to send for her.

Suddenly Cassy growled low in her throat, and I looked up sharply. There, silhouetted against the door, in the light from the corner streetlamp, was the figure of a man. As I watched, he backed up and looked up at the windows on the second floor of the house, then turned to the door again, and shading his eyes with his cupped hand, tried to peer in through the glass panel.

Cassy recognized him then—Phil. She got off my lap and rushed to the door with yelps of delight at having company, obviously urging me to open the door.

I crossed the shop and slid back the bolt. "Phil?" I said. "Come in."

He stepped into the gloom of the shop, and shut the door behind him. "I thought I'd stop and talk to you tonight, but I'd just about decided you'd gone to bed, or gone out, or something. . . ." He sounded hesitant.

"No. I was just sitting here. I was very tired—I've been cleaning and fixing the place up all day." There was a curious constraint between us, and suddenly I remembered that the last time I had seen him—was it only yesterday?—he had held me in his arms, had kissed me . . . perhaps he was remembering that, too.

"Well," he said at last, breaking the uncomfortable silence, "What about it? We might as well get this settled, Penny—I suppose you'd like to get away tomorrow, if you can."

Unaccountably, my heart began to thump painfully; the pulse pounded so hard in my throat that it was difficult to force the words past, and they came out in a whisper. "Yes—yes, I want to get away."

"Well, then," he said, "This is what I had in mind. I thought that if it's agreeable with you, I'd make a down payment—"

But I didn't hear the rest. For, all of a sudden, the complete realization came to me. I was going away. This was home, and I was leaving it. This was where happiness had been. This was Ken's place, where his dreams were born, and I was turning my back on it. I was selling it, and it was like selling him. . . .

"I've changed my mind," I heard myself say abruptly. "I've changed my

mind. I'm not going away. I don't want to sell."

Phil moved closer to me. For a moment I thought he was smiling, and then I saw that it must have been only a trick of the shadows, for his face was grave now. "You can't do that, Penny. You can't change your mind. You offered to sell; I said I would buy. You made a bargain—you'll have to stick to it. I want the place, and I mean to have it. You'll have to stick to your bargain!"

I felt myself growing slowly cold, as if the temperature in the shop had taken a swift drop. Why—why, how could he? How could he say things like that to me? This wasn't like Phil at all. . . .

He was very close to me in the darkness now. And I began to remember his closeness of yesterday—how his arms had felt about me, how his lips had found mine, and we had tasted, together, a brief, stolen glory. I hated the remembering, as I had hated it last night. It was cheap, and shameful, enjoying so much the kiss of a man who meant nothing to you, I reminded myself. But I couldn't cleanse my heart or my mind of the memory.

"And there is something else," he was saying—very softly, so that I had to listen carefully to catch the words. "There's something else—I want to add another condition to our bargain."

But I didn't want to listen. And suddenly I knew, with a great wave of shame and fear, what I was doing. I was pressing close to him—unconsciously, I was lifting my lips to him, in invitation. Swiftly I pulled back—but it was too late. His lips were answering the question of mine. I was in his arms once more.

Just this once more, I kept thinking foolishly, over and over to myself. *Just this one more kiss, just this. . . .*

Very gently he released me. "I did that," I cried, and my voice sounded harsh in the soft, dark silence. "I made you kiss me—oh, why—why, Phil—?"

"Because," he said, as if this were the simple answer to everything, "you love me. And I love you."

"Oh, no—no, no!" Everything in me rose up to deny it. It couldn't be—I couldn't love him. Why, I loved . . . Ken.

"That," he said, "was the condition I wanted to add to our bargain, Penny sweetheart. I want to buy the place—but only on condition that you'll stay here, where you belong, and help me—that you'll marry me."

"Ken!" There, I'd said aloud the name that was beating like a pulse in my mind.

HE PUT his arm around me, steadying me against him. "Are you wondering what Ken would say, Penny? I think I know. No—don't interrupt me. Let me tell you. I think Ken would say, 'Be happy, Penny!' I think he'd remind you that this place was meant to be a hospital for the animals that you and he loved. I think he'd remind you of all your plans, and show you that this was a way of making them come true. A second-best way, Penny—I know that that's what it may seem to you. But I think I can make it the best way for you, my dearest—the best, safest, happiest way. I want to try, because I love you so much."

Be happy, Penny. Do the best you can. . . .

"I don't think it will be a second-best happiness, Penny," Phil's voice



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went on. "It will be another kind, that's all. There are all kinds of happinesses in the world, dearest, and when you lose one, when one kind is gone past all redeeming, then you find yourself another kind. I want to be a second life for you, dearest—another happiness."

"I was afraid," I cried, and the very sound of the word brought the memory of that fear welling back. "I was afraid, and so mixed up. At first, I knew I had to sell the place, to go away —I *had* to. And then Cassy—Cassy made me know that I couldn't do it. And between having to do something, and knowing that I couldn't. . . ."

His hands on my shoulders were the very essence of gentleness and strength. His voice—oh, you couldn't help but believe, as the very core of truth, anything he said to you! *This*, I remember thinking, *is why animals trust him so. Animals, who can't reason, but only trust by instinct. I tried to reason, but my instinct told me to trust him, even when my mind said I must surely thrust him aside.*

His voice—the voice you couldn't help but believe, because what he said was the truth—went on:

"You haven't been running away from me, and from the shop, because both reminded you of Ken, Penny. It was because you were falling in love with me, and you felt it was wrong. Believe me, I know. But dear, it's not wrong—it's right. You weren't meant to be lonely, and afraid. You were meant to live. It isn't that you've lost your love for Ken, or betrayed him. Your love for him will always be there, and I'll always know it, and respect it. It's simply that you've found another love, to make you whole once more."

I didn't answer. I didn't need to. Somehow I knew that he would feel, with me, the inner peace, the resolving of all fears, that had come into my heart. I didn't need to do anything at all, except to turn, once again, my lips up to his—that was answer enough, in itself.

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Red Letter Day

Continued from page 30

Little things you never thought would be associated with the girl you love keep jumping up to hurt you. And the feeling of hopelessness is most intense as you near her house, knowing she's in there.

Mrs. Landry was the one who broke the news to me.

"Plenty of excitement on this street yesterday, Bob. Never saw Sunset Drive so unhappy. That little dog of the Welch girl . . . ran out of the house right in front of a car. Killed. The girl must have loved him, Bob."

My emotions were mixed as I plied Mrs. Landry for more information. It must have happened when I was down with the boat, it must have happened right after lunch time. I guess Mrs. Landry must have wondered why I was so very interested in the event; and, to tell the truth, I was surprised at my own reactions for that little dog had never been friendly to me. Yet I felt sorry for Susan, terribly sorry. I knew how she loved that dog.

When I came abreast of the Welch house there was no sign of anybody. For a moment I felt like ringing the bell, telling Susan how sorry I was about her loss; but I went on. Several times I looked back over my shoulder, but I didn't see the one I longed to see. At the end of the street I stopped and considered the whole matter. What if Susan didn't care about me the way I loved her. What of it! No reason why I couldn't go in to say hello and tell her I was sorry about her little dog, Tiny. I went back and rang the door bell.

NOW I have had surprises in my life, but when Susan's father came to the door I got the real big shock. For a moment I didn't know what to say to him, but he took care of that.

"Come in, Bob. You are Bob Jones, aren't you?" He was a big man with grey hair. He had a cane and he pointed toward a seat for me with it. "Susan's upstairs," he said, nodding gravely toward the ceiling. "Poor girl's all broken up about that little fellow of a dog."

"That's why I dropped in, Mr. Welch," I said. "Just wanted to tell her I was sorry."

I suppose it was our voices Susan heard. In a few minutes she was at the top of the stairs, looking down. She came down and sat alongside me on the sofa.

"I guess I'm pretty silly, Bob," she said, "feeling this way about a dog. But anybody who's had one for five years knows how you feel when you lose him."

I started to say something sympathetic but her father interrupted.

"Now, Sue, I said we could get another dog. No sense talking about Tiny any more. Let's talk about you, Bob. I understand you like sailing."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather!

"Sue told me about it, Bob. I think it's a wonderful sport. I used to sail a great deal when I was a young fellow. A long time ago, Bob." (He winked good-naturedly when he said that).

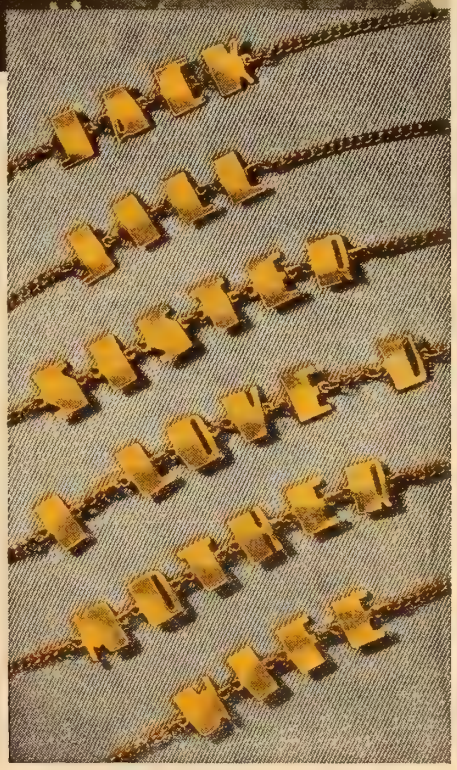
My eyes shifted from his face to Susan's and I saw the little blush begin to bloom. There was a faint trace of a smile on her lips, but she was holding herself back. I was sure of it!

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"I just mentioned it to Dad, Bob," she said. "You don't mind, do you?"

Then her father cut in again and said:

"Why don't you take Sue out in your boat some time, Bob? I think she'd like it." He got up from the chair he was sitting in and walked over to a table to get some tobacco for his pipe. I felt like shaking his hand, pounding him on the back joyously for saying that; and I probably would have done so if he was not an invalid.

"I think it's a swell idea, Mr. Welch. And I'll ask her right now. Susan, will you come out in my boat next Sunday?"

Sue started to protest that she had to stay with her father but he protested he could take very good care of himself; and when he stated that he'd feel much better about everything if Sue accepted my invitation that was the clincher to the argument. Sue gave in, smilingly.

"All right, Bob. It sounds like fun."

I can remember walking out of the Welch house in a happy daze, and although Mr. Welch's methods were admittedly a bit embarrassing I had to concede I liked them. And as I walked over my mail route that day my heart was singing a happy tune.

I knew I had only half won the fight, but I was in deep enough then to want to see things through to a finish. Win, lose or draw, I decided, would be the only way to satisfy my yearnings for Susan; and I knew there could be no draw. Well, win or lose, then, I'd settle the soldier matter next Sunday.

The happiest Sunday in my life brought sunshine, a good enough breeze to push a little boat like mine, and the most wonderful girl in the world at my side. Susan looked like a beautiful picture. The white sailor hat crowned her golden-red hair, the pretty blouse was never modeled more attractively, the dungarees she wore added a cuteness I wouldn't trade for all the money in the world. And my pride was at the bursting point when another boat passed ours and two fellows looked at Susan. They should have known their voices would carry over water.

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★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Look at the fancy dish, Bill," one said.

"That's strictly um-yum," his friend replied.

Sue and I pretended we didn't hear them; I busied myself at the tiller, and she fussed with the lunch basket. We headed for Bellows Island.

I wanted Sue to see the island because it is one of the loveliest spots in the world. Long ago an Indian Village must have flourished there, for you can find arrowheads and other souvenirs of the red man; and there was a decided naturalness about the little strip of land that made it very romantic. We beached the boat and found a little cove where we built a fire.

The incidents of the morning were a string of priceless events that drew Susan and me closer together all the time. We fished for a while, then relaxed on the sand and talked about the way we'd like the world to be. She told me about her father's successes and I told her about my Uncle Charlie who owned a hotel upstate. We agreed that her father should meet Uncle Charlie sometime.

IT WAS a little sad for me when I saw the sun heading toward the west. It meant the end of something I couldn't bear to lose, so when Susan said she was concerned about her father I decided it was time to speak my mind. I took her hand in mine and said:

"I like you, Sue. Maybe it's more than liking. But before I say more than I should you'd better tell me about Jim Brooks."

I thought for a moment she'd take her hand away, and that moment of hesitation before she spoke seemed eternal.

"I'll let you in on a little secret, Bob," she said. "I don't love Jim Brooks."

That simple statement seemed as revolutionary as anything I'd ever heard, and yet it was something I felt was true when she let me hold her hand.

"Then why all the letters from him?" I demanded. "Gosh, Sue, a girl doesn't write to a fellow, and get as many letters as that. . . ."

"I'll let you in on another little secret, Bob," she said, and this time she was smiling. "I've never even seen Jim Brooks."

"You mean . . ."

"I started corresponding with Jim through my cousin. He's in the same outfit overseas and he told Jim about me, I guess. It's the patriotic thing to do, write letters. I'll let you see the ones I get from Jim, he's quite amusing."

"But, Sue . . ."

"Oh, Bob. I guess I did sort of feel romantic once or twice when I wrote to Jim. But he straightened me out. He's got a girl back home, and he didn't waste any time telling me about her. There was no harm in my dreaming, and it was just a dream—until . . ."

"Until what, Sue?"

"Until Tiny bit you."

You don't know quite what to say when a girl tells you that. You don't know whether you should make some wise crack, just laugh, say something serious, or just put your arm around her and kiss her. There are all those possibilities, and others besides. I guess it depends on the girl.

I put my arm around her and kissed her.



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Princess Pat

Part of Me

Continued from page 21

stood up to leave. No one was to blame; it was the way things happened. You couldn't even blame Myra. With her dark hair and clear pallor, she had been beautiful—she still was, as far as that went—and Charles had adored her. You couldn't have expected him to notice the scrawny, snub-nosed child who lived next door. But if he *had* noticed me, I thought fiercely, defiantly—if he had waited for me—oh, I would have known how to make him happy! I would have known how to rear his son, his more-than-only-one son!

Myra did not. I knew that now, and should have known it sooner. I should have known it two years ago, on the afternoon I had squirmed in embarrassment because Myra was forcing Bob to play the piano for company. He had behaved very badly. He'd hung back, scowling, muttering, "I do' want to," until Myra, her voice stern, had said, "Bob, get up on that stool and play this instant!" And then, still scowling, he had not so much played the piano as attacked it. I had put his resentment down to shyness, nothing more; I hadn't realized that music was a bondage his mother was putting upon him, and that he hated it.

Since then, I had heard him often enough, practicing in the house next door—and still I hadn't had penetration enough to see what was going on directly under my nose. I had only thought, casually, that he played very poorly, and improved not at all as time went on.

THE music was only part of the whole thing, naturally, but it was the key to everything else. I remembered other things: Myra punishing Bob because he'd got dirt on his clean suit; Myra shuddering in fastidious disgust over the dogs and cats and lizards and birds Bob *would* collect and try to care for, even though each time she made him give them up; Myra constantly worrying because his school grades were low; Myra forbidding him to play with certain boys and insisting that he play with others; Myra—always and forever, Myra trying in all futility to mold Bob into the pattern she had conceived for him in her mind, the pattern of a man who had died before Bob was born.

If Charles had been able to be with Bob throughout these last three years, I told myself, things might have been different. He might have found ways of neutralizing Myra's misguided influence. But the war had taken Charles, and used him, and only as recently as two months ago had it let him go again.

I came down the tree-lined street to my own home, the comfortable, rather ugly frame house where I'd been born and where I lived now with my mother. The air was filled with the smell of burning leaves, and the dahlia bushes in our front yard were rusty and bedraggled. Any day now we could expect the first snow of the season. Well, it was a good time to dig the dahlia bulbs up and put them away for the winter; a little physical work would be good for me in my present mood. It might keep me from thinking.

I changed from my tailored grey suit into a sweater and slacks and went out again, armed with pruning shears and digging tools. There were elements







of the school board who took a disapproving attitude toward slacks for teachers, but I wasn't an old maid yet, I had decided defiantly. I would wear them around my own home if I pleased. At least—there was a little vanity here—I had the figure for them. And if the school board thought that a good figure and a reasonably pretty face were liabilities, the children didn't. Becoming clothes, a judicious use of make-up, a new hair-do occasionally—children noticed them all, I was convinced, and liked the teacher who wore them the better for it.

The early dusk fell while I was still busy with the dahlias, and a band of light fell across me from the living room of the house next door—Charles' house. It showed me to Charles himself as he came down the street.

"Hi, Fran," he said, stopping just outside the hedge. "Aren't you picking a funny time to start gardening?"

"Hi." I sat back on my heels, smiling up at him. As always, the sight of his long ranginess filled me with a bittersweet happiness—as always, through long practice, I showed nothing of what I felt. "It's these bulbs—I don't want them to freeze in the ground."

"If you'd waited until tomorrow afternoon, I'd have helped you."

"I know. That's why I did it today. I don't want you to spoil me."

BUT that wasn't the reason. I could meet him like this, for a few minutes, and keep up my pose of casual friendship, but an afternoon of working by his side, listening to his deep voice, watching the movements of his hands—no, I couldn't trust myself over any long period of time, Inevitably, the moment would have come when love looked out of my eyes.

It was all the same as it had been before he went into the Army. I'd thought that three years of not seeing him, three years when all my anxiety for his safety had had to be stifled and hidden, would give me a new strength, so that on his return I could easily treat him merely as an old friend. Foolish hope! In the first moment of meeting him after his discharge I had known how foolish it was; I had had to hold my arms at my sides with a muscular effort to keep them from reaching out toward him.

He stepped back from the hedge. "Well," he said, "you know if you ever do need help around the house—you or your mother—just yell and Bob or I will come to the rescue." I thought he was going on then, and he did move a foot or so, but he hesitated. "By the way," he asked abruptly, "speaking of Bob—how's he getting along in school?"

What I did then was done entirely on impulse. I could never have planned it, I would have been afraid. But he was offering me a chance to confide in him—and after all, he was Bob's father, it was his right to be consulted. I said quietly:

"Not very well, Charles. I've had to keep him in quite often—I had to keep him in today, in fact."

"Yes," Charles said. "I know. Not about today, of course, but—" He turned back to the hedge, and I stood up and went to him. All at once, the atmosphere between us had changed. He had lowered his voice, and in lowering it he had brought us together. It was as simple as that.

"What's the matter with him, Fran?" he asked. "Have you any idea? He's not stupid or lazy—I'm sure of that."

"So am I," I told him.


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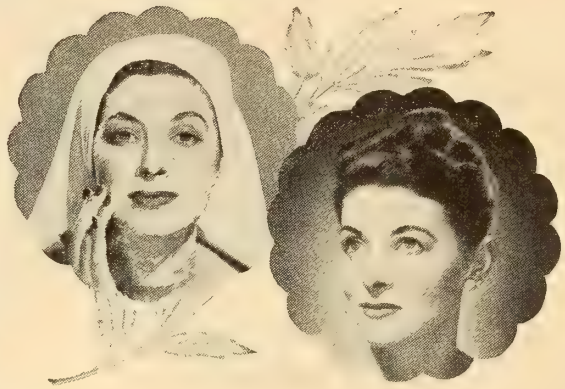
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"I don't know," he went on, and although I couldn't see his face I knew he was frowning, "it's seemed to me since I got back that he isn't—well, he isn't happy." He ended almost on a questioning note, as if he doubted his own suspicion, or at least wanted to doubt it.

I couldn't reassure him, couldn't laugh off his suggestion. But I couldn't tell him it was the truth, either, because then I would have had to tell him why it was true—and that would have meant criticizing Myra. I temporized. "What could he be unhappy about?" I asked.

"I can't imagine, unless—" He broke off. "He was glad to see me come home. I could tell that. But though I've tried, I've never been able to—to get close to him. I haven't had much time, of course—I've been loaded down with work." He gestured at the brief case he held under one arm, and added, "Luckily, considering the state of the family finances."

I FELT a warm thrill of happiness at having him admit me into his confidence—although I already knew, naturally, that his three years in the service had been difficult ones for Myra, as far as money went. He'd had a good law practice, the best in town, but he had given it up completely, and now he was making a new start.

"If you'd like me to, Charles," I said, "I'll see what I can do. We had a little talk this afternoon, perhaps I can get his confidence. Probably," I said with false cheerfulness, "it's nothing very important, after all."

"Would you do that, Fran?" The quick hope in his voice, the trust, flattered and at the same time humbled me. "I'd be—I'd be more grateful than I can say. Bob means a lot to me—and somehow I feel as if I were failing him."

"No!" I said, sharply. "You mustn't, Charles—it's not *your* fault—" I stopped in confusion, realizing all that my sudden, unthinking words implied. Now he would ask me to explain, would demand to know whose fault, then, it was. And I—how would I answer him?

Instead, after a little silence, he said wearily, "Well—do anything you can," and turned abruptly and went on his way.

I stood where I was, my heart hammering. He hadn't asked me to explain—because he knew! He knew as well as I, though he would not admit it to me. Perhaps he would not admit it even to himself. But he knew that if Bob was unhappy, the reason was Myra's insistence upon trying to make him into something he was not and could never be.

I had always loved Charles. Now to that love was added pity—pity for a man caught between loyalty to his son and loyalty to his wife. For he could not help one without hurting the other.

But I was bound by no such double loyalty.

The next morning—Saturday—as soon as Mother and I had finished breakfast, I went through the gate in the picket fence which divided our yard from Charles' and knocked on Myra's back door. She opened it at once and stood there, smiling in the way she had—as if smiling were a social courtesy that must be paid, not an expression of her real feelings. Tall and pale, her black hair piled high on her head, even in a cotton house-dress she had a queenly quality, remote and faintly tragic.

"Good morning, Myra," I said cheer-

fully. "Is Bob around? I need his help."

"Why—yes, of course. Come in." She held the door open for me. "He's upstairs, dressing—he has a piano lesson this morning, you know."

I NODDED. "I wanted to catch him before he left." I sat down at the table in Myra's gleaming, immaculate breakfast nook, and for a few minutes we talked commonplaces—which, as a matter of fact, were all Myra and I had ever talked. It's difficult to explain my feelings toward Myra. They were simply negative. I was not jealous of her, I did not dislike her. She had some fine qualities—she had made a beautiful home for Charles, she had excellent taste, she was kind, according to her conception of kindness. But—she was Myra, who had laughed from her heart for the last time on the day she and Blair Kinkaid came flying down Pine Hill. Except for her beauty, I couldn't see that she had a single qualification for making a man like Charles happy. But I admitted to myself that I was prejudiced.

There was a scuffling sound in the hall, and Bob appeared, a music roll under his arm. "All right, Mom, I'm—" He caught sight of me and stopped, his mouth open.

"Hello, Bob," I said. "I came over because I want you to do me a favor. If I meet you after your lesson, will you drive out to the country with me and help me buy a dog?"

I felt, rather than saw, Myra's involuntary movement beside me. I was watching Bob. There was a flicker of interest, even excitement, in his eyes, but all the same he was cautious, suspecting a trap. "Sure, I guess so," he said, casually, "if you want me along."

"I do, very much. I've decided I need a dog, but I don't know what kind to get, and I wouldn't know a good one from a bad."

"Well, I don't know so very much about 'em myself," Bob said, thawing enough to be judicial. "O' course, you don't want to get a real thoroughbred anyway, I guess. You—"

"Bob," Myra interrupted. "It's nearly time for your lesson. You and Miss Wilson can discuss the kind of dog you're going to buy later."

"Yes, you run along now," I told him. "And I'll pick you up in the car at—what time is your lesson finished?"

"Eleven."

"A few minutes after eleven, then, wherever you say."

He told me where to meet him, and left. Perhaps it was my imagination, but it seemed to me he was already walking more briskly, more purposefully. "I hope you don't mind," I said to Myra, "but I remembered how he loves animals, and I thought he'd enjoy it."

Myra lifted her shoulders in a shrug. "If you really *want* a dog—I warn you, though—the one time I let Bob have one, he almost drove me frantic."

"I'll take my chances," I laughed. I didn't think it necessary to tell her that Mother, when I told her my plans, had had practically the same reaction.

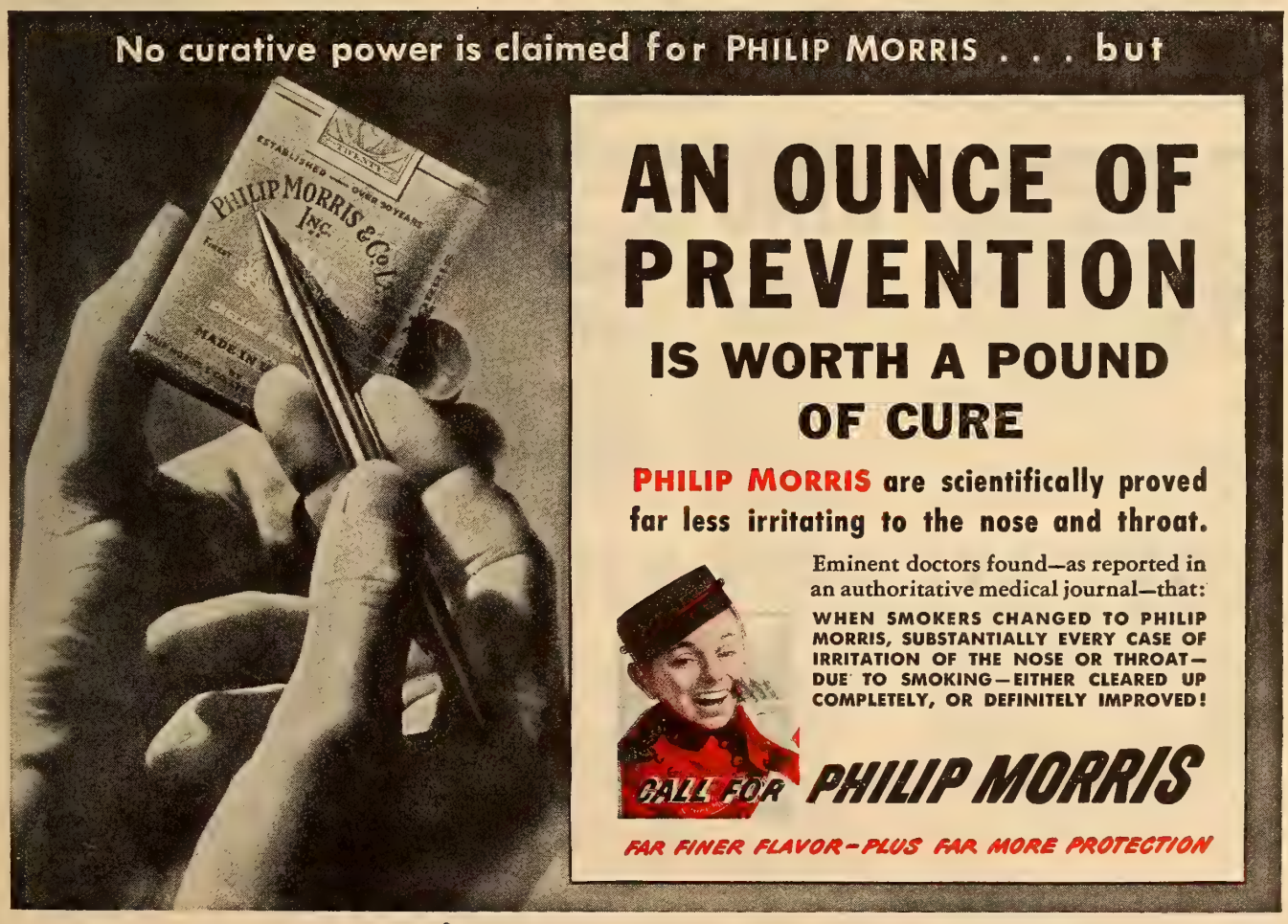
Behind the wheel of the cheap little coupe I'd bought before the war, I was waiting for Bob when he arrrived at the street corner near his piano teacher's house—and from the start I was able to create a holiday mood. I suppose I was aided by Bob's own feeling of relief at having the hated lesson safely behind him. We plunged into a spirited discussion of the various breeds of dogs—I had never realized there were so many, and it worried me to find that Bob's preference leaned strongly toward a Great Dane—which lasted until we'd reached the kennels in the country. Fortunately, they had no Great Danes there, but it seemed to me they had every other kind. Bob immediately went into a kind of dreamy transport of delight, moving from kennel to kennel, while I tagged along behind him. My head was beginning to ache from the barking, but I told myself that simply proved I was a spinster and a school teacher. And a dozen headaches would not have been too much to pay for the privilege of watching Bob with the dog we finally selected.

THE man said he was an Irish terrier, but he looked more like an animated doormat. His legs were twice as long and big as they should have been, and they were always betraying him into toppling forward on his face. He had no dignity, but he had something better—love for all the world.

Bob held him on his lap all the way home. His hands, when he touched the dog's wire-rough coat, were gentle and sensitive, and his sullenness had vanished into a glow of delight. We talked about names, and I suggested all the dull standbys, Duke and Brownie and Sandy and Rex. But it was Bob who christened him.

"Let's call him Shaymus," he said, and I repeated in puzzlement, "Shaymus?"

"Yes," Bob said, and kindly explained. "It's spelled S-e-a-m-a-s. He was an Irish king, I think. Anyway, it's an Irish name, and this is an Irish





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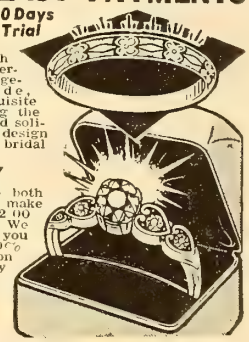
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terrier. Of course, maybe you don't—"

"Why, that's perfect, Bob!" I enthused. "I never would have thought of it. How did you know about it?"

"Oh—read it somewhere, I guess," he murmured sheepishly. All the same, he was pleased.

I told him I wanted him to help me train and raise Seamas; I asked his advice about letting him sleep in my garage, and was relieved when he said he didn't think it would be too cold, and that he'd fix a kennel there. "And I'll teach him a lot of things," he promised seriously. "You'll have a good dog here, Miss Wilson—and you need one, too. Everybody—" a little wistfully— "everybody needs a good watchdog."

We were late getting home for lunch, and Myra whisked him inside as soon as we appeared. He was back within half an hour, though, and we spent the afternoon knocking together a doghouse out of odds and ends of lumber. Bob was clever with his hands, as long as they did not have to operate on the keys of a piano.

IT was the beginning, the beginning of something very happy. Bob, as I'd foreseen, could not separate Miss Wilson, the teacher, from the Miss Wilson who owned Seamas. He always came over the first thing in the morning, before school, to feed Seamus and play with him for a few minutes; and although he didn't walk to school with me—that would never have done!—there was a special feeling between us in class, a friendly carry-over from the accumulated hours we spent together with the dog.

And he told me things—how, when he got into high school, he wanted to learn about plants and animals, a science whose name he didn't even know was biology until I told him; how once, four years ago, he and his father had gone on a fishing trip, just the two of them. ("Maybe we'll go again, next summer, if Dad isn't still too busy then.") Little things, revealing things—revelatory not so much in what he said as in what he left unsaid. For he never mentioned his mother, except to say, "I guess I better go now. Mom said to be sure to come in by six o'clock."

His school work—and more important, his attitude in school—were both better now, and I didn't have to keep him in again. It was understood that he would do his afternoon's practicing on the piano as soon as he got home, then come into my back yard to play with Seamas. Once in a while, on afternoons when his mother was out, he was already with the dog when I got home. I knew, then, that he hadn't practiced, but I said nothing. Perhaps it was wrong of me; perhaps I should have sent him in—but I didn't have the heart.

Once — one never-to-be-forgotten Saturday afternoon when the sun glistened on new snow—Charles came home early, and he joined us, and while Seamas frisked about hysterically we made a really majestic snow man, complete with coat and battered felt hat, with a pipe rakishly atilt in his mouth. I saw then that Charles had not forgotten how to play, because his laughter rang on the cold air, and the years fell away from him until his red cheeks and sparkling eyes made him again into the boy I'd fallen in love with so long ago.

But suddenly Myra had come back from her shopping trip downtown, and was standing on her side of the gate

between the two back yards, watching us. "Why didn't you let me know you'd be home early, Charles?" she asked. "I'd have stayed in." Because it was her duty, she seemed to imply, because a good wife was always home to greet her husband.

"Didn't know I could make it until the last minute," Charles said. "What do you think of our snow man, Myra?" Gaily, he struck a pose, his arm around the snow man's lumpy waist, one leg crossed over the other.

Myra's eyes traveled over each of us—from Charles to me, and I was suddenly conscious of my disheveled hair and red nose; to Bob, who was molding a snowball in his two hands. "Very nice," she said, but both her voice and her smile came from far away. "Bob, you're not wearing your heavy gloves. You'll chap your hands."

Bob, his head bent, let the snowball drop; it fell with a faint, muffled thud. And all the zest went out of Charles' face. "It's getting late," he said heavily. "Maybe we'd better go in." He turned away from the snow man—which, all at once, seemed childish, crude, silly.

A sense of tragedy stole over me, and pity for them all—yes, for Myra too! Here in the familiar back yard, amid the lengthening violet shadows of the day, I began to see how completely empty Myra had made Bob's life, and Charles', and her own. The beauty that had first captivated Charles—it wasn't enough now, it needed love to make it glow and live. She did what she thought was right, no doubt; indeed, I was sure of it. But her guide was a dead love, dead and long buried.

THEY were leaving me now—Bob, going through the gate, following his mother into the house, and Charles. But Charles turned back, lingering a moment.

"I wanted to tell you, Frankie—" My heart leaped, it was so long since he'd given my name its foolish diminutive. "You've done a lot for Bob, you and—" he glanced down at Seamas, who sat in the snow, his head cocked quizzically, looking up at us— "you and the dog. But mostly you, I think."

"I'm glad," I said softly. "I wanted to, very much. He's worth helping." *And so are you,* my eyes said. *So are you, my darling.*

"I—" But he stopped and shook his head. There was nothing more he could say, really, without criticizing Myra. I understood that, yet I almost cried out, begging him to speak. Anything, so long as it brought us close, so long as it tightened the spell of intimacy between us. Words came battering against my locked lips: "You don't love her! You've stopped loving her—I don't know when or why, but that doesn't matter. Tell me you don't love her—tell me you love me!" But not one of those words could be uttered.

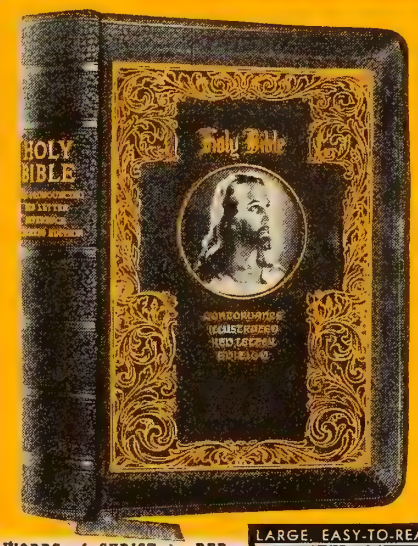
And after all, there was no need for either of us to speak. For suddenly it was all there—in the silence that lengthened between us, in the fury of his eyes, in the baffled gesture he made, stretching out his hand to me and then dropping it quickly to his side. All my life changed and shifted in that moment, however long it lasted. I no longer loved blindly, in the dark, because he had come to meet me with his love. We both knew.

Wild joy seized me. There would be time later for hopelessness, for realization that it was as futile for Charles to love me as it had always been futile for me to love him. Now there was

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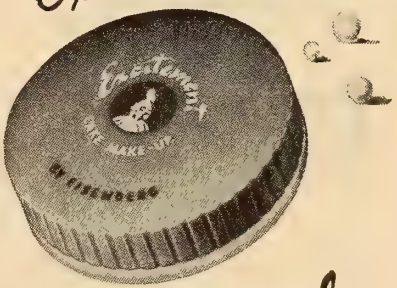
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only joy, crowding out everything else.

He saw that joy. He made a sound, deep in his throat—almost an angry sound—and tore himself away from the spot in the snow where he had seemed rooted. I saw his back, the broad shoulders, the narrow hips, going away from me. And a movement above his head drew my eyes on and up, so that I saw the curtain in Myra's kitchen window swaying back from where it had been twitched aside. So I knew that Myra had seen us there, tranced in silence—had seen and, perhaps, understood.

Exultantly, Frances and Charles bring into the light their love for one another. But against their small measure of joy are weighed two questions: has Myra seen? And . . . what now? The absorbing answers will be found in the November RADIO ROMANCES, *on sale on Wednesday, October 17.*

Other People's Houses

Continued from page 43

areas, because workers couldn't find living space unless they paid fabulous prices? Back in the beginning of the war, this did a great deal to discourage workers from moving to areas where their manpower was needed. And it was found that the morale of workers already living in crowded areas was not very good, because they were always afraid they'd be put out of their homes so that they could be rented for more money to newcomers.

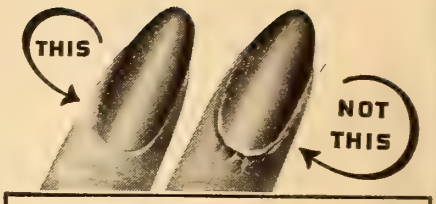
The first thing OPA does in setting up a rent-control system is set a Maximum Rent Date. That date has to be a time when rents were governed by normal bargaining and not by unusual and inflationary demands for housing in the particular area. In most areas the Maximum Rent Date is March 1, 1942, and the regulation says that rents may not be more than they were on that date and services to the tenant may not be less.

There are two main kinds of rent regulations. One is the Housing Regulation, which deals with homes and apartments. The other is Hotel Regulation.

Landlords are required to register all quarters for which rent is collected. This applies also to tenants who sublet to other tenants. Ordinarily, tenants are supposed to know what the rents were on the Maximum Rent Date. Still—except in New York City—the landlord is supposed to show tenants a copy of the registration statement with the maximum rent on it. Tenants should always insist on this. If they are new tenants in a home or apartment, they must be shown the maximum rent on a *Change of Tenancy* form. New tenants are required to sign this form, which is then filed with the Area Rent Office of the OPA.

In hotels, rooming houses and tourist courts, the maximum rate must be posted in each room. Any tenant who has doubts about the rate can verify it with the OPA. As a further protection, every tenant is entitled to a receipt for what he pays—and he need not pay unless such a *receipt for the amount in full* is forthcoming.

If people find they have been overcharged—or even if they suspect it—they should notify the Area Rent Office immediately. That way they'll get



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all the information they need to help them recover the overcharge, or to start suit for damages in a local court.

Most landlords have tried to meet the requirements of rent regulation. This honest majority has to be protected and encouraged. So it is very important that the few who violate the rent regulations be brought into line. OPA can't do this alone. It needs the cooperation of every citizen.

We should all keep in mind the provisions for punishing landlords who don't obey the law. Criminal penalties go as high as a year in prison, or $5,000 fine, or both. If a tenant doesn't sue within thirty days of filing a complaint and the complaint is justified, the OPA may start suit for damages. When damage cases are settled by OPA, the overcharge will be paid back to the tenant, if possible, and the balance will go into the U. S. Treasury. If the case is decided by a court judgment, all the damages are paid to the Treasury. And the amount of damages against a landlord can go all the way from a minimum of $25 up to three times the amount of the overcharges to each tenant.

SETTING a Maximum Rent Date is a pretty practical way of finding a rent ceiling. It isn't always perfect, of course. That's why there are provisions in the law for making adjustments in rents. These work both ways. For instance, if a landlord has added an extra bathroom to a house, the Area Rent Director may decide he's entitled to get more rent—and how much more. Or, if a tenant can prove that the owner isn't paying the light and fuel bills to the same extent that he did when the ceilings were set, he may get a reduction in rent. But a landlord can't claim more rent because he's made a few minor repairs, nor can a tenant get a reduction because the windows haven't been washed. Any readjustments in rents must be checked with the Area Rent Director.

Now we come to the main purpose of rent control. It is to do away with the danger of American families being put out of their homes because of rent competition. As an over-all thing, OPA Rent Control is a protection against evictions, except in those cases where perfectly legitimate grounds for eviction exist. In other words, a family can't be evicted simply because a landlord can get more money for a house or apartment from someone else.

And this is something I feel must be understood by everyone. Laws about eviction are different in different states. This may be one reason why people don't always understand OPA regulations regarding evictions. There are still too many people who think they have to move out of their homes simply because the landlord says so. There are still too many people who think they have to move because their lease expires.

Perhaps the thing that bothers me most is that there are still too many people who can be scared into moving by any legal-looking document that's handed to them. I get angry every time I think of how unscrupulous landlords terrorize unsuspicious tenants by waving pieces of paper at them, papers full of legal wordage without one bit of real authority to back them up. Like Dorothy's mother, for instance, being frightened by an OPA form, which is not a dispossess notice, but simply a form a landlord has to fill out and file with the OPA when he intends to ask a tenant to move. People must know

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and remember *that in most states they cannot be evicted without a final court order.*

Whenever there is any question about rent control or evictions, it is a good idea to consult the Area Rent Director. This is especially necessary in cases of eviction, because each case has to be studied as a separate problem. As there always have been, there are still a number of just reasons for evictions.

For instance, take veterans returning from the services. They may have rented their homes to tenants while they were away and, naturally, want to move back into them, now. Within the law, they have a perfect right to ask their tenants to move. On the other hand, it's a very different proposition for people who buy houses today and try to put out the present tenants to make room for themselves. There are restrictions against that.

It's reasonable, though, not to expect OPA to do anything about helping tenants who are far behind in their rents, or "committing a nuisance." Nor can OPA help people who are using a house for illegal or immoral purposes. These reasons for eviction were all in force before the Rent Control Act was passed and there were no valid arguments for changing them. The only thing OPA can do in these cases and in cases where a landlord wants to tear down a building or make big repairs which can't be done with the tenants on the premises, is to make sure that the reasons for eviction given by the landlord really do exist.

IT IS important to remember that OPA *does not order evictions.* OPA restrains evictions, except for specified reasons and even then *proper notices have to be given to the tenant and the OPA.* A tenant cannot be removed because he has refused to pay more than the legal rent, nor because his lease has expired—unless he refuses to sign a new lease at no more than the legal rent for a period of no more than one year.

Like all the different classifications that come under OPA regulation, rent control is a strong weapon against inflation. By this time, all of us know how important it is to fight inflation anywhere. None of us—not if we have any sense—wants a short boom period, when we can all feel and act like millionaires, if it will be followed by a period of depression when we'll all be faced by breadlines and unemployment and fear.

Certain things make sense to me. If rent ceilings keep real estate values from rocketing by the artificial jockeying of rents, I can see how that will protect home owners' property values. I can even see a little way ahead and wonder why we shouldn't be considering some such anti-inflationary controls for the future, too. We've all benefited by these controls during the war. We've all been able to get our fair share of food and clothing. We've all been able to relax about having a roof over our heads without it costing us twice or three times as much as we can afford—which was the situation that existed before the Rent Control Act was passed. I can't help wondering why we shouldn't think along this line of a fair share of everything for everybody after the war, too.

But that's a question that lies in the future. Our democracy has always met the needs of the times before. If we are alert, we can make sure that it will do so again.



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"I Had the Ring"

Continued from page 47

Ma," Elizabeth's father answered, "we're not trying to sell him the piano."

After that, everything was all right.

Except that there was no time in my schedule for getting married.

I suppose people have managed to get married who got off work at eleven at night and had to report back at eight the next morning, but Elizabeth and I are both romanticists and we wanted more of a wedding than that. We waited, none too patiently, for a break in the Schedule.

It came at last. My boss, the chief announcer, left for a vacation—leaving me in charge of all schedules at the station. I proceeded to clear a Saturday morning for myself, and Elizabeth and I packed our bags.

We left St. Louis an hour before midnight on Friday, and in an hour we were in another—and older—world, in the little village of St. Genevieve, on the banks of the Mississippi. St. Genevieve, unchanged since the French came upriver to settle there in the early seventeen hundreds, still has its thatched roof houses, some of them built as early as 1740, and a picturesque old Inn of the same period—lantern lit and charming, where I planned to take my bride.

The Mayor of St. Genevieve, Henri Petrequin, also, happily, a judge, was an old friend of mine, having come to St. Louis to broadcast on the occasion of the town's bicentennial.

HE WAS waiting up to marry us, and so were his wife and mother who were our witnesses. Mme. Petrequin had baked a magnificent wedding cake and Henri opened a bottle of old French wine to toast the bride once the simple ceremony was over.

It was a lovely wedding. Elizabeth and I were gay and relaxed for we were rich with time—I didn't have to be back at KMOX until five the next afternoon!

We laughed and sang as we drove leisurely back up the river on Saturday, and we opened yet another bottle of old wine with our early supper for which we stopped at a quaint tea shoppe on the way. I remember the menu well—creamed chicken and waffles, served in antique milk glass egg dishes. I remember—because every year on October 6, which is our anniversary, we eat creamed chicken and waffles from antique milk glass egg dishes. And drink a toast in cold white wine.

We didn't have time for a real honeymoon until June, 1943! Then we had ten wonderful days in Estes Park, Colorado—but we could scarcely call *that* a honeymoon for by that time our son, Anthony Dawson Miller, was three years old. (Anthony was named for my first big time radio role—the title role in The Affairs of Anthony.)

We had moved from St. Louis to Chicago in 1939—in search of time, as much as opportunity. But in Chicago I managed to get even busier. Instead of thirty shows a week, I found myself appearing on forty-five. Variety called me Chicago's "one man radio industry" . . . but the look which grew in Elizabeth's eyes told me that it would take more than one man like me to make a single satisfactory husband.

She urged me more than once to run away, to play hookey for awhile—but I was afraid of alienating my

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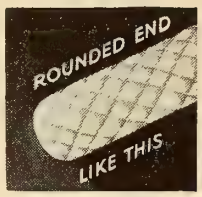
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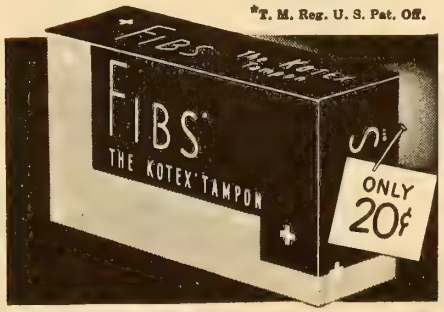
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clients. Finally she put it to me firmly. If she wangled a vacation for me, would I take it? I agreed, but I didn't think she could swing it. I didn't know Elizabeth, I guess—or at least I didn't know how desperate she was for a holiday. In two days she had cleared me with all my sponsors—for ten days!

We went deep, deep into the mountains, and left only a General Delivery address. At Elizabeth's suggestion we checked for mail only on the way home. There, waiting for me, was a week old telegram telling me to return at once—I had been signed for a new show. It was too late to worry.

Ten days away from the mike gave me a chance to get re-acquainted with my wife, but I returned to find that I also was a stranger to my son.

When Anthony prefaced a question one day with "Mr. Walker—I mean Daddy . . ." I had had enough.

Mr. Walker was manager of our apartment house. If Tony knew him better than he knew his own father, I realized it was time for a change.

Elizabeth and I discussed the new move over dinner at the Beachcombers, our favorite Chicago night spot. (Our favorite, probably, because dinner was just as good there at midnight as at seven.) Should it be Hollywood? Or New York?

It was Tony who decided, although he wasn't present in person to debate the question. In Chicago, he had had recurrent attacks of asthma. In New York, although life would be very exciting for us grown-ups, Tony would have to fight the same climate problems. But in Hollywood there was sun.

So we came west. I brought my favorite radio job with me, The Coronet Storyteller, and once on the west coast, I acquired a few more—notably the announcer's spot on the Andrews Sisters' Melody Ranch, and on the Billie Burke show. I also have had an unexpected chance to act in the movies—in "Johnny Angel", "Night in Paradise", and currently in the role of a blind pianist in "Deadline at Dawn."

It is wonderful, out here in the West. In Hollywood it isn't fashionable—even if it were possible in the semi-tropics—to work eighteen hours a day, so I am actually getting to know my family. Even Tony considers me a permanent member of his inner circle—and that is fame enough for me.

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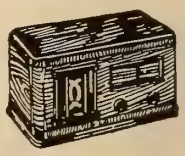
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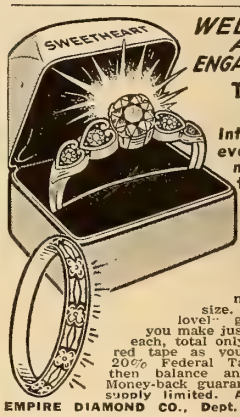
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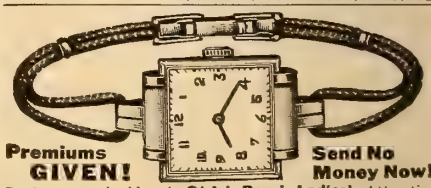
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A Love Like This

Continued from page 37

tightened around me; his look made my heart skip a beat. "The same thing. Three years—and thirty years from now."

We were so sure then, both of us—and yet, a few months later we were living apart, separated by John's dream of the future, the dream that had been my dream, too, until it became a reality too soon.

He had told me about his farm on the very first night he'd met me, at a picnic given by the Young People's League. There was folk dancing at the pavilion in the evening, and when I first saw John, I thought how nice looking he was, and I wondered why he was sitting on the sidelines with the older people, not dancing. Then, when I'd flung myself into a chair after a fast Schottische, and he got up and crossed the floor toward me, I saw that he couldn't dance. He limped noticeably, so that there was a pitch in his gait and one shoulder was carried down and forward. "What a pity," I thought—and then he was standing before me, smiling, and it wasn't a pity, after all; the limp didn't matter in the least.

"I watched you Schottische," he said. "You'll want to rest after that dance. Why don't you sit the next one out with me?"

"I'd love to." I meant it sincerely. My heart was beating unaccountably fast, and even then it seemed as if John had come to me, not just across a dance floor, but across all the years of our lives.

WE SAT through not one dance but several, and when other boys came up to me, I refused them, grudging even that little time my attention was diverted from John. He seemed pleased that I chose to remain with him, but once he said encouragingly, "I wish you'd dance, if you want to. I'll enjoy just watching you. I used to dance a lot myself—before I got smashed up in an auto accident."

I didn't quite know how to reply. At my look he added quickly, "I'm glad of it—and that isn't a defensive attitude on my part. I honestly think it was the best thing that could have happened to me. I wasn't a wild kid exactly, but I did like excitement. I liked chasing around to a half-dozen places in one evening; I liked cars and crowds and a change of scene every five minutes. I'd had and quit a dozen part-time jobs before I got through high school. I think now that if it hadn't been for the accident, I'd have been one of those fellows who never want to settle down until it's too late. But a few months in a wheel chair changed all that. I was left to myself a lot then, and I had plenty of time to think about what I was going to do with my life. That was when I began to think about my farm."

"Your farm—?"

His smile was half sheepish, like that of a small boy caught day-dreaming. "Not mine, really—the farm I'm going to have some day. I used to spend the summers on my uncle's farm—and I got to thinking about it when I was in the hospital, and to realizing that those summers were the times I'd worked hardest and been most happy. There's always growth and change on a farm, always enough uncertainty and trouble to keep you jumping. The war came along just when I'd got on my

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feet again, and since I couldn't fight, I did the next best thing and took a job in a munitions factory. I worked at night and went to agricultural school in the daytime, until I was transferred here last month, to the branch factory. I admit that I didn't like it here at first. I've a better job, but we're making soap instead of ammunition, and I had to give up my school. Now—" and his dark, direct look set up a tumultuous response within me—"I'm convinced that there are compensations."

Then I told him about myself. There wasn't much to tell, except that I was Betsey Winters, and that I lived in Saybury all my life, and that the last six of my twenty-four years had been spent helping Mother to run the little bakery she'd started when my father died. There wasn't much to tell—except that tonight I'd met a boy called John Patten, and because I'd met him life was suddenly far more wonderful and exciting than it had ever been before.

WE WERE married a month later. It was as inevitable as spring's turning into summer, as natural as the way I'd come to accept his physical disability, to fit my steps to his uneven ones, to sense when he was tired. He took me out the next night and every night after the picnic; he came to the house whenever he had a free hour during the day, until Mother said that I had better marry him to get him out from under foot. And when John said, "Get me out from under foot, eh? Well, I like that!" she answered calmly, "I don't see why you shouldn't like it. It's a compliment. I'm tired of working. I'd have quit long ago and gone to live with my sister in Florida, except that I didn't want to take Betsey away from her friends here. Now I think I can safely leave her in your hands."

I didn't think that Mother was wholly serious about going away, but she meant it. She stayed in Saybury just long enough to see us married, and then she packed her bags and went to Florida, leaving her share of the bakery to me as a wedding present. John moved into our house, and I engaged a widow, a Mrs. Evenson, who was to come in days and help me with the baking. John wasn't entirely pleased with the arrangement. "We ought to have a place of our own," he said. "Even if it has to be small."

"But this house *is* our own," I insisted. "Mother gave it to us, and you know yourself that she said I'd earned a good share of it. And besides, there isn't a vacant place in town, except perhaps a furnished room."

John smiled ruefully, as if I hadn't quite understood him, but he dropped that part of the discussion. After all, there wasn't really any other place for us, and it did seem foolish to rent a room when we owned a house. "Still," he insisted, "I don't want you to work, except to keep house for me. I'd like to feel that I'm taking care of you."

And at that I laughed and rubbed my cheek against his. "But you are taking care of me—didn't Mother say that she was leaving me in your hands? And it isn't as if I were going out to work, dear, instead of doing everything right here in the house. Why, I wouldn't know what to do with myself with you gone all day, if I didn't work . . . and then, the more money we make, the more we can save for the farm."

That settled it. John pulled me to him and kissed me hard, and said in a half-choked voice, "Oh, sweet—sweetheart—" as if he were pleased beyond



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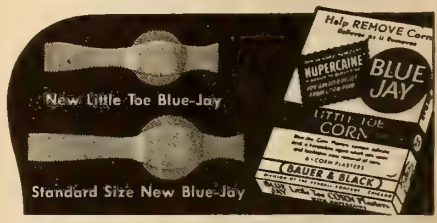
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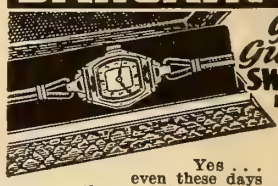
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words, grateful beyond words for having found me, and I clung to him, thrilled as always at his nearness, at being close to him.

Close to him—I know now how far apart we really were, and I wonder that we could have misunderstood each other so completely for as long as we did. You see, when John spoke of buying the farm some day, I took "some day" to be far in the future—ten years, fifteen years—a kind of place to retire to, as Mother had retired to Florida. When he brought home books on agriculture, when he turned the dial of the radio to farm programs, I listened to his comments about them with interest; I cut clippings, saved any bits of information I came across if they had anything to do with farming. But my interest was that of a woman who indulges her husband's hobby. When we used precious gasoline to drive in the country on Sunday afternoons, I admired the big barns and the trim white houses, but I looked at them as a bride in modest circumstances looks at expensive homes and thinks that they would be nice to have—sometime in the future.

THE first I knew how serious John was about changing our way of living, and changing it soon, was in November, when we drove out to the Eldridge farm to buy a turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner. We had chosen our turkey, and Mr. Eldridge had promised to have it dressed and delivered to us, when he said to John, "You know, old man Corwin is planning to sell his land and move into town."

John's face lighted, but he said scoffingly, "He's been talking about that for months. He'll never do it."

Mr. Eldridge shifted his pipe. "I think he means it, this time. He's already bought a house in Saybury, and he plans to move in next spring. Why don't you drop over and see him?"

John looked at me. "Do you want to, Betsey?"

I nodded. "Of course. It isn't out of our way." I knew the Corwin place—a toy farm it looked, with a doll-sized house set behind a neat scrap of lawn, with flower beds and shrubs laid out with the charming precision of a miniature garden. We reached it by turning off the highway, driving down a country lane. A tall lilac hedge, brown and feathery now in the chill November wind, shielded the house from the lane; on one side was an orchard. John's eyes swept the place lovingly. "Do you think you'd be happy here, Betsey?"

"Anyone would. It's a dear little place."

"Not so little. It's plenty of work for one man—that's why Corwin's giving it up. It's just what I want. We could have a cow and chickens for our own butter and eggs, and the truck garden would support us."

I sat in the house with Mrs. Corwin while John and Mr. Corwin walked around the grounds. They were gone so long that I began to get restless, and I rose as soon as they came in. John's face was jubilant; he seemed hardly able to contain himself until we were alone, on our way to the car. "We can do it!" he exclaimed.

"Do what?"

"Buy it—the farm. Old Corwin set a high price, and although I don't blame him, especially in these times, I did my best to talk him down. And it worked. I can manage part of what he wants now, and by spring, when we can move in, I'll have more. The rest











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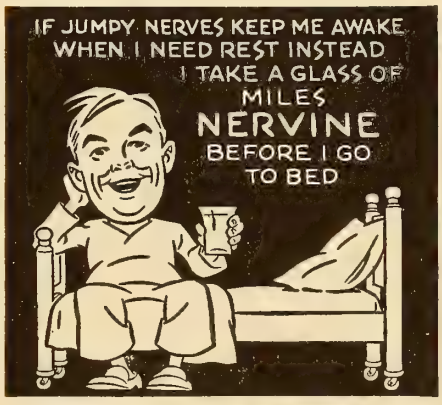
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I walked on, hardly able to believe my ears. Spring! *Next* spring. . . . "But that's crazy!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean it, John—"

"Why not?" I was too excited to notice the sudden stiffness in his tone.

I laughed, helplessly. The answer seemed so obvious. "We simply couldn't afford it. I mean—surely you don't plan to make our living off the farm! It's one thing to talk about it and think about it and read about it in books, and quite another to depend upon it for your livelihood. Why, you've never had any actual experience, really—"

John went white. In silence he opened the door of the car; in silence he got in and started the motor. I began to realize how positive I'd sounded . . . almost as if I'd been ridiculing him. I would have given anything, then, to take the words back, to re-shape them more tactfully.

Half-way into town I asked timidly, "Do you want me to drive?" Sometimes, when he was tired, driving was an effort for him, and he had done a great deal of walking this afternoon. Usually, he wasn't in the least hesitant about turning the wheel over to me, but now he said briefly, "No, thanks." We rode the rest of the way home without exchanging a word. As we went up our front walk, thick tears gathered in my throat; on the threshold I turned to him. "John, you can't freeze up this way. Surely we can talk it over—"

HE NODDED brusquely, as if he didn't trust himself to speak, and opened the door. The bell rang in the back of the house, and Mrs. Evenson came hurrying in from the kitchen. "Oh—you," she said. "I thought it was a customer."

"Only us," I said with false cheerfulness. "You can go home now, Mrs. Evenson. I'll take the shop." It wasn't time for her to go home. She was supposed to stay until after dinner, to help with the next day's orders. But she was eyeing us curiously, as if she'd guessed that something was wrong, and I wanted her out of the house.

"Yes, Mrs. Patten." She hesitated. "Only, I was right in the middle of mince pie filling—"

"I'll finish it." I went on out to the kitchen, where I got our own dinner while I stirred the fragrant kettles of mince meat, but all the while my thoughts were in the front of the house with John. Mrs. Evenson took off her apron and put on her coat and hat and left, and still John didn't come out to join me. I waited until I'd finished setting the table, and then I went into the living room to call him. He was sitting on the couch, his chin in his hands. I crossed over to him, knelt beside him. "Johnny, please—"

He turned his head, laid his cheek against the back of my hand, kissed my palm. "I'm sorry, honey. Only, it's kind of a shock, to realize that we don't see eye-to-eye on this thing—"

I felt better now, more confident, with his arm around me, with the warm current that flowed always between us started up again. But I knew that I must be cautious. I'd already said the wrong thing once. "It isn't that," I said carefully. "It's just that I think we ought to be sure before we start anything. We're doing well as it is—"

"*You're* doing well, Betsey. I'm not. I'll never get anywhere with the job I've got because I'm just not cut out to be a business man. I want my own place; I want to feel that I'm my own

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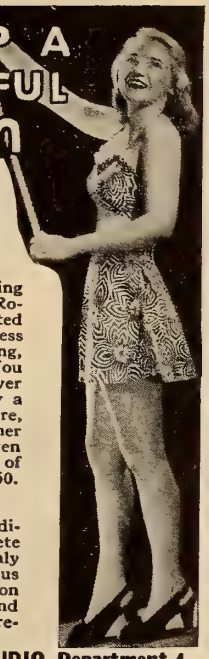
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boss and that I've got some responsibility—"

"You have responsibility," I reminded him softly. "You have me."

His wry little smile twisted my heart. "I think it's the other way around, honey. *You* have *me*, the way things are now. You know that if I lost my job tomorrow, it wouldn't make any difference, so far as our comfort is concerned. It—it doesn't give me much incentive to go on filling up ledgers. That's another reason why I'd like you to get used to this farm idea. We don't have to decide right away. Old Corwin likes me, and he likes my ideas, and I think he'd rather have me get his place than anyone else. He's not likely to sell it out from under my nose. Only—think hard about it honey, won't you?"

I nodded, and I promised, but I wasn't thinking about the farm at all. In the back of my mind, I'd already ruled out the farm as the real reason for John's discontent. The real trouble was that he wanted, as a man does, his wife to be dependent upon him . . . and I was dependent upon him, in so many ways, in such important ways that I couldn't put them into words. John was the quick warm thrill I knew at the sound of his uneven step on the porch, the voice that answered mine in quiet talk and laughter in the evening, the deep, sweet contentment of his arms at night, the first sleepy kiss when I awoke in the morning. John was happiness. Surely it wouldn't be hard to make him understand how very much I needed him, to make him see that our household really revolved around him.

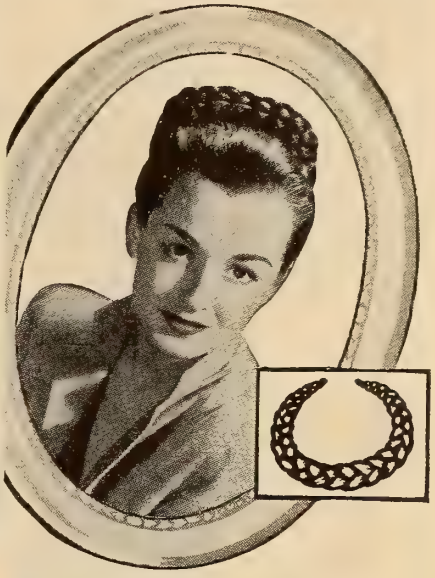
I began, after that, to defer to him in unobtrusive little ways. I took care to ask questions about his job; I fussed over the clothes he wore to work, as if he were going each day to an important conference instead of to a desk exactly like a dozen other desks in a big room; I asked his opinion in matters pertaining to the bakery.

It wasn't convincing. You can't make fiction of facts—and the plain fact was that John's job wasn't really important to our way of living, and there was no possible way of making it so. And John knew what I was trying to do—I realized that one day when I asked him whether or not I should try a new type of flour. He didn't answer for a moment, and then he said with an odd,



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slow smile, "I'm not a baker, Betsey. You know more about that flour than I do—and you know it."

I flushed and said defensively, "I thought perhaps you might have come across something in one of your pamphlets—"

"I read about raising wheat, not using it."

We'd stopped talking about the farm. We never seemed to get anywhere in our discussions about it, and then, during December, we were both too busy to even think much about it—I, getting ready for the Christmas holidays, and John, preparing for the January audit. He worked extremely hard all through December and January—and on that I blamed the fact that he often came home low in spirits and short of temper, with a strained look around his mouth. And then in February something happened. A small thing, but revealing. Mr. Farley, John's superior in the auditing department, was in the habit of stopping on his way home to buy rolls for dinner. He always stayed to chat with me for a moment, but on this February afternoon he greeted me briefly, almost curtly, picked up his package of rolls, and hurried out. I stared after his stiff-backed, retreating form. "Now what," I said to Mrs. Evenson, "do you suppose is the matter with him?"

LATER, at dinner, I told John about the incident, and asked him the same question. "I wouldn't know," John said, "except that I almost punched him in the nose this noon."

"John!" And I sent a shocked glance toward Mrs. Evenson, who was working late that night and who was having dinner with us. Then John laughed—a rather strange laugh, but it relieved me. "Oh," I said. "For a moment I thought you really meant it."

He had meant it. He told me about it afterward when we were alone. "I didn't hit him," he said, "but I was tempted to. We had an argument, and I lost my temper."

"An argument? What about?"

He shrugged. "It wasn't important—we're usually arguing over something. Don't worry about it, Betsey."

I was shocked. It was the first inkling I'd had of trouble at the office. I didn't understand it at all—and then I began to remember little things—the new tight look about his mouth, his edginess . . . even back to the October day when John had wanted to play hookey. Was it possible that he was beginning to resent his job so much that he chafed against it and didn't get along with his co-workers? "If you're not happy there," I said, "why don't you quit?" And then I held my breath, afraid that he would take it to mean that his job meant so little to us that he could easily quit.

But he looked hopeful. "And move out to the farm?"

I hadn't meant just that. I'd been thinking of his getting another job in town. But now I wanted to say yes, wanted to say anything that would please him, and yet I was afraid. "Perhaps . . . if there were some way I could run the bakery at the same time—"

John looked at me, and then he turned back to his newspaper. There was an interminable silence, and then I ventured hesitantly, "We ought to be able to work out something."

"I don't see how," he said levelly. "You don't want to give up your business—and you can't possibly run it from out of town. A thirty-mile trip

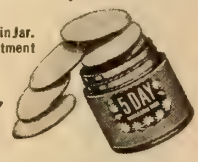
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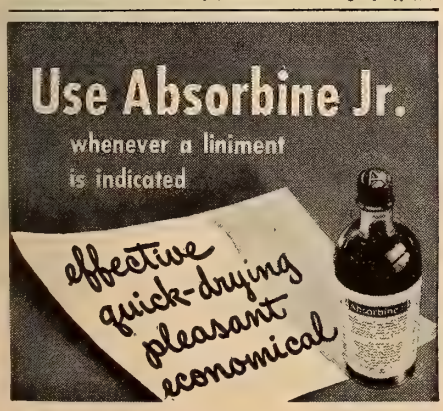


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each day would take a good chunk of the profits, even if you could get the gasoline."

I cried that night, curled forlornly on the far side of the bed from John's stiff, straight form. He must have heard me crying, and yet he didn't turn to me, didn't take me in his arms. And I knew then that I couldn't reach him, for all that I could have touched him by putting out my hand. We'd argued before, over other things, and not once had he hesitated to make up afterward, to kiss me and to smooth the trouble over.

I slept late the next morning, and came downstairs to find John already gone. Mrs. Evenson had turned the bread out of the pans and was kneading it on the marble slab. She looked at me—knowingly, I thought, and I turned my face away, conscious of my swollen, reddened eyes. Then reaction set in after my tortured night, and I told myself angrily that I was making a spectacle of myself over very little. John was dissatisfied with his job, and consequently his farm, which belonged properly, practically, to the distant future, had become an immediate necessity to him, had become an obsession. Surely the obsession would pass. Something would happen to make it pass. He would be promoted at the office, or he'd be offered another job, or he would find another interest. . .

SOMETHING did happen, but it was the last thing I expected. John bought the farm. When he came home that night he greeted me with an air of abstraction, of holding something back. And as soon as Mrs. Evenson had gone, he put down the paper he'd only been pretending to read and said, "Betsey, I bought the Corwin place today."

"Bought it?" I repeated stupidly. "You don't mean—for yourself?" The news was so incredible that the first explanation that occurred to me was that John had bought the farm as an investment and intended to rent it out.

"For us," he said pleadingly. "Please see it that way, Betsey, and say that you'll try it with me. You'll like the life; I know you will, and we just can't fail—"

I hardly heard him. I was staring at the comfortable sitting room, at the deep chairs and the lamps placed for reading, at the soft colors of drapes and furnishings. We had everything one could reasonably want in life, every comfort, and John wanted to leave it. He wanted to give it all up for a wild chance on a job at which he'd never had any real experience. He wanted—

"Before you answer," he was saying, "I want you to know that I've got to go, Betsey, whether you go with me or not. I—I can't stick it out here any longer. But please say you'll come with me—"

"I can't." Had I really spoken them—the words that ended everything between us? "I mean—"

"You mean that you don't trust me to provide for you."

I said nothing. In my heart I knew it was the truth. Already, at the back of my mind, a thought was stirring: suppose he tries the farm—and fails. We'll still have something left. We'll have this house, and the business.

"If it only wouldn't mean giving up the bakery—"

John's face was gray. "But it does," he said wearily. "It's no use, Betsey; you don't understand. Not only would you have to give up this place, but you'd have to give it up wholeheartedly, so that whatever happened, you

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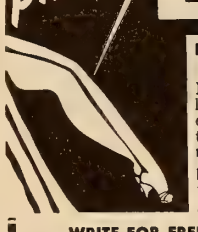
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wouldn't reproach yourself afterward. The way you feel now, I—I don't even feel that I can ask you again to come with me."

I didn't understand, not any of it. I moved through the next day or two numb with bewilderment, cleaning his clothes, helping him to pack, to sort the papers in his desk. None of it seemed real. He wasn't really going—not John, who loved me, who was dearer to me than my own life. And even after he had gone, and the house was as queerly silent and still as if death had visited it, I still didn't believe it. I had to remind myself not to set his place at the table; I lay wakeful and tense at night, listening for—expecting—John's step on the stairs, John's voice calling my name. And every morning I awoke with a sense of anticipation. Today I might hear from John. Surely today he would call me, or he would come into town, and I would meet him, even if by chance, on the street. When people asked about him, I told them that he'd bought the farm and had gone out there to "get it started"—as if at any time we would be together again.

BUT the days passed, and there was no word, no sign from him. March became April, and the weather turned warm, and the whole world was achingly sweet with spring, and then I began to tell myself, "I must be patient; I must be prepared to wait a long time. Next fall—surely by next fall he will have given up." Mercifully, I didn't realize that he would never give up, and that he would certainly never come back, a failure, to me and to the security I had to offer. I was wretched enough in those weeks; I had trouble enough filling the lonely days, the empty nights, and I worked twice as hard as ever before. When the Methodist Church held its twenty-fifth anniversary celebration, I went all out—baked dozens of loaves of bread for the dinner, dozens of pies and cakes—and I outdid myself on the anniversary cake, a magnificent three-tiered structure, glistening white, with the name of the church traced in silver beads.

I didn't trust anyone else with that cake. I carried it to the church myself, just before the dinner was scheduled to start, carefully maneuvered my delicate burden through the basement door which opened on the serving pantry. The little pantry was deserted at the moment; as I set the cake down to rest my arms I heard the chatter in the kitchen, the banging of oven doors and the clatter of crockery as the women prepared the dinner. I heard something else, too—my own name, and John's.

". . . mighty funny to me," a woman's voice was saying. "Betsey says John's gone out to get the farm started. What's there to start about the Corwin place, I'd like to know? The way old man Corwin left it, all anyone would have to do would be to take over. My guess is that there's some trouble between them—"

There was a murmur of agreement and then someone—Mrs. Farley—said moderately, "After all, it can't be too easy, living with a cripple—"

And then came Mrs. Evenson's voice, rising positively. "Of course it isn't! Believe me, I'd have thought twice before I married *him,* if I'd been in her shoes. In the first place, a woman doesn't feel the same way about a crippled husband as she would a normal man, and in the second place, a man that's got something wrong with his body is likely to have something

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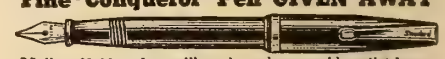
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wrong with his soul, too. I've seen his crankiness, and his moods, and I've seen him clam up like a—well, like a clam, many times. And I've seen her the picture of misery and her face all red from crying—"

I still don't recall turning and leaving the church. Blinding fury possessed me, drove me on; I'd walked half way home before I realized where I was, before I had some semblance of thought. Those stupid, stupid women and their prying, *pitying* tongues! *Pitying* me for having married John! Oh, I should have told them—told them—*You, Mrs. Farley, why do you think it isn't so easy, being married to a cripple? What do you know about it? John's twisted body inconveniences him sometimes, and hurts him sometimes, and at those times it hurts me, too, but otherwise I am no more bothered by the fact that he doesn't look like other men than you are bothered by your husband's having blue eyes. And anyway, no man is crippled who has John's goodness and his strength and his gift of laughter—*

I turned in at the house, started up the steps, continuing my furious, unspoken tirade. *And you, Mrs. Evenson, what have you seen*—And then it was as if a hand had reached out and touched my shoulder, as if another voice had repeated, "What have you seen, Mrs. Evenson?"

I sat down on the steps suddenly, struck down by realization. Mrs. Evenson had seen something that I hadn't seen at all. She had seen the tight lines around John's mouth, and she'd noticed his silences, and the forbidding withdrawn expressions that crossed his face—and she had known what they meant. I hadn't.

"Something wrong with his soul," I whispered to myself. There'd been nothing wrong with John's soul when I'd first met him. It had been a whole and a hopeful and a happy soul. He had changed, and it was I who had changed him—by keeping him at a job that was too small for him, by trying to keep him safe and secure, by doing for him the things that he should have been doing for me, that he wanted to do for me. I'd been afraid to take a chance, to give up my house and my business. . . I turned my head, looked over my shoulder at the dark bulk of the house. An empty house—and what was



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my work except something to keep me from thinking, to keep me from missing John?

I knew then that Mrs. Evenson was right about something else, too, and I would have disputed it violently only a little while before. You *don't* feel the same way about a crippled husband as you'd feel about a husband who is whole and strong. You don't care about him the same way—you care a hundred times more. You adjust your steps to his; you rest when he is tired; you pick up the things you drop and run little errands that you might otherwise expect your husband to run—and you don't regard these small things as sacrifices; you are glad of them because they help you to express your greater measure of love. Wouldn't giving up my house and my bakery be the same as running a little errand for my husband? Would I be able to give them up wholeheartedly, as he had asked me to?

I waited, there in the spring night, until I was sure of my answer. And then I went into the house—to call John and ask him to take me home.

It is autumn as I write this—the time when you feel at peace with yourself, and you know in your heart all the goodness and fruitfulness of the earth. From my window I can see the sun on the fields, hear the tap of apple-tree branches against the window, hear the spatter of grain in the yard and John's chuckle as he feeds the chickens. In some ways perhaps, the season hasn't been too successful. We've made most of the mistakes that green hands make, and we've just barely managed to pay our own way—but we've profited by our mistakes, and we know that next year will be better. But even that isn't what matters. What matters is that the taut look is gone from John's mouth, and the light and the eagerness for living is back in his eyes, and he is John again, my beloved husband.

And even more—I am his wife again, truly his wife. Not a woman who holds herself apart from him, but one whose only life is the life that she can build together with her husband, a life so all-important that it is more than the sum of their two lives, and has an entity of its own.

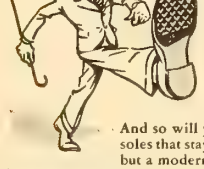


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Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. We find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO ROMANCES goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO ROMANCES for November will go on sale Wednesday, October 17th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!



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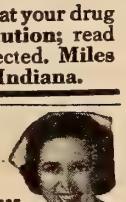
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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 4)

last season on Perry Como's Supper Club shows, Mary is due for a big radio and film buildup this Fall.

* * *

Remember Tony Martin? Tony is now a plain GI stationed in India, and according to a letter received from a member of his division, is one of the best liked guys in the ranks.

* * *

Strangely enough, bandleaders are having a difficult time getting adequate girl singers. George Paxton is just one of the maestros desperately searching for a suitable canary.

* * *

The Spike Joneses have decided that their recent attempt at reconciliation was hopeless. They've been married 10 years and have one child, Linda Lee.

* * *

Tommy Dorsey surprised everyone with his good-humored m.c. work this summer and will probably win a regular sponsorship shortly.

* * *

Singers Phil Brito and Chuck Goldstein (the Chuck of Four Chicks and Chuck) are two really busy fellows. In addition to their vocal chores both are employed in war plants.

* * *

Homespun Heroes

Down south in the steaming, industrial city of Nashville, Tennessee, there is a flourishing radio institution that for nineteen consecutive years has been giving some simple but sound showmanship lessons to the sleek savants of Broadway and Hollywood.

They call it Grand Ole Opry and its sizable stable of 100 singers and instrumentalists are authentic country folk who have learned their musical trades from weazened ancients snuggled in the state's Smoky Mountains. To them Nashville and Grand Ole Opry is America's musical mecca and they'll take New York and California only at the movie shows.

A modern version of the old Saturday night barn dance, these plain people bring their fiddles, guitars, banjos and jugs to town and put on a four-hour show. Three state sponsors and one national one gladly pay the bills. The enthusiastic audience pays thirty-five cents for the privilege of witnessing this southern spectacle. The whole family comes, from wailing babes in arms to whittlin' grandpas.

The performers and the native patrons don't mind if the rest of the nation tunes in for a half hour as long as they maintain respectful distances.

All are self-taught, and as one of them explained, "Our fingers are just cooperatin' with our minds."

Each musician knows a catalogue of folk tunes, and it takes no more than five minutes to run through the two hundred and forty minute musical marathon lineup.

Headman of the network portion is robust Roy Acuff, thirty-three-year-old son of a county judge. To give an idea of Roy's enormous popularity, he was once drafted by the Democrats to run for Governor and with one good chord of his fiddle, could have won hands down. Roy refused.

Several years later the Republicans tried. They got the same answer.

A Tennessee biscuit company sold 3,000,000 barrels a month until they

Give Yourself a Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE

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Charm-Kurl is for sale at department stores, drug stores and 5c and 10c stores. Get a Kit today, and thrill to your lovely new permanent tomorrow.

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Dick Powell is the hard-boiled Richard Rogue, detective on the NBC Sunday night mystery show

started calling their product Roy Acuff flour. Then production jumped to 10,000,000.

The brown-haired, well-built singer finds Nashville highly profitable. His radio, films, recordings, song book folios, and theater appearances net him about $100,000 a year.

This gives him ample opportunity to operate a forty acre farm on the outskirts of Nashville. There he lives with his wife Mildred, schoolday sweetheart, and their infant son.

Roy likes to help friends who have had ill luck but refuses to discuss his benevolences. Recently a friend died, leaving a widow and children. The proud widow refused to accept charity. Roy knew this so worked out a suitable strategy. He visited the woman.

"I want to buy your husband's fiddle. Been needin' a new one for a long time and I always hankered for his."

The widow said she would sell it but couldn't estimate its value. Roy fondled the fiddle as if it were a long lost Stradivarius. He took the instrument and left a check for $1,000, hundreds of times its original value.

Roy played baseball and football in high school, was the leading scholastic athlete of Knoxville. He turned down a big league baseball career when a New York Yankees scout offered him a job. He preferred to play and sing.

Roy always has time to see new singers for his troupe. He never forgets a promise. Sometime ago a twelve-year-old barefooted, homely little girl pleaded for an audition. The girl showed promise, but was too young.

"Come back in five years," Roy advised.

Five years to the day the girl returned. She was hired. They call her Little Rachel, and she, along with Minnie Pearl, the Smoky Mountain Boys, the Girl Reporter from Grinder's Switch, the Duke of Paducah, Oswald, and Mack MacGarr are the leading members of Roy's gang.

Good-natured, modest, but proud of his work and his performers and public, only one thing makes Roy see red. He hates to be called a hillbilly.

"Hillbilly makes people think of Tobacco Road. We're singing the real songs of America and its people. This is pure and simple folklore music and we're mighty proud of it."



Evelyn — and her Magic Violin, featured with Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra on the radio program, "The Hour of Charm."

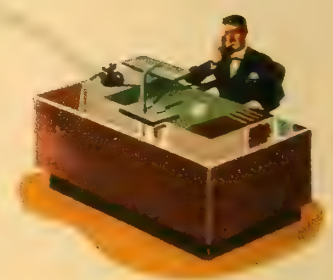
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Radio Romances

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JOAN EDWARDS

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Four Full Pages of Photographs

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Learn about Hair-dos

from the girls who know!

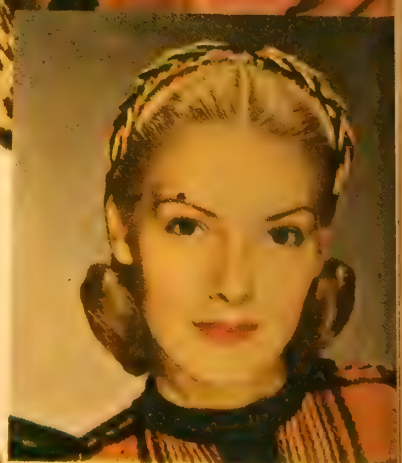
HERE'S LOVELY NORMA RICHTER . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"! On this page she shows you three stunning hair-dos, keyed to the kind of simple clothes smart girls will wear this fall and winter!



TO BRING NEW ENCHANTMENT to your profile . . . this unusual new "up" hair-do, with its lovely sculptured lines. That wonderful polished look of Norma's hair . . . that sleek, lustrous smoothness are due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

FOR HATLESS OCCASIONS, on windy winter days, tie a small silk scarf around your head. Sweep hair up and arrange ends in big puffs, right over forehead. Slip ends of scarf through puffs. But make sure your hair has the lustrous smoothness which only Drene with Hair Conditioning action can reveal!





MULTI-COLORED PLASTIC COMBS add a perky touch to the classic simplicity of this smooth page-boy and complement the colors of the gay sleeveless jacket. Norma says no shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves her hair so shining, yet so smooth.

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WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

"Rather cut dolls than rugs, Sis?"



GIRL: Think I'd rather go to some wonderful old dance and be popular and glamorous when I can sit here being just plain old me with my slacks on? Goodness!

CUPID: *Plain?* You're not so plain, Pattycake.

GIRL: Wait'll I smile, Little One. I'm Sad Sack.

CUPID: No gleam?

GIRL: No gleam, Little One. No sparkle. I brush my teeth. And brush 'em. But it's no glow. No gleam.

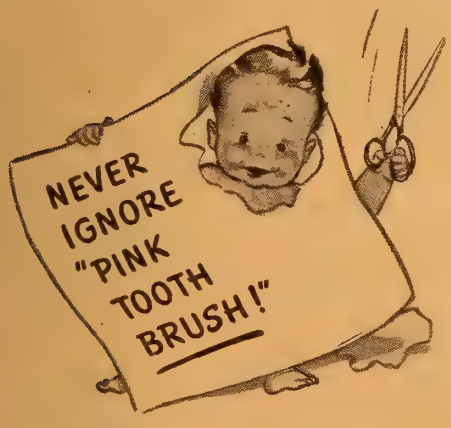
CUPID: And 'pink' on your tooth brush, I'll bet!

GIRL: We-ell . . . only lately . . . I—

CUPID: Stop stuttering, Sis. That 'pink' on your tooth-brush is a warning! It means see your dentist—and fast!

GIRL: Dent— But I haven't got a toothache. I—

CUPID: Quiet, Powderpuff! Dentists aren't just for toothaches. Visit yours tomorrow. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Sure. Sure, sure, sure. But *what's that got to do with my smile?*

CUPID: This, my mentally under-privileged friend: Ipana not only cleans teeth. With massage, Ipana helps your gums. Massaging a little extra on when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile that'll have you cutting more rugs and fewer paper dolls. Get started tomorrow, Baby!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty— IPANA AND MASSAGE

RR

NOVEMBER, 1945

Radio Romances

FORMERLY Radio Mirror

VOL. 24, NO. 6

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director
DORIS McFERRAN, Editor
EVELYN L. FIORE, Assistant Editor
JACK ZASORIN, Art Director

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ON THE COVER—Joan Edwards, Star of CBS's Hit Parade
Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios

ADVERTISEMENT



"It takes Pepsi-Cola to make them feel they're really back home."

Radi-I-Q



By JACK LLOYD

One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 105. A score between 8 and 10 is good, 7-5, fair, and below 5—well, listen in more often, won't you?

1. Lovely Ann Sothern has brought her most famous characterization from the screen to the air. What's the name of this new CBS show?
2. One member of the famous Bennett family has taken time out from acting to do a news show. You know that it's
   (a) Joan, (b) Barbara, (c) Constance
3. Steve Wilson, crusader against crime in Big Town (CBS) always gets a helping hand from lovely—
4. While Fibber McGee and Molly were vacationing this summer, a famous Danish comic-pianist took their place. Was it
   (a) Ole Olson (b) Jean Hersholt
   (c) Victor Borge (d) Karl Swenson
5. A sparkling CBS show features singers Marion Hutton and Larry Douglas as well as the famous "Believe It Or Not" man. The initials of the show are "R. R. & R."
6. Which motion picture actor, best remembered for his portrayal of Brigham Young, enacts the role of Rev. Spence on ABC's One Foot In Heaven?
7. Phil Baker, besides dishing out cash on CBS's Take It Or Leave It, plays a musical instrument on the show now and then. Which one of these?
   (a) Violin (b) Accordion
   (c) Trumpet (d) Clafinet
8. Unscramble these names of daytime dramas:
   (a) Ma Lawton (b) Ethel and Tim
   (c) Lora Perkins (d) Tena & Albert
9. Mark the following statements *TRUE* or *FALSE*
   (a) Pamela North is the wife of Major Hugh North on ABC's Man from G-2.
   (b) Mr. Keen is the "Tracer of Lost Persons" (CBS).
   (c) Comedian Alan Young hails from Canada.
10. She's one of the most listened-to women on the air. She's got a host of sponsors and her initials are M.M.M. Know her? She's on NBC.

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But will you stay as sweet as you are?

YOU STEP from your bath all fragrant and fresh. But how long will that freshness last? Will it begin to fade almost before you're dressed?

Not if you know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness! *One* for your bath—to wash away *past* perspiration. And *Two* for Mum—to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor.

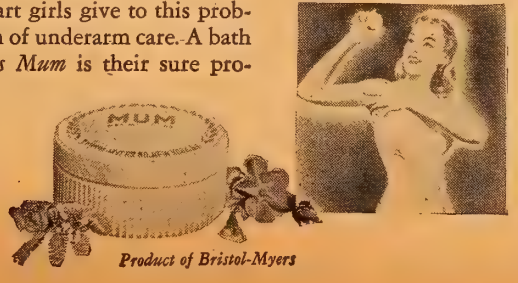
That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath *plus Mum* is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.

So take 30 seconds to smooth Mum on each underarm and stay nice to be near. You can depend on Mum's protection to last for a whole day or evening.

Remember, too, that gentle Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fine fabrics—can be used before or *after* dressing. Use Mum, *to be sure.* Get some today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

R R



Making faces

Scowls leave wrinkle-scars, and frowns make you frumpy—so look pleasant, please, for prettiness!

Cass Daley, Number One radio and movie face-maker, warns against the squints and scowls that make you look less than your very best.

CASS DALEY, radio comedienne, has more funny faces than Toscanini has overtures. And because her funny faces help fatten the fat check she gets for convulsing night club audiences and radio listeners, Cass is more than normally interested in how you and I look in our off-guard moments.

What she knows about seeing us as we seldom see ourselves is not flattering. The fact is that we all make faces which smother any good looks we may have.

If you play the game that Cass plays and watch women in restaurants, on the street, in social gatherings, you'll be amazed at the long list of unconscious habits and facial mannerisms. You'll see the girl with the lined forehead who can't go five seconds without frowning. Another distorts her face by biting her lips. There's the girl who'd hate to be caught staring vacantly into space, her mouth wide open. Some people can't even eat without going through facial gymnastics. And of course you know the girl who makes a terrible face every time she adjusts her glasses farther up her nose. The girl who habitually squints is probably fooling only herself. She needs glasses but foolishly thinks her squinting is prettier. Lighting and smoking a cigarette can be done without making a face but too few women know it or do it gracefully.

Then there's the girl who is too animated. In a mistaken effort to seem vivacious, she overworks her face. There's the girl who pushes her cheek out of place when she leans her face on her hand. And the one who can't apply powder without pushing her face around. The girl whose eyes close whenever she smiles should practice smiling with lower jaw relaxed and slightly dropped to help prevent deep lines from developing around her eyes.

An habitual dead-pan expression is just as bad as the face that works too much, so the ideal to strive for is a soft, relaxed look. A few sessions in front of your mirror can help you eliminate mannerisms and "funny faces" which all of us have in our off-guard moments. This way you'll end up looking your prettier self more of the time.



Was This the Night She Dreamed About?

Ever since she'd met him the week before she dreamed of this . . . their first real date together.

Soft summer air, the magic of the moonlight, the shimmering stars, and the whispering of the ocean, sweetly conspired to make it a night for romance, and yet . . . here she was, hurt and troubled, on her way home by ten.

He pleaded an early train to catch. Even so, that couldn't explain the contrast between last week's ardor and tonight's studied indifference! She simply couldn't understand his attitude.

No matter what your charms may be, they can count for little if you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You, yourself, may not be aware of its presence, so why not be always on guard? Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderfully simple and wholly delightful ally in helping you to be at your best. Use it morning and night and before every date.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit this wise and delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for oral hygiene

A ray of romance came into Joan's radio adventures when Andy Russell joined the Joan Davis Show this fall. It's heard Monday evenings, 8:30 P.M., EWT, CBS.



WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast



Jimmy McClain is the man who knows all the answers —he's quick-witted Dr.I.Q.



Florence Lake lends romantic distraction to NBC's The Gay Mrs. Featherstone.

By DALE BANKS

NOW that the shooting war's over, radio has a reconversion job of its own to do. The radio industry deserves a nationwide salute for its contribution to the war effort. But what comes now?

In a way, we're in a new kind of war. There's still a lot that needs to be done before we can all sit back and feel really safe about tomorrow. There's still a great deal of information that needs to be spread around.

There's the job of reemployment for all the radio personnel who've been in the Armed Forces. There's the question of full employment all over the country. There's the utilization of all the young men and women who've discovered latent talents while serving their country. There's the question of education and spreading honest and correct information about the other nations of the world in America.

The radio industry is full of plans. In the long run, however, the industry will try its best to meet the demands of the people. So, maybe, such ideas as are floating around among the listeners about how radio can best serve their needs should be made known to the networks and stations.

* * *

When "Anchors Aweigh" was playing at the Capitol Theatre in New York, one of the steadiest customers at the box office was Ethel Owen, who plays Millie McLean on the Lorenzo Jones show. Ethel couldn't get enough of the picture. The reason? Her daughter Pamela—who goes by the name of Pamela Britton in the movies—had a feature part in the picture.

* * *

Since the world looks kind of hazy around the edges to us, too, when we misplace our eyeglasses, we feel more understanding than amused by Edwin C. Hill's little idiosyncrasy. Hill has fifteen pairs of specs, all with his name on the cases, spread around in broadcast, newsreel and recording studios in New York and Washington. He hasn't taken any chances since a day a few years ago when he discovered just before a broadcast that he had left his glasses at home and found himself

(*Continued on page* 8)



Gentle words, gentle ways . . . the soft butterfly touch of fingers . . . will tell a man he's home.

Let your hands be soothing music, sweeter than he could have dreamed.

There's a lovely, *different* hand lotion to help you — creamy, flower-fragrant Trushay.

It softens hands so wonderfully. And you can use Trushay in a very special way — the *"Beforehand"* way!

Before daily tasks, *before* you do dishes, smooth on Trushay. It helps *guard* beautiful hands even in hot, soapy water!

Use Trushay whenever, wherever skin needs softening.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

"Don't tell me how you feel-- I know!"



Taking pity on yourself "these days"? Sitting it out just because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" are making you feel slightly lower than sea level?

You don't have to take stop-and-go signals from menstrual pain. Instead, take Midol and experience the quick comfort these tablets can bring you. Midol is offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. It is free from opiates, and its speedy action is three-fold: *Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue".*

So don't let up just because Nature lets you down. Perk up—take Midol with complete confidence and enjoy real comfort! Get Midol today at any drugstore.

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

(*Continued from page* 6)

forced to do a whole broadcast without benefit of script.

* * *

An ex-GI tells us that Dan Seymour's program, Now It Can Be Told, is one of the favorite shows of wounded servicemen in the hospitals around the country. It seems that in the Army, you follow orders and carry out missions and nine times out of ten you have no idea why, or sometimes even where, you're carrying out the orders. Lots of soldiers are catching up factually, now, through these broadcasts, with their own combat history and the war is beginning to make sense. Our veteran tells us, from his own experience, that it's easier to reconcile yourself to having been injured, if you understand the complete ramifications of the action in which you were wounded.

This Now It Can Be Told program is another example of the thrill-possibilities of reality. And they're real, all right. At this moment, some 29 government agencies and 53 foreign embassies are supplying Dan Seymour with hitherto censored facts for material.

* * *

Personally, we're all for hobbies. They make people happy. But they can be carried too far sometimes. James Melton's enthusiasm for old cars is kind of fun—up to a point. But we hear that he carries it to the lengths of having old car motifs on wallpaper and lampshades in his home and embroidered and printed and painted on sweatshirts and ties and handkerchiefs. Wonder if his wife ever feels like a small rebellion?

* * *

A new note of neatness prevails in the NBC newsroom. Robert St. John used to be a familiar sight whenever things got hot in the news. He'd run around with a sheaf of papers in his hand and his suspenders trailing behind him. It was always a sign of pressure, when St. John pulled the suspenders off his shoulders. But the crowded, hectic situation at the time of the Japanese surrender called for a change. William F. Brooks, the director of news at NBC, got worried that St. John would carry away half the newsroom equipment with his flying suspender—because St. John was doing some tall dashing about in those tense days. Brooks hit on a perfect solution. He just whispered to St. John that he was giving the wrong impression—that the office girls all thought he had a bellyache whenever he went around like that with his braces hanging down.

In a way, considering the work St. John did in those frantic days, it's a shame he had to give his mind to remembering about keeping his suspenders up, too. The man worked 117 straight hours, with only cat naps at odd moments, which added up to about ten hours sleep in that whole time. He appeared on his regular 10 A.M. program, aired 76 special broadcasts, wrote 2,000 word biographies on each of the principal contenders for the post of Allied Supreme Commander, changed his shirt ten times and lived on orange juice, sandwiches and coffee.

* * *

We love listeners' reactions. Charlotte Hanson, who plays—among other roles—the part of Patsy on the Nick Carter series, had a line in one of the recent scripts which went something like this: "Now look, I've ruined my stockings—and it's my last pair!"

And, in the next day's mail, Charlotte received six pairs of sheer hose from a sympathetic listener!

* * *

Not all fans and listeners are like that, though. Mark Warnow's mail on any given day has at least two letters from aggravated songwriters. Songwriters seem to suffer from persecution complexes. Each one of them is positive that publishing houses have turned down their songs because they resent new talent, that the song was so sensational it might make regular composers like Romberg, Kern and Cole Porter look like bums—and that's why publishers turn down the songs. And they demand that Warnow play their songs on the Hit Parade. Moreover, they will frequently give a specific date when

(*Continued on page* 10)



Radio Romances editorial director Fred Sammis goes into the problems of being an editor with Maggi McNellis, as guest on her woman's program, heard daily at 12:15, WEAF.

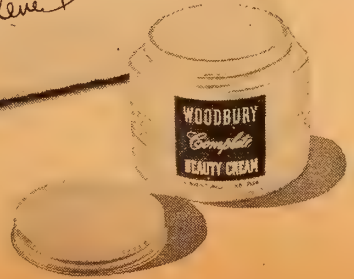
Another Hollywood Star ... with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



MD

Once she's found a camera man who does the most for her, a star rarely changes. And that's the way I feel about beauty creams. I'll never change from Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. One cream that gives me complete skin care ... with beauty extras!

Marlene Dietrich



The peerless Dietrich! The star who put "amour" in glamour! Glamorous . . . *clever you* . . . to try her skin-beauty recipe . . . wonderful Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream!

Here's *one* cream that gives *complete* care . . . as it *cleanses, smooths, softens* your skin! A spellbinder as a *powder base;* a magician as a *night cream.* And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Star in your *own* love drama! Today . . . get Woodbury . . . 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

. . . it's all you need!

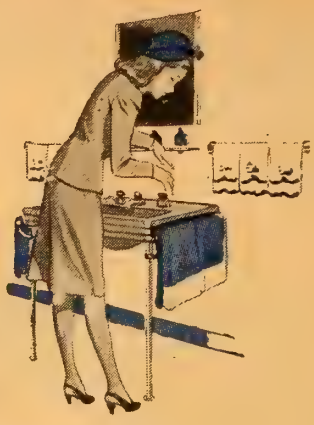
Are you in the know?



Too bad she doesn't care about—

- ☐ *Her competition*
- ☐ *Boogie-woogie*
- ☐ *The Three D's*

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—droons who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks *will* tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands work time-and-a-half on problem days. Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, *now there's a deodorant in Kotex.* It's locked inside each Kotex and can't shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness!



Which would you use?

- ☐ *The guest towels*
- ☐ *The Turkish towels*
- ☐ *The end of your slip*

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the *guest* towels—not the family's! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, *use* them. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has the *different* kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*

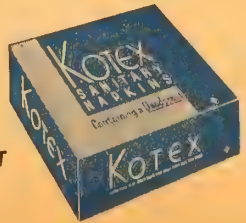


Can you be picture-perfect—

- ☐ *With a shiny nose*
- ☐ *Without benefit of bangles*
- ☐ *In winter pastels*

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can *be* at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The patented *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for those flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines. And thanks to that patented *safety center*, you get *plus* protection with Kotex.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together



A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

(*Continued from page 8*)

the song should be played, as well as its position among the other songs! To date, Warnow hasn't been knocked over yet by the quality of the songs themselves.

* * *

Something new has been added to the technique of the New York Board of Education. A number of seventh, eighth and ninth year classes in the public schools in New York have been turned over for use in experiments to test the suitability of television in education. The first courses to include television lectures and televised experiments are science courses. If that works out well, television can easily be used for most other subjects. The possibilities are limitless and we can see the whole idea of school and lessons and interest in education being changed. It's a healthy thing that education should at last be catching up with advances in scientific knowledge that have led to discoveries like the harnessing of atomic energy.

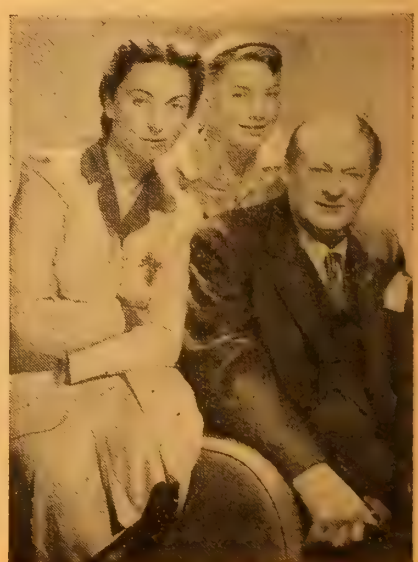
* * *

We like the way Paul Lavalle shows that he's never forgotten how he got his first break and how important it was to his career. He first gained recognition when Toscanini gave him a solo spot playing clarinet in the NBC Symphony. Today, Paul makes it a practice to take talented performers from the Highways in Melody choir, which he directs, and give them the solo spots of the program instead of following the usual pattern of calling in guest stars.

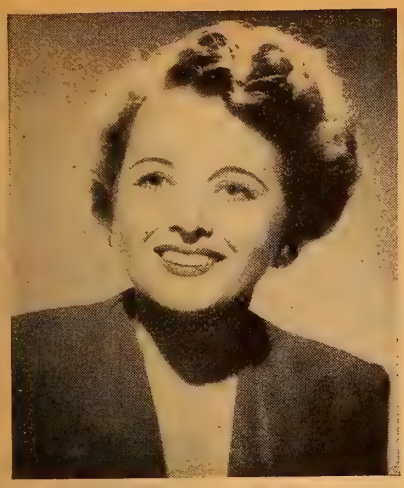
* * *

Most people who watch Morty Howard at work at the piano marvel at his patience with children. His two major assignments at the moment are accompanying 7-year-old Bobby Hookey and 16-year-old Marion Loveridge. Before Morty took over these and other children's programs some years ago, there had been a long succession of different accompanists—all of whom fared badly. The one just preceding Morty used to bark at the kids and frighten them so they "froze".

Howard gets his results with old-fashioned psychology. He never comes out and tells the children they must



Agnes Moorehead, Conrad Binyon and Lionel Barrymore—"family" of CBS's The Mayor of the Town.



Loaned to radio from the screen is Mary Astor, who stars in CBS's The Merry Life of Mary Christmas.

sing a song this way or that way. Instead, he listens to their ideas—some of which are pretty good. If he disagrees with any of them, he doesn't say anything. He nods brightly and then plays his accompaniment in such a way that the kids automatically sing the song the right way. By doing it like that, Morty avoids hurting the children's pride or their faith in themselves and their judgment.

* * *

The girl with the pin-up voice is Barbara Cary. She's the woman news editor who's been handling overseas shortwave pick-ups for NBC. George Thomas Folster, correspondent in Guam, reports that every morning in the cold gray pre-dawn hours, when he and Barbara Cary exchange timings, cues and weather reports to do with the broadcasts that will come later in the day by two-way transmission, several lonely servicemen gather in the studio, just to hear her speak.

* * *

We hear that one of the best selling books in England these days is called "Tree In The Yard". Seems that's what the British have named "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"—because, as one commentator put it, Brooklyn isn't quite as famous in England as it is in America.

* * *

One of the nicest romances in radio circles is the marriage of Bea Wain and Major Andre Baruch. They've been married a number of years, now, but the shine hasn't worn off their sentiment.

Recently, Baruch had his first leave from his busy schedule for the Armed Forces Radio Services. He and Bea disappeared for most of his ten days off. Also, Bea wears a wide gold wedding band engraved with a musical staff and the notes of the melody "I'll Be Loving You Always"—which she firmly believes will be true in her case.

* * *

Dave Elman isn't satisfied with having two shows on the air. His Auction Gallery program and the return of his famous Hobby Lobby show don't keep him busy enough. He's scurrying

(*Continued on page* 110)



Evening in Paris

RICH, RADIANT COLOR IN

Face Powder!

Out of the glamor world of Paris into the beauty world of America comes the wonderful French blending process by which Evening in Paris face powder is made.

"Triple color-blending" it is called . . . which means a face powder so fine, so smooth, so exquisitely tinted it seems to kindle a glorious new loveliness in your face . . . touching your skin with a soft velvet bloom that utterly denies drabness, blemish or surface flaw.

This is *your* face powder . . . for a skin exciting to look at, thrilling to touch. Try it . . . and learn why it is said "to make a lovely lady even lovelier, Evening in Paris face powder."



Rouge 50c • Lipstick 50c
Face Powder $1.00 • Perfume $1.25 to $10.00
(All prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS
NEW YORK • DISTRIBUTOR

Tune in "Romance, Rhythm and Ripley" with "Believe It or Not" Ripley, Marion Hutton, Larry Douglas, Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursdays, 10:30 P.M., E.W.T., Columbia Network.



Once you've used FIBS, there are two special advantages that you'll always remember:

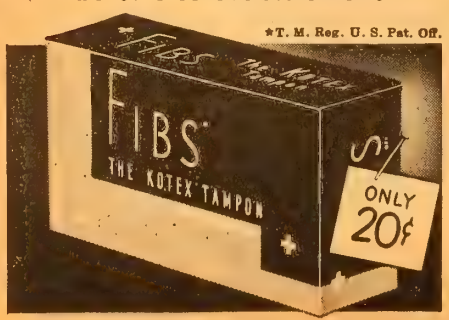


FIRST, those smoothly tapered, gently rounded ends that assure easy insertion. You can tell at a glance that FIBS must be easy to use.

SECOND, the "quilting" that prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes. It's a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate.

FIBS quilting also contributes directly to your comfort...keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS*!

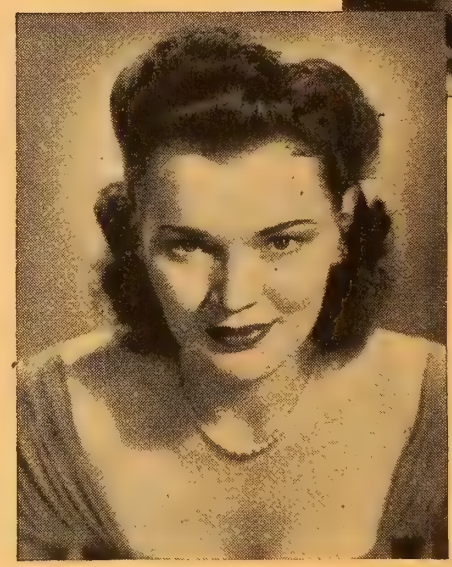


*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN





George Paxton, who served his apprenticeship with a number of the best bands in the country, now has a top-flight organization of his own. (left) Singing with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians on NBC, Joan Wheatley specializes in the sophisticated ballad style.

FRANK SINATRA'S outspoken blast at alleged USO mismanagement in the European theater had the bricks flying, but a talk I had with Ed "Duffy's Tavern" Gardner, who returned a few weeks later, backed up Frankie's points.

Incidentally, those who predicted the GI's would boo Frankie off the stage were completely wrong. The boys took to him like bobby sockers. Frankie took their ribs good-naturedly and then gave them the best package of singing those boys have heard since The Groaner came their way.

* * *

Ginny Simms' unexpected marriage to wealthy housing expert Bob Dehn rocked Hollywood, and a number of hopeful suitors have regretfully struck Ginny's name from their datebooks.

* * *

At press time no person I talked to around radio row would bet a Jap yen on whether Bing Crosby would return to the air this season in any regular series of broadcasts.

* * *

Sammy Kaye is auditioning girl singers to replace Nancy Norman, who by this time should be the wife of swooner Dick Brown.

* * *

Another radio romance concerns Buddy Rich's old fashioned elopement with Jean Sutherlin. Buddy is Tommy Dorsey's drummer.

* * *

Jo Stafford has shelved some forty pounds and is getting plenty of attention from Lawrence Brooks, baritone star of "Song of Norway."

* * *

Dinah Shore has patched up her feud with RCA-Victor, but that new recording vocalist will get less attention.

* * *

In case you've been wondering what has happened to Larry Clinton, the former bandleader is now a Captain in the Army Air Force, stationed at a China bombing base.

* * *

There was a big shakeup in the Boyd Raeburn orchestra recently when two of the saxophonists almost swapped blows right on the bandstand.

* * *

The rush of new recording manufacturers to get a chance at the post-war disc market, despite scarcity of materials, should serve as a warning to prospective record buyers. It is advisable to play the disc you want before you purchase it.

* * *

Alfred Wallenstein has been appointed director of all serious music for the

(*Continued on page 14*)

The Night you will Never Forget...

Heaven was in her Eyes...
And her Lips were Paradise



WALTER WANGER'S temptatious tribute to that sly old feeling!

Night in Paradise

in TECHNICOLOR

The screen's glorious new love-match!

Starring **MERLE OBERON**
TURHAN BEY

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE with

THOMAS GOMEZ · GALE SONDERGAARD · RAY COLLINS · ERNEST TRUEX · GEORGE DOLENZ · JEROME COWAN

Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN · Produced by WALTER WANGER · Associate Producer: Alexander Golitzen

From the Novel "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hellman · Screenplay: Ernest Pascal · Adaptation: Emmet Lavery



Tampax is so well known, now

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

THROUGH the length and breadth of the United States—in city, town and remote village—millions of women are buying Tampax regularly at their local stores. So you can confidently discuss Tampax with anyone to whom you would mention *any* monthly sanitary protection.

The Tampax method has definitely arrived! The reasons are obvious. First, Tampax discards all outside pads and their needed supports of belts and pins. Then there can be no bulges—no chafing—no odor. Changing is quick and disposal is easy . . . Tampax gives a feeling of comfort and *freedom* that probably always surprises the new user.

Perfected by a doctor to be worn internally, Tampax is made of long-fiber cotton firmly stitched and compressed in applicators for efficient insertion. You do not feel the Tampax when it is in place . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 *absorbency-sizes* (Regular, Super, Junior). A whole month's supply will fit into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

R
R

(Continued from page 12)

American Broadcasting network, with Paul Whiteman continuing as major-domo of the jazz output.

* * *

There's a strong possibility that Joan Edwards may quit The Hit Parade and switch to the Philco Hall of Fame show with Peggy Mann, tiny singing discovery of agent Frank Cooper (the man who first predicted lusty careers for Frank Sinatra and Dinah Shore) getting the Hit Parade spot.

* * *

Gene Krupa will be the next bandleader to go overseas and entertain our occupation troops, following Hal McIntyre and Shep Fields.

* * *

Paul Weston conducts the Joan Davis show and Frank Devol batons the Ginny Simms airer.

* * *

Johnny Long, after a so-so period of swing style, has reverted again to sweet syncopation.

FROM TAMBOURINE TO TROMBONE

The medium-sized lad with the wavy black hair and ambitious eyes had finally heard the news he had been waiting for, praying for, ever since he had formed the little Kearny, N. J. high school band.

"Look, kid, stop wasting your time here," the music man had said, "you're ready for the big time. Pick up your marbles and get ready to make some dough with a real band."

Now that the boy had received this rough but nevertheless sound appraisal of his musical ability, he was frozen with fear. Georgie was perfectly willing to quit school—after all he couldn't play football any more, not with a severely banged-up knee—and become a professional musician. But what would his father say? Georgie's dad was no ordinary parent. He was a Salvation Army officer who had devoted his life to the cause. Jazz music, blatant and booming from a bandstand, was a far and noisy cry from the churchly hymns sung on lonely street corners, and accompanied by a portable organ and a determined tambourine.

George Paxton recalls his dilemma as if it were yesterday. "You know it took me two days to summon enough courage to ask my dad and it was all over in two minutes."

Colonel Paxton pushed his spectacles close to his forehead, carefully placed a bookmark in the family Bible and spoke to his son. "George, neither your mother nor I has any objections to your playing music for money. Just remember this. As long as your morals are good any career you choose is satisfactory."

The brief but penetrating words from the Salvation Army man have not been forgotten.

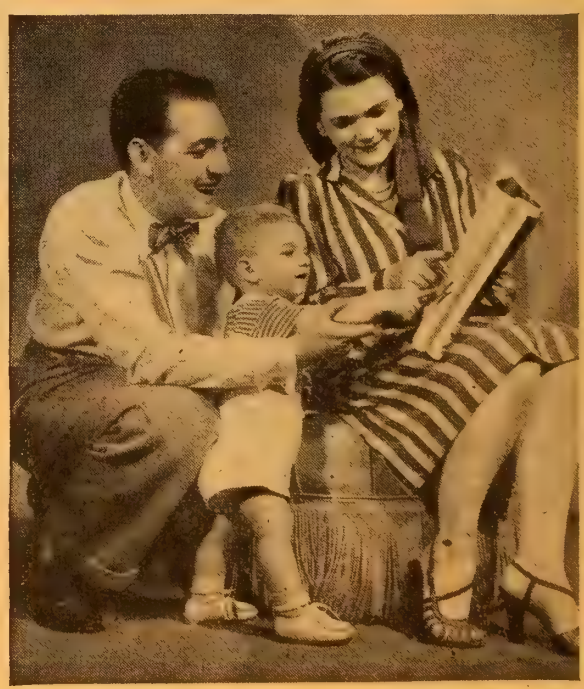
George Paxton has played with many bands—Frank Dailey, George Hall, Bunny Berigan, Charlie Spivak, Tommy Dorsey. Today he has a dynamic, rising young band destined for national attention. He's played ballrooms, theaters, hotels, traveled coast to coast, but for all that he might just as well be some conservative mid-western business man who comes home to wife and family when work is done.

The thirty-year-old bandsman and his attractive wife, May, live in a modest little house in Flushing. They have one child, four-year-old George, Junior, better known as "Chip." Mrs. Paxton met and fell in love with George back in high school.

Don't get the idea that George Paxton's band should be exclusively booked for Wednesday socials. They know their way around a jump tune. Get them to play their own arrangement of "Temptation" for proof.

But they frown on saucily-spiked lyrics and suggestive hijinks that hind-

(Continued on page 16)



The Danny O'Neils start young Billy off on a literary excursion. Danny's CBS program is heard Tuesday through Friday, 7:15.

"LUX Soap Facials



"It feels as if you were smoothing beauty in when you cover your face generously with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy, Active lather and work it in thoroughly."

every day



"Easy on the eyes—that's what *you* will be after your Active-lather facial! Rinse with warm water, then cold, pat your face dry with a soft towel. A beauty care that *works!*"

make skin LOVELIER"



IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap Active-lather facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a very short time!



★★ FIGHT WASTE ★★

Soap uses vital materials. Don't waste it!

This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier...

no wonder 9 out of 10 screen stars use it!



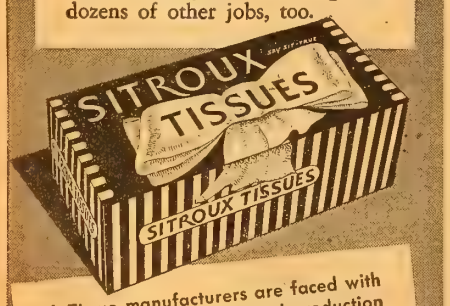
After removing polish . . . *round* nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.



. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter—push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—never *waste* precious Sitroux Tissues!*)



. . . If nails are small, cover entire nail . . . if long, leave half-moon, small tip. Remove excess polish with remaining half of Sitroux Tissue. To hurry drying, run cold water over nails. Keep Sitroux Tissues handy for cleansing and dozens of other jobs, too.



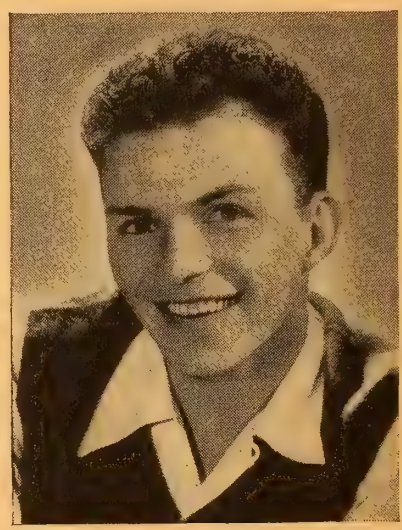
* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES
SAY SIT-TRUE

(*Continued from page 14*)

er rather than help the music. As George neatly explains it: "We don't wear funny hats and we don't stand on the chairs for an effect."

After George got his professional seasoning, he expanded his musical training (he can play piano and any brass instrument, though he concentrates on trombone) by studying the famed Schillinger harmony method. As an arranger he won quick renown and was much sought after by top-flight leaders. Paxton not only could help make an orchestra play brightly and distinctively, he could spot the individual merits or flaws of each musician.



It's Wednesday nights at 9:00 EWT, on CBS, for Frank Sinatra's fourth year in radio.

Charlie Spivak and others paid George to help them organize their orchestras.

In 1941 blonde, curvaceous Ina Ray Hutton urged George to join her outfit. Curves are a splendid asset to any musical combination but sound musicianship is a necessary though not as obvious essential, George accepted and became an equal partner. The association clicked. Last year he sold out his interest at a fat profit and went out on his own.

Paxton's band, strongly backed by shrewd Tin Pan Alleycats, broke in in Florida, worked its way to New York, clicked in Roseland Ballroom, and in the usual pattern, won approval in theatres, hotels and in a number of CBS and American network air shots.

The band is not making any money now. No new band gets out of red ink for several years, but George, with a neat bankroll accumulated, is perfectly willing to wait. So are his men.

George never worries about losing his men to other bands. His explanation is amazingly simple.

"They like what they're doing."

But that doesn't stop Paxton from wooing new converts. A stern workman, he is constantly seeking ways of improving his orchestra.

The night I saw and heard him he was having a hectic evening. He was planning a vocalist change, and between torrid sets on the bandstand he and his manager were giving a solid salestalk to a prominent sideman at the moment associated with another orchestra. I didn't wait to see how George and his manager made out but the chances are they grabbed him.

RADIO ROMANCING THE RECORDS

(*Each Month Ken Alden Picks The Best Popular Platters*)

FRANK SINATRA: (Columbia 36830) The unbeatable songteam of Styne and Chan gives Frankie two more top-drawer tunes from his film "Anchors Aweigh"—"I Fall In Love Too Easily" and "The Charm Is You." A platter must.

SKIP FARRELL & THE DINNING SISTERS: (Capitol 209) A new harmony blend that bears listening. "Love Letters" and "Homesick" is a praiseworthy sampling.

PERRY COMO: (Victor 20-1709) One of our better baritones gives a lyric treatment to Chopin's revived Polonaise under the title "Till The End of Time." LES BROWN (Columbia 36828) turns in a creditable job on the same haunting melody.

BENNY GOODMAN: (Columbia 36823) Turns to his inimitable licorice stick for a slick rendition of "June Is Bustin'" and an instrumental jump ride appropriately titled "Clarinade."



Ethereal soprano Francia White was a summertime star on CBS Electric Hour.

DINAH SHORE: (Victor Album) The Nashville thrush pays her tribute to George Gershwin with a foursome of the composer's better tunes, including "Do It Again" and his last composition, "Love Walked In." Charlie Spivak turns in a noisy quartet of Gershwin "Porgy" melodies. Gershwin fans will turn away in droves, but Spivak fans may care for them.

KING COLE TRIO: (Capitol 208) Discdom's number one instrumental trio turns in another dusky pairing with "Shy Guy" and "I Tho't You Ought To Know." Definitely recommended.

VAUGHN MONROE: (Victor 20-1687) A juke box favorite because burly baritone Monroe sings a sad lyric of broken love affair called "Two Cigarettes" that for some reason is frowned on by network censors. Reverse is "No More Toujours."


COPPE-VOGUE STUDIOS AND
SILVER FOX BY ESTHER DOROTHY
Compacts by
Elgin American
You can show your Elgin American compact proudly. Exquisite style and craftsmanship—gleaming, enduring finish—custom-like individuality, make these Elgin American creations truly masterpieces of the jeweler's art. The perfect gift.
ELGIN AMERICAN, Elgin, Illinois
Compacts • Cigarette Cases • Dresser Sets
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coming up!.. 3 new Sweet Treats!

Yes Ma'am...a touch of sweet makes a meal a treat... energizing and delicious. Try these 3 new Karo sweet treats...you'll like 'em as much as we do.

THE KARO KID



© Corn Products Sales Co.

MORNING

PANCAKES — KARO-ORANGE SAUCE

1 cup Red or Blue Label Karo
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
¼ cup orange juice
¾ cup orange (sections or diced)
12-16 thin pancakes.

Combine Karo, butter, orange rind and orange juice; heat slowly until butter is melted, stirring occasionally. Add orange sections. Roll thin pancakes, and arrange in a lightly greased baking dish. Pour Buttered Orange Karo over pancakes, and bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes. If desired, the orange sections may be omitted from the Buttered Karo, and rolled inside pancakes before baking. Makes enough syrup for 12-16 thin pancakes.





NOON

CRUNCHY KARO STRIPS

8 slices white bread
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
2 tbsps. honey
1 cup Blue Label Karo
1½ cups crushed, ready-to-eat cereal
½ cup finely chopped nuts
1 tsp. grated lemon and orange rind

Cut trimmed bread slices into halves or thirds as desired. Add butter and honey to Karo; heat slowly until butter is melted, stirring occasionally. Crush cereal, combine with chopped nuts and lemon and orange rind. Dip bread strips into warm buttered Karo, and roll lightly in cereal mixture until well coated. Bake on oiled cooky sheet in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes, or until light brown. Remove at once with spatula to rack or waxed paper to cool.

NIGHT

KARO GLAZED APPLE ON CAKE

4 red apples, medium size
1 cup Red Label Karo
1 cup water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ stick cinnamon
6 whole cloves
¼ cup raisins (optional)

Wash and core apples; if desired do not peel. Cut into slices about ⅓ inch thick. Combine other ingredients; bring to boiling. Drop in apple slices; cover and simmer about 20 minutes or until apples are tender and transparent. Serve hot or cold on gingerbread, spice cake, plain cake, shortcake, or marble cake. Serves 6 to 8.



To the end of the Journey



I LIKE to think that somehow, somewhere, John and I would have met under any circumstances. Ours was that kind of love—the kind in which we knew each other the instant we saw each other, the kind that seemed fated. Nevertheless, practically, I know that if it hadn't been for the war, John would never have left his home town of Maple Falls for service at a sun-baked air field in the Middle East, would never have arrived, finally, at the rest center near my home city of Corona.

If it hadn't been for the war, perhaps I would have been married by the time I was twenty-three, to one of the boys I'd known in high school—one of the boys who had marched away from Corona so soon after Pearl Harbor. If it hadn't been for the war, I wouldn't have been a hostess at the center, wouldn't, on the night I met John, have been dancing with Philip Hurst, a blond, brash, laughing boy who was almost exactly like hundreds of other boys I'd met in the years I'd been going to the center dances. I was laughing at Philip's compliments—the usual extravagant compliments—par-

On her wedding day, Beth knew for the first time how it felt to be unwanted

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

rying the usual request for a date.

"I never make a date with a soldier," I said lightly. "All soldiers have girls back home."

"Now, Beth," Philip said reprovingly, "That's a pretty broad statement."

Of course it wasn't wholly true, but I'd found that it was a safe enough assumption. It was part of the attitude that had made me one of the dependable hostesses at the center, one who could be relied upon to treat all of the boys alike. I left my personal life at home every Friday night, just as the boys had left theirs when they'd first put on a uniform. Until the war was over, they were simply fellow-travelers to me, people to be amused and entertained for a little while, people I didn't expect to be with to the end of the journey.

PHILIP and I were arguing, half-seriously, when my eyes met those of a tall young man standing near the door. It was just a second that our glances crossed, before a turn in the dancing swung him out of my sight, but I missed a step, felt a queer little shock like recognition. I knew that I'd never seen him before; it was as if everything about him—the way he held his head, his nice, dark, bony face, the humorous lift at the corner of his mouth—had been turned out of a mold cast long ago in my own heart.

Philip shook me a little. "What are you looking at, Beth?"

I flushed. I hadn't realized it, but I'd been craning my neck to see the boy at the door. Then I caught sight of him again, and Philip's eyes followed my line of vision. "Old Johnny," he said. "See here, Bethie, you don't want to pay attention to a no-good mechanic when you've got me around—"

John was a nice person, then, a good person. Philip was a new arrival at the center, and I'd met him only the Friday before, but already I knew him well enough to understand that he was polite about people he didn't like, whereas he heaped cheerful insults upon his friends. "John," I said. "What's the rest of his name?"

"Dorn," said Philip. "I'm warning you, Beth; don't dance with him. He's knock-kneed and pigeon-toed, and he'll walk all over your feet—" And then John was beside us, tapping Philip's shoulder, taking me out of Philip's arms so competently and easily that I'd switched partners without missing a beat of the music.

"My friend Philip," John commented. "I'll bet he was saying lovely things about me."

I laughed. "He was—if you turned them inside out and then upside down."

"That's his way. It can be irritating sometimes, when people believe him. But I'd forgive him anything for the way he looks after me."

"Looks after you?" John didn't appear to need looking after. Not when he was six feet of bone and muscle, not with a jaw that was almost rock-like in its firmness.

He didn't answer me. He seemed to have forgotten that I'd asked a question. He was looking down at me, and something in his silent regard set my pulse to beating unsteadily. I snatched at the first remark that occurred to me to break the silence. "You dance very well."

"I shouldn't, right now. I wasn't even thinking of the music. An old tune was going through my mind. Remember: 'I took one look at you . . . that's all I meant to do. . . . And then my heart stood still?' "

"Of course I remember it."

"Well—that's how I felt when I first saw you."

He spoke so matter-of-factly that at first I didn't realize what he'd said. Then I thought, *He doesn't mean it—he can't; it's too much like what I was thinking of him.* But still, I felt that he did mean it. He was the sort of person you instinctively trust. Had he told me he'd just returned from a rocket trip to the moon, I'd have been inclined to believe him.

I danced every dance with him that night, and whenever one of the other boys cut in, John cut right back. Between dances John told me about himself and his family—his mother and father and his twelve-year-old sister, Caroline—and about Maple Falls, a tiny town, hardly larger, in point of population, than the high school I'd gone to in Corona. "You ought to see it in the fall," he said, "when the leaves start turning. That's when all our relatives make excuses to come to visit us. Mother loves company, and she and Dad would turn the house into a hotel if they could. Dad owns the hardware store in town and some other property around the Falls, and he'd just taken me into the business when the war came along. . . ."

I told John about myself—what there was to tell. I wouldn't have thought there was much to say about Elizabeth Hughes, except I was an only child, and I'd lived all my life with my father and mother in a pleasant suburb in Corona, and that I'd gone to work in a downtown office as soon as I'd finished high school. There'd been the usual parties and dates and dances—until the war had started, and the young men went away, and the parties gave way to Red Cross work, and there were few dances except the service dances at the center.

But John prompted me with questions and listened so attentively that I chattered away until I stopped, embarrassed, in the middle of a story that couldn't possibly have held much interest for a stranger. "I'm sorry," I apologized. "I'm talking too much—"

A little grin curled the corners of his mouth, (*Continued on page* 69)



"I don't see how you did it," I said breathlessly. "How did you know where I'd be?" His grin widened. "You told me!"

This story, To the End of the Journey, was inspired by a problem originally presented on the John J. Anthony program, heard Monday through Friday at 1:45 EWT, MBS.



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"I don't see how you did it," I said breathlessly. "How did you know where I'd be?" His grin widened. "You told me!"



Nothing ever gave me greater joy than walking down Fifth Avenue, looking at displays that made my heart beat fast.

Somewhere, Some Day

I COULDN'T sleep.

Too many thoughts. Too many little cogs of my memory, clicking like parts of a perpetual motion machine. And the rocking of the train didn't help a bit either.

Going to New York! The conjecture was at once exciting and terrifying, and you'd imagine I was a kid of sixteen instead of forty-three. But that was my trouble, I mused. Somehow, despite my years, I was youngish, immature in my thinking.

Oh, you'd never get that idea to look at me. A girl of forty-three doesn't look sixteen; she might look thirty or thirty-five. But not sixteen. Then why does she feel as young as that?

Inexperience. That was it. Not knowing the answers to the little things that add up to a general awareness of life. I turned over on my left side and my bare feet touched the end of the berth. I was aware of that, mind you; and I was conscious of the other things that were not exactly new to me, but were certainly things I wasn't used to. I turned over on my right side and somehow that was more comfortable. I shut my eyes, but I didn't sleep. My brain was turned up like a new radio, catching the sounds of the night train as it hurtled along steel tracks.

Here it was at last, the dream-come-true of excitement, adventure, in a city that was a different world. But the dream had cheated— it had left something out

"I'll think myself to sleep," I determined. "I'll wear myself out thinking. I'll begin at the beginning and end the story tonight."

Wilhelmina Snyder. Not a pretty name, but not too bad. What did the name suggest? Stolidity. Carefulness. Yes, a perfect picture of me, assistant buyer at the Bon-Ton of Worth City, Ohio. No! Not assistant buyer any more! I was the *new* linen buyer. I couldn't even get used to that because I had been assistant so long that it was like having a name all your life, then changing it. Change my name? Well, there was only one way to do that—and I had no right to be thinking such thoughts.

"Go back again, Wilhelmina, tell us about your life."

Life in Worth City? Well, that was something. Every morning of my life was the same. Bounce out of bed at 7:30. Turn on the radio. Robe on, slippers on, patter to the kitchenette. Water boiling for coffee, lemon juice, coffee. Lemon juice. Keeps the weight under control, it says in the success course. Hurry to the bath and the last half hour for dressing. Then the twenty-two minute walk to the Bon-Ton, Worth City's Finest Store, Established in 1902. The Bon-Ton at Main and Maple. Clean sidewalks, shiny windows, revolving doors and the buzz of early-morning preparations for the day's work. As automatic as a vacuum cleaner.

And all the time I was dressing, swallowing lemon juice and walking to the store I talked to myself, figured out the world and the people in it. If my little bedroom radio spouted news from London, England or Paris, France, my mind was at work comparing those places with Worth City, Ohio. Were the people the same? Did an English girl my age drink lemon juice, did a Frenchwoman hurry to her job? Did Paris, France, have a Chamber of Commerce like Worth City? Bet they didn't have a Bon-Ton. No place could have a store like that. Im-possible!

I was an admirer of Worth City and its Bon-Ton because, for a city its size, you couldn't beat it. At least that's what you heard all the time. We did have nice buildings, nice homes, nice people . . . well, yes, they were nice people. Nice, but uninteresting. I guess that was the trouble with Worth City; or, perhaps, that was the trouble with me. And I was frank enough to admit something like that even if I wasn't sure it was true.

As I said, every day was the same. Walk down Maple until you come to the corner of Main. You go through the revolving door and the store's air-conditioning system greets you with a clean touch; you walk by the perfume counter and you continue past costume jewelry, handbags, millinery, haberdashery. Right on to the rear elevator, and maybe you ride up to the second floor with Mr. Kelly or Mr. Kahn. Buyers, like me, they begin talking shop right away. The shortage of this and the shortage of that and ceiling on everything. Those are the things you talk about with them. They never say: "That's a lovely hat, Miss Snyder." They never say: "Going to be busy tonight, Miss Snyder? How about dinner? The movies?"

To tell the truth, such an invitation from either of them would have been something to laugh about; they were such dyed-in-the-wool bachelors. But who am I to talk? I'm almost forty-three and unmarried, too.

Then into my little office, neat and orderly. Miss Lango, my assistant, ready with the morning mail; circulars from all the big linen companies. "Miss W. Snyder, Buyer. The Bon-Ton, Worth City. Dear Miss Snyder: Due to the demand for linen goods for use in the Army and other services our supply of Grade-A Dublin, texture 229, has been restricted. However . . ."

Dry as dust? Nothing romantic about linen. Oh, its history and manufacture is probably a colorful story; but I meant it's not romantic to sell linen or any dry goods—unless there's romance in your life. And there was no romance in mine. Except on Tuesdays —and that was certainly romance of a vicarious kind.

Tuesday was my day off. The Bon-

Ton prided itself on being up-to-date, and everyone worked only a five-day week. Our days off were staggered, so that the store wouldn't be without help on any one day. My day off was Tuesday—my day to listen to the radio. All day long I tuned in the daytime serials, and I loved to listen to them. Things happening to people. The sort of things I'd liked to have happening to me. Of course, the women who stayed home and could listen every day had the advantage of me, but I treasured my Tuesdays. I imagined that I was Helen Trent, or Big Sister, or Portia, or Valiant Lady, or any of the others of my favorites—that I was doing the things they were doing, living their lives.

THE rest of the time—the whole week but Tuesday—was very run-of-the-mill. I just worked hard all day long, nine to five, went home, cooked my dinner, listened to the radio (more romance, and laughter, for a little while), read a book or magazine, and went to bed. Some nights I had to attend a club meeting; I belonged to the Business and Professional Women's Club. You know that club: lady doctors, lawyers, small business owners, school teachers and a few other "career" women. I disliked the thought of being a "career" woman, or considering myself one; because I honestly felt I just had a good job; and I belonged to the B & P W Club because my boss, Mr. Featherstone, thought it was good business.

It was just after Thanksgiving Day last year that the feeling of futility descended upon me heavily. I don't know exactly what caused it, but I was really in a blue mood when I came home from work that night. I felt tired and bored. I undressed quickly and filled the tub with water, spilled in a quarter box of that bubble soap and relaxed in the soothing warmth of the bath.

Mr. Featherstone had made the announcement that day: "To all employees. Starting today Miss W. Snyder will be buyer for the Bon-Ton's Linen Department." I should have been more excited than I was. Congratulations were abundant. I had worked hard for the promotion. Now it was here, and I just felt tired.

Why is it that a girl my age looks forward to her bath more than anything else in the world? I could feel myself untie imaginary knots. I half closed my eyes and went over the day's events. Seven orders placed for various kinds of linen goods; tablecloths, pillow slips, towels, Mr. Featherstone's reminder that the annual White Sale would be held next month. The trouble with Mrs. Willis who tried to tell the section manager her charge account was not overdrawn.

And Barnsley Geller.

What made me think about Barnsley Geller when I took a bath? It was funny and unexplainable. Maybe his neatness reminded me of the soap. Maybe the soap reminded me of his neatness. Barnsley was in to see me that day, and somehow the thought of his visit did not cheer me; maybe he was the cause of my blue mood. It happened like this.

I had known for a few days that his itinerary would take him to Worth City some day that week. He traveled for the Lily-White Linen Co., Springfield, Mass. His business calls, despite wartime traveling problems, were as punctual as the big electric clock on the main floor of the Bon-Ton.

Barnsley Geller's coming to Worth City and the purchase of my new blue suit were simultaneous enough to be suspicious. No, no, no. Nothing planned. I told myself that so many times I almost believed it. The suit made me happy, and Barnsley's coming made me brighten up so much I felt ten years younger. I felt proud I could still wear a size 16, and I knew the suit was flattering.

So when he walked in the door with his brief case in his hand and smiled a greeting at Miss Lango and myself that morning I felt as happy as a lark. I didn't show my happiness except in my cordialness. Strictly business, you know. Barnsley T. Geller discussing wartime problems of manufacture with Miss Snyder, new buyer for the Bon-Ton linen department. My eyes casually taking in every detail of his appearance. He must be in the vicinity of forty-five, I decided. The shine on his shoes. The perfect part in his red-brown hair.

FOR fifteen minutes, according to the miniature clock on my desk, he discussed his products. Then the conversation teetered on the brink of infinity. He was running out of conversation, and I was trying to make the small talk that was so easy to make with other salesmen. I could think of a million things to say ordinarily, but not then. He remarked on the difficulties of getting good food while traveling; and, oh! the awful proximity of the opening that might have made the difference. I could picture Barnsley trying to get a good meal, and I could think of all the little dishes I could cook for him. Why didn't he ask me if I would be free for dinner that night? Why didn't I lead him into the suggestion for a date?

It almost happened. Yes, it did. But Miss Lango told me Mr. Featherstone was on the phone and Barnsley Geller was reaching for his brief case. I felt like cursing the telephone, Mr. Featherstone, the Bon-Ton; all the elements of an unhappy fate. Barnsley Geller shaking hands with me, telling me he would be in again in six weeks. The sun going behind a cloud; staying there.

Oh, what unhappy fate had made a spinster out of me? I asked myself that question so many times in my life it really stood out like a neon light in my consciousness. I could reason it out, of course; tell you just how it was that I never married. Taking care of an invalid mother had something to do with it. The early interest in my job at the Bon-Ton also contributed to the circumstances. My disapproval of the men who did take an interest in me, the men of Worth City, was also a factor.

But most important of all was my lacking the trait of being able to set my cap for some one. I was the quiet type. No doubting that. My girl friends were rather frank in their objectives; and those of them who were married became even more frank in their expressions. "You'd better hurry along, Wilhelmina," Marjorie Smith once said to me, "find yourself some one nice with lots of money." I don't think I would have taken that remark from anybody but Marjorie; I had known her since we were kids together, and I knew she meant nothing derogatory by it. But I was sensitive, just the same.

And Barnsley Geller's coming and going, his visit to Worth City another time without asking me to dinner was just disappointing enough to annoy me. Just what was there to look forward to? I asked myself. Work and nothing more. November Sales, then the Christmas rush, then that very blue part of the year in January when life seemed to be going up-hill all the time.

Then I sat up in the tub with a start. Sure enough, the Dry Goods Association Convention was the thing I had forgotten. In my mind I could recall the special invitation that had come to me: "The D.G.A. will hold its



twenty-third annual business meeting at the Commodore Hotel, New York City, during the week of January 10th. You are requested to make your reservation early because of wartime problems."

Immediately I felt brighter. The convention, although not the most exciting event in the world, would give me a chance to get away from Worth City. New York was a powerful magnet to me; the smart shops, the theater, the cosmopolitan atmosphere—all that was a tonic to me, and I felt invigorated by the promise of exciting days in the big city. And it would be fun meeting all the people I had corresponded with as Assistant Buyer.

The next day I filled in the various forms to comply with the Association's rules and regulations, sent them by airmail to New York; and Mr. Featherstone beamed his approval when I told him I had made plans for the annual trip. "The Bon-Ton has been represented at D.G.A. meetings since 1902," he said proudly. "I attended a good many meetings, Miss Snyder. Be sure you say hello to Mr. Pollock and to Mr. Goshen. They remember me, of course."

To hear him talk, you'd think the meeting was to start next day instead of three months from then, but that was Mr. Featherstone, a regular Rock of Gibraltar (*Continued on page* 83)



Barnsley held my arm and led me to a taxi that seemed to come from nowhere. "I'll drop you off anywhere," he said.

It's risky, meddling in other people's business. But when someone you love is not happy, and you can see so easily just how to help . . .

A letter for

WHEN I tell you this story, you're going to get the idea that I'm one of those meddling, busybody women who's always poking into someone else's business. But I'm not—or I never was until I decided to interfere with Jim and Betty—until I made an attempt to draw those two young people together because I could see that they needed each other desperately.

I've read lots of times that you magnify the importance of the things you've never had. The fellow with his nose to the grindstone thinks that money is the answer to everything. The invalid yearns for robust health. And the unmarried woman dreams about love.

Now I'm an "old maid," but I'm incurably romantic. I've never had a romance, and I don't fool myself that love will come to me at this late date—but that doesn't keep me from dreaming. I like sentimental movies and lush novels, and I read every romantic love story I can get my hands on. I'm not sad or bitter that life has passed me by, but I did make up my mind a long time ago that Jim, that good-looking kid brother of mine, just has to have another kind of life. I didn't bring him up and send him to college just to have him end up a frustrated old bachelor. I want his life to be rosy and glad—not dull and gray.

Now don't get the idea that I'm unhappy—because I'm not. I've got a lot to be thankful for—a good job with the telephone company—a comfortable little home—and a young brother who thinks I'm a pretty good old scout. Anyway, you can't have everything. Everyone in the world misses out on *some* things. But, in spite of all that, I still didn't want Jim to be cheated of love. And for awhile after he came home from war and found that conniving little Marybelle he was engaged to married to another fellow, I was afraid he wasn't going to find romance, either.

I didn't like Marybelle from the first—but I put that down to jealousy. Naturally, I told myself, I wasn't going to think any girl in the world was good enough for Jim, who had been my special pride and joy since he was three. I would have to work to like any girl he married—I realized that. And Jim intended to marry Marybelle. I could tell that from the way he beamed when he said, "Doris, this is Marybelle. This is my girl."

Marybelle had big eyes and smooth skin and soft hair. And she had something else—something I never had—a kind of magnetism for men. All boys liked her, and Jim was terribly proud that she was wearing his fraternity pin. But I was afraid of her and of the hurt she might bring to Jim. When I watched her walk and listened to her laugh and saw the way she looked at Jim's friends, I knew that one man wasn't enough for a girl like Marybelle. And one woman is all Jim will ever want. When a man like Jim falls in love, he falls with a thud—and he doesn't get over it in a hurry, either.

I'll never forget the night when Jim found out that Marybelle was married to somebody else. He hadn't been discharged and back home in the house an hour until he put in a long-distance call to her.

"Maybe she won't love me anymore—it's been two years," he said to me while he waited. But he was chuckling, and I knew that he was confident that he still was the top man in her life.

"She'll take one look at you and forget everything else," I told him, and I meant it. The years away from home had changed him from a slim, college youth to a mature, handsome hero. Any girl would think he was a knockout!

I'll never forget his face when he came away from the telephone. He didn't say much—just, "Marybelle got married last Friday," but he was all closed up and kind of stiff looking, the way he was the day when he didn't *quite* make the high school honor society.

Lots of the time I don't know when to keep still—but this was once that I did. For the next few days I just let him alone, but I did plenty of worrying while he licked his wounds. He was suffering, and I knew it. You see, he's as much of a dreamer as I am. And I could guess what he'd been dreaming about overseas. He'd been dreaming about coming home to a rich, new life—one that included Marybelle. And now Marybelle was outside of his circle. And he felt cheated and alone.

I suffered, too, when he made an effort to pick up the threads of his life the best way he could. But there wasn't much to do for him except to stand by as he started back to work and looked up his old crowd (most of them now married). It didn't ever occur to me that I might help in any way until I met Betty at KWMT.

Betty started to work in the traffic department of our local radio station, and it was her job to operate the teletype machine. You know what the teletype is, don't you—that machine that operates like a typewriter and sends written messages all over the United States? Well, Betty had to send and receive program information on that machine—and the telephone company sent me down to the station to show her how to do it.

I was reminded of Jim the minute I looked at her. Right away I knew that there was something strange in her life—a (*Continued on page* 56)



Jim and Betty were discovering each other. They hiked together on red-gold Autumn days; they sang together in the moonlight.

As long as we love—

I LAY on the bed the last afternoon of our honeymoon, and watched Sara doing her hair.

As long as we love each other, nothing else can ever matter, I repeated to myself—the words we had been saying over and over to each other during these two weeks since we were married, and during all those long weeks of waiting and worry and strange, happy-unhappiness, before. We'd say it, too, whenever we thought of going back to South Chester, tomorrow. It wasn't going to be the pleasantest homecoming in the world. But we wouldn't let it matter. We were married—that impossible, incredible thing was a fact—and that was all that was important.

And so I lay, very content, watching Sara. I loved to look at her all the time, but especially when she was doing her hair. The way she brushed it, until it was like a shining, filmy cloud around her shoulders, then the way she caught it up and piled it on top of her head, a mass of blonde curls like a little crown. It was wonderful.

Sara caught my eyes in the mirror and smiled at me. "It's our last day, darling," she said. "Are you scared?"

"A little," I admitted. "I certainly hate to see Jack. Are you scared?"

"Yes," she said, "but I'm not going to let myself be. We had to do it, darling." She turned and faced me, suddenly intense. "We *had* to, didn't we? It was the only way."

It had been the only way. I lay there and thought about it . . . all the crazy, dream-like, wonderful



I loved to look at Sara when she was doing her hair . . . it was like a shining, filmy cloud around her.

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY



If love is strong enough, it makes a private place in which two people live, and makes them so nearly one that the rest of the world can never come between them

and frightening parts of it. Because three months ago I hadn't even known Sara Ansell, who was now Sara Howells—my wife.

It had all started with the letter from Jack Howells, my cousin. I hadn't seen Jack in about five years though we'd known each other as kids, and his family had always been very kind to me, especially since my own parents died. The letter told me that his father had died and had left to Jack and to me equal partnership in the pharmacy he had owned and operated for forty years. I'd known of Uncle Jack's death of course, but the news about the drugstore was unexpected and a God-send. I'd been a pharmacist in the Navy and since my discharge I'd been looking around for a good place to settle down and be one in civilian life. Now I had a place ready-made and owned half the pharmacy besides. Nobody could have had better luck, and I felt more grateful than ever to Uncle Jack and all the Howells. They couldn't have done more for me if I'd been their own son instead of a nephew.

JACK also said in his letter that if I could come to South Chester right away, I would be in time for his wedding to the girl he'd been engaged to for years. I'd never met her but I'd heard a lot about her from Jack. They'd practically grown up together, had never gone out with anybody else, and everybody had always sort of taken it for granted they'd some day be married.

"The wedding is next week," he wrote, "and I'd like to have you get here as soon as possible. That way you could take over the responsibility of the store while I'm on my honeymoon." Then he added, and I can still see the words in his big, sprawling handwriting: "You'll love Sara."

Well, I did. But not in the way Jack or I ever dreamed of.

Sara Ansell hit me like a bolt of blue lightning the night I met her and, no matter what I did, I couldn't get over it. It was at a party at her house, the night I arrived in South Chester. Jack had met me at the train and taken me to his home where I was going to stay until I could find a place of my own, and then we'd gone to the party. He'd talked about Sara all the way.

There were some people already there when we arrived, and they were admiring all the wedding presents that had been spread out in display on the diningroom table. I met Mrs. Ansell, who greeted me warmly and made me feel right at home. You could tell she was crazy about Jack; she kissed him as if he were her own son. Then she laughed and talked a while about how hard it was on the mother of the bride when there was a big church wedding to plan for. "We'd planned it this way," she told me, "and we're going to have it in spite of Mr. Howells' recent death. He would have wanted it that way. He was such a fine man."

And then I turned around and there was Sara, smiling up at me, waiting to be introduced.

When I looked at her, her smile faded and we just stood there staring at each other. I don't think either of us said a word. It was as if everything in the world had stopped. After what might have been an hour she murmured something about being glad to meet me—Jack had talked so much about me—and then she moved away; and I—I felt I had to get out of there right away.

I went out and walked around the block, twice, in the darkness. All the time I walked, I tried to shake free of it. "You're acting like a darn fool," I told myself. "What you think happened didn't happen at all because it couldn't. You can't fall in love like that. And besides, she's Jack's girl. It's just because you've been at sea a long time and haven't seen any pretty girls. Or else, you're having hallucinations."

After a while I went back, and we all sat around and had refreshments and talked. I was careful not to sit close to Sara or to look at her. Then, on the way home Jack said, "Isn't she swell? She liked you, too. When I asked her she said, 'He's all you said he was, Jack, and much more besides.' "

I couldn't answer. *Swell,* I was thinking. Swell wasn't the word—for Sara or for anything. I didn't sleep much that night.

The next day Jack took me down to the store and showed me around and while we were doing that I could almost get my mind off Sara. It was a fine layout and I was proud to be partner in it. All the customers who came in Jack introduced to me, and everybody was nice and friendly and I knew I could be really happy here and really belong as I hadn't belonged anywhere since my people died.

I managed to avoid Sara all day, but that evening Mrs. Howells was having the Ansells over to dinner and I couldn't very well get out of that. Sara and I sat next to each other at the table, and I don't remember a thing I ate or what anybody said. All I knew was that she was right there beside me and then I knew something else: I knew she was feeling what I did. I could tell. I don't know how, but I knew it as surely as I ever knew anything in my whole life.

The whole thing was crazy, I kept telling myself the next two days. You don't fall in love with your cousin's fiancee three days before the wedding. But I had. She was all I'd ever dreamed of or wanted. I thought maybe I ought to go away—just clear out until it was all over and I had myself under control again. But I'd promised Jack to look after things while he was away. And, besides, well—I just couldn't do it.

It was as bad for Sara, she told me afterwards. She was going through the same thing I was. And then the Tuesday before the wedding we kissed each other and after that there was nothing to do but admit, one to the other, that this was something tremendous and real and honest between us and ask ourselves what to do about it.

After that kiss, which was like no other kiss had ever been in the whole wide world, we clung together and Sara said, half-sobbing, "I can't go through with it now! I can't marry Jack, feeling the way I do about you. I can't, Alan!"

"I know," I whispered. "But Jack—what are we going to do about him?"

"I've got to tell him, that's all. I don't care if the wedding is day after



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"You've got to think what it would mean," I said carefully, trying to think of her and of Jack more than myself, even though I knew I wanted Sara for my wife more than anything I'd ever wanted. "You'd be hurting him, and maybe yourself, darling. You've got to *know*—"

She nodded that bright head of hers emphatically. "That's just why I must tell him, Alan—why I mustn't marry him in a few days. I'd be hurting both of us, him and me, terribly, if I went ahead with it. I don't know what this —this way I feel about you—proves. I don't know whether I'm in love with you or not. I've got to find out, and since this has happened, I'm too mixed up in my feelings to understand. But I know this—it *does* prove that I *don't* love Jack. If I loved him, I couldn't possibly feel this way about you, or about any man. And if I don't love him, it would be criminal to marry him —dreadful for me, and dreadful for him."

She caught her breath at the end of that long, emphatic speech, and smiled a small, half-hearted smile at me. "I've got to tell him that I can't marry him," she repeated, "And I'd better do it right away—quickly, before—before—"

"Before you change your mind?" I asked her.

"No." She shook her head. "Before —well, before I lose my courage, I guess. I'm going to see him now."

And so she went to tell him. She wouldn't let me go with her. "It'll make it worse for him, that way," she argued. "It will seem as if—oh, as if I'd brought you along so you could gloat over him. Honestly, Alan, it's better for me to go alone. If—well, if I were going to be foolish, and marry you tomorrow, maybe it would be right for you to come along. But I'm not going to do anything foolish. I'm not going to tell Jack that I'm going to marry you, because I don't know. I'm simply going to tell him the truth—that I can't marry him because I've found out that I don't love him. It's my job, and I've got to do it the way that will be easiest for Jack, no matter (*Continued on page* 91)



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PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Perry Mason

Dramatic, romantic, always unorthodox, the young lawyer crusades against crime





PERRY MASON's achievements in solving complicated mysteries are not the miracles his competitors call them. By never undertaking a case unless he believes his client altogether innocent, by using as his weapons logic and keen deduction, Mason can often ferret out the truth from the most tangled situations.
(Perry Mason played by Santos Ortega)

DELLA STREET, Perry Mason's secretary, is resigned to the fact that her daily work rarely ends with the closing of Mason's law office. Somebody is always trying to reach Mason—with threats, with information, or to ask for help—and usually the call comes to Della first, often in the middle of the night.
(Della Street played by Gertrude Warner)





SOUND REASONING always backs up Mason's courtroom fireworks. In one murder case, sure that a witness who claimed to have seen a woman's shoe floating on water was lying, Mason demonstrated graphically that the shoe would sink, not float, in water.

SGT. DORSET of the Homicide Squad is the policeman most frequently left behind while Mason tracks down a criminal. Though the sergeant knows that trying to pry information from Della is as fruitless as trying to beat Mason to a solution, he's stubborn.
(Played by Arthur Vinton)



PAUL DRAKE, head of the Drake Detective Agency, is a pleasant, easy-going young man who conceals quick-witted determination behind a casual exterior. Although he complains constantly that Mason asks him to do the impossible, Drake never comes back without having fulfilled his assignment. Because Mason has complete faith in the reliability of any information Drake brings him, having Drake as an assistant is like being able to be in two places at the same time—a trick that frequently gets Mason to the solution faster than the police department.
(Paul Drake is played by Matt Crowley)

Perry Mason is heard daily, Monday through Friday, at 2:30 P.M. EWT, on CBS.

The two of us

There must be a way, Mary Ellen thought, to prove her love for Johnny. She didn't realize how twisted, how dangerous, was the way she chose

A LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS STORY

Leave It To The Girls, MBS's Roundtable of Romance, is produced by Martha Rountree, Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EWT. This story is based on one of the program's recent letters.

"HOW far, down, sir?"

The flashlight clicked on as I spoke, sending its tiny beam of light to the theater aisle, its arc splashing over the khaki-trousered legs of the customer who stood behind me near the heavily-curtained entrance way.

"Near the center," he replied in a whisper. *Why,* I thought to myself, wearily, *do they all want to sit in the center?* Automatically I searched my mind for an appropriate single.

I had only taken one step when I felt his hand on my arm. "Wait a minute—do you know what time it is? Is there a clock? I have to catch that eleven-thirty bus for Purdy tonight."

Impatiently I indicated the clock on the right of the stage—a clock so big and plain that I couldn't see how he could miss it. And just as impatiently I led him down to his aisle seat.

But he wasn't finished with me. He whispered—a whisper loud enough to be heard by half the theatre: "What picture is playing, miss? How far along is it? Has the boy met the girl yet—and when do the cowboys start shooting?"

I started to answer . . . and then I realized that he was teasing me, laughing at me. He must have seen that his first question had flicked my temper and now he was goading me to see how much I could take. Quickly I switched off the flashlight and motioned him to his seat. He went in meekly enough . . . . but grinning. My temper skyrocketed.

For just a moment as he stepped in front of me I caught a glimpse of his face. My eyes were accustomed to the dim shadowiness of the theatre and I could even tell that his hair was a light, uneven brown, that his face was lean and pleasantly—but not superlatively—good-looking. I had fallen into the habit of trying to tell what people were like from the way they reacted while they were watching the movie and now, from the way he settled his big muscular body in his seat, the way he extended his long legs comfortably before him, his instant and rapt attention to the newsreel, I guessed that this young man was probably an amiable, relaxed sort of person, intelligent but easy-going . . . and fresh!

I was really annoyed. Red hair like mine doesn't take kindly to teasing from a stranger.

Yet—strangely!—I found myself becoming very worried when I saw the hands of the clock moving inexorably to eleven fifteen and no signs of stirring from that slumped figure on the aisle. Finally I could stand it no longer. I went down and shook him by the shoulder. Just as I thought—he was asleep!

"Mmmm?—" he mumbled—"oh! yes—the bus!" He came awake with a start and tumbled out of his seat, rushing up the aisle ahead of me. But at the top he turned. "Thanks—" he whispered. "Thanks a million! From now on I appoint you my own personal guardian angel, with full rights and privileges." He smiled at me and there was a twinkle in his eye. "You can make that a life-time job, if you want!" he called back over his shoulder as he hurried out.

The nerve of him! I had met plenty of men like him, soldiers and civilians alike—and there wasn't one I couldn't handle. There had never been one I couldn't dismiss from my mind without so much as a passing thought.

But this one just wouldn't dismiss.

All the rest of the evening and while I changed from my theater slacks into my street dress, down in our backstage dressing room, his face, his laughing eyes, the sunniness of his firm, generous mouth kept insinuating themselves into my thoughts. His guardian angel! I took a look at myself in the mirror: red hair, blue eyes, figure slim enough to wear the tight-fitting usher's uniforms without bulging. I made a fine guardian angel for anyone—me, with my snapping eyes and my turned-up nose! Nothing angelic about me.

But that was what made me so disgusted with men; that they should think it flattering to offer you a "life-time job" taking care of them. Why must they expect to be pampered and spoiled by women—and yet, on the other hand, expect their sweethearts and wives to take a back-seat role in their lives? Why couldn't men and women be partners, both strong, both going through life on equal terms?

I had seen enough of the other kind of living in my own family and I knew the injustice of it. Even as a child I had known that my mother's life was narrowed down to her family and her home, to the exclusion of everything else. And now that Dad was dead, now that my sister Kate was waiting only for the day her husband Tom would come home from the Army and take her to a place of their own, now that my own wings were growing strong enough for me to fly alone—what did my Mom have to look forward to? I had seen the terror that lurked in her



"I can't take it now," I said, confused. Johnny grinned impudently. "Then I'll have to wait for you to get through work."

eyes when she thought of being left behind, of no longer being needed. Was that what women—was that *all* women had to look forward to?

Mom had been a fine pianist before she married. Over and over again she had been asked to play in church, at social gatherings, but she had always refused. Such things might take her time of an evening and Dad wanted her home when he got through work. So the piano in the livingroom had gone untouched for years. If she had kept up her practicing—if she had gone out more and made friends—perhaps—

And there was my sister Kate. She was falling into the pattern, just like Mom. Her husband didn't want her to work while he was away. He had even said he was afraid she might grow too independent of him. So, since there weren't any factories in our town that really needed women, Kate had stayed home with her two adorable babies and she and Mom had waged a kind of undercover war over how Michael and Peter should be brought up, ever since. The children were getting spoiled and neither Kate nor Mom was really happy.

But that wasn't quite fair. They did have a kind of warmth, a kind of contentment, that I couldn't understand. It was a female thing entirely—it had to do with coffee standing all day long on the stove, of innumerable cups sipped while the two women let their voices run on and on with accounts of what the children had done, of what they might be, of what Tom had said, of what Dad had thought, of the best way to starch men's shirts—just a little and not too much—of what they had said to the butcher, of childbearing itself, of men. And when they spoke of men

their voices changed as though their having been married gave them an exclusive knowledge into the inner workings of a man's brain and being.

No, they weren't actively unhappy. But somewhere along the line, with me, the pattern had changed. I wanted more of life than they had. I wanted equality with the man I married. I wanted a job that would keep me as vital and interesting as my husband. Not something manufactured to take up my time—card clubs and luncheon dates with other women—but something into which I could pour my brimming energies.

Not just for money, nor to be an Important Somebody . . . but something that would keep me a person and not just a background. There was a hazy picture in my mind that didn't fit any of the boys I knew. It had to do with a nicely-appointed home; a part-time maid; a couple of happy, unspoiled children; a job for me that would be as interesting and worthwhile as my husband's would be for him.

The actual husband I had never considered. That was why it annoyed me so that I could not get my thoughts away from that amiable, sleepy, impertinent soldier whose name I didn't know and whom I probably would never see again. I couldn't see him in the picture—and, anyway, he had been running to catch a bus! I wouldn't see him again.

But I did. The next night. It was late and there were few customers. I had relaxed for a moment to lean against the doorway and watch the picture on the screen.

"Hello. I was hoping I'd find you." He had come up silently behind me and was looking down over my shoulder with that same easy smile. "I wanted to apologize for teasing you last night. You looked so cute with your eyes flashing—and I wanted you to notice me. And thanks again for waking me up. It was important that I get into Purdy before 2:30 p.m. because the mother of one of my pals overseas was getting off shift at the factory then and it was the best time for us to talk. He—her son—is wounded and in the hospital and she was awfully worried. She had to talk to me."

He *had* come back to see me! Foolishly, unaccountably, my heart was pounding.

"That was nice of you, to go and talk to her. I'm sure she appreciated it," I answered, whispering, hoping the manager wouldn't see me talking while on duty.

He reddened slightly. "I brought you a little token of gratitude for being Guardian Angel to a tired soldier." He



indicated the box of candy he carried.

"I can't take it now. I have no place to put it," I answered, confused.

Now he grinned again, the pleased, impudent grin of a little boy whose scheme had worked well. "Then I'll have to wait for you to get through work and give it to you." He slipped into a seat at the back without giving me a chance to refuse.

For a moment I knew panic. I didn't want a date with this soldier. He was in the Army—and that reminded me of my brother-in-law Tom. He was young and easy-going—he didn't fit into the picture of my life—and something about the instant attraction he held for me told me to be careful.

Then I felt foolish. After all, it was only a date to give me a box of candy. If he wanted to walk home with me, let him. That would be the end of it.

There was something very nice in the way Johnny Sutton's hand gripped my elbow when we stepped off a dark curbstone, as we sauntered home through the quiet, sleep-stilled streets. The breadth of his shoulders and his tallness gave me a feeling—a sweet, pleasant feeling—of being protected. *Me!*—who had gone through life swinging my red curls defiantly, daring anyone to say I wasn't big enough to take care of myself!

We talked, mostly about him.

HE HAD been in the European Theater of Operations and now he was awaiting reassignment. It seemed to me rather pitiful that he should be spending that time here with an aunt who was his only family and who, I gathered, didn't care much for young people.

"What about you?" he asked, suddenly. "Are you—engaged—or anything?"

"Not engaged or anything," I answered. "In the mornings I go to business school and I'm learning to be a secretary. Then afternoons and evenings I work. I haven't much time for dates—and marriage is something I haven't made up my mind about yet."

"My, my," he said, with a mildness that was like a pat on the head for an unruly child. "You're a determined little redhead, aren't you? And you haven't made up your mind about marriage yet—you make it sound as if it were something you bought in a store."

I flushed under his tone. "I didn't mean it that way. But there *have* been a few men who've asked me, and each one acted as if marriage would be an escape for me. Out of an usher's uniform and into a frilly apron! Into the kitchen where I wouldn't have any more to think about than how many chops for dinner! Not for me!"

All Johnny said was—"You'd look cute, at that—in a frilly apron—" but we were home and I couldn't answer.

Mom was still up, as she always was. "Mary Ellen?—that you?" Her pleasant, homey voice called from the kitchen. "I'm keeping some chocolate hot for you and I baked today. There's cinnamon rolls. You must be worn out, poor child—" she broke off at the sight of a stranger with me as we came through the kitchen door.

Even while her hands fumbled to untie her apron strings and smooth down her hair, Mom's eyes were beginning to shine with the joy of having a man once again in her kitchen.

"Sit right down, Mr. Sutton," pulling out her own comfortable rocking chair. "I'll just scramble some eggs for you two—won't take a minute!" as Johnny began a faint protest.

"This is wonderful," he sighed in a contented way, as he settled back. "This feels like—like home." His eyes followed her broad, capable back with the eagerness of a little boy a she moved from icebox to stove.

It *was* home—safe and cozy and intimate. The delicious smells of the day's baking wrapped themselves around us and Mom's flow of chatter was an easy thing that didn't have to be answered if you didn't feel like it, soothing and at the same time refreshing, with its homey, unimportant currents and details of the happenings of the day. I could see why Dad had loved it—why any man would enjoy it.

But it frightened me. Johnny sat there, lapping up the attentions she showered on him, and there was something in the poise of his head that reminded me of other men in a household of women—something lordly and complacent, taking all this feminine chatter as meant for his benefit. Perhaps I was imagining things, but it hurt because I didn't want Johnny Sutton to be like that.

I hardly knew him—why should it matter so much? *But it did.*

Kate came in. I was so used to seeing her in Tom's old bathrobe at night, her hair in curlers, that she took me by surprise for a moment—until I realized that a man's presence in the house had urged her into her best chenille housecoat, to combing her hair, powdering her nose. She looked so much like my lovely sister who had been the small-town belle, that my heart hurt to see how she had let herself go this past year.

The eggs were nearly ready but nothing would do but that Johnny must go upstairs and see the twins. I went with them. There was something almost reverent in the way he bent over the cribs and in the way he said "Boy—are they husky kids!" to two pairs of tiny doubled-up fists. Without thinking our own hands had met and closed, and for a moment a wonderful, shy closeness was between us as we stood looking at the babies.

"Is there any place we can go dancing?" Johnny asked me when we were all once again in the kitchen. "Don't you get an evening off soon?"

Before I could answer Kate spoke up, with a far-away wistfulness. "There's the Old Mill just off the highway. We used to go there a lot—it has good music and a nice floor and the food isn't bad."

"Will you, Mary Ellen? When?—this Saturday? Swell." Johnny's mouth was full of cinnamon roll. He turned to Kate.

"Wouldn't you like to go, too?" I knew then there was sensitivity in Johnny, that he had caught that wistful longing in Kate's voice—even though he couldn't know, as I did, how much Kate had once loved to dance.

"Do you think I could?" The eager light came into her eyes—and then, just as quickly, died. "Oh, no. I couldn't leave the twins."

Mom protested but that only made Kate more stubborn. She couldn't leave the children. They needed her. Something might happen. Her place was with them, at home.

It infuriated me. I knew why she wouldn't go. The children were the only thing she had and she had built their care and responsibility into a tremendous, exaggerated importance so she wouldn't feel the lack of interest in her life. She had centered herself in them—going to a dance, having fun outside this house, might make her restless, might make her see some of the things in life (*Continued on page* 102)

"This is wonderful," Johnny sighed as he settled back. His eyes followed Mom as she moved from icebox to stove.



"The way it is with us"

The Carsons don't always agree. Things that make Jack laugh make Kay cry. But about important things—like happiness—they feel exactly the same

By MRS. JACK CARSON

TO LOOK at us, you wouldn't think it would work.

I'm a sentimentalist. I cry easily, and all I have to do is to *look* at our baby daughter lying in her crib to burst out all over with goose bumps.

Jack—that Carson man I married—is different. There's the original Laughing Boy.

At every Big Moment since we met, it's been the same. There we are—face to face—I swallowing hard to hold back a gush of tears, and Jack rocking with laughter. Yet, somehow, nobody gets mad at anybody. Through some miracle wrought by those little fat gods who look after people in love, our being such opposites makes being together all the nicer. "All concord's born of contraries," as Ben Jonson said, and that's the way it is with us. Comes the Big Moment. Jack looks at me and stops laughing. Once or twice I've caught *him* with his eyes filled with sentimental tears. I look at him, and laugh out loud. It's wonderful.

It's been wonderful since August 21, 1940—that was our wooden anniversary that just whizzed by.

That August twenty-first five years ago was one of those Big Moments I'm talking about. Jack and I had been engaged since Christmas Day 1939, and I had thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing since, except our wedding.

I picked the place—a romantic little chapel in the Hollywood hills. We had agreed on the hour—exactly seven p.m.

Then I had concentrated on dressing for the part. It was to be an informal ceremony with just our two families as witnesses, but nevertheless I wanted to look like a bride. So I had my dressmaker contrive a little Juliet cap with a shoulder-length veil dyed the same shade of royal blue as my gown. And Jack ordered the bride-iest bouquet he could find, pink tuberous begonias and lilies of the valley.

I arrived at the chapel a good hour before the ceremony was to start. The minister was there; so was my matron of honor, my good friend, Mrs. Ronald Buck. So, indeed, were all our invited guests. But there was no sign of the best man—or the *bridegroom*. At five minutes of seven, still no bridegroom. Those quick tears began to gather in my eyes. At one minute of seven, in bounced Jack, laughing like crazy.

"Had to go back for the license," he said.

We were married at seven o'clock, just as we'd planned. Except that I was trying hard not to laugh at Jack's flushed and breathless face. And Jack, once the solemn words he was hearing began to sink in, was trying not to let me know that two fat tears were about to plop down on the altar rail.

Later, when we were on our way to the Bucks' for our wedding reception, Jack explained what had happened.

Jack was working in a picture at Universal. The director had been very generous—he could have one day off in honor of getting married. We had talked it over and decided the day *after* the wedding would be more fun.

But it was a close thing. Jack had got off the set at six-twenty—in costume and full make-up. And the wedding chapel was a good twenty-minute drive from the studio. Dave Willock, who was to be our best man, was waiting in Jack's dressing room with his wedding clothes. He tied Jack's shoe laces while Jack scrubbed the grease paint off his face. They left the studio and headed over the pass toward Hollywood at twenty minutes of seven, with just enough time—at a sensible rate of speed—to get to the chapel by seven.

Germaine Catherine looked like Churchill, too!





"We're not really such opposites, I guess," Kay Carson admits. "We just show our feelings differently. We fell in love, actually, because we were so much alike."

Half way into town Jack nudged Dave, who was driving.

"Guess where the license is?" he said.

"In your dressing room," groaned Dave, as he made an illegal U-turn in the middle of the boulevard.

Our honeymoon got off to the same kind of a start.

The day Jack proposed to me we got together on one thing: we would buy a little house and furnish it (never, of course, going there together *before* the wedding—that was the sentimentalist touch) and have it ready to begin our life together.

The little house was waiting, lights glowing merrily from the windows, that night when we drove away from the Bucks and headed—for home.

Our fond mammas had put everything in readiness. The icebox was full of bacon and eggs—and champagne. Our clothes were already neatly arranged in the bureaus and closets. My filmiest negligee and Jack's pajamas were laid out neatly with our slippers. And—and here was the hitch—a perfect little fire had been laid in the fireplace in the study.

This was August, remember—hot—even in California.

"Oh, Jack," I cried, looking at the neat little pile of logs, "we have to sit by the open fire to have our champagne. We *have* to."

"Won't it be a little warm, softy?" he wondered.

But I insisted.

As a result we had our champagne sitting outdoors in the patio—while we waited for the house to cool off.

We were *both* laughing.

But the Biggest Moment of all was when our first baby came. Johnny arrived in October, in 1941, and had to wait three and a half years for his little sister, Germaine Catherine (because we had to have a Kit Carson in the family) who joined the family last March twenty-third.

I think, for a woman, that week in the hospital after her baby is born is the happiest time of her life. I know I have never felt so close to heaven on earth as on those two occasions in my life. You feel so *wanted*, so important—I don't suppose there is any moment when a wife feels closer to her husband.

I ran over with tears in a steady stream for the first few days after Johnny came.

"Oh, Jack," I would glow, after my husband came back to my room after looking at his son through the plate glass front of the hospital nursery, "isn't he beautiful? And he looks just like you."

"He looks just like Winston Churchill," he answered. I guess he thought it was a dangerous moment for an anti-sentimentalist.

And I found (*Continued on page* 82)



As big

By

ENSIGN DENNIS DAY,

U.S.N.R.

War service put a temporary halt to the success Dennis Day's voice had earned for him. But perhaps by the time you read this he'll be on the air again, singing for his ever-growing audience.

DO you feel different?

Don't you feel just a little safer? Doesn't it seem to you that now it's all right to take a good look at tomorrow and make plans — even rather elaborate ones about sending two-year-old Johnny to college some day and about the house you'll want to buy as soon as you can save enough? Doesn't it seem to you that it's possible now to think of things like that—peaceful things, good things—without bitterness or fear or cynicism?

That's the way it seems to me. Every once in a while, those thoughts come over me with a terrific wallop and I feel as big as the world. And I think that's right. All of a sudden—no, not so suddenly, after all, because it took many lives and much sorrow to get us to this place in history, but fast enough when you reckon in centuries—I am, in a way, as big as the world. And so are you. As big and as strong, because now hundreds of millions of us, all over the world, have joined our hands and our hopes into a positive instrument for peace, for betterment and for the maintenance of human dignity and decency, for hopeful human progress.

Maybe, being in the Armed Forces myself, the Conference in San Francisco hit me harder than it did lots of civilians. I'd have given a good deal to have been one of the lucky guys sent to the Conference. I was busy doing my job for the Navy—but that didn't keep me from listening to and reading every scrap of news that came through.

I don't worry about politics, as a rule—I say, let the fellows who know about it wrestle with it, and I'll stick to my singing. But you couldn't feel that way over something as big as this.

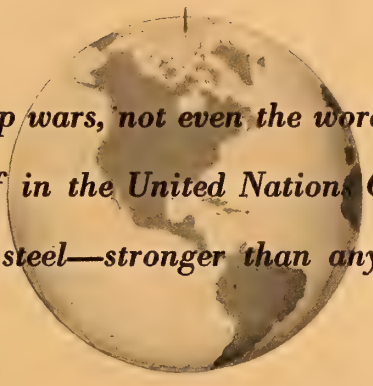
As I look back on it, the big thing that stands out in my mind is that, disputes or no disputes, we got the Charter for the United Nations Organization. And I think that we, the people, you and I, and the hundreds of millions like us throughout the world, had a little something to do with getting the Charter.

But, it seems to me that having got this World Organization which makes us strong—together—and safe—together—and hopeful for the future—together—we can't just go about our own, individual, little affairs and forget about it. It seems to me that this is no document to stick in some Congressional Library or historical museum. It seems to me that every one of us ought to know what it says it stands for—and then, every one of us has to make sure that it's put to work to get us what it was meant to get us—peace and security for a long time to come.

If you join a union, or a club, or a lodge, one of the first things you do is read the by-laws of that organization—to know where you stand and what you're entitled to get. If you're married, maybe you and your wife go over them together—so you both know where you stand.

The way I see it, we've all joined a great, big union—the biggest and most important one in the world. We all have everything to gain, if the by-laws set up in the Charter are carried out. And we also have everything to lose, if they're not—our safety, our homes, our countries, our freedom and, in the end, probably our lives.

as the World



Words alone can't stop wars, not even the words: It must not happen again! But our belief in the United Nations Charter can make those words stronger than steel—stronger than any of the causes of war

There's been a lot of talking back and forth about the Charter. Most of it is for the whole idea. Some of it is against. And in all the talking there's a lot of confusion. I think if everyone were to read the Charter and stop trying to get what's in it second-hand, as it were, there would be much less confusion about it. You can get a copy by writing to the Women's Division of the Democratic National Committee, Mayflower Hotel, Washington 6, D. C. It isn't any highly technical or legal document. It's as clear and direct as our own Constitution—and as necessary for all of us to know and understand and fight for.

In fact, President Truman, in his address to the delegates after they had signed the Charter, compared it to the document that started this country on its way to becoming a free and independent nation. He said:

. . . *"The Constitution of my own country came from a Convention which—like this one—was made up of delegates with many different views. Like this Charter our Constitution came from a free and sometimes bitter exchange of conflicting opinions. When it was adopted, no one regarded it as a perfect document. But it grew and developed and expanded. Upon it there was built a bigger, a better, a more perfect union.*

"This Charter, like our own Constitution, will be expanded and improved as time goes on. No one claims that it is now a final or a perfect instrument. It has not been poured into a fixed mold. Changing world conditions will require readjustments—but they will be the readjustments of peace and not of war."

That last is important to remember, I think—that there is leeway for change.

When you read the Charter, you begin to get a very different picture than you got while the Conference was going on. You see not the conflicts, except to see how small some of them really were when compared with the mighty issues on which there was agreement right from the start. And you see, when you read the whole Charter, how just and fitting are the agreements that were reached, even on the issues over which there was some argument.

First, look at the Purposes and Principles of the World Organization. This is important, this statement of principles, because the entire rest of the Charter can only be judged on the basis of whether it carries out these purposes, or not. I think I'll give them to you exactly as they appear in the Charter.

1. To maintain international peace and security, and to that end: to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace, and to bring about by peaceful means, and in conformity with the principles of justice and international law, adjustment or settlement of international disputes or situations which might lead to a breach of the peace;
2. To develop friendly relations among nations based on respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination of people, and to take other appriate measures to strengthen universal peace;
3. To achieve international cooperation in solving international problems of an economic, social, cultural or humanitarian character, and in promoting and encouraging respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion.

I think I ought to point out here, to you women, that something unique appears in this paragraph—unique, that is, in a historical document. The word sex has been included. It should interest every woman. Because, whether we like it or not, no matter how free-minded we have always thought ourselves to be, and how emancipated we have considered American women, the truth is that a very large percentage of the people in the world—including many women—still consider this to be strictly a "man's world," and in lots of places in the world women are still made to realize that every day of their lives. And I'm not thinking only of the *Kinder, Kuche* and *Kirche* of the Nazis, although that was the most violent expression of it.

This business of real equality for women (which, incidentally, doesn't mean that they have to "wear the pants in the family," because if there's real equality everything is share and share alike and a couple of sensible people divide up the work that needs to be done in a (*Continued on page* 79)

Part of me

Unfulfillment shadowed all of them: Frances and Charles, and Myra. It was up to one of them to do something about it . . . and one of them did

THE STORY:

IT'S HARD to live in the same town with the man you love—the man who's married to another woman—to see him day after day, and know that you have no part in his life. It's hard, but you can stand it, and manage never to let him know, by so much as a tiny gesture, how you feel toward him. I know, because I did it. Charles couldn't have suspected how I felt, because, knowing that there was nothing I could do about it, I did nothing. But where Bob was concerned, I felt that I *had* to do something—I couldn't let that wrong go unchallenged. Bob was Charles' son—his and Myra's. Myra had married Charles years before, "on the rebound," as they say, shortly after the man to whom she was engaged had been killed in an accident. Now Bob was twelve, and in my class in school—I was a teacher. And there was something terribly wrong with Bob. He wasn't good in his studies; yet he was a bright boy. His deportment was terrible, he was often late; yet he wasn't a bad boy, or even a careless one. It was Myra's fault, I knew—Myra, who was trying to bring up her energetic, mechanically-minded, real-boy son in the image of her poetical, artistic sweetheart who had died so long ago. The main point of contention was Bob's music—Myra forced him to take piano, forced him to practice, when it was obvious that he never would and never could—and would never want to be—a musician. And yet there was so little I could do—only the small things of talking to the boy, trying to encourage him to do some of the things he wanted to do, trying to help him to enjoy his life a little more. And in doing those things, I came in closer contact with Charles. There was the time we three, Charles and Bob and I, made a snowman, and Myra caught us at it, and sent Bob in to do his practicing. That was the first time it occurred to me that Myra might be noticing my interest in Charles. I imagined that she watched me out the window as Charles and I stood looking at each other after Bob went in.

But if Myra had seen, and had read any meaning into what she saw, she gave no sign. The winter went on . . . Christmas holidays, and Bob with a strange combination of presents: a pair of ice skates, a volume of Shakespeare's plays, a football, a Beethoven sonata on phonograph records. Really, I thought, it would have been comic except that a boy's life was being warped out of shape. And I remembered that for three Christmases before this one, there had been no Charles at home to see that he got the ice skates and the football.

Bob gave me a Christmas present. He brought it over early Christmas morning, while Mother and I were having breakfast, and stood by, beaming and watching me unwrap it. A harness, in red leather, for Seamas. "I know it isn't exactly a present for you," he said sheepishly, "but he does need one."

"It's lovely, Bob," I enthused. "And I'm so glad you got it. My conscience has been hurting me because we've been letting Seamus run around in that old collar. Now wait a minute—I have something for you."

I'd given a lot of thought to that present, before settling, finally, on an ant city—a tall glass box, partly filled with sand, in which you could see a community of ants living, tunneling, working. "Gee!" Bob said, in reverent joy. "Gee, Miss Wilson!" But then his face fell, and he stepped back, silent. I knew what he was thinking—it had occurred to me too, and I had prepared an answer to it.

"Would you like to keep them down in our cellar, Bob?" I asked. "Maybe your mother wouldn't like them in your house—she might be afraid they'd get loose."

My own mother, standing by, said grimly, "And well she might!"

Bob threw her an apprehensive glance, and I laughed and said, "They won't—we'll keep a close watch on them, won't we, Bob?"

"Oh, you bet!"

So that was settled, and Bob went down to fix a suitable place for his new pets. Mother, clearing the table, was silent—silent for so long that at last I said, "You don't really mind having the ants here, do you? It means so much to Bob."

Mother's eyes, still bright and sharp behind her spectacles, softened. "And to you too, I expect."

"Yes," I said quietly. "To me, too."

Mother laid the dish she'd just picked up back on the table. "Frances—I don't mean to interfere. But—I don't want you to be hurt. When you interfere in a neighbor's affairs . . ."



Then it happened—what I had dreamed so often. And it was heartbreaking, for each kiss was a farewell.

She was right, of course, and the knowledge of her rightness made my voice harsh. "Bob's not just a neighbor's child—he's one of my pupils. Doesn't that give me a responsibility toward him?"

"Maybe." She picked up the dish again, her face sorrowful, absorbed. "Only— Well, it's your business, dear."

My business. But it was Bob's, and Charles', and Myra's, as well as mine—and one day, as winter drew to its end, I was forced to realize that.

Bob had a project for spring. He had decided that it was time for Seamas to begin his duties as watch-dog. Instead of being shut up every night in the garage, he was to have a house outside, in the corner of the back yard, where he could "keep an eye on things." And Bob was busy building the house, which was to be rather an elaborate affair.

Perhaps he had grown careless. Perhaps he had skipped his practice period on the piano so often, when he came home from school and found Myra away, that this particular afternoon he felt too safe, and took it for granted that she was out instead of calling up to her room to make sure . . .

I don't know. I only know that I came home a little after four and found the back yard empty, Seamas standing disconsolately beside the beginnings of his new house, and a hammer and saw lying on the ground, as if dropped there hastily.

"WAS Bob over?" I asked Mother, and she gave me a strange look.

"Yes," she said. "He was, but Myra came over and got him. She looked . . . mad as hops." The homely phrase gave me a sudden, frightening vision of Myra as she must have been—the pale face paler than ever, except for two bright spots burning on her cheeks, the black eyes tortured with anger. Strange that I could imagine her so plainly, because I had never seen Myra in a temper; but it was as if I had always known that fires were banked far down below the icy pride she showed the world.

"I wonder what's the matter," I heard myself murmuring, trying with words to quiet the clamor of dread inside me. It was unreasoning dread, I thought reassuringly: even if Myra were angry at Bob, for some reason, what had her anger to do with me? Nothing, of course. But the feeling was there, the apprehension, and when the front doorbell rang, I knew it was Myra.

She stood on the porch, hatless, her black hair gleaming, a coat thrown around her shoulders. And her face was as I'd known it would be.

"No, I won't come in," she said. "I just want you to know—I've forbidden Bob to come over here any more."

"You've— But why, Myra?"

"As a punishment. He's been lying to me. He's supposed to practice for an hour after he comes home from school. I thought he did—I thought I could trust him—even when I was out. He always told me he'd practiced," she added, naively unaware that she could not have trusted Bob so very much if she had always taken the trouble to question him.

"Oh. But—" I began. She went on as if I hadn't spoken.

"Today I was up in my room, resting. I have a frightful headache," and she pressed one narrow, long-fingered hand against her temple. "I waited—I thought Bob might be late getting home from school. Finally I got up and looked out of the window—and there he was, in your back yard, hammering and sawing on that ridiculous dog-house! . . . I've told him he's not to come over here again, ever. I'm sorry, Frances—no doubt you meant well—but ever since you got that dog Bob's been getting harder and harder to manage. I don't want him working with tools, either—suppose he should cut his hands, or hit one of them with a hammer?"

It would release him from prison, I wanted to say, but I was frightened, I didn't dare. Instead, I tried to soothe her, and at the same time to plead Bob's case. I told her I knew how she felt, and that Bob had been very wrong to lie about practicing—"But I'm sure if you talk to him, make him promise not to do it again, that will be punishment enough. He loves Seamas so much, and enjoys doing things for him— And he's very careful with the tools. I've watched him."

She shook her head. "No. No. My mind's made up." Abruptly, she turned and went down the steps.

I shut the door and leaned against it, my knees suddenly weak and shaking. The woman was insane, I thought—and corrected myself quickly. No, not insane, but ruled by an obsession. Perhaps it was the same thing. I didn't know. I couldn't really think clearly and consecutively, anyway; there was room in me only for emotion. A torrent, a whirlpool, of emotions, anger and pity and love, all boiling and stirring together.

She was cruel, cruel! She wanted to cut Bob off from all normal, boyish pursuits, chain him to a piano. She'd already robbed him of friends his own age; I'd seen how he was unable to meet other boys and play after school. I'd tried to give him a substitute—not a very good one, I admitted, only a dog and a chance to build with his hands and my own friendship (the friendship of an old maid schoolteacher! I added bitterly). But even that poor substitute, she had taken away from him.

Well, she must not be allowed to do it. I would talk to Charles, I would make him see . . .

I stopped short. Because there was nothing I could tell Charles, I saw, that he did not know already.

I had felt something of Myra's cold force, while she stood in the doorway telling me Bob had been forbidden to visit me again. She had cowed me, made me afraid to say what I thought. I supposed, in the same way, she imposed her will on Charles. He had his little victories—the football and the skates at Christmas—but on something that Myra considered vitally important, could he win? Could he insist that Bob

Bob had a project for Spring. He had decided that Seamas must begin his duties as a watch-dog, with a house outside in the back yard.



be allowed to come here, build his house for Seamas? Would he even try? —since technically Bob, having lied, was in the wrong and deserved a punishment of some sort. But not this sort —not this horrible sort!

Just then I remembered the ant city, and giggled hysterically. It was Bob's own property, but Myra would certainly never let him have it—and here I was, with it to worry about too!

I took a deep breath and fought to get control of myself. Going back to the kitchen—"That was Myra," I said. "She's forbidden Bob to come over here again. She says it's because he lied to her about practicing on the piano—but I think she's always resented the good times he has here."

Mother nodded. "I wouldn't be surprised," she said. She didn't add, "I warned you about this," for which I was grateful.

Bob wouldn't look at me, the next morning when he came into my classroom. He sat down at his desk, and produced a book, and buried himself in it. Spelling, geography—they were the two subjects we took up before the mid-morning recess, and throughout the recitation periods Bob just sat there, withdrawn and silent. I didn't ask him to recite; I wanted to talk to him first.

The recess bell rang, and I dismissed the class. Bob bolted for the door, but I was too quick for him. "Bob," I called. "May I see you for a minute?"

Reluctantly, he turned, moved against the outward-flowing tide of children, came to my desk. "Yes, Miss Wilson?" he said.

I hated what I had to do. But in long hours of lying awake, the night before, I'd come to see there was no other way I could help him. I couldn't advise him to fight, to defy his mother. So the only course left was to show him the benefits of patience—benefits that I myself, in my heart, could only doubt.



"I just wanted to tell you," I said pleasantly, "that I'm sorry you can't come to see me any more. Seamas will miss you—and so will I, Bob." He looked down at his feet; with the toe of one shoe he was kicking, lightly, the toe of the other. He gave me no help.

"But I'll take care of your ant city for you," I went on painfully, "and I imagine that pretty soon your mother will decide you've been punished enough—"

HIS head jerked up. "She won't!" he cried, fixing me accusingly with those eyes that were so like Charles'. "She won't—you know she won't! She doesn't want me to have any fun—all she wants me to do is pound that damned piano—"

"Bob! You mustn't swear!" I sounded shocked, and I was—not at his profanity, but at the depth of misery and hatred in his voice. "Your mother only wants what's best for you—she's spent a great deal of money on piano lessons for you, and naturally she doesn't want to feel it's been wasted."

"Well, it *has* been wasted—every cent of it! I can't play, I'll never be able to, because I hate music. And Mom knows it, but she doesn't care. I don't even like to listen to it!"

There was no possible answer for him, but I tried to find one. "You won't always feel this way about it, Bob. When you're older, you'll be glad you know how to play—I know, because when I was a girl I hated to practice too, but now—"

My voice trailed away, because he was looking at me in disillusionment. I felt stripped, shoddy, before that candid gaze. I had failed him, and my failure was mirrored in his eyes. I was talking nonsense, and it hurt him, because he hadn't expected to hear nonsense from me.

"No," he said quietly. "No, Miss Wilson," and turned and walked out of the room, leaving me with shame for company.

I got through the rest of the morning somehow, and I remember being grateful that it was Thursday, because Thursday afternoon was the regular time for my class to go downstairs, the girls to the domestic science room, the boys to the manual training workshop. It would do Bob good, I thought, to spend some hours down there, familiar and comfortable among the smell of fresh wood—and it would give me a chance to think, to decide what I should do I went down to Charles' office as soon as school was over for the day, perhaps I could see him there, talk to him, plan some course of action that would help Bob . . . I would have done it, easily and naturally enough, with the parent of any other pupil—the only difference was that I happened to love Charles. It was becoming impossible for me to see him, talk to him, without giving myself away.

I was still undecided when decision was forced upon me.

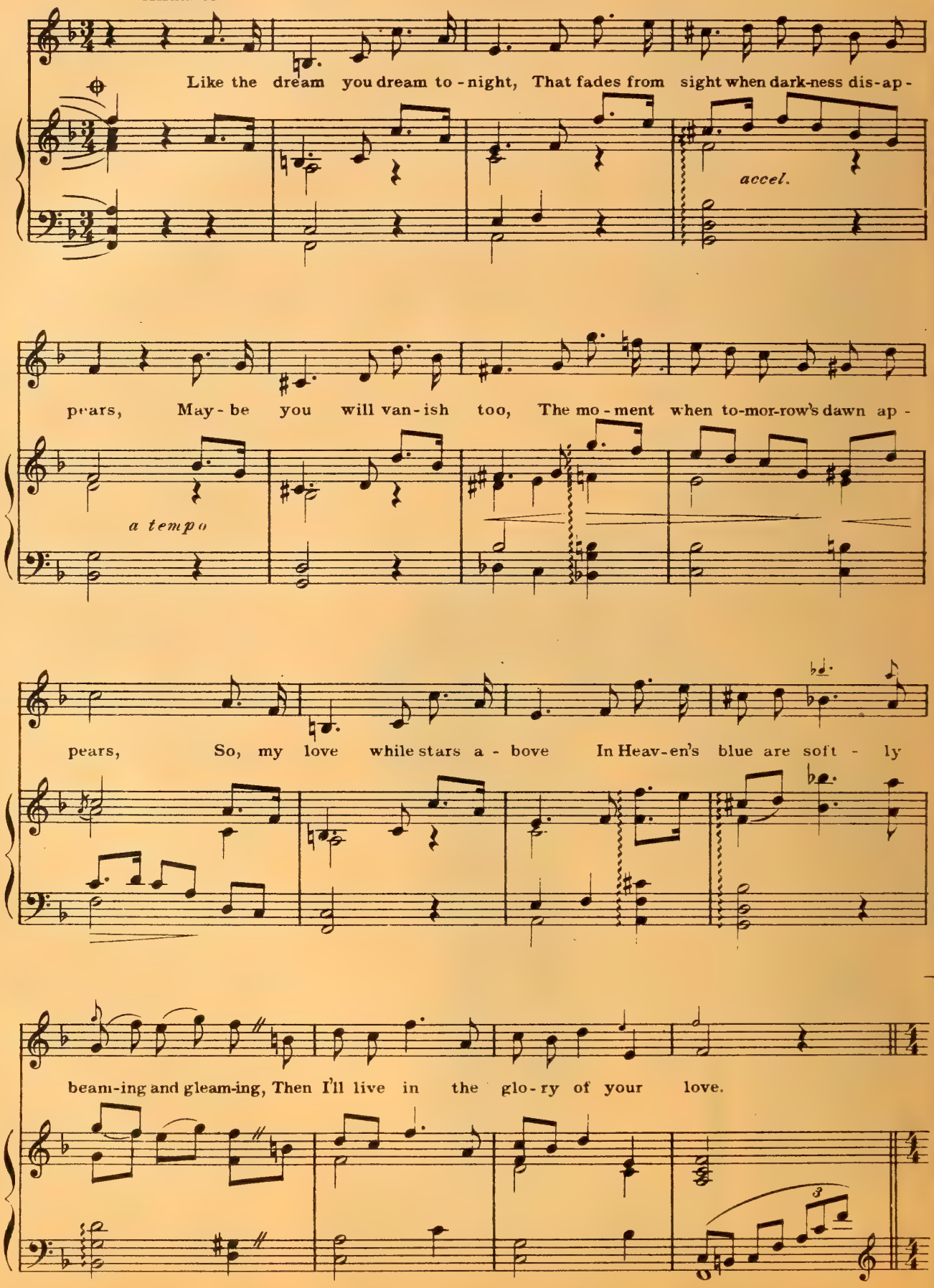
The basement manual training workshop was just under my classroom, and through the windows, open for the brief warmth of the early spring day, I could hear (*Continued on page* 62)

INTERMEZZO

Lyric by ROBERT HENNING

Music by HEINZ PROVOST

Andante



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Family Hour each week with one of the most hauntingly tender love songs of recent years



PATRICE MUNSEL, glamorous coloratura of CBS's Family Hour, is only nineteen—the Metropolitan Opera's youngest star. But more important than her youth is the fact that Patrice is altogether "made in America"; musical training in her native state of Washington, and in New York City, gave her magnificent voice the polish that in 1943 won for her one of the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air. A scant few months later, her debut in the Metropolitan's "Mignon" stopped the performance for seven minutes, and the career of one of our most exciting singers was under way.

man, is heard Sunday afternoons at 5:00 on CBS



Still with us is that problem of conserving sugar. Here are some almost-sugarless desserts to help you outwit the shortage with all the taste-tempting artistry of a master.

SUGAR SAVERS

COLD days are just around the corner, so let's turn on the oven and get ready to enjoy our favorite dessert, cake—rich, delicious homemade cake as tantalizing to the nose as to the taste. To be sure, the demands on our sugar will continue to be heavy, so heavy that each one of us will have to make the very best possible use of our share, but that need not keep us from cake baking, for this month's recipes have been created especially so that we may eat our cake and have our sugar, too. In place of granulated sugar, they make use of brown, currently more plentiful, and corn syrup and honey. One recipe which specifies white sugar evens up the score by using no shortening at all, and even the fillings and frostings use a minimum of sugar, or none at all. But here is an essential point: these recipes depend for success on method as much as on ingredients, so be sure to follow each one, step by step, exactly as it is given.

Fudge Nut Meringue Cake

Advance preparation: Have shortening at room temperature. Grease 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan, line with waxed paper and grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (375 degrees F.). Sift flour before measuring.

Measure into sifter
2 cups sifted cake flour
1 tsp. soda
¾ tsp. salt



By KATE SMITH

RADIO ROMANCES FOOD COUNSELOR
Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, heard over CBS, at 8:30 EWT.

Measure into bowl ½ cup vegetable shortening.
Have ready
¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
¾ cup corn syrup or honey mixed with 1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 cup coarsely chopped nut meats

Mix or stir shortening (by hand or with electric mixer at low speed) just enough to soften it. Sift in dry ingredients. Add brown sugar, forcing through sieve if necessary to remove lumps. Add half the liquid, vanilla and eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; beat for 1 minute. Add remaining liquid, blend, then add chocolate and beat for 2 minutes longer. Add nuts. (Count only the actual beating time. Or count beating strokes, allowing 100 to 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater frequently.) Turn into pan and bake at 375 degrees F. until done, 25 minutes. Let cake remain in pan and while still hot cover with

Meringue Topping

2 egg whites
Pinch salt
½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. almond extract
¼ cup chopped nut meats

Beat together egg whites and salt until foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition until well blended. Continue beating, after all sugar is added, until mixture will stand in peaks. Add almond extract. Spread lightly over hot cake in pan, sprinkle with nut meats and bake at 375 degrees F. until lightly browned, 10 minutes. For thicker frosting, double.

Sugar-Saving Quick Cake

Advance preparation: Have shortening at room temperature. Grease two deep 8-inch layer pans, line bottoms

(*Continued on page* 101)

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	CBS:	The Jubalaires
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wilden, pianist
		8:45	CBS:	Bennett Sisters
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Friendship Ranch
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Orson Welles
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow (from London)
		1:15	NBC:	America United
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
10:15	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Ford Show
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00		2:00	CBS:	Stradivari Orchestra
		2:00	ABC:	Kay Armen, songs
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:45	MBS:	Crooked Square
11:55		2:55	CBS:	Olin Downs
		3:00	MBS:	20th Airforce Time
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic
		3:00	ABC:	Melodies to Remember
		3:00	NBC:	World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	What's the Good Word
		3:30	ABC:	Washington Story
		4:00	NBC:	NBC Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Your America
		4:30	ABC:	Sunday on N-K Ranch
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
		4:30	MBS:	Crime Is My Pastime
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	ABC:	Mary Small Revue
		5:00	MBS:	Adventures of Father Brown
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		5:30	ABC:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Ozzie & Harriet
3:00	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Abbott Mysteries
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:00		6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		6:30	ABC:	Phil Davis
		7:00	ABC:	Drew Pearson
		7:00	MBS:	Opinion Requested
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
		7:00	CBS:	The Thin Man
3:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen
5:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:00	ABC:	Ford Hour
5:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Fred Allen
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Request Performance
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Steel Horizon
7:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:30	9:45	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Theatre Guild Series
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Brownstone Theatre
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Searchinger
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



ALWAYS A GUEST STAR . . .

Peggy Mann is something to look at, with her luxurious dark hair and her snapping dark eyes and her infectious grin. She also has a voice. She sings and sings, flitting from guest spot to guest spot. You've heard her at various times on the Ripley Romance and Rhythm show, this summer on the Hit Parade, while Joan Edwards vacationed, on Basin Street and the Schaefer Review and Pic and Pat and the Chrysler Show and a dozen others.

Peggy is a native New Yorker—after a fashion. She was born and raised in Yonkers, which is one of those detachments of New York City called a suburb.

It was while she was going to high school up in Yonkers that Peggy first began to take being a performer seriously. Naturally, she was involved in every show and play that was put on at the school. Her tap dancing and acrobatics had her in constant demand. Inevitably, a part turned up for which she had to sing, as well. That was when Peggy discovered—as did others—that she had a swell natural voice and style.

After graduation from high school, Peggy set out on job hunts. She still tried both angles—dancing and singing. She'd dash to dancing auditions and then hurry off to singing auditions. It just happened that she got a singing job first and that sort of settled it. She landed a job singing at the Park Central Hotel in New York. A short time later, she made her radio debut on a local New York station, singing on WOV. This kind of piece-by-piece work wasn't too satisfactory from any standpoint, so Peggy went after jobs that would give her a steadier chance to work and gain experience. She became a featured vocalist with Henry Halstead's band, moving on to a feature spot with Enoch Light's orchestra.

After that things moved a bit faster. She worked with Larry Clinton and later was featured for ten weeks with Gene Krupa's band at the Capitol Theater. She began to get some notice and that led to recordings, which finally led to the tops in that field, recordings with Benny Goodman's band.

But Peggy wants to concentrate on radio.

Her personal life is a very quiet one. She likes to read practically anything and a great deal of it. She also likes to listen to music and has a huge collection of classical recordings. She doesn't need to exercise for her figure, but she likes to play ping-pong and golf. She's reasonable and even-tempered and about the only thing that can really make her mad is to have someone late for an appointment. That's probably because her guest-starring keeps her pretty busy and she hasn't time to waste on wasteful people.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	ABC:	Lisa Sergio
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	What's Your Idea
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Chicago Varieties
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
		2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:30	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carrol, Songs
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood Show
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
		8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:15	ABC:	Hedda Hopper
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Geo. Burns & Gracie Allen
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Professor Broadway
		8:30	ABC:	Meet Your Neighbor
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
		9:00	ABC:	Rex Maupin's Orchestra
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Leave It To Mike
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Stuart Erwin Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.
		10:30	ABC:	Reunion U. S. A.
		10:30	MBS:	The Better Half

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
R	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun With Music
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Army Air Forces Band
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernadine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		3:45	ABC:	Yours Alone
		3:30	MBS:	The Smoothies
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:40	CBS:	Eileen Farrell & Sally Moran
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:35	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	ABC:	Headline Editor
8:00	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood Show
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
		7:30	ABC:	County Fair
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Everything for the Boys
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Barry Woods, Roland Young, Cornelia Otis Skinner
		8:30	ABC:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theatre of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Service to the Front
R 10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
		10:30	MBS:	Return to Duty
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Hildegarde
		11:15	CBS:	Joan Brooks
		11:30	CBS:	Crime Photographer



INTERNATIONAL GENTLEMAN . . .

John Loder, director and m.c. of the CBS Silver Theater is a number of exceptional things. He's an exceptionally handsome man, who can act exceptionally well. He's probably the only Hollywood personality—what's probably about it?—who ever owned a pickle factory in Potsdam, Germany. He's probably the only movie star to have been on a British military commission in Berlin after World War One. And, most enviable of all, he is the husband of Hedy Lamarr.

Loder was born in London in 1898, the son of General Sir William Lowe and Lady Frances Lowe. He was christened John Muir Lowe and his boyhood was that of the typical child of army parents. World War One broke out while he was at Eton and he transferred to Sandhurst, which is Britain's West Point. Four months after his transfer, he was graduated as a second lieutenant in the King's Hussars.

In 1915, Lt. Lowe participated in the Gallipoli campaign as one of the youngest combat officers in the British Army. Later that year, he was shipped to fight the Turks and Senussi Arabs along the Mediterranean coast of North Africa. In 1916, he was moved to the Western Front in France, where he was taken prisoner by the Germans during Ludendorff's smash.

He was a prisoner of war for eight months, and in that time learned to speak German fluently. After the Armistice, he joined the British military commission to Berlin. Later, he was a member of the Upper Silesia plebiscite commission. This long stay in Germany helped him to the discovery that Germans liked the English type of mixed pickles. So, when the time came for making a choice between rejoining his regiment and retiring from the Army, he decided to give up arms and go into "trade"—as the British call it. He set up a pickle works in Potsdam and the business flourished until the Reich money began to become so much worthless paper.

John Muir Lowe found himself with no factory, no money, but a perfectly magnificent suit of Bond Street evening clothes. That suit got him a job as an extra in a movie being made in Berlin by Alexander Korda. The fine way he carries his six feet three inches earned him a bit part in the next Korda picture, after which he returned to London, when he was cast to play the lead in a movie opposite a Birmingham schoolteacher named Madeleine Carroll.

He had changed his name by this time to John Loder. He came to Hollywood to work in a number of films, but returned to England in 1931, for British and French films. Then, in 1939, after his divorce from his French wife, screen actress Michele Sheirel, he came back to Hollywood. He's appeared in many American pictures since: he's been seen in "The Lodger," "How Green Was My Valley," "Passage to Marseilles" and "One Tomorrow."

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS	Arthur Godfrey
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:30	9:10	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	W. W. Chaplin, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Chicago Varieties
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
		2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
		3:00	MBS:	The Smoothies
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	ABC:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:35	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
		7:15	MBS:	Listen to the Waves
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Mutual Melodies
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Saint
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:15	MBS:	Now It Can Be Told
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting Club
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Evening With Romberg
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Curtain Time—Drama
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Crime Photographer
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Detect & Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Jones & I—Drama
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Counter Spy
		10:00	MBS:	Human Adventure
7:30			CBS:	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Maisie
		10:30	ABC:	Lee Mortimer
		1:30	MBC	Dance Band

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:30	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	MBS:	Fun With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	What's Your Idea?
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:40	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Chicago Varieties
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Jane Cowl
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	ABC:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	The Smoothies
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Report From Abroad
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
2:10	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Mommie and the Men
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
		8:00	NBC:	Burns and Allen
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	FBI in Peace and War
5:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Dinah Shore's Open House
		8:30	MBS:	Agatha Christie's Poirot
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Chrysler Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Variations by Van Cleave
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	One Foot In Heaven
		10:00	MBS:	Arch Oboler's Plays
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Swing's the Thing



INTERNATIONAL LADY . . .

Frances Chaney's assignment to play Marion Kerby on NBC's Adventures of Topper series was one of her happiest bits of casting. She has a great deal of the impish, pixie quality of that ectoplasmic character. Her face, with its high cheekbones and gently slanted gray eyes and wide, childish mouth, has a special mobility that flashes from sparkling, almost glittering, gaiety to moody pathos.

Frances was born in Odessa, but not long afterward her family moved to Istanbul, where at the proper time Fanya, as she was then called, was entered in an English school. Then her family came to New York and Fanya went to American schools, where her accent was found slightly peculiar. She isn't quite sure just when she was bitten by the theater bug, but it was early in her life. Long before she started going to Hunter College a good part of her interest was the stage.

As a result she cut so many of her classes at college that her impression is she was more of a visitor there than anything else.

Soon this began to seem rather silly to her, so she decided that the only thing to do was get herself some kind of a job. She talked herself into a full-time job at Macy's and got herself taken on as an apprentice at the Provincetown Playhouse, working in the evenings.

In the fall, Fanya—she still hadn't started using the American verson of her name—won a scholarship at the Neighborhood Playhouse School and studied there for two years. In the summers she played at various "straw hat" theaters. After her graduation from the dramatic school, Fanya began haunting the producers again. This time, however, she also made the rounds of the radio studios. In a short time, she realized that Fanya, as a name, might limit her in radio. For some reason, directors always expected her to have a thick Russian accent. So Fanya adopted her American name and was soon so busy on radio that she scarcely had time to try for parts in the theater. She's been on the air in practically all the major shows, among them Mr. District Attorney, Mystery Theater, Grand Central Station and Words at War.

Frances Chaney is one of the performers to whom the U. S. Army is extremely grateful. Busy as she was, Frances frequently gave up important roles—high-paying roles—in order to appear on the radio shows put on by the Armed Forces Radio Service. She worked steadily on the Assignment Home series, for instance, giving that preference over any other shows.

And this wasn't always easy for Frances after D-Day in Normandy. Many of the lines she had to read in the scripts must have hurt deeply. Because David Lardner, the New Yorker correspondent, to whom she was married, was killed shortly after D-Day, when the jeep in which he was riding went over a land mine.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember?
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
		9:30	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:00	11:30	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take it Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	What's Your Idea?
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernadine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	W. W. Chaplin
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Rosemary
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	ABC:	Appointment With Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Johnson Family, Songs
2:15	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Service Time
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When A Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:15	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiegan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore & Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Mommie & the Men
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
4:00			NBC:	This Woman's Secret
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Jerry Wayne Show
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
		8:00	ABC:	Blind Date
		8:30	ABC:	This Is Your FBI
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Hour
		8:30	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Those Websters
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing R
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller R
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Harry James and Band
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern

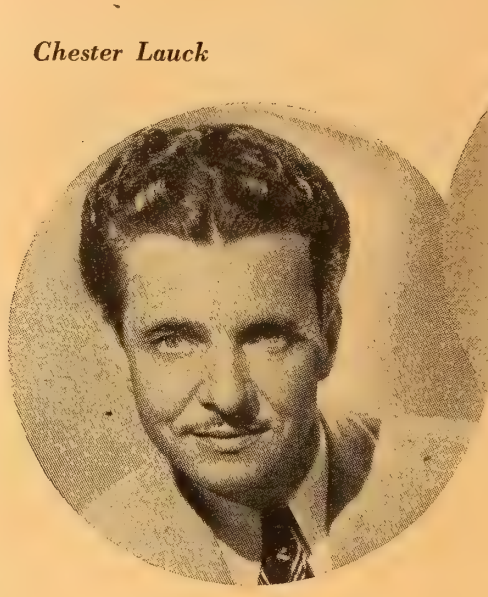
SATURDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	United Nation News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		9:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Teentimers Canteen
		10:15	MBS:	Rainbow House
		10:00	ABC:	What's Cooking
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Doc, Duke and the Colonel
		10:30	ABC:	Land of the Lost
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC:	Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
1:30		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Vagabonds
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Hookey Hall
		11:45	ABC:	Note From a Dairy
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
		12:00	MBS:	Hello Mom
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
		12:45	MBS:	Red Cross Reporter
		1:00	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Mess Call
		1:00	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
		1:15	NBC:	Music for Your Mood
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Youth on Parade
		1:30	MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
		1:30	ABC:	Round-up Time
1:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Football
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:00	ABC:	Football
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
12:00		3:00	CBS:	The Land is Bright
		3:00	MBS:	This Is Halloran
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:00	ABC:	Saturday Symphony
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
		4:30	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		4:30	NBC:	World of Melody
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
		5:00	ABC:	Duke Ellington
2:00		5:00	CBS:	We Deliver the Goods
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
		5:15	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:00	MBS:	Hall of Montezuma
3:15		6:00	NBC:	Rhapsody of the Rockies
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	ABC:	Harry Wismer, Sports
3:30	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Hank D'Amice Orchestra
		6:30	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Music for Remembrance
		7:00	ABC:	Jobs After Victory
		7:15	ABC:	David Wills
4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Swinging on the Golden Gate
		7:30	MBS:	Arthur Hale
		7:30	NBC:	Noah Webster
7:15	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Beulah Show
		8:00	MBS:	Frank Singiser
		8:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
		8:00	NBC:	Life of Riley
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Viva America
		8:30	MBS:	Symphony of the Americas
		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
		9:30	MBS:	The Whisper Men
5:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Boston Symphony
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	ABC:	Coronet Quiz
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
R	11:15	10:00	ABC:	Hoosier Hop
		10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova
R		10:15	CBS:	Report to the Nation
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS	Talks

Introducing LUM 'n' ABNER

Chester Lauck





Norris Goff

FROM the time he was a youngster in grammar school in Allene, Arkansas (where he was born), Chester Lauck has always had an eye to business.

At this early age, he conceived the idea of making money by opening a hot dog stand, where he sold hamburgers and popcorn to the kids in school. Then there was his strawberry business, adding tidily to his allowance.

The Laucks moved to Mena, Arkansas, when Chester was ten. It was then that he met Norris Goff, and they became close friends.

When Chet was sent to the University of Arkansas, Tuffy Goff arrived to continue his educational activities, and the friendship was resumed.

Throughout the years, Chet and Tuffy had amused themselves and their friends by presenting amateur skits—mostly of the blackface variety. They were particularly adept at mimicry, also, and their quick mastery of the dialect and mannerisms of their Ozark friends and neighbors proved vastly entertaining to their audiences.

From the beginning, Chet and Tuffy had exhibited a flair for ad-libbing. This inspired them to create the characters of Lum and Abner, who have since endeared themselves to the American public and particularly to their fellow Arkansans.

In September of 1926, Chet married Harriet Wood, and in 1928 their first daughter, Shirley, was born. Later, Nancy and Chet, Jr., joined the family.

The Laucks live in a spacious 18th Century Early American house in the heart of Beverly Hills. Many lovely antique pieces are scattered throughout the maple-and-chintz interior.

As in his youth, Chet is still engaged in various business ventures. His spare time, when not before the cameras or broadcasting over the radio, is spent in traveling, to keep an eye on his scattered interests.

IN GRADE school, Norris Goff met Chester Lauck, and earned his nickname of "Tuffy"—he could hold his own with the older boys in Chester's gang.

Tuffy was a stocky, happy-go-lucky chap, with a sly, quiet humor which he managed to conceal for the most part under a cloak of assumed seriousness. He had no burning ambition, as his father realized when he vainly attempted to interest him in the grocery business. If there were a feminine companion available for an afternoon movie, Tuffy was conspicuous by his absence. Tuffy began to settle down, however, after his marriage to Elizabeth Bullion, in August of 1929.

Both Tuffy and Chet enjoyed dialect skits. Someone at radio station KTHS, Hot Springs, had heard a program at the Lions' Club and gotten in touch with the president of the club, who was none other than Chet, who organized a blackface act and sent for Tuffy.

But they found the air was dark with blackface acts. Chet and Tuffy decided a show about people in the Ozarks might go over. "I guess I'll call myself Lum," said Chet, because he hadn't ever heard of anyone by that name. Tuffy paused a moment, then remarked he knew an old man named Abner. So Lum and Abner came to be. By 1933, they had begun their network broadcasts from Chicago; by 1940 they were in the movies.

The Goffs, with their two children, Gary, aged eleven, and Gretchen, aged five, now live in a stream-lined Swedish modern farmhouse in Encino, California. He loves to putter around the place—cleaning his guns, talking over the back fence, visiting with the neighbors. The family bursts into laughter when he mentions his "office." It contains an impressive filing cabinet and a large desk, which Mrs. Goff insists contain nothing but fishing tackle and old boots.

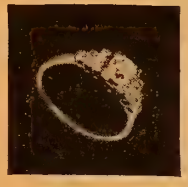


AFTER A YEAR AT OUR LONDON EMBASSY—Mary Anne Braswell shares a "reunion-cake" with three British airmen. Soon after graduating from the University of Georgia she received her Diplomatic Corps assignment. Her work was "fascinating and exacting" she says. Air raids, celebrities, robot bombs—and "getting engaged" to an American officer from Boston were all part of her London adventure.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



She's delightfully poised—with glinty-chestnut hair, alabaster-smooth skin



HER RING
3 steps of diamonds flank the handsome center diamond. The band is platinum.

Mary Anne Braswell to wed Edwin P. Cushman, U.S. Army Officer

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Braswell of Athens, Georgia.

THE first day Mary Anne was in London she met her officer fiancé-to-be . . . at a luncheon club near the Embassy!

She's *another* engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look!

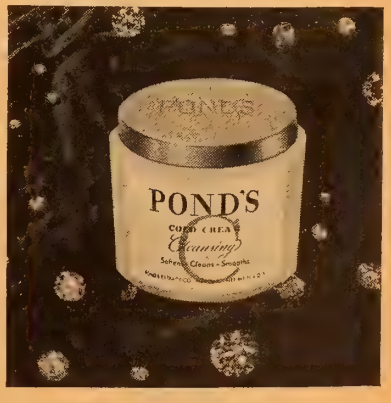
"I surely do depend on Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "it has the nicest way of making your face feel *especially* soft and clean. I wouldn't be without my Pond's for anything."

Twice every day Mary Anne uses Pond's Cold Cream—like this:

She *smooths* the silky-soft cream well over her face and throat and pats rapidly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues it all off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream, plying her white covered fingertips round her face in quick little circles. Tissues off. This is "extra-care," she says, for extra cleansing, extra softening.

Why don't *you* use Pond's Cold Cream her way? Every morning, every evening and for in-between time clean-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big luxury jar* that lets you dip in with both hands!



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Stop tearing your hair!



"NOW...I'm curling my hair the safer, pleasanter way with 'EASY-LOCK' Curler"

Now you can "curl up in comfort" with the wonderful new Easy-Lock curler. No snagging or cutting your hair...no tiresome fumbling. Just a twist of the wrist and then snap — it locks almost automatically, one-handed!

Women who do their own hair find it safer and easier with Easy-Lock curlers — and they marvel at the luxurious curls they achieve.

SAFER: No projecting rivets to catch hair. The distinctive open end means no cutting, mashing or pulling of hair.

EASIER: Unique patented feature — snaps closed easily with one hand from any position. When opened, loop is firm, a convenient handle for winding.



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"Gayla EASY-LOCK CURLERS"
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
HOLD-BOB *bobby pins · hair pins*

A Letter For Betty

(*Continued from page 27*)

deep, hurting ache. Her face was as young and attractive as Jim's—and she had a great capacity for friendliness—but she wasn't using it. There was something about her that shut out friendship. She closed her face the way you lock a diary.

ONLY when I talked about the machine and how she would use it in her work could I get her excited. I thought then that she was determined to have a career and that she had shut away other desires, but that was hard to believe. She was far too young and attractive. I was convinced of that, but I had no proof until I read a sad little note which wasn't meant for me.

Here's the way it happened. Because Betty was so excited about that teletype, she wanted to practice in every spare minute she could find. I told her to signal the practice board at the telephone company, and that I would disconnect her machine so that she could practice. That "disconnect" was what confused her. She took that to mean that anything she wrote wouldn't go through the machine—that she could just sit there and type the way you do on a typewriter and that no one would see what she wrote. But that isn't the way it worked. What she wrote on her machine was transmitted to my machine at the telephone company.

I was amazed when she poured out her emotions in writing—but I know why she did. You can keep things bottled up inside of yourself just so long and then you've got to let them come out. Some girls confide in their parents or their best friends. But other people—sensitive people who hate to talk about their troubles—pour out their emotions in another way. Betty poured hers out in writing. One day I was amazed to see a jumbled, heart-crumpling message come into my machine—a message that read something like this:

"Don, my darling, how could you do it when I loved you so? Every dream I dreamed when you were over there was about you and our life together after you came home. How could you marry a girl in England and bring her back here—here to the life we had planned for us? I'll never get over it—never—and Don, Don, Don—I loved you so."

I didn't know what to do. I knew that Betty would be embarrassed if she knew that her pathetic little confession had come over the teletype to my practice board. But I didn't want her to write any more. This was like reading someone's private mail—only worse. A letter is intended for at least one other's eyes. This was like a personal diary—intended for no eyes but Betty's. I finally knew that I would save her embarrassment if I said nothing. There wasn't anything to do but keep still. But I did a lot of thinking. This, then, explained Betty's cautious wariness. She was on her guard against hurt.

I don't know when it was that I got the idea of bringing Jim and Betty together. It was one night at dinner, I guess, when I studied Jim's closed face and was struck by the similarity between his personality and Betty's. I wondered why I hadn't thought of bringing them together before. They were so *right* for each other—so attractive and clean and young. The whole thing looked like a "natural." So the next day I invited Betty out to spend all-day Sunday with us, and I encouraged Jim to stay home.

I don't know what I expected. Certainly not that they would fall into each other's arms. But I expected more than cool politeness and almost a complete lack of interest. Try as I would, I



Information Please experts Kieran, Fadiman and Adams oil up the cash register for another NBC season.

couldn't seem to get them to *see* each other. They were courteous and pleasant but detached.

"People have to work things out for themselves," I told myself, but I was disappointed that my Cupid's part had failed.

I didn't give up though. All that month I tried to bring them together as often as possible. But they were so wrapped up in their own personal tragedies that they didn't see each other at all. Finally, I hit upon a sure-fire idea. I had tried to point out their attractions to each other, but they had remained indifferent. Now I decided to try something else—to sell them on the idea that they *needed* each other. I decided to tell each of them the other one's story.

That night I told Jimmy about the confession Betty had poured out on her teletype machine.

"Why, the poor kid," Jimmy said, "what a rotten break." He was thinking of her as a woman for the first time. "How could the big heel do anything like that to Betty? She's a grand person."

The very next noon I called Betty and took her to lunch. And during the noon hour I told her what Marybelle had done to Jim.

"I'll appreciate anything you can do to make Jim happier," I told her, "because he needs a friend so terribly." Then I added my master's touch. "Of course, he'll never fall in love again—but you could have fun together." I said that so that she wouldn't be afraid of becoming involved in another emotional upset.

MY LITTLE campaign worked. The next time we had dinner together—Jim and Betty and I—they actually looked at each other. I could almost feel their awareness of each other growing. And by the time we got to dessert, they didn't even know I was at the table. Oh, what a sense of power I had that night after I had shooed them off to the movies. I sang "Always" as I did the dishes (soulfully, too, if you please) and I enjoyed each tender note of it. I felt like a puppet master who had known how to pull the right strings. But my puppets weren't dolls—they were Jim and Betty—my two favorite people.

In the following weeks I dreamed of floating white veils and orange blossoms and Lohengrin. Because now Jim and Betty were together a lot and they were discovering how much they enjoyed each other. They hiked together on crisp, red-and-gold autumn days—they danced together at purple-lighted Shadowland Ballroom—they sang together in the moonlight.

And, then, suddenly it was all over. It just stopped. No longer did Betty call to say, "Tell Jim to pick me up at the station, will you, Dorie—I have to work late." And no more did Jim race to the phone to dial Betty's number and say, "Hi, Bets—how about the show at the Strand?"

No one told me what happened. Suddenly, Jim's face was tight and closed up again and he asked me not to bring Betty to the house any more. I couldn't ask him why. He wouldn't let me.

"Please, Doris," he seemed to convey without saying a word, "Let's don't talk about it."

Betty didn't tell me anything, either. In fact, she avoided me. When I called her at KWMT, she dismissed me coolly and finally—and her voice was as strained as Jim's face.



All is Forgiven!

When the day arrives—and it will—that Fels-Naptha comes home from the wars, let's hope that the greeting in your household will be *'all is forgiven'!*

This famous soap is still 'seeing service' far from home. A large part of the output of the Fels Plant is assigned to special duty in the four corners of the world.

Most women have been understanding and patient about this absence of an essential item in good housekeeping, even though it has made the family laundry an unaccustomed burden. They know that good soap is part of the superior equipment furnished to our fighters.

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Fels-Naptha Soap

R
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We'd meet at the Pump Room Saturdays. *"I know these soft, smooth hands,"* you'd say. Just imagine a wife letting her hands get rough! Jergens Lotion hand care is so easy.



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Your hands, too, have protection against roughness, with Jergens. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion have such "know-how" in helping hard-used skin toward "lovely-woman" smoothness and softness, that many doctors use them. Simple! No discouraging stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax. Be smart—use this famous Jergens Lotion.



For the softest, adorable Hands, USE

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At first, when they stopped seeing each other, I lay awake at night figuring out little schemes to bring them together again. But I was almost afraid to meddle, now. The responsibility of dabbling in the lives of persons you love is too great for anyone except a god. And I'm not a god—I'm just plain Doris Corwin, an unmarried woman, who loves to sit back and look at romance. I made a vow to pin my lips together and "let the molasses run."

One night, however, when Jim and I were talking about his future, I couldn't resist asking him about Betty.

"What about Betty, Jim?" I asked point-blank. "You were hitting it off so well for awhile."

"A man-woman relationship doesn't keep going along one straight road," he explained. "It goes forward or it stops."

"You mean you either get married or you don't," I suggested softly.

"Yes—and I never will marry," Jim said emphatically. "I had one love affair—and that was enough for me—I'll never marry," he repeated, "and neither will Betty. She told me so."

"Then why not go on seeing each other?" I suggested.

"Because we can't tell. One of us might go 'all out' again. And neither of us will risk another hurt."

Now I understood what had happened. Both of them were terribly afraid of being hurt again. So they had built up this crazy defense. They had tried to use reason instead of emotion this time. Together, they had gone over their whole situation logically. And they had come to the conclusion that they must stop seeing each other before one of them was hurt.

I tried to explain to Jim how silly he was.

"Can't you see," I argued, "how superior Betty is to Marybelle? She's intelligent and kind as well as pretty and appealing. She's your kind of person—the kind of mother you want for your children."

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"She's wonderful," Jim admitted.

"Then why not let yourself go?" I urged. "What difference does it make?"

"I couldn't take another emotional upset," Jim explained. "I don't know—maybe it was the war or being away or being hurt—but, anyway, I'm kind of shot. Another crack on the jaw and I might crack up. That sounds weak, but that's the way it is."

"But maybe she loves you," I said, determined to insure his happiness. "You'll never know unless you ask her to marry you."

"She'll never fall in love again," he stated emphatically. "She told me so. She said you can't repeat an emotion like that. She gave all of her heart to Don—and there isn't anything left to fall in love *with*. She said she was *wrung dry*."

"Bosh," I said.

It was so clear to me—the outsider—what had happened. Two kids with too much pride—two swell young people who had taken a big crack from life and had crawled under a shell. I began to see that I had been wrong in trying to bring them together. I should have seen that there was too much fear in this relationship. If only one of them had been hurt the other one would have had the courage to fight for love—to break down the other's reserve. This way, both of them were afraid. Neither of them was strong enough to combat their mutual fear. Their previous disappointments were stumbling blocks to love. And I couldn't remove those blocks.

BUT once again Fate played into my hands and into the hearts of Jim and Betty. Fate came in the guise of a teletype message from KWMT—another heart-felt note which Betty wrote in the privacy of her own little office in the traffic department. I wasn't prepared for that note when Betty called from KWMT and asked me to disconnect her machine so that she could practice. Immediately, I set the machine for practice and in just a minute her message came through to my board. At first it was just routine practice material. "The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog." That kind of stuff. Then, to my amazement, a letter came through—a note that Betty believed she was writing for her own eyes and no one else's.

These are the words which appeared on the paper in my machine:

"Jim, my darling:—

I'm lonely again—but not for Don—for you. That love I felt for Don is all gone. The ache is all gone. It's as if it had never been. You can't know what that means until you get over Marybelle. And, perhaps, you never will. Because she's still in your heart. That's why my heart hurts today. I seem doomed to fall in love with the wrong person.

Oh, Jim, darling, you're everything I want out of life—and I do love you. I pinned my dreams on Don because I was young and romantic and hungry for love. But this is different. This time I fought love, but it came, anyway.

That's why I must stay away from you, my darling. I can't be your friend when my heart cries out for your love."

That was all, but it was enough. Now I knew that Betty was in love with Jim—terribly in love with him without his knowing it. After the machine

Dearly-desired Kisses



Q. How do some girls attract kisses?

A. Their skin is like satin—so smooth.

Q. Just my luck—I have dry skin.

A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream is just made to help you.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Fills your skin's daily beauty-needs fully—like a "treatment." For all types of skin. Wards off threats of dry skin. How simple! Just use Jergens Face Cream—but regularly—

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**

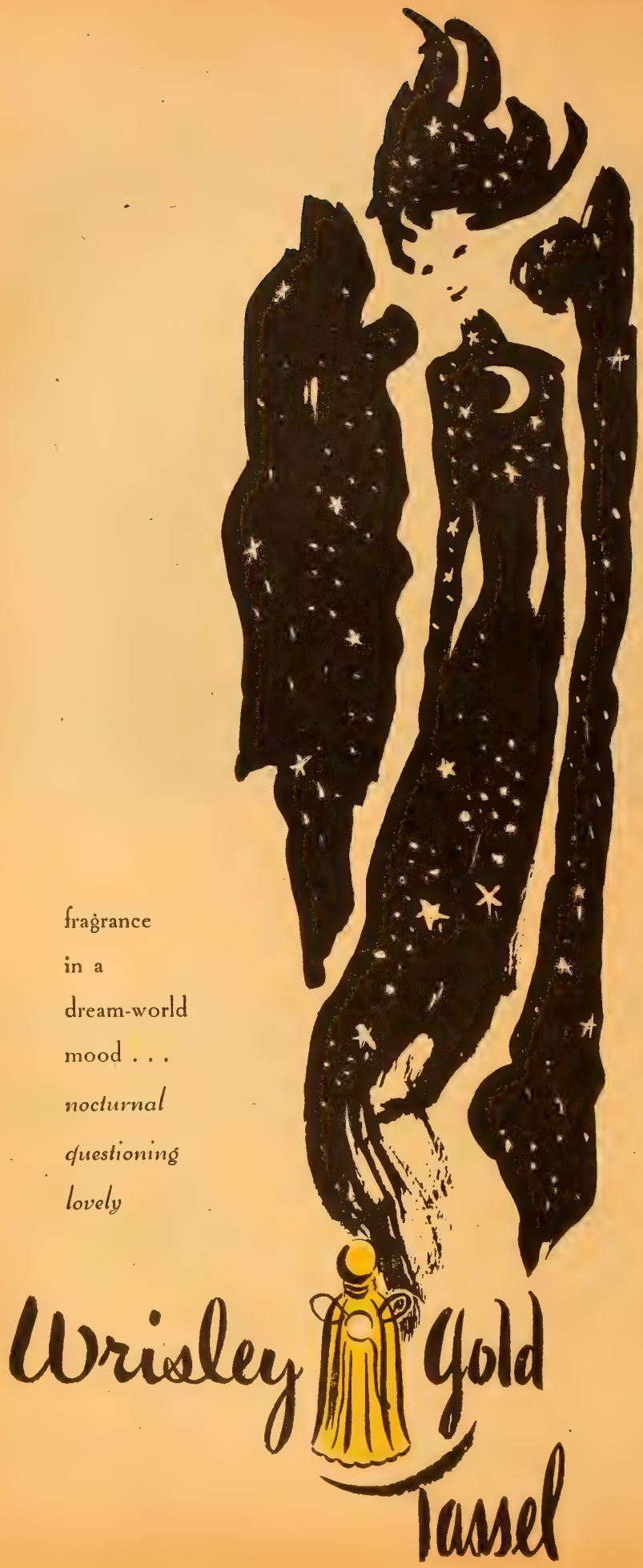
3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

Thrilling—how dry-skin lines smooth away. This is a skin scientists' cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.25 a jar (plus tax). Plenty of other girls thank Jergens Face Cream for inviting-smooth skin. Use this new cream, yourself. The only cream you need.



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stopped, I sat in the telephone office looking at the big letters printed on the paper in front of me. This new knowledge excited me but scared me, too. Betty no longer dreamed of Don. She loved Jim. But I didn't know what to do about it. The fact that I alone knew of Betty's change of heart seemed to increase my responsibility.

I tore the message out of my machine and placed it in my purse. If only I knew that Jim loved Betty. Then everything would be simple. I could show him Betty's note and let them go on from there. But I didn't dare to intrude that far. I couldn't risk bruising Betty's pride in this new way.

That night when Jim and I were eating I brought up Betty's name.

"Betty's working hard," I said casually. "She practiced a long time this afternoon."

"She's smart and knows what she wants," Jim said, and his quiet face told me nothing.

"Yes, she knows what she wants," I repeated.

"She's the career girl type—she's got brains," he went on.

"SHE has brains," I agreed, "but she isn't the career girl type. She's young and soft and warm."

"She's pretty all right."

"Jim," I began hesitantly. Then I plunged right in. "What if you knew she was in love with you?"

Jim's face wasn't closed now—it was eager and responsive and warm.

"Why—do you mean that—" and then he interrupted himself, and his face got tight again. "She isn't. She told me she couldn't fall in love again."

"Words aren't everything," I insisted.

"Betty's through with love," Jim said finally. "We discussed that thoroughly. She's had her taste of love—and so have I. You see where it got us!"

"But, Jim," I argued, but he wasn't listening. He looked back at me before he walked out the door. "Don't go getting any romantic notions in your head," he said. "Betty can't see me for dust."

After he had gone, I sat quietly for a long time pondering this knot in the love affair I had started. In spite of what Jim had said, I believed more than ever that he and Betty were meant for each other. I smiled when I remembered his face when I had surprised him with a statement about Betty's feeling for him. I was sure that Jim wanted Betty's love—but he was afraid to talk to her about it for fear of being hurt. That's what I wanted to believe, but I couldn't be sure. Suddenly, however, I knew that I couldn't stop now that I had gone this far. I had to see this thing through. And I knew immediately what I must do. Some way I must get Betty's teletyped note to Jim. I had to take the chance even if it might mean embarrassment to them. I knew that they needed each other desperately, and that their coming together would be *right*.

I took the note to the drug store and mailed it to Jim by special delivery. He would believe that she had typed off the note and sent it to him because she loved him and wanted him to know about it. Whether this would please him I could not know until I watched his reaction to the letter.

I didn't get up when the doorbell rang at 7:30 the next morning. I lay very still and listened while Jim went to the door and talked to the postman and went back to his room. I suppose I must have prayed while he was reading that letter. I know I cried.

Isn't it funny how footsteps can have

meaning? Jim's steps when he ran back down the stairs weren't pounding steps or heavy steps or short steps—they were *happy* steps. And by the time they reached the telephone and I heard the dialing, I knew that everything was all right.

Betty said afterward she didn't know what hit her when Jim said, "And I love you, too, darling." But she didn't object much, I guess, because when Jim hung up, he called up the stairs in a voice that was happier than it had ever been in the days of Marybelle, "Put on an extra plate this noon, will you?" And, then, he added in something like wonder, "Gosh, she loves me."

I really put out a banquet that noon, but I might as well have had peanut butter sandwiches for all they cared. They wouldn't have eaten ambrosia. They just looked at each other. Nothing else existed.

I suppose they won't notice me until after the wedding, they're so wrapped up in themselves. Of course, they don't expect an "old maid" to understand what they're feeling, anyway. But I can imagine how they feel just from watching their two, young faces glowing now, and alive.

I've got a funny idea about their love affair. I think it's going to be better than if they'd never had disappointments before. This way, they've made up their minds it's *got* to work—and they're willing to put every bit of effort they can muster into making their marriage a success. They're willing to work every day to make their life together rich and satisfying.

Of course, secretly I feel pretty smug about the whole thing. Just having had my finger in it gives me a sense of power. But I didn't get as big a thrill out of playing god to their love affair, as I did out of being so close to a real romance. Somehow, watching their romance unfold made up for that phase of my life which I've always missed.

Even though it hasn't come to me personally, at least my life has been brushed by it; and it's enough for me that, because of me, that bright, exciting richness came true for the two people I love best.

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Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!

Part of Me

(*Continued from page 47*)

not really listening, its faint, busy hum, a sound compounded of saw-rasp and hammer-stroke and the hiss of planes and the shuffle of boys' feet. Suddenly the familiar sound was gone; there was a silence in which I could feel shock, and then an excited babble of voices.

In a few seconds, I was at the door of the room. But there I stopped. Mr. Aiken, the manual training teacher, was jealous of his rights; he would not care to have another teacher rushing into his domain. Besides—why was I so sure something serious had happened? I was nervous and edgy, that was all. I forced myself to return to my desk, but my whole body seemed to be listening—listening to the complete silence that had followed the first excited burst of talk.

Then, without warning, the door opened and Mr. Aiken and Bob came in. Bob's face was gray-white; he looked as though he would faint. He held his right hand clasped in his left.

"Miss Wilson," Mr. Aiken said, "Bob's hurt his hand. I've looked at it, and I think—" He hesitated. "I think he'd better be sent home."

"Oh," I said. "Oh—yes, of course. I'll take him." There was no surprise in me. As soon as I heard the change in the timbre of the sound from downstairs, I had known it would be Bob.

Mr. Aiken nodded. "You'd better take my car. And I'll tell Miss Colton." Miss Colton was the principal.

"I'm all right," Bob said. "I can go home by myself." But even as he spoke he swayed, and sat down abruptly on the nearest desk.

"Here's the key." Mr. Aiken—spare, middle-aged, his mouth grim—stood near the door. In a low voice, he added, "You'd better see that a doctor looks at that hand. I think one of the fingers is broken. He smashed it with a hammer. And—" He gave me a meaningful glance, as if he wanted to tell me more. There was no time, though; not now. I put my arm around Bob, helped him up and led him outside to Mr. Aiken's car. My own hand was trembling so much I could hardly insert the ignition key in the lock.

A finger broken. A finger on the right hand. Broken. Myra. . . .

BUT she behaved well. Her eyes widened in agony when we came in and I explained that Bob had hurt himself with a hammer, and one hand went to her breast, pressing there as if to stifle pain—that was all. No hysterics, no reproaches. She made Bob lie down, and telephoned the doctor, and then she said, "Thank you for bringing him home, Fran. I can take care of him now, until the doctor comes."

It was dismissal—but in any event, I had to get back to the school; the boys and girls would be coming up from shop and domestic science, and I would be needed. More than that—Mr. Aiken was there, and he had something he must tell me.

He came in after the class had gone, and he told me. "That boy," he said. "I happened to glance at him just as he brought the hammer down on his fingers. And Miss Wilson—he did it on purpose. I'd swear to that."

A hard knot of tension that had been inside me for the past hour relaxed. Knowing, being sure, was less painful, somehow. I took a deep breath.

"Yes," I said. "I thought he must have. Thank you for telling me."

Mr. Aiken gave me a baffled look. "You thought—? But why should a kid do a thing like that?"

"His mother's trying to make a pianist out of him," I explained wearily. "He hates it."

"He must hate it an awful lot!"

"He does," I said. "He does, Mr. Aiken."

He went out, shaking his head, and I mechanically did my few routine schoolroom chores. So, after all, I must see Charles. He had to know, and he would have to decide. Before leaving, I looked at myself in my pocket mirror, applied rouge and lipstick—but not from vanity. From some inner feeling that I should give his eyes something pleasant to see, to balance the hard things his ears would have to hear.

I HAD never been in his small office over the National Bank building before; I hadn't even known that Lilian Plumm was his secretary. She had been one of my pupils the first year I taught, and now she was nineteen, a year out of high school. Seeing her there, listening to her politeness as she greeted me, I felt suddenly very old and tired, and it didn't help when she said doubtfully, "I don't know whether or not Mr. Lane can see you right now—he's just signing some letters and then he's very anxious to get home."

"Tell him I'm here, anyway," I said shortly, "I think he'll see me." So Myra had called him. I was glad; there would be that much less for me to tell him.

"Oh, yes, of *course!*" I heard his voice, deep and strong, from the inner office, and then he was at the door, holding out his hand—smiling, but with shadows in his eyes. "Fran—it's good of you to come down here."

And so good to see him, I thought as I went into his book-lined private office. So very good, even though I must hurt him.

"I've come about Bob," I said, sitting down. There was no use in beating about the bush, trying to find an easy way to tell him.

He nodded. "Yes, what happened? Myra called me, but she couldn't tell me how he'd hurt himself. She's pretty upset, of course."

"Bob—hurt himself on purpose, Charles. So he wouldn't have to play the piano any more."

His face, always lean, seemed in that moment to go thin and gaunt. Two deep, vertical furrows appeared between his eyes, and I realized with a kind of dull horror that he was angry. "You must be mistaken, Fran," he said harshly. "Bob would never do a thing like that!"

"I'm not mistaken, Charles," I told him. "The manual training teacher saw him, and told me. And I'd guessed, even before then. Yesterday. . . ." I heard my voice, like the voice of someone else, going on to tell him how Myra had forbidden Bob to play with Seamas any more—neither knowing nor caring whether Myra had already given him her version of the affair—and of Bob's outburst to me that very morning in school. I seemed to be listening to myself with Charles' ears; I seemed to feel, in my own heart, how he tried to keep anger from ebbing away because he knew that when it was gone nothing but conviction would be left. Conviction that every word I said was the truth.

"He's not meant to be a musician,

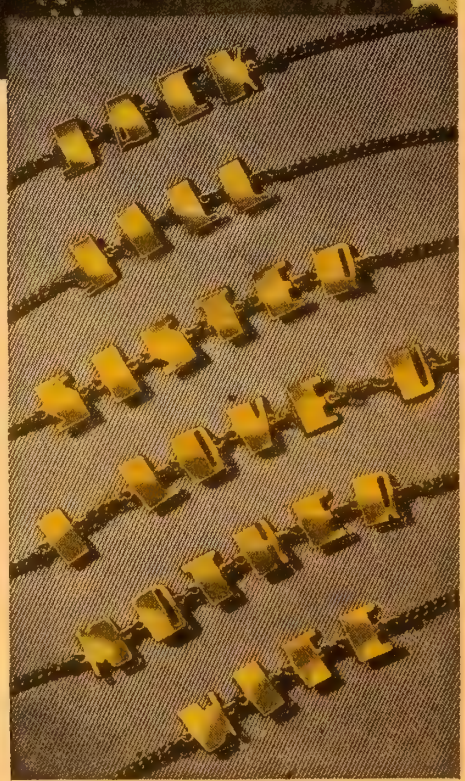


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Charles. Forcing him to play the piano is like—it's like trying to make a desk out of woolen cloth, or a suit of clothes out of wood. It can't be done. You'd only end up with something quite useless. And Bob—he'll grow up into something useless, too, unless he's allowed to do the things he's fitted for, the things he understands and likes. He's a fine boy, a wonderful boy, but he's being warped, twisted out of shape—"

Charles held up a hand, palm toward me. "I know. I know." He let the hand fall again to the flat desk-top, staring at it with lifeless eyes. After a silence he said, "You're right, of course. I'll have to help him—I should have helped him sooner. I've been a coward. But when a man makes a mistake, the consequences never seem to end. You can't cope with them without undoing the first mistake. And that's not so easy."

He raised his eyes to mine, and I felt myself lifted, weightless, on a long breath of suspense—not quite sure of his meaning, hoping, uncertain. "What was your mistake, Charles?" I whispered.

"MARRYING Myra." And as if the two words had been a key unlocking all that he had kept hidden in his heart, he rose from his chair and paced the floor, talking swiftly. "I knew when we were married she didn't love me—not in the way she'd loved Kinkaid. I thought it didn't matter—she'd forgot him, I could make her happy. So I persuaded her. It was my doing, all of it—she tried to tell me we were making a mistake, but I swept her off her feet, I wouldn't listen to her. . . . We were married, and Bob was born. And because I knew by then I couldn't take Kinkaid's place, couldn't ever take it, I felt sorry for her, and ashamed. I let her have Bob. I gave him to her. Oh, we never talked about it, and I don't know if she realized, but it was as if I'd signed away my rights to him."

He stopped, bending over me. "Do you know what I mean? I'd wanted to give her so much, and I'd failed. She didn't love me. That put me under a kind of obligation, and the only way I could pay it was to give her Bob, all for herself. Pretty horrible, wasn't it?—because I completely ignored the fact that Bob was going to grow into a person, a human being—not something to be given away like a consolation prize!"

My eyes were so filled with tears I could hardly see him; I reached out blindly and caught his hand. All my love for him welled up into a flood of pity. "Oh, my dear!" I said, not caring now how I revealed myself. "My dearest!"

Then it happened—what I had dreamed so often. I learned how it was to be in his arms, to feel his lips on mine, to hear his voice whispering broken words of love. And it was beautiful and heart-breaking, because each kiss was a farewell.

There was no need for us to explain things to each other. We knew we were in love, and we knew there was nothing in the world we could do about it. Myra might give him a divorce—no doubt she would—but that wouldn't solve Bob's problem. Bob's only hope now was to have his father with him, fighting for him. Though it meant my own happiness, I would never take Charles away from Bob.

I pushed him gently away at last. "I'd better go," I murmured. "And you ought to get home."

"We can walk there together!"

"And have everybody in town guess, by looking at me, that I'd just been kissing you?" I asked, forcing a shaky laugh. "No thanks! As it is, I hardly dare face Lilian Plumm."

"I'm not so sure I can, either," he said wryly.

All the same, we did, both of us; and we went downstairs to the busy small-town street corner, and said a polite goodbye there. I wouldn't go home just yet, I said; I had some shopping to do. . . .

I haven't the faintest recollection of what stores I went into—or if, indeed, I went into any. My consciousness, my whole being, was filled with the memory of his kisses—with that, and the knowledge that we might never kiss again.

Coming home at last, my eyes were drawn irresistibly to Charles' house, as if the mere sight of it could tell me what was happening inside. But the wood and glass of its front were inscrutable; it was a house, and nothing more.

I had to tell Mother, as matter-of-factly as possible, what had happened to Bob. She hadn't seen me bring him home, but she'd seen the doctor come and go, and she was understandably curious. One fact, of course, I kept to myself—that his injury had not been an accident.

"My goodness, Myra must be throwing a fit at the idea of anything interfering with Bob's piano-playing," Mother was saying—not without relish—when the telephone rang. I picked it up carelessly; the last thing I expected to hear was Charles' voice, saying, "Can you come over, Fran? Myra wants to talk to you." His tone was completely flat, unrevealing.

"Why—yes, of course," I said. "Right away." And then, because I wanted to know before I faced Myra, I asked, "How's Bob's hand?"

"The doctor doesn't think any bones are broken. He's going to have it X-rayed tomorrow."

That should have relieved me, I thought as I let myself out the front door. But it didn't. If one of Bob's fingers were broken, there need never again be any question of his playing the piano—but if it healed Myra must somehow be convinced that she was wrong. And Charles was the only one who could convince her.

CHARLES opened his door for me, and looking at him I thought that this must be how he appeared in the courtroom, fighting with all his power to win a case: all the lines of his face stern and sharp, his head lifted as if in challenge. He took me into the livingroom, where Myra sat erect, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, bitter resentment in the dark pools of her eyes.

"Will you tell Myra how Bob hurt his hand?" Charles asked me.

She turned her head away from me as I began to speak; all I saw was the still whiteness of her profile. She might have been a statue, not a woman listening to the story of how her son had tried to maim himself rather than continue the kind of life she had ordained for him.

And when I had finished there was a silence, until Charles said with a curious gentleness:

"Do you believe it now, Myra? Or do you want me to go up and get Bob out of bed, and ask him to tell you?"

Her only answer was a slow shake of her head from side to side.



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"Don't you see, Myra," Charles pleaded, "how unhappy you've been making him? All his trouble—his bad school work, his sulkiness, his fits of temper—they're the result of being pushed into something wrong for him."

Again she moved her head, this time in acquiescence—dream-like, stricken, as if the last props of her existence had been pulled away.

"Then you *will* forget about his music, Myra?" Charles' voice rose on a note of eager triumph. "You'll let him live a normal boy's life—choose his own friends, run and play in the afternoons, have his pets if he takes care of them properly? It isn't much to ask, Myra?"

Myra's lips twisted. "No?" she said. "It isn't? Not much to ask me to give him up?"

"Nobody's asking you to give Bob up. But he's my son as well as yours."

"Your son? Yes. But he can't belong to both of us, Charles." She stood up suddenly, flinging her arms wide. "A child can only belong to two people when they love each other. Don't you know that?" she said mockingly.

Charles caught his breath. "Yes," he said. "I know it."

The room was charged now, like a countryside before the lightning comes. I took a step toward the door. "I'd better go—" I said uncertainly.

"Don't go," Myra cried. "Why should you go? This is your affair too. Because you love Charles, don't you?"

She didn't fling the question at me. It was not an accusation. Yet even if it had been, I think I could still have said, as I did: "Yes, I love him."

"And he loves you, I know. So, in a way, you belong in this family discussion, Frances."

"Myra—please." Charles moved toward her, but she held out a hand against him.

"Oh, I'm not jealous," she said wearily. "What right have I to be jealous of you, Charles? You did your best, but we should never have married. If you want a divorce, I'll give you one."

Charles' face blazed with hope—but only for an instant. Almost together, both he and I cried, "No!" And he said, "And let you keep Bob? I'd never do that!"

For this, we saw, was her bargain. She would sell us our happiness at the price of Bob's. It was the one bargain neither of us could accept.

Her eyes went from one of us to the other, questing, searching—like the eyes of something trapped.

"That wouldn't do, Myra," Charles said more quietly. "If Fran and I love each other, there isn't much we can do about it. We'll go on as we have, you and I—but you must let Bob grow up in the right way. You *must*."

And then, while we watched, the strength went out of Myra. She looked past us both, into some future only she could see, and she said:

"No. I couldn't. You're right, you're both right. I knew, deep down inside, that I was making him unhappy. I didn't do it because I wanted to. I couldn't help myself. Something stronger than I am—" She raised her hand, her slender, long-fingered hand. "You can have Bob too. You and Frances."

In the stunned, incredulous silence, I felt tears brimming in my eyes. How she must love the boy, to give him up like this! I made a silent vow, that her love must not be wasted—that I would take it, and transmute it, and give it back to Bob as nourishment to make him strong.

"Myra," Charles said huskily, but she interrupted.

"Don't say anything," she told him with a wan smile. "Not now. You'll make me feel sorry for myself, and I mustn't. I'll go away, Charles—to some city. I've always wanted to. A city where I can hear music, and live a different kind of life. I'd like to start over again. And you need a new start, too. Maybe, after a while—I could come and see Bob, or you'd let him come visit me?"

"Of course," Charles said, while I stood silent, dazed by the glorious vista that was opening out before me.

Myra turned to me, her face neither friendly nor unfriendly—controlled, impossible to read. "You'll be good to Bob," she said quietly, "and he likes you. Goodbye."

"Goodbye." Soundlessly, my lips formed the words, and she left us, walking with the cold dignity that I will always remember as being peculiarly Myra's. I didn't see her again, and perhaps I never shall.

She left the next day, for Reno, and two months later, on the day after the last day of school, Charles and I were married. We are together, Charles and Bob and I . . . and Seamas, and the ants in their city. School is starting again next week, and Bob will be in Miss Grierson's class, the seventh grade. But she will find him no problem, because there is love in his home.

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To the End of the Journey

(*Continued from page 21*)

crinkled around his eyes. "No," he said, "go on. I like to hear you talk." And at that a warm, comfortable feeling spread all through me. I *had* been talking too much, and another boy would have been bored, but it seemed that even my faults pleased John.

Still, when we said good night, I refused to let him take me home, refused to give him my address. I was explaining that it was against the rules when Philip came up to us, caught part of what we were saying. "It's no good, Johnny," he said. "Beth won't go out with soldiers. She says they all have girls at home."

John laughed. "She may be right at that. I've got a girl at home. Her name is Mary Lou Walters and I kissed her once at a Hallowe'en party in sixth grade and once when I went away. She writes to me, sometimes once a week and sometimes once every three months, depending on how busy she is with her dates. Now, Beth, is it all right for me to see you again?"

"At the dance next Friday," I said firmly.

John just grinned. "You'll see me sooner than that."

On the way home in the car with the other hostesses, I disciplined myself sternly, tried not to think about John, tried to put down the unreasoning happiness welling within me. I didn't want to fall in love now, and certainly not with a boy I'd met at the center. Other girls in Corona had—and one of the boys had gone back to the fighting and had been killed, and another had been sent home and had found that his home-town girl was far more important than she had seemed during his stay in Corona, and another had met a new girl in England. . . . And sometimes the girls themselves made promises that, they discovered later, they had no wish to keep. The times were too uncertain. You couldn't be sure of anything, even of your own feelings.

But I couldn't stop being happy. I awoke the next morning to a day of drizzling rain and fitful wind, and still it seemed to me the most beautiful day that had ever been. I whisked through the Saturday cleaning with an efficiency and a cheerfulness that both surprised and gratified my mother, and I dressed myself as carefully for the Saturday shopping as if I'd been getting ready to go out on a date. John's eyes had told me last night that I was pretty—and that, somehow, meant that I must be pretty all the time. I was cheerful about the routine of shopping, too, about waiting in line at the meat counter, and walking an extra block in the rain for the home-baked bread Father liked, and about the pushing, steaming crowds in the supermarket. And then, halfway through my shopping at the supermarket, I ran straight into John.

"Next Friday," he scoffed, as he took the handle of the cart from me. "I told you I'd see you sooner than that."

"I don't know how you did it," I said breathlessly, finally. "How did you know where I'd be?"

His grin widened. "You told me."

I stared in astonishment, and then I remembered telling him the night before that I shopped on Saturdays, telling him about the bakery and the supermarket. "You see," he said, "there's no getting away from me, Beth. Where do we go from here?"

John went home with me that afternoon, and carried in the boxes of groceries, and listened to the ball game with Father, and became, so far as my parents were concerned, one of the family. That surprised me—that Mother liked John immediately, and showed it. Usually, she was cordial, but a little reserved toward the young men who came to the house. "You've plenty of time, Bethie," she'd say. "There are lots of boys in the world." That night, when Mother recklessly softened a whole quarter-pound of butter to go



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with the brown bread we always had for Saturday supper, I was sure that she wasn't going to remind me that there were lots of boys in the world.

After supper John and I went to the movies at the neighborhood theater. He held my hand firmly all through the picture and all the way home. At the door, he lifted it, palm up, and kissed it. "Thank you, Beth," he said. "The whole day's been wonderful. It was like being home again—only better, because it was with you."

"I had a lovely time," I began—and then I stopped, stiffening. John had put his arms around me, was bending his head to kiss me. And he must not—not because I didn't want his kisses, but because I wanted them too much. I turned my head away, stood rigid in his arms. "Too soon?" John whispered.

"Much too soon." I sounded sharp and prim.

There was his grin again, the warm, crinkly little grin. "Anything you say, honey—just so it doesn't mean I can't see you. How about tomorrow? Philip and I thought we'd hire a car and drive out to the country. . . ."

THAT was the beginning, the Sunday John and Philip and I went to the country. It was a day as beautiful as the preceding one had been dreary—all sunshine and smiling skies and the rich, damp fresh smell of black earth. We drove for miles with the top down, shouting at each other over the rush of wind, laughing, intoxicated with the swift motion and the feeling of freedom.

"Good to be driving again!" Philip shouted. "Like peacetime, only there isn't so much traffic."

"Peactime," I thought achingly. This was what I wanted when the war was over, to be driving with John down a highway like this. With John. . . . I might as well have spoken aloud. John put his lips close to my ear and whispered, "We'll take a lot of trips after the war, Beth. The country around Maple Falls is beautiful."

We stopped the car on a side road, tramped through the woods, raced across fields that were soft and springy under the warm sun, and flung ourselves down, panting, on the bank of a small stream.

"Tired, Beth?" John asked.

I was, but I wouldn't admit it. "Not at all. I'll race you back to the car."

"We'll walk back to the car." Philip's tone was so positive that I looked at him in surprise.

John laughed. "I told you he looks after me, Beth. I had a bad case of sunstroke in Iran. I got over it, but I had spells of amnesia a couple of times afterward, when Philip found me walking around not knowing what I was doing. It was an after-effect of the stroke, the doctors said, and they told me I'd be all right if I took care of myself."

"But he doesn't," Philip put in. "He even had a touch of it when we landed down south here. I tell you, the man needs a nurse until he learns to slow down."

I looked from one to the other in consternation. The weather was unseasonably warm; I was thinking of the long drive out of town with the top down on the car, of the race across the fields.

John reached over and took my hand. "Don't let him scare you, honey. I'm all right, and I do take care of myself more than he gives me credit for. I'm grateful for the times he's helped me

out, but he's got no call to spoil your day—"

My day wasn't spoiled. I was concerned about John, but we drove back to town with the top rolled up, and when we reached home it was Philip, with his fair skin and his light hair, who was sunburned, and I who was tired. Tired, and wonderfully happy. I'd had a whole long, perfect day with John; even if I never saw him again, it would be something to remember.

That was the sort of thing I told myself often in the weeks that followed. I saw John nearly every night, sometimes alone, sometimes with Philip, sometimes in a foursome with Philip and another girl. And every night I told myself that I must not depend upon his calling me the next day, that I must not fall in love with him. John would certainly be sent away eventually, and I didn't want to be left as other girls had been left—not quite sure of his love for me, not quite sure of my love for him.

And then, suddenly, John and Philip were talking about returning to active duty. I thought that they were joking at first, because the subject came up so casually, when we were in a restaurant one night, having a snack after the movies. "You're in luck," Philip was saying. "They'll never send you to the Pacific. You'll probably be teaching at a nice cozy school right here at home."

John shook his head. "I wouldn't like that. I'll never make a teacher. I'll put in a bid for Alaska first."

"Alaska!" Philip hooted. "You're a couple of years too late, son. Besides, you won't have anything to say about it. You'll go where they tell you—"

Coffee spilled as I set my cup back on its saucer. They were serious. "How—how soon do you expect to go?" I asked.

"Maybe a week," said John. "Maybe ten days. It's not at all certain, Beth."

I wasn't reassured. A week—ten days at the most—and then he would be gone! I'd known all along of course, that John would have to leave Corona, but I hadn't expected it to be soon. Why, we had hardly any time left at all. . . . We said good night to Philip at the restaurant, and then John and I walked home—silently, because for once we didn't seem to have much to say to each other.

At the door I held out my hand. "Well . . . goodbye," I said. I'd meant to say good night, but the stiff, heavy words came out of their own accord.

"GOODBYE?" John repeated. "I haven't gone yet, honey. And besides, I'm coming back."

"You are?" I said doubtfully.

John laughed, and the laugh broke on an odd note of tenderness. "I am," he assured me, and then he put his arms around me, and I lifted my lips for his kiss.

"You kept me waiting a long time," he said finally, huskily.

I nodded against his shoulder. "I was afraid."

"Afraid! Of what?"

I didn't know, now. Held close in John's arms, all of my doubts and hesitancies seemed silly. "I mean," I said, "I wanted to be sure."

He looked at me gravely, searchingly. "Are you sure now?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "Very sure—"

And I was. I was happier that night than ever before in my life, too happy to sleep. Dawn lighted the windows



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while my mind was still racing ahead, spanning the future. John was going to call me tomorrow—today; I would be able to see him all next week, and then we would be separated for a while, but after that we would be together all the rest of our lives. . . .

But John didn't call me that day. Instead, in mid-afternoon, there was a telegram from him, sent from a little town outside Corona. *Got unexpected pass to go home,* it read. *Took noon train. Back Monday. Philip with me. I love you. Wait. John.*

I laughed a little at the superfluity of the last word—as if I wouldn't wait forever for him!—and then I cried a little because the first sight of the yellow paper had been unnerving, and then I decided that I was glad he'd gone home, even though it meant I would have to spend the week-end without him. He would have tried to get home before this if it had not been for me. And I was glad that Philip had gone with him—whatever John said about not needing anyone to take care of him, I feel better for his having Philip's company on the trip.

I wasn't even particularly disturbed when he didn't return on Monday. Transportation was uncertain these days, I reminded myself, and it was entirely possible that John had been unable to get a train. On Tuesday I had a letter from him, explaining that his father was selling some property and that he wanted John there for the transaction. "I'll be back Thursday, for sure," the letter went on. "I'm sorry it can't be sooner, but I owe Dad whatever time he wants. My pass expires Friday, so we may have only a few hours together, but at least it will be long enough to ask you to marry me."

I treasured that letter, reread it dozens of times in the next two days. And then, on Thursday, John did come back to Corona—late, after I'd almost given up hope of hearing from him. Mother and Dad had gone to bed, and I was in my room, putting my hair in curlers, when the doorbell rang. I snatched the curlers from my hair, belted my robe around my waist, and ran to the door, knowing that it would be John. For a long moment we just clung together, and then I led him into the livingroom. He was laughing and apologizing at the same time. "What you must think of me!" he mourned.



"I swear, honey, I'm not always this undependable, but I *couldn't* get back sooner. You see, most of Dad's property is in my name as well as his—"

"I know," I said. "I'm glad you had a chance to go home."

"I am, too." He hesitated, reached for a cigarette. "There was the family, and the business to be taken care of, and I wanted to see Mary Lou, too—"

My heart stopped for a second, and then went on beating calmly. In the space of that second I'd reminded myself that John loved me, wanted to marry me, and that a Mary Lou couldn't come between us now.

"I told you about her," he continued. "We grew up together, went around together when we were in high school and for a couple of years afterward. There never was any understanding between us, unless it was, when I joined the Army, that we were both perfectly free. She wrote to me when I was overseas—friendly letters, and I wrote to her—friendly letters. My only reason for wanting to see her now was to tell her about you. If you'd ever lived in a small town, Beth, you'd understand. There'd never been anything sentimental between us—but the town thought there was. Her parents and my parents and all Maple Falls took it for granted that we'd be married some day. That's why I thought it was fairer to her that she should know about you before anyone else did, just in case she should be hurt—"

"Was she?" I asked softly.

I THOUGHT that John frowned uncertainly, but the expression was gone in a moment, and he shook his head. "If she was, she's a wonderful actress, from the way she wished me happiness. Of course, there's no reason why she should be. She always was pretty and popular, and she always had more boys calling her up than she had time to see."

I relaxed against his shoulder, feeling a distant envy of Mary Lou for the years she had known him, wondering if she had been in love with him, wondering how she could have helped loving him. If I were the most beautiful and sought-after woman in the world, I told myself, I would still want John.

That night was the last we saw each other for weeks. The next day John and Philip and some of the other boys who had come to Corona with them were sent to a relocation center, where John remained after Philip and the other boys were returned to active duty. "They're all Pacific-bound," he wrote "and I'd give my eyeteeth to be with them. I know I'd hate it, and I'd probably be a dead loss once I got there, but I still felt I missed the boat when they went off without me. Having you to keep me company is all that makes up for it—"

Having me to keep him company—that was a little joke between us, a very precious joke. Even with half the country separating us, we didn't feel far apart. There was—or we imagined that there was—a kind of telepathy between us so that each guessed sometimes what the other had been doing before a letter arrived to tell it. Once he began a letter, with loving irony, "I suppose you already know, sweetheart, that I helped out in the Quartermaster's office this morning. . . ." I laughed at that, but there were other, more important things that I did know, or sense, beforehand—such as when John was going to call me long distance. The first time was the day that



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the news of victory in Europe electrified the country. Our office closed early that day, and I came straight home and stayed there, refusing to go downtown with Mother and Dad to watch the celebration, sure that John would try to get in touch with me. And he did call me, and we had our own private celebration over the wires, with John saying over and over again in a marveling voice, "I can hardly believe it, that it's half done. Sometimes, over there, I thought it would never end." Later, when the papers printed the point system for discharging Army men, I thought, "John may be one of them. John *will* be one of them—" and that night John telephoned again, to tell me that he thought that he would be discharged. "Don't count on it," he said, "but I've points enough, and the doctors here seem to think it would be a good idea. I haven't told Mother and Dad yet, and I'm not going to until it's definite."

Still, I wasn't at all prepared for the call that came in the middle of the next week. My heart soared as I heard the operator making connections, and then died within me at the sound of John's voice. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. I could tell by the way he spoke my name. "Beth—?"

"Yes, John."

THERE was a silence, and then, "Beth, Phil's missing."

I said the first thing that came to mind, sharply, rudely, as if he had told an outrageous lie. "I don't believe it."

His voice was stronger now; he sounded relieved. "I don't either. It could happen to anyone but Phil. He always comes out right, somehow."

"How did you hear about it?"

"I had a letter from his mother. And that's partly why I called—I was wondering if you'd write to her, tell her that you feel as I do, that he must be all right. And tell her what a swell time he had in Corona. He wrote to her about you and me, and I think she'd like to hear—"

"Of course," I said. "What's her address?"

He gave it to me, and then he said hastily, "There are other guys waiting for the line, and I've got to call my folks and tell them to write, too. They liked Phil a lot, and they'll know what to say to his mother. Honey, I love you; I'm so *glad* of you—"

I hung up with a stormy mixture of feelings—sick dismay and disbelief over Philip, and, deep within me, a stubborn selfish joy that John had turned to me for reassurance, that he came to me with everything, good news and bad. *I'm so glad of you*—I went to sleep that night repeating those words as one would rub a talisman.

You see, in the bottom of my heart I was still afraid. It was as if John's love were a priceless, irreplaceable thing that had come into my possession, and every sign of it—the ring he'd sent me, his letters, his telephone calls—were so many locks securing it. And yet they weren't enough. It wasn't that I didn't trust John; it was that I didn't trust fate, wouldn't trust it until the day we were married and could really begin our life together. Until then, I had only an option on happiness, and I went through the days as tense as a strung wire, praying for John's discharge, trying to face the possibility that it might not come through.

And then suddenly it was all over—the hopes and the fears and the tension and the uncertainty. It happened as un-

expectedly, as wonderfully, as prosily as John's meeting me outside the supermarket when we'd first known each other. I got off the streetcar one morning and crossed the street to go to work, and there was John on the sidewalk, waiting for me. "I thought I'd catch you," he said. "I called the house, and your mother told me you'd left for the office—" And then I think he kissed me. I was so excited that I still don't remember. I know that I stood staring at him endlessly, clinging to his hand, while people streamed by us on their way to work. Then we turned into the nearest drugstore where we took a booth and ordered coffee and went on holding hands and looking at each other. Then John said, "Can we get married today?"

"Today?" I repeated stupidly. It was impossible, but I knew that we could, and would.

"Yes—if we get married this morning, we can make the noon train, and be in Maple Falls by tonight. You see, my folks don't know yet that I'm a civilian. And I had a wire from Dad saying it was urgent I got home as soon as possible—something about the business, I suppose. I didn't stop for anything. I just climbed on the bus for town, and found there was a train leaving right away for Corona, and took it. I'd like to get married and get home—sort of get the fireworks over with all at once, so we can begin just plain living."

Perhaps it wasn't a very flattering way to speak of our wedding, but I knew what he meant. I was as anxious as he to begin just plain living—the ordinary, day-to-day living in which war and separation and uncertainty had no part.

We were married that morning. There was a waiting period in our state, but it was waived because of John's uniform and because Mother and Dad caught some of our excitement and were as insistent about an immediate ceremony as John and I were. Mother and I packed my bags while Dad called the clerk's office and our church, and we caught the noon train with seconds to spare.

We didn't talk much on the journey. There weren't any words for the way we felt. Once John said, "You haven't stopped smiling all day."

"Neither have you." Then I added, "You must be tired after riding all last night. Why don't you try to sleep?"

"Change over and sit beside me, and maybe I can."

So I left my seat opposite him for the one beside him, and he fell asleep holding my hand, his head on my shoulder. I sat and watched the sunlit fields go by without really seeing them, and for no reason at all felt like crying every time my cheek brushed John's hair, and said to myself over and over again, "It's happened. It's really happened. We're married, and we belong to each other forever and ever. . . ."

Maple Falls was even smaller than I had expected—a patch of dark green trees against the lighter green of the fields, pierced by the white of a church steeple. The station at which we descended was hardly more than a shed built over a platform. A thin, bent figure in a faded blue uniform, trundling a baggage truck, came around the corner; he beamed and started forward at the sight of John, halted when he saw me.

"Hi, Larry!" John called. "You're the first to meet Mrs. John Dorn, Junior. Is Mac around to drive us up?"

The old man stared, and swallowed, and finally stuttered, "M-Mac's sick today, Johnnie—"

"Never mind," said John cheerfully. "We'll walk. I'll come by later for the bags." But after we were out of earshot of the station he said, "Now what do you suppose is the matter with him—he looked as if he'd seen a ghost."

"Surprise," I ventured.

He shook his head. "I've never known old Larry to be so surprised that he couldn't talk."

We crossed the town's one main street, deserted now at the dinner hour, walked up a hill to a residential section of comfortable-looking white houses, sheltered by tall old trees. I hung back a little as we turned in at one of them, and John tightened his grip on my arm. "Come on, honey. There's nothing to be afraid of."

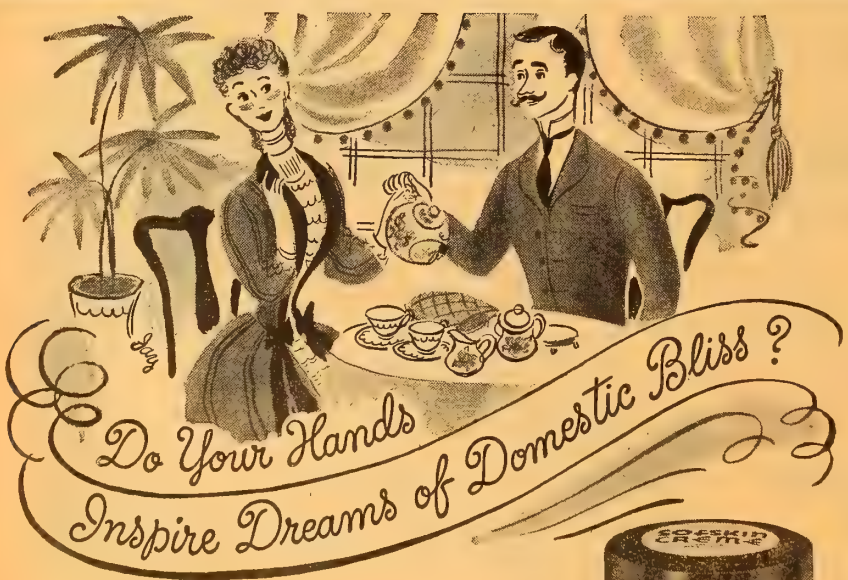
If I'd known then how wrong he was, I think I would have run straight back to the railroad station. Never, as long as I live, will I forget the scene that greeted us at John's home. He knocked on the door, then pushed it open, gently pushed me in ahead of him, calling, "Mother! Dad! Caroline—"

They had just finished dinner. John's father sat in the livingroom, reading a newspaper. Beyond, in the diningroom, his mother and sister, Caroline, were clearing the table. The three of them froze at the sight of us. "This is Beth, my wife," said John. "And this is John Dorn, civilian, honorably discharged. Shall I get the smelling salts?"

The flippant remark hung in the air, echoing horribly, through an eternity of silence. Then John's father rose, slowly. He held out his hand to me,







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but he looked at John, spoke to John. "Well . . ." he said. "Married. . . ."

Mrs. Dorn moved into the living-room, not as if she wanted to come but as if an unseen hand forced her. "Oh, John—" and then she stopped.

I stood there, fighting panic, telling myself that they were only shocked. But it was more than that. Everything was all wrong and I knew it.

Her words broke up the dreadful tableau. Mr. Dorn cleared his throat and said, "Well—sit down, sit down—" and Mrs. Dorn took my hand briefly, tried to smile. "You'll want to rest," she said. "You must rest after your trip. I'll take you upstairs—"

I followed her upstairs to a large airy room, a guest room, by the neat, unused look of it. "I hope you'll be comfortable," she said, and then she turned and went out.

I stood, stunned, where she had left me. I felt sick, and my legs were as weak as water, but I couldn't sit down—not on the Dorns' chairs; I couldn't lie down—not on the Dorns' bed. They didn't want me; I knew it, knew that their feeling was even stronger than that. They wanted me out of the house . . . and the next best thing was shutting me away up here while they talked to John. I didn't understand. It wasn't like them—not like the warm-hearted, open-hearted family John had told me about.

It seemed hours that I waited, conscious of the murmur of voices on the lower floor, hours until I heard John's step on the stairs—heavy, dogged steps. I opened the door, and he let himself in, shut it after him. And his face—his face was paper-white, his eyes stricken. "Sit down, Bethie—"

I took a step toward him. "Your family," I said thinly. "They don't like me—"

He shook his head heavily. His voice sounded dragged out of him. "It—isn't that. It's—Mary Lou. They expected me to marry her. She's going to have a baby. She says it's mine."

In the face of this tragedy, has Beth the moral right to fight for her husband, for her happiness? Be sure to read the second installment of this story of a real-life problem, in December RADIO MIRROR, *on sale Friday, November 16.*

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★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

COVER GIRL



Even if Joan Edwards hadn't been born into show business, a girl who looks like that—and sings like that!—would have found her way to the top.

By ELEANOR HARRIS

FOR four years now, every time you twirled your dial to CBS's Your Hit Parade, you've had the pleasure of listening to Joan Edwards' smoky voice singing you the latest songs. Sometimes you've heard her with Barry Wood, Lawrence Tibbett, and one-and-only Frank Sinatra . . . but you've always heard her. Before that, she sang for a year with Paul Whiteman, and she's also been on the Ford Symphony Hour, Duffy's Tavern, Pursuit of Happiness, The Gulf Show, and her CBS series, Girl About Town.

Joan always intended to be in show business, though—because when she first peered out at the world through the bars of her crib, what did she see about her? That's right, show business! Her father is one of New York's leading music publishers; her uncles Leo and Jack Edwards are two ASCAP songwriters; another uncle, Gus Edwards, is a famous name in the comedy of the theater; and her aunt, Dorothea Edwards, was one of the foremost singers of her day.

Joan grew up, luckily, to be one of the most eye-catching girls a soldier ever whistled at. At sixteen she noted in her mirror that she had enormous melting brown eyes, very, very blonde hair, a mouth as big and fascinating to the male animal as Lauren Bacall's, and a figure that went with the mouth. There was nothing fragile, nothing breakable about what Miss Edwards saw in her mirror—just an eminently good-looking young woman whose appearance would make (and was to make) any man's eyes brighten.

Armed with this appearance, then, and with twelve years of piano training from George Gershwin's teacher, Raphael Samuel, she set out to be—a concert pianist!

We will make no attempt to explain this disparity between Joan's striking



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entertainment-world beauty, and her highbrow aims. We'll just hurry along with what happened: for ten dollars a week, she played the piano on local New York radio stations, doing one show a day. Meanwhile, she also attended Hunter College. This went on for a year, and then Joan sat looking in her mirror and decided that maybe a voice would be becoming—both to her looks and to her piano! So for two more years she sang as well as played on local radio stations. This dual performance won her several appearances with Rudy Vallee's show—as a result of which she was offered her own radio show with NBC.

Enter Paul Whiteman. He decided she should be star singer on his show, and forget the playing and orchestra leading for a while. Hence Joan's year with Whiteman, subsequent appearances with nation-wide shows—and her eventual record-breaking four-year stint with Your Hit Parade.

She met and married a musician (of course). He is Julius Schachter, one of America's topflight violinists. Judy Ann Schachter was born to them in October, 1943, and is (of course) already a Conover model, pint-size.

The busy Schachter family lives right now in a big apartment on West 57th Street in New York City, which they had a melodramatic time in pinning down to a lease. It entailed taking the landlord to dinner every single night for eight weeks. "But we finally won him over," Joan explains now—and, at any rate, they finally moved in to their present home. It boasts six rooms and three baths; its dark-and-light paneling is set off by chintz drapes; and its inmates dash into it like homing pigeons at 6:00 P. M. every evening, and sit down to dinner exactly fifteen minutes thereafter—thus proving what an influence subway-rushing can become!

In this bit of Paradise Joan and Julius play gin rummy whenever they are alone evenings, which is almost never. Usually the apartment is jammed with friends—mainly Joan's high school and college chums who have subsequently married doctors, dentists, and lawyers. Despite this influx of the non-musical world, most of the Edwards-Schachter parties wind up musical—with Joan and Julius at various instruments and (once in a while) with Joan's two musical friends Frank Sinatra and Barry Wood singing. Late in the evening, everyone joins Joan in her come-what-may midnight snack.

That evening snack is as regular a part of Joan's day as the fact that she eats salad at every single meal except breakfast. Aside from salad, her diet consists almost solely of spaghetti and steak (when she can get it). To the rest of the world of food she turns up an indifferent nose.

As to what you'd notice most about her own bedroom, it would undoubtedly be her dozens upon dozens of perfume bottles. Also her enormous closet, filled with dressmaker-type suits—never mannish; and with slick evening gowns—never slinky; and over half of both tinted yellow.

In her dreams of the future lies Hollywood, naturally; but if that one doesn't come true she won't be despondent. Because she also has another dream: a house on Long Island, in which she and Julius will live surrounded by four children, two boys and two girls. All of whom, it is quite apparent, will march down the highway of life armed with musical instruments, smiles, and a garland of success.

As Big as the World

(*Continued from page 43*)

home, or job, or community, according to their abilities, talents and desires) is a subject in itself and we won't go into it here; but I did want to note it because it is so very important.

To get back to the statement of principles, the last one is:

4. To be a center for harmonizing the actions of nations in the attainment of these common ends.

The rest of the Charter is devoted to the setting up of the bodies within the United Nations Organization which will carry out these purposes.

Membership in the Organization is open to all peace-loving nations, who will fulfill the obligations they assume toward one another when they sign the Charter. All member nations retain their sovereignty—that is, they don't sign away any of their freedom, as long as their free actions don't hurt any other nation. And they are all members on an equal basis.

Some of the obligations the members assume are: *that they will not use aggression against any other nation; that they will settle their international disputes by peaceful means; that they will not try to interfere in the political independence of any other nation; that they won't help any nation against which the United Nations is taking preventive or enforcement action.*

THE Charter calls for the setting up of four main bodies—the General Assembly, the Security Council, the International Court of Justice and the Secretariat—with such subsidiary bodies as will be necessary to carry out the purposes of the United Nations Organization.

The *General Assembly* will be the largest body in the organization, each member nation being represented on it and each nation having one vote in its decisions. The Assembly will discuss any and all matters that fall into the scope of the Charter. It will make recommendations to the other bodies in the Organization and it will always be kept advised of the activities of the other bodies.

The *Security Council* will be a small body. It will have eleven members. China, France, the Soviet Union, Great Britain and the United States will be permanent members—for a very good reason. They, between them, have the greatest resources, the greatest potentialities for military power and the greatest industrial power in the world. But—and this is important—these five nations, even if they voted in a block on any issue, still could not dominate the Security Council. The other six members will be elected by the General Assembly. And each member nation on the Council will have one vote. Seven votes are necessary to pass all measures.

One of the obligations all signers of the Charter assume is to have certain air, land and sea forces ready for taking action against any nation that tries to settle a dispute by using force. However, the Charter does not say that American men, willy-nilly, will be sent into battle at the first sign of trouble. The Military Committee will decide the swiftest means of deploying troops in each case. There is also nothing in the Charter that says nations can't defend themselves if they are attacked. In fact, it makes a special point of saying that *any action taken by a*

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

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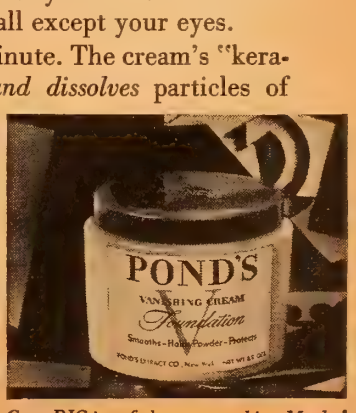
When your skin is coarsened by curling, dead skin cells that "snag" your make-up—slather a luxurious fluffy white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—all except your eyes.

Leave this fragrant Mask on for one minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action goes to work—*loosens and dissolves* particles of roughness and imbedded dirt! After 60 seconds, tissue off clean.

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nation in self defense will not be considered a breach of the peace.

As a subsidiary body, under the General Assembly, the Charter also calls for an *Economic and Social Council.* This Council, to consist of eighteen members elected by the Assembly, will work to create the kind of international cooperation in economic and social matters which will promote throughout the world

a. *Higher standards of living, full employment, and conditions of economic and social progress and development;*

b. *Solutions of international economic, social, health and related problems; and international educational and cultural cooperation; and*

c. *Universal respect for, and observance of, human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion.*

It's impossible in this short space to give you everything that's contained in the Charter. After all, in one way or another, it encompasses practically all of living in the whole present-day world.

And, like all good Constitutions and by-laws, the Charter includes provisions for Amendments and specifies that a General Conference can be called at the request of two-thirds of the members, at any time, to examine whether the present Charter is fully meeting the needs of changing times and events.

AS I said in the beginning, I feel very strongly about this Organization which we, as a nation, have joined. I feel especially strongly about it now, since that new weapon of destruction, the Atomic Bomb, has been perfected. Now, more than ever before, we need to work together with the other peoples of the world, for peace and cooperation and friendship. What has been discovered by one group of scientists can be worked out by other groups of scientists. We've got to make sure that there will never be any need to use this great, incredibly powerful force for evil and destruction. We've got to make sure that this tremendous new power is harnessed for the good of men—not for their enslavement.

And the United Nations Organization is the way. President Truman, in his address to the delegates, put it much better.

"*. . . You have created a great instrument for peace and security and human progress in the world.*

"*If we fail to use it, we shall betray all those who have died in order that we might meet here in freedom and safety to create it. If we seek to use it selfishly—for the advantage of any one nation or any small group of nations—we shall be equally guilty of that betrayal.*

"*The successful use of this instrument will require the united will and firm determination of the free peoples who have created it. The job will tax the moral strength and fibre of us all.*"

Sure, I feel as big and strong as the world, now. And I want to keep on feeling that way. It's a good, safe way to feel. That's why I slap down any talk against the United Nations that I happen to hear. And that's why I wish that every other citizen of these beautiful, rich, big United States would read the Charter from the first word to the last and defend it as I defend it. I'd like us to stay this way, big and rich and beautiful—and at peace with the world—and this is the way.

Look Close--there's magic here!

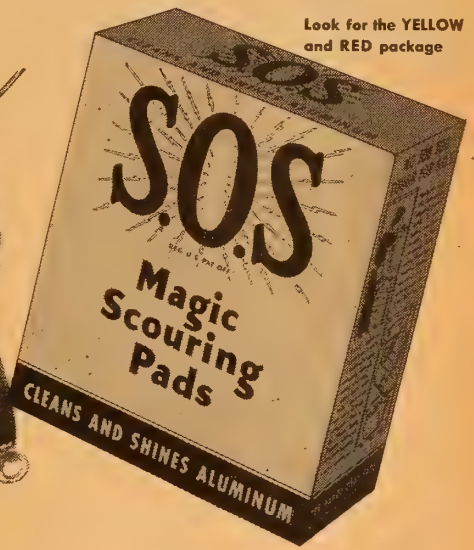
—an easier way to clean your pots and pans



Don't throw that blackened pan away! Burned-on food and stubborn scorches melt away at the magic touch of S.O.S. No other cleanser quite like it. Just dip, rub, rinse—*burned-on food goes, shine comes!*

You can use your best tea towel to dry a pan shined with S.O.S. It's that clean—that bright. Try S.O.S. once—use it always. It cleans, it scours, it polishes in one simple operation. Quickly, easily—*dullness goes, shine comes!*

Look for the YELLOW and RED package





If this is you—tied to the sink—lady, S.O.S. cuts motions and minutes from sink work. Soap in the pad cuts grease. Handy shape gets into corners. Try S.O.S.—*grease goes, shine comes!*

Women everywhere name S.O.S. "first choice"—the *one* cleanser they need to cut grease, to remove stains, scorches, or crusted food, and to make dull aluminum shine like new. We're sure *you'll* like magic S.O.S., too!

S.O.S the magic cleanser of pots and pans

The S.O.S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. • S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Does your Daughter dare *approach marriage--*



without first knowing about these

Intimate Physical Facts?

Mother! It's your solemn duty to tell your daughter how important douching often is to feminine cleanliness, health and marriage happiness.

But first make sure *your own knowledge* is just as modern, up-to-date and scientific as it can be. And it will be if you tell her about ZONITE for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is *so powerful* yet *so safe* to delicate tissues.

Smart Young Women No Longer Make This Mistake

Certainly no well-informed mother would even think of telling her daughter to use weak, homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar. Because these DO NOT and CAN NOT offer women the great germicidal and deodorant action of *modern* ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous*, non-irritating, non-burning. It contains no creosote, phenol or bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's *so powerful* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE immediately kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!*

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 503-VV, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zonite

FOR NEWER

feminine hygiene

The Way It Is With Us

(*Continued from page* 41)

I could laugh too. The baby *did* look like Churchill. (Confidentially, all new babies do. Germaine Catherine did, too!)

We're not really such opposites, I guess—we just show our feelings differently.

We fell in love, actually, because we were so very much alike.

We met, as you meet most people when you're working in Hollywood, because our jobs brought us together. I was singing with Meredith Wilson's orchestra on the Signal Carnival, as well as on the Eddie Cantor show. When Mr. Cantor moved his company to New York for ten weeks he obtained a leave of absence for me from the Carnival.

I heard in letters from my friends while I was away that the Signal show had a new master of ceremonies, a budding young comedian new on the Hollywood scene, Jack Carson. We met, of course, when I returned—and we had the same enthusiasms, particularly golf.

IT WAS an easy step from golf-talk to a golf course, and soon Jack and I were spending a lot of our time there.

It wasn't until Jack proposed that he found out that his golfing partner was a deep-dyed romantic with a sentimental streak a mile wide.

I said yes when he asked me, but I cried. Because I was so happy, I said. He couldn't get over it.

The next day we went shopping for engagement rings. I didn't want one of those elaborate Hollywood rings—a topaz or a star sapphire as big as a marble. I wanted a diamond, and I wanted it to look—well, engagey. Jack laughed at me, but as it turned out he liked the ring I liked, a not-too-big but perfect blue-white diamond in a graceful platinum setting.

Married people are going to stay that way, I think, even a sentimental idiot and a Laughing Boy, if the husband and wife have exactly the same idea about what constitutes a perfect day. Some people like to sleep until noon, you know, then have breakfast on a tray and read the papers. Others like to be up and doing. Jack and I gave ourselves this simple test soon after we were married.

We were up at six, made a big pot of black coffee at home, then headed out in our car with the top down—out to the ocean and then down the coast to Laguna.

After forty miles in the open air we were ready for a real breakfast. We stopped at one of those white-tiled counter places, Riley's Waffle Shop, and ate crisp waffles with eggs on the side, and drank gallons more coffee.

Then we went on down the coast to San Clemente. We took a hotel room, then headed for the golf course—and played our customary thirty-six holes. Then a shower, a dry martini, and dinner at Victor Hugo's, whose great plate glass windows look out over the open sea.

"This," I said, as the waiter brought the small black coffee, "is what I would call a perfect day."

I couldn't have been happier if I had been crying.

"Me too," said Jack. And he was too satisfied even to joke about it.

So I guess things are going to work out for the Carsons.

Somewhere, Someday

(*Continued from page 25*)

that time or weather couldn't change. Outside of getting my railroad reservations there wasn't much to do. I forgot about the New York trip and plunged into the pre-Christmas inventory.

Nobody has to have the Christmas season explained to them. In these times, Christmas has been more hectic than ever, and it was no wonder that I felt knocked out when the rush was over at the Bon-Ton. It was Christmas eve and I took a taxi home, turned on the water in my tub and relaxed in the thought that it would be another year before I'd be put through such rigorous work again.

I heard the bells of midnight tolling in nearby churches as I climbed into bed, and the folks in the next apartment were raising their voices in some kind of home-made carol as I dropped off to sleep. I could have felt sorry for myself at that moment, for I was pretty lonely; but you get used to those things when it happens to you year after year. The next morning I celebrated Christmas with my canary, Homer. And his cheery chirping gave me confidence.

Somehow, I compared my life to that of the canary; he was caged in like me. Maybe he wouldn't like the freedom he dreamed about if I set him free. Maybe it was all an illusion.

I was not completely alone that Christmas Day. My brother called me from Cleveland to wish me a happy holiday, and his two youngsters sang to me on the telephone. In the afternoon my neighbors had me over to their apartment for an egg-nog, and in the evening I went to the City Theater where the local stock company presented a special Christmas play.

It was on returning to the Bon-Ton the day after Christmas that I really felt bluest. The letdown after the hard work, the new responsibilities of my job and the reaching of the Christmas sales peak was nerve-wracking. Everybody seemed bored, and the store was practically empty except for those people who came back to exchange presents that were not suitable. I'd rather not dwell on the memory of the first few days of the year; they were something to forget.

FINALLY I closed up my desk at the Bon-Ton one night knowing I wouldn't be back at it for a full week! The thought was as exhilarating as a spring breeze and when I looked in my bedroom mirror that night I imagined I had grown ten years younger. The next day I was New York bound like a school girl going to her first prom. I was comfortably bedded in an upper berth, the only accommodations available, but very grateful for even that.

I never did learn to sleep well on a train. Maybe it was because I never did learn the camaraderie of the railroad. I couldn't strike up a conversation with a fellow-traveler. I didn't feel at home, so to speak, sharing the washroom with a lot of other people. And the rocking motion of the car always played on my imagination, made me think the train was going to bounce off the tracks at the next sharp turn.

And that brought me up to date, brought me back to the realization that the story was ended. No, it wasn't ended. The chapter was ended. I was rushing through the night in the direction of New York. It was hard to think

Ann Dvorak REPUBLIC Pictures Star



Overnight...

YOU'LL HAVE LOVELIER HAIR

Convince yourself with one application of this Famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this *overnight* 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous, with an overnight application. Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try *all three* of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

Your Hair will be Lovelier with

Glover's

with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!



FREE!

Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment, and useful FREE booklet. "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 5511, New York 1, N.Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

Give your face and neck this *COMPLETE* 'BEAUTY-LIFT'

Treatment takes only 8 minutes



Famous *Homogenized* Facial Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Fresher, Smoother With Each Application—

After the ravages of summer sun and wind—your skin deserves *special* attention. And you'll be delighted to learn that now, right at home, you can give yourself a remarkable 'beauty-lift' which works *wonders* for face and neck.

All you need is this *one* de luxe cream—Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream—famous for its *super-lubricating* qualities.

Directions So Easy! Results So Divine!

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck. (Follow arrows in diagram.) Leave on about 8 minutes. Or overnight if you prefer.

Notice how Hopper's leaves your skin feeling so *satin-smooth*. Notice how your skin appears *firmer*, so *delicately textured* with almost a *baby-freshness*.

The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so ACTIVE and lubricates the skin so EXPERTLY is because it's *homogenized!* Use nightly to help maintain exquisitely lovely, *natural* skin beauty thruout the years. Also an unsurpassed powder base for dry, contrary skin. All cosmetic counters.



For Enlarged Pore Openings and To Help Loosen Blackheads

You'll find Hopper's White Clay Pack very effective for this purpose. It's also marvelous to help clear away ugly, faded, dried-up 'TOP SKIN' cells.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM

For free advice on care of your skin write Beauty Consultant, Room 2205, Affiliated Products, Inc. 22 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

any more, and finally my eyes and my brain were closed for the day. The next thing I knew the sun was shining on my face. I peeked out the side of the curtain and saw what I decided must be the Hudson River practically at my elbow.

The river was half full of ice and there was a splendor about the scene that made me want to sing. I dressed quickly and went into the dining car for breakfast. In two hours we were coming into Grand Central station and the zippiness of the New York winter morning pepped me up enormously. I hurried up to the Commodore Hotel and registered for the convention, was assigned to my room, and then I started out on the thrill I had been looking forward to—a morning of window shopping.

Nothing ever gave me a greater joy than walking down Fifth Avenue, looking in the shop windows, comparing the displays with those we had in Worth City. Here was the last word in decoration. The displays of linen goods in a New York store really made my heart beat faster. Silly? Not when your whole life is wrapped up in your work. I loved every window I saw and I made copious notes of prices and fabrics.

BACK at the hotel I took my favorite diversion—a bath. Then I went up to the special convention room and made myself known to the trades people who had come from all parts of the country to discuss various problems of our business. The representatives of the biggest stores were there, the big manufacturers were there, salesmen from all over and buyers of linen goods from every state. The big room hummed with excitement and the first session started with a discussion of future orders and how they could be handled.

I didn't mind it a bit when I had to take a seat far over on one side of the room because from that point I could see the faces of most of the men and women I knew. And this, my first convention, made me a little shy.

The chairman was making his opening remarks, the welcome to the convention. My eyes were upon him for a minute, then they strayed to the center of the oval room and stayed there. Barnsley Geller! He was looking straight ahead at the speaker but he must have felt my eyes on him. He turned his head slightly and looked right at me. What do you do in a case like that? You smile, of course, and pretend you're a bit surprised. You raise your eyebrows to show you're surprised; and all the time you know in your heart that you're not the least bit surprised.

You know darned well you're not surprised because 'way back three months ago you knew Barnsley Geller would be at that convention when you suddenly made up your mind to go to it. And throughout the meeting you try to concentrate on the speaker, but there is something else that keeps crowding into your consciousness. There is almost a feeling of elation as you glance at his profile from time to time; you feel triumphant, and a little bit surprised at yourself. Wilhelmina Snyder doesn't usually do things like this, and you wonder if Barnsley Geller planned it, too.

Of course not! Barnsley Geller is a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor. He might be friendly with Wilhelmina Snyder because she's the new buyer for one of his accounts. (*Continued on page* 86)

To Grace Your Face... HALO *PEARLS

*Simulated



Imagine! A Thrillingly Lovely 16-inch

HALO *PEARL NECKLACE

With Sterling Silver Safety Clasp

YOURS FOR ONLY **$2.98** TAX INCLUDED POSTAGE PAID

A Halo String of Beauty Is a Joy Forever

There is something about a string of pearls that helps a lovely lady put her best face forward! So, if you have longed for the elusive beauty and charm which pearls inspire, and have heretofore permitted a price you couldn't afford to stand in your way of pearl ownership, you'll welcome this opportunity to acquire an exquisite Halo strand of extravagant beauty at a truly low affordable price!

A Few Pearly Words of Wisdom Why Halo Necklaces Are Preferred!

- Halo Beads Are Uniformly Perfect
- Halo Beads Are Coated with a Pearl Essence that is the Essence of Loveliness
- Halo Beads are Enduringly Lovely
- Halo Safety Clasps are Sterling Silver
- . . . and Halo Necklaces Cost No More

"Wear At Our Risk" Money-Back Guarantee of Satisfaction

We want you to be as proud and pleased to wear a Halo necklace as we are to have made it possible. That's why you can wear it for 5 whole days at our risk after the postman delivers yours. Then, if you are not delighted with it, if you can bear to part with it, if you can give up the praise and compliments that its wearing has brought you — simply mail it back and we will refund your money *cheerfully* — and that's a promise!



Ideal For Treasured Gift Giving!

Halo *Pearls For All Occasions

★ 1-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp	$2.98
★ 2-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp	5.98
★ 3-strand 16" Halo Necklace—Sterling Silver Clasp	8.98
★ 2-strand Halo Choker with Velvet Ties	5.98
★ 3-strand Halo Choker with Velvet Ties	8.98
★ 2-strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp	2.98
★ 3-strand Halo Bracelet—Sterling Silver Clasp	4.49
★ Assorted Size Halo Earrings on Sterling Silver	1.49

Above prices already include tax

LUXURIOUS SATIN-LINED JEWEL BOX INCLUDED



Mail This Coupon Today

NATIONAL NOVELTIES - Dept. N-12
608 South Dearborn St. - Chicago 5, Ill.

My Total Order Amounts to $_____

Please rush Halo *Pearls in Gift Box as checked off below. If not delighted after 5 days I may return them for money back without question. I understand prices already *include* tax which you are paying.

- ☐ 1-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ $2.98
- ☐ 2-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ 5.98
- ☐ 3-Strand 16" Halo Necklace @ 8.98
- ☐ 2-Strand Halo Choker @..... 5.98
- ☐ 3-Strand Halo Choker @..... 8.98
- ☐ 2-Strand Halo Bracelet @.....$2.98
- ☐ 3-Strand Halo Bracelet @..... 4.49
- ☐ Halo Button Earrings @..... 1.49

Mark Earring Size ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $_____ Send my Halo *Pearls Prepaid

☐ Send my Halo *Pearls C.O.D. I will pay postman $_____ plus postage

Name_____
Please Print Clearly
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

"The Touches of Her Hands, and the Delight"—*James Whitcomb Riley*



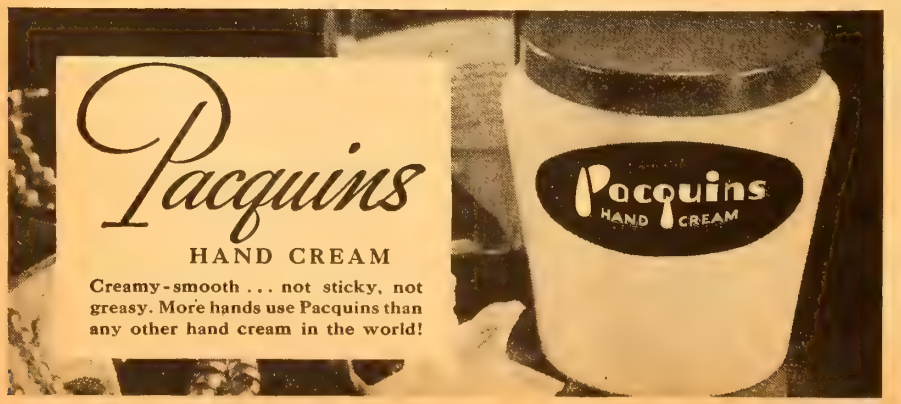
We bet the lady never "touched" household Drudgery!

Housework can make your hands look like anything but a poet's dream. Rough, red, older-looking than *you* are. So be *sure* to use Pacquins Hand Cream twice daily to help give your hands a "young-skin" look.





Ask your Doctor or his Nurse about . . . how they keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 washings a day. Harder on hands than housework! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated for their professional use. Here's the secret—it's *super-rich* in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

(*Continued from page* 84) That's all, and no sense kidding yourself. But he did seem pleased to see me. I had to admit that.

And he seemed more pleased when the business session ended and he came over to shake my hand. It was as though we were old school friends, meeting again after many years. I looked fine, he said. How was my trip from Worth City? Was I staying at the Commodore, too? I liked it when he said "too." That meant he was staying there. And when we all went in for cocktails he accompanied me. That was just as it was planned. But I denied it to myself. I pretended it was all a fine surprise.

Now cocktails are something I had always avoided. Nothing wrong with them, mind you. But somehow my background did not include that phase of sociability; besides, somebody told me they put on weight and that was something I had to avoid. I had some ginger ale and I watched Barnsley order a scotch and soda. I couldn't quite make up my mind about him until a minute later when a boisterous salesman from a linen company brushed past us and spied Barnsley.

"Why, Geller, you old rascal," he roared as though he had discovered a three-legged bird. "Geller with a drink in his hand. Say! This must be an occasion. I never thought I'd live to see the day. . . . Hey, Ned! Tom! Look what I found. Geller having a drink."

IN AN instant there were four or five men around us, laughing and kidding Barnsley. He seemed composed but I thought I detected a hint of patience in his demeanor, as though he were used to being kidded by his rivals among the salesmen. And I noticed he wouldn't take another drink although the men tried to force one upon him. The conversation grew livelier all the time and finally the men asked Barnsley and me to join them at dinner.

Now that was where I made my mistake, I guess. I said I had made other plans for the evening, which wasn't true. At any rate, the upshot of it was that Barnsley went off with the crowd and I went to my room.

For a little while I puttered around, finding small things to do, trying to make up my mind whether I was hungry or not. Then I put on my coat and went out. I couldn't stand being in that room alone any longer. I went down in the elevator and walked out on Lexington Avenue, looked for a place where I could get dinner.

I don't know how long I walked, but eventually I found a little Italian restaurant in the fifties. The place was crowded and I was lucky to get a table.

"Madam is alone?" the waiter asked significantly.

"Yes, alone." I never felt lonelier than at that moment. The conversation of the cocktail crowd at the convention still sounded in my ears and I wondered where Barnsley and his friends had gone. I wanted to be with them, not alone in a restaurant with a lot of strangers. This wasn't what I planned at all. I hardly ate my dinner, and when I had a chance to pay the check I got out and took a taxi back to the Commodore.

The hotel lobby was crowded with more strangers. I didn't see one person from the convention and once again I felt left out of things. I went to bed.

Despite the depressing night before, I felt better in the morning. The meetings were spirited and educational for

me. I saw Barnsley for a few minutes and again in the afternoon meeting he talked to me.

"Enjoying yourself?" he asked.

"Oh, wonderfully," I fibbed.

He said he was "keeping himself busy," and I wondered whether he meant in a business way or otherwise. I was on the verge of confessing I had had a very dull evening the night before, but of course I didn't. We made small talk about the convention and then a woman buyer from Indianapolis broke into our conversation and, believe me, she monopolized it. I didn't get a word in edgewise.

That night I went to a radio broadcast at CBS—I'd written ahead over a month ago for the ticket, and I'd been pretty excited about it. But when I took a cab over to CBS, on Madison Avenue, and stood around with the people who were waiting for the studio doors to open I felt isolated. I was all alone.

I almost jumped out of my skin when someone touched my elbow and said, "Miss Snyder!"

IT WAS Barnsley, looking as though he'd discovered a gold mine. His eyes were bright with surprise at finding me there and I guess my expression reflected the same emotion. We laughed happily for a moment, and talked about the show we were going to see. But the man with Barnsley—he was a radio man for some advertising agency—kept pulling impatiently at his arm, trying to get him away to meet someone he saw across the foyer, and so he left me, saying he hoped I'd enjoy the show.

To tell the truth I didn't enjoy it as much as I might have if I had not met him. My mind kept going back to Barnsley, and I wondered who he was with by now. Maybe that buyer from Indianapolis, I mused unhappily.

So when the program ended I walked out to the street with the rest of the people and looked for a cab. My heart sank lower when I saw how the weather had changed. It was pouring rain and the night was raw. Cabs were mighty scarce.

Then Barnsley and I met again and he held my arm and led me to a taxi that seemed to come from nowhere. "I'll drop you off wherever you want to go," he said.

I was just about to say I was going right back to the Commodore when I noticed the cab driver's name on that little card up near the roof. Malcolm Ray was the name, and I thought it mighty strange for a cabbie. And Malcolm took any words I might have had in my mind right out of my mouth.

"If I kin suggest a place for youse folks," he said with a broad Brooklyn accent, "leave me take you to The Eagle's Nest. Foist Street and Tenth. There you will find good eats and besides you won't get clipped. But I'm only suggestin' it, and you don't have to do what I say."

Barnsley looked at me with his mouth wide open. Then he laughed and asked the driver to tell him more about The Eagle's Nest.

"It's really an erster house," said Driver Malcolm Ray, "but the music's good if youse two want to dance."

Many's the time I recalled that conversation with the Brooklyn cab driver and I always pictured him as a kind of Brooklyn cupid with a Brooklyn bow and arrow. It was as though he were pushing us into something we really wanted to do in the first place. Barnsley asked me if I felt adventurous, I

Mother of 3 becomes a PIN-UP BEAUTY!



How Mrs. Edrie Beal of Fredonia, Kansas, got a bathing-suit figure and how her Navy husband got the surprise of his life.

You would hardly have picked Edrie Beal for a pin-up girl when the snapshot below was taken. But what a difference (right) when she had completed the DuBarry Success Course!

"Many times before," says Mrs. Edrie Beal, "my Navy husband had written from the Southwest Pacific, asking for something special, and I had hurried it off to him. But this time it was a stopper. 'Send me your picture in a bathing suit,' the letter said. 'I want my own pin-up girl.'

"I looked in the mirror — at that thick waist and heavy abdomen. No! I simply couldn't bring myself to stand before a camera. But neither can you refuse a far-off husband any wish in the world. It was New Year's! Time for resolutions. If I didn't have a bathing-suit figure, I'd *get* one!

"That's why I took the DuBarry Success Course. Did it work? I lost 13 pounds right where I had to lose them. I took 6 inches off my abdomen, 4 off my waist and my hips. At the same time, the most wonderful things were happening to my skin and hair and to *me*. I look and feel like a person reborn. I'm out of that middle-aged slump—with a zest for the years ahead. Could one ask for better proof that it's never too late? Imagine *me*—a pin-up girl!"

HOW ABOUT YOU? Wouldn't you like to be slender again, wear more youthful styles, hear the compliments of friends? The DuBarry Success Course can help you. It brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to adjust your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; style your hair becomingly; use make-up for glamour. You follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out, without obligation, what it can do for you.

DuBarry Success Course RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing* NEW YORK

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON,
Dept. SY-8, 693 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Miss
*Mrs.*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Zone No., if any*_____ *State*_____



The next time you ask for your favorite chewing gums—WARREN'S Fruit Cocktail and WARREN'S Mint Cocktail—they may look different. But they're the same old friends in new wrappers. WARREN'S chewing gums have become so popular, we felt they deserved more beautiful packages. And here they are—newly dressed—but the same in size, quality and unique flavor. Fruit Cocktail is a combination of natural and artificial fruit flavors. Mint Cocktail is a blend of natural spearmint and peppermint. It's a WARREN'S idea: Popular chewing gum flavors, like boy and girl, are *"Better Together!"*

★ In a recent consumer survey conducted by an independent research organization, WARREN'S Chewing Gum was voted better than a 10-to-1 favorite.

WARREN'S CHEWING GUM

Bowman Gum, Inc., Philadelphia 44, Pa.



said I did, so we went to The Eagle's Nest.

The Eagle's Nest, we discovered, was one of the unusual places that visitors to New York rarely find. It was clean and cheery, even though the murals were slightly outlandish. Some ambitious artist had mixed colors at random, ornamenting the walls with a brush that must have been used for house-painting. Everything about the place made us laugh: the "good music" cab driver Malcolm had told us about was a three-piece organization which included a banjo player who never stopped grinning, the proprietor was an enormous fellow who told us he had been a ship's cook for seventeen years. But the biggest surprise was that Malcolm came into the place with us and introduced us to the proprietor.

"THIS is me brother-in-law, Chink Moiphy," he said, pointing a thumb at the mammoth host.

"Chink can really rassle them pots. And his ersters is out of this woild."

Chink beamed and said he'd be glad to try for us, and if we wanted some spaghetti on the side it would be no trouble.

Barnsley never lost that amazed expression. He agreed it would be nice to try the "ersters," but suggested that maybe we could have something warming on such a cold night. We settled for a bottle of sauterne that went with the meal.

There were not many people in the place, just a few other tables were occupied; but there was a sociability about the atmosphere of the little tavern that brightened our hearts. And all at once things started to happen. A man from another table came over and introduced himself to us. He said he and his wife were celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary and he'd like us to drink a toast to their wedded bliss. Then the amazing band began to play and everybody began dancing. Chink Murphy, the proprietor, raised his voice in song; and everybody joined in.

Barnsley took my hand and led me to the tiny dance floor. There wasn't much room for fancy stepping, but that was satisfactory to Barnsley and me. We waltzed to the strains of the funny little band and loved it. It's funny how everybody thinks his or her dancing is the best; and we were no exception to the rule. Maybe it was the lift of the wine, maybe it was the genuine conviviality of the people around us—surely it was the fact that Barnsley and I were dancing together for the first time.

My heart and soul were singing and there was only the consciousness that such enjoyment would have to end to bring me back to reality from time to time. And it was at such times that I'd rest my head on Barnsley's shoulder as we danced.

We didn't talk much, but once I startled Barnsley by asking him what his folks called him when he was a little boy.

"They called me Barney. Why?"

"Because my folks always called me Willie."

He stopped dancing for a moment, looked into my eyes.

"Willie Snyder. Why that's wonderful! From now on I'll call you Willie."

That was the moment I had been planning for all those months in my subconscious. As I looked into his eyes I saw something that brought us closer,

tore down all the barriers I didn't want.

"O.K. . . . Barney," I replied.

I suppose if I had dramatic talents I could have capitalized on that moment's mellowness, but other factors came into play. The band began playing "Good Night, Ladies," somebody threw a light switch that brightened the tavern for a minute, then another that darkened it. People began filing out to the street, and we went along with them. The last thing I heard as we stood on the sidewalk was Chink Murphy calling out: "Come again, folks."

Then we were back to reality. I began to shiver in the night air. We walked a few blocks before we got a taxicab and I regretted it wasn't our good friend, Malcolm Ray, driving. Barnsley had his arm around the cushion of the seat and I couldn't feel it with my head. I felt sad again. I tried to recapture the enjoyable atmosphere of the little tavern but as we got farther away from it it seemed as though we were leaving something I wanted very badly, something I had dreamed about for all my life.

Barnsley was silent for most of the ride back to the hotel, and I didn't utter one word. We both seemed engrossed in our own thoughts, and maybe it was just one thought. I knew, and I imagined he knew, that we had found something together in that little restaurant; and when the proprietor had closed the doors it was as though he were ending the only exciting chapter in two very dull lives.

He squeezed my hand just once as he left me at the elevator. He smiled a smile that was perplexing. He said he'd see me in the morning.

I didn't sleep right away. Too many thoughts were crowding my brain, thoughts that carried the past in unhappy procession. I could see Worth City with all its smallness, its confinement; and, although I knew that every place of living can be walled in by your own designs, I believed that Worth City would never be a happy place for me again.

WHAT was wrong with Worth City? A better question would be: What was wrong with me? I didn't know the answer to that one. But I did know that any self-examination of my personality would expose the deficiency in my life. That was it, I had a deficiency of romance just as another person might have a deficiency in her diet. And the heartbreaking thought was that everything was near to me, yet so far.

In the morning I covered the turmoil within me with a smile; and my cheeriness was easier because he was not there to talk to. I wondered why he didn't attend the final session of the convention, and I couldn't believe his absence had anything to do with the night before.

It was not until late in the afternoon that I met him in the elevator. He had a new look in his eyes and he touched my hand as I stood next to him. He asked me if he could come to my room, that he wanted to talk to me for a few minutes. I said yes, and again I covered the excitement that pounded my heart with a smile.

"Today I saw New York," he said when he took a seat near the window of my room. "I saw the Battery, and Central Park and some kind of art museum. I walked and I rode in taxicabs and in the subway. I saw millions



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of people, and I asked myself a hundred questions."

He took his eyes from the window and looked at me.

"Every question I asked myself involved you," he said. "I was floundering like a drowning man, and suddenly I knew I had to come back here and be with you."

I didn't say anything but I knew he was still floundering, just as badly as I was; but it takes a person in distress to recognize another's problem. That made it easier for me. I encouraged him with my eyes and he went on.

"Willie . . . we're supposed to go to the Waldorf Roof tonight . . . guests of the convention. Willie . . . I don't know what's wrong with me, but I don't want to go to the Waldorf Roof." My heart was laughing then.

"You, Barney. You want to go to The Eagle's Nest, don't you? You found something there last night, Barney. I found it, too. We both found it, so we have to share it."

He was laughing happily, then. And he was putting his arm around my shoulder. I was telling him I had to make myself ready if we were to go to dinner. He was telling me to hurry, not to bother about getting dolled up.

"But what would Chink Murphy say if I didn't powder my nose, Barney?"

No one would take us for children, but who could deny our youthful spirits? It wasn't time or people or cities or countries that made people happy. It was something else that ran like a deeper river in life and for the first time Barney and I were experiencing it. His eyes were like a college boy's, his embrace just as confident.

"It will only take me ten minutes to get ready, Barney."

"Then what?"

"Then The Eagle's Nest."

"Then what?"

"Then back to Worth City tomorrow."

"Then what?"

I refused to answer, but he knew and I knew that we would be together from that day on. His job and mine would be joined, and maybe I wouldn't have any job but be the wife of Barnsley T. Geller. It was looking ahead, 'way ahead.

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As Long As We Love

(*Continued from page 31*)

how very much I'd rather have you with me."

Those next few weeks were like living in the middle of dreams from which you never woke up. Some of them were nightmares—when Sara told her mother that she wasn't going to marry Jack, and the wedding was called off, and the presents sent back, and the whole town talked and talked as if it had nothing else in the whole world to talk about; some of the dreams were sweet—the times when I could be alone with Sara, and for a few minutes we could forget Jack, and her mother and father, and the town's wagging tongues.

It was harder for Sara than for me. Jack knew, I think, from the start, and certainly Sara's parents suspected, that if I had never come to South Chester, the wedding would have gone off as scheduled. Perhaps some of the town gossips had their suspicions, too, but nothing they could come out in the open with. I had it out with Jack—I had to, to clear the air. I couldn't work side by side with him, in the store his father had left to both of us, with a lot of suspicions and hard feelings like a wall between us.

"DO YOU want me to get out?" I asked him point blank one morning. "Would you like me to clear out of town, Jack?"

He put down the gradient into which he was measuring drugs, and shook his head slowly. "No—no, Alan, I don't. I can't break up our whole lifetime of friendship, and the partnership Dad wanted us to have, because of something that wasn't your fault. Nor Sara's fault, either. I don't want you to leave, not even if—if you marry Sara."

We shook hands, then, and it cleared the air a little, at least as far as the store, and Jack and I, were concerned. But it didn't help any with the town, or with Sara's parents. And it didn't help to settle things between Sara and me, either. Sometimes I'd get angry, and feel as if she were bending over backwards trying to be fair to everybody—she went out with other men in town, too, for one thing.

"We'll have to wait and see," she'd tell me, over and over. "If we're really in love—well, that's worth waiting for, isn't it? And I've got to be sure, Alan—don't you understand? I thought I was sure before, with Jack. I've got to be *sure!*"

But in the end it was Sara who came to me, Sara who said, "Let's get married, Alan—now, right away! I can't stand it any longer. I can't stand the way mother looks at me, or the way conversation begins to buzz the minute I leave a store, or walk down the street. I can't stand to keep meeting Jack accidentally—oh, I can't stand any of it another minute." She laughed ruefully. "We might as well give them concrete fact instead of speculation to gossip about, Alan. I—I'm ready to marry you, if you want me."

If I wanted her! There simply weren't any words to tell her how much I wanted her. So we went off to Fulton and were married quietly in the office of a Justice of the Peace there. And we had two wonderful, crazy-happy weeks of honeymoon. And now it was over, and I lay on the bed watching Sara as she fixed her hair, getting ready for the trip back to South Chester.

So we smiled at each other in the

home to my heart Forever





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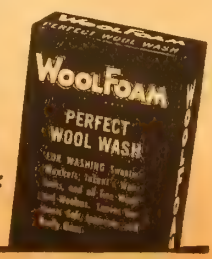
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mirror and said, meaning it, "As long as we love each other, nothing else can ever matter."

Well, it was worse than either of us thought it could be. For one thing, there is a housing shortage in South Chester as there is everywhere else, and we had to move into the apartment Jack and Sara had leased for themselves and which was furnished with the things her parents had given them as a wedding present. It was an attractive little place and ordinarily I would have been crazy about it. But moving into it, using the things that had been intended for Jack and Sara to use, made me feel like an interloper. If you know what I mean, it was sort of like wearing a dead man's shoes. Here I was living in the place he'd planned to live, married to the girl who, up until a little while ago, he'd planned to marry. It bothered Sara, too, but there was nothing we could do about it. There was no other place to live.

AND for another thing, I had to see Jack every day at the store. I felt apologetic toward him, yet I knew apology or pity was the last thing in the world he wanted. Poor guy, he hadn't done anything to deserve losing Sara and yet he had, and he'd had to face the gossip and the curiosity all alone while we were away. He told me with a sort of bitter humor that business had been better than ever the weeks we were gone—people were coming in to buy things they didn't need just to see how he was taking it. It was impossible for us to be natural with each other; all the old companionship we'd had as kids was gone. I'd start to tell him something Sara had done or said the night before, or to talk about her in the way any new husband would about the wife he was crazy in love with—and then I couldn't. It seemed too cruel. Jack said that he hoped we would always be friends, the three of us, but that right now he didn't want to see Sara. "I know you two couldn't help what happened," he said, "but—well, I need a little time to get used to it." I knew how he felt. After that one time, we didn't talk about it any more.

But the worst thing of all, and the thing that hit Sara the hardest, was the attitude of her family. Especially her mother. "She says what we did was terrible and unforgivable," Sara sobbed in my arms the night after she'd been to see her parents for the first time. "She says you're a—a no-good, that no decent man would do what you did, and—and she said our marriage couldn't last."

I comforted her as best I could. I said her mother was naturally hurt and shocked but that she would get over it in time and that we'd prove to her that our marriage not only could last but would be a wonderful one. I knew it had been pretty hard on Mrs. Ansell. She had always been crazy about Jack; the families had been friends since he and Sara were babies. You couldn't really blame her for not liking me.

"But she and Daddy won't even come to see us," Sara cried. "They don't want to see you."

"They'll get over it," I promised her. "And remember, darling, what we said: as long as we love each other—"

She threw her arms around me and held me close. "Of course, darling. It doesn't really matter. Only—I wish they'd be more reasonable. I want them to know you and love you as I

know you and love you."

Everybody in town was talking about us, of course, and watching us. South Chester hadn't had a scandal like that in years: Sara Ansell jilting the man she'd been engaged to for years on the eve of the wedding was bad enough, but marrying his cousin whom she'd only known a few weeks really capped the climax. I could feel the whispering everywhere I went, no matter what I did. Customers in the drugstore looked at Jack and me curiously as if they constantly expected us to get into a fight. All of them seemed to be sizing me up, to see if I really were a devil with horns who had lured a sweet, innocent girl away from a fine guy like Jack. Once, old Miss Higgins, Sara's maiden aunt, came in to have a prescription refilled and refused to let me wait on her. She insisted that Jack fill it. After she left, I laughed and said, "You'd have thought I was going to put poison in the bottle." But it really wasn't very funny.

I seemed to be living all the time in a state of tension. I had to be extra-careful of everything I said and did, around Jack especially, but also around everybody else. As Sara said, "It's as if the whole town were watching to see our marriage break up so they can say 'I told you so.'" When Sara and I were alone together, it didn't matter so much. We could forget everything and everybody else. But whenever we went out together to see some of her friends, or had them at our house, the tension came back. It was as if we were always trying to prove how happy we were together so that they would stop whispering among themselves that "it couldn't last." And whenever Jack's name was mentioned inadvertently, an embarrassed hush would fall over the group. Nobody could be natural and easy.

AND of course, during the days when I was at work, Sara had her mother to contend with. The Ansells still hadn't been to see us or had us over to see them, though Sara had seen her parents alone. "If you'd just give Alan a chance," she pleaded with her mother. "If you'd just see him and get to know him!" But Mrs. Ansell was set against me; she said I had behaved dishonorably. And she made a point of seeing Jack a lot as if to show the town whose side she was on. Well, I could understand how she might not like me for what I had done. Her refusing to accept it was what made me mad because it made it so hard on Sara. I could always tell when she'd been over to her mother's because she'd be so depressed when I got home.

Then one day Jack and I had an argument at the store. It was, of all things in the world, about what to put in our display window. Under ordinary circumstances, we might have mildly disagreed about it but it wouldn't have been anything the least important. That day, out of the long strain, it got magnified out of all proportion and each of us found ourselves angrily telling the other that he not only knew nothing about running a pharmacy but about anything at all.

All of a sudden, right in the middle of the argument, I stopped and said as quietly as I could: "We're acting like a couple of kids, Jack." Then I took a deep breath. "I'm sorry for all that's happened—you know that. It's been tough on you but it's been tough on Sara and me, too. Would you rather I sold my share in the store and just



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cleared out? Sara and I could go get started somewhere else—"

Jack looked at me for a long time and then he slowly shook his head. "No," he said. "And I'm not just being noble or anything about it. I really need you, Alan—you've had a lot more experience than I have. I want you to stay—I mean that. And I'm sorry about today. Let's forget it. . . ."

So we shook hands and tried to forget it. But it stayed with me all the rest of that day, and rankled. On the way home to dinner that evening, I suddenly wanted a drink. I needed it. I'm not much of a drinker ordinarily, but that was a time when I felt I had to have one.

I stopped at a bar, but I didn't have one. I had five whiskies in quick succession, and when I left there I was feeling fine. I knew I was drunk but I didn't care. I'd go home and get Sara and we'd go out and have ourselves a good time and forget all the stuff that had been troubling us. Let the rest of the world go climb a fence. Sara was all I wanted or would ever want.

I had a little difficulty with the steps up to our apartment. I stumbled a couple of times, but I was feeling too happy to care. I began to sing a song we'd sung in the Navy and I threw open the door with a bang.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansell were sitting there in the livingroom with Sara.

"So they've finally come to see us," I remember thinking. "We'll take 'em along with us and do the town—we'll take everybody along. . . ." And I started over to greet them.

ONLY I forgot about the rug. That little rug that sometimes slipped on the floor Sara kept so well polished. Well, it slipped that time. And I ended up prone on the floor at Mrs. Ansell's feet. I thought it was one of the funniest things that had ever happened to me in my whole life. I sat up and began to laugh. I laughed and laughed, mostly, I remember, at the expressions on their faces. They looked so surprised.

Then I heard Mrs. Ansell say something that sounded like "Disgusting!" And Mr. Ansell got up and said they'd better go. And after a while there was nobody there but Sara and me, and she was crying and I was beginning to get sober.

What she was saying made me soberer than the black coffee I drank or the cold shower I took. "Here I work and work to get them to give you a chance," she told me furiously, "and what happens the very first time they come to my house? You come home falling-down drunk! Now they'll never forgive you. They'll think I've married a drunkard. And maybe I have!"

I knew how she felt, but I thought she was being darned unfair. "It's not as if I came home drunk all the time!" I told her. "This is the first time I've had too much to drink in years, and believe me it will probably be the last. But how was I to know they were coming tonight?"

"How could you? How could you?" she kept saying over and over.

I got mad. Here was Sara blaming me for everything!

We had our first quarrel that night. It was a bad one. All the resentment, the little doubts we'd had, came out in our anger and we said things that hurt. I can't remember all we said and I don't want to because it was the kind of quarrel that shakes you way down inside. About four o'clock the next morn-

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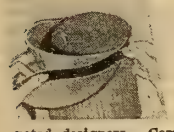
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ing, we made it up. Or, at least, we thought we did. We went to sleep in each other's arms, swearing it would never happen again. But it was only half a reconciliation.

It was as if all the little doubts and frictions had, by being forced into the open and expressed, become big and basic ones. Instead of being put away somewhere in the faith that we loved each other and could surmount any difficulty, now the question "Is our marriage a failure?" came right out and had to be looked at. I felt as if I were constantly living with that unspoken question, trying to find the answer, weighing with new values everything that happened. Sometimes, when we were alone together I could again lose myself in loving Sara and forget everything else. But other times I couldn't. We both tried hard, but it got to be like a barrier between us.

Sara finally persuaded her parents to come over and see us again. We tried hard to make the evening a success, but it was a flat failure. I apologized to them for being drunk when they came before, and they said they understood but they didn't. Mr. Ansell and I tried to talk naturally together but I felt all the time he was looking at me with suspicion and deciding I really wasn't a fit husband for his daughter. And his wife was even worse. Her hostility made me feel I was doing and saying everything wrong. When they left I felt they thought even less of me than before.

THAT night we had another quarrel. Oh, rather, it was the same one; it just got started differently. Sara accused me of being rude to her parents and not making enough effort. I said I hadn't been rude but that I couldn't stand being looked at like a criminal on parole who might murder somebody at any minute. And that led to other things that maybe we didn't mean when we said them or maybe we did. It's hard to tell when you're that unhappy. We didn't make it up in each other's arms that time. Sara cried herself to sleep and I lay for a long time looking at the darkness and wondering where everything that had seemed so wonderful had gone. All the closeness that we'd had from the moment we'd met —where was it now? We couldn't have been mistaken and yet—and yet look at us now, poles apart and saying bitter, hurting words. If we could only manage somehow to get back to what we'd had at first. If we could just shake off South Chester and all the people in it. . . . That was how I got the idea of going to the cabin.

I told Sara about that idea at breakfast the next morning. Her family had a shack up on the shore of one of the big lakes in our part of the country where Sara had spent the summers in her childhood. She'd told me about it many times and said how happy she'd been there and how she wanted us to go sometime so I could see and share what had meant so much to her.

"Next week-end's Labor Day," I said to Sara. "Why don't you try to find out if your family plans to use that shack of theirs you told me about over the holiday? If they're not going to use the place, why couldn't we go up there, just the two of us, for a couple of days? We could take supplies and—well, it would be sort of like our honeymoon all over again, when we didn't worry about anything except how much we loved each other."

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for a long time. "That's a wonderful idea! Maybe up there, away from everyone, we could—we could—" She stopped, but her eyes said what she couldn't find words for.

"That's what I thought, too," I told her. And when I left to go to work I felt better than I had for a long time.

Sara asked her father about it, and he gave her the keys. He and Mrs. Ansell weren't going to use the place, he told her—they were going up with Jack to the Howells' cottage, which was about ten miles beyond their own. When she told me about it, I knew she was feeling sorry that we couldn't all spend a family holiday together, the way other families do, and in a way that dampened our enthusiasm a little.

Sara and I started out early Saturday morning and, from the first, things seemed to go wrong. We had trouble with the car, and we were hot and tired when we finally got to the shack. It was a rough little place—just one big room, a big porch, and a kitchen—flimsily put together; but it was attractively situated up on a high hill overlooking the lake. The day was breathlessly close and by the time we had unpacked the car, taken the heavy wooden shutters off the windows, swept the floor, made the beds, put away the supplies, washed the dishes and made the place livable, we were hotter and tireder than ever. Maybe we were both counting too much on what this little vacation might do for us, the miracle it might bring to pass. Maybe we were both trying too hard and were nervous and over-tired. Anyway, for whatever reason, we couldn't seem to relax with each other and none of the closeness we'd expected once we were alone together was there at all.

Almost as soon as we got settled in, Sara brought up the subject of our leaving South Chester for a while. She'd been thinking about it a long time, she said.

"If we could go away and you could get a job somewhere else, Alan! Then in a year or so, when people have had a chance to forget about us and when the family and—and Jack have gotten more reconciled, we could come back and everything would be better."

I slowly shook my head. "If we go, it will have to be for good," I said. "You can't get yourself established in

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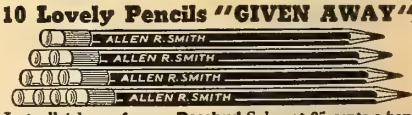


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one place, throw it all up, go get yourself started some place else and throw *that* up, and then come back to the first place again. Uncle Jack left me half the pharmacy. If I sold my share, I couldn't buy it back whenever I wanted to. It wouldn't be fair to Jack. Besides, it takes time to get started as a pharmacist—"

"Oh, I didn't mean anything like that. I meant if you could get a job doing something else for a while. Anything. Just temporarily, until we felt we could come back, after all this had blown over."

"But, Sara, I *want* to be a pharmacist. That's my business—what I've been trained for. I learned a lot in the Navy about helping people—it's important to me."

"Is it more important than my happiness?" she demanded. And, before we knew it, we were quarreling again.

It doesn't matter now what we said. I guess none of it was very reasonable. Not only the strain of the last weeks but the awful disappointment that what was to have been a second honeymoon had ironically turned out like this—all the accumulation of it made us bitter and resentful toward each other.

"If you really loved me," she said finally, "you wouldn't want me to go through any more of what I've had to stand since we got married!"

"NOW wait a minute, Sara. You're not the only one who's had to stand it. I've had Jack and your family and practically the whole darn town against me from the start. Remember how we said that as long as we loved each other, it didn't matter what other people said or thought or did? We said our love was enough. You seem to have forgotten about that."

She began to cry—almost hysterically. "Then we were wrong! It's not enough. If it is why do we quarrel all the time like this?"

I just stared at her, and I could feel the anger mounting in me. The anger and the hurt. What she had just said hurt me more than anything else that had ever happened. Our love was not enough—that's what she'd said.

I got up. "Maybe you should have married Jack Howells as you planned," I said, and went out and slammed the door.

Hardly knowing what I was doing, I walked down the hill to the lake shore. I have never felt lower in my life. I sat there a while, looking out over the water without seeing it. Everything in the world seemed to have gone to pieces between Sara and me, and I didn't know what to do or say to make it come right. I didn't even know if I *wanted* to do or say anything. Some people, I told myself bitterly, make mistakes when they get married. Maybe we were two who did. It looked as if everybody else were right and we were wrong: our marriage wasn't lasting.

I don't know how long I sat there, feeling like that. But suddenly I noticed how still everything had gotten. Not a leaf stirred and there was something strange in the air—a sort of electric feeling. I looked across the lake, and there was a big, gray-greenish cloud that seemed to cover half the sky. It was going to storm. That was all we needed, I thought savagely, to make this weekend perfect—a bad storm.

I got up to go back to the cottage, and before I was half way up the hill the wind started. It began with just a few gusts but by the time I reached

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the shack it was like a big hand pushing at me. Sara met me at the door.

"It's going to storm," she said worriedly. "Sometimes they're bad here. Maybe you'd better run the car around to the back where it will be more protected." While I was doing that, she began to get out the shutters we'd just put away. "We'll have to board up the windows," she called.

The wind came harder and harder as we struggled with the heavy shutters. The sky was completely overcast now with that ominous gray-green, and for the first time I began to get a little worried. If the wind got any stronger against our flimsy little cottage, no telling what might happen. As we got the last board in place the rain came like a torrent. I grabbed Sara and half-carried her inside.

"Oh, Alan," she said, "I'm scared. Once when I was little—"

"It'll be all right," I said with an assurance I certainly didn't feel. "We're safe here. We'll get the fire going and be cosy and warm."

It was then we heard the sound of a car struggling up the hill. We ran to the door as it reached the top. Through the pelting rain we could see Mr. and Mrs. Ansell and Jack fighting their way toward us.

As they reached the house, Jack panted, "Storm caught us on the way to our cottage. Mind if we wait it out here?"

"Come in!" I cried. "Come in."

THE three of them were soaked to the skin even in that short distance from car to house. In the flurry of finding them dry things to put on and trying to get the fire started I forgot for the moment that this was the first time Jack and Sara had seen each other since the day we were married. I looked over at them. She was helping him into an old sweater she'd found somewhere and they were both completely un-self-conscious. "Do you think it's going to be one of the bad storms?" she said in a worried undertone to him. I caught Jack's eye and, ever so slightly, shook my head. Jack gave her a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "Oh, no," he said lightly. "It just looks bad at the moment."

Mr. Ansell had knelt down beside me at the fireplace and we were trying to get the fire going as rain trickled down the chimney. In a whisper, he said: "I'm afraid we're in for it. We sometimes get storms here that are almost like tropical hurricanes—it's the wind that's the worst. This is an old house and things might get kind of dangerous. We've got to keep Sara and her mother from being alarmed, and we've got to keep any of the windows from being blown out to avoid any suction inside the house. Did you get all the shutters up?"

I told him what I'd done and he nodded. "You and Jack and I had better go around and see that everything is battened down tight."

Mrs. Ansell was out making coffee for all of us on the old wood stove in the kitchen. I knew she was worried but she tried not to show it. "Something hot will make us all feel better," she said and smiled at us.

Jack and Sara's father and I tried to make everything as secure as we could. We propped things against the back and front doors to keep them from blowing inward and we watched the windows. The wind was like nothing I have ever heard. You could feel the house shake every now and then as if

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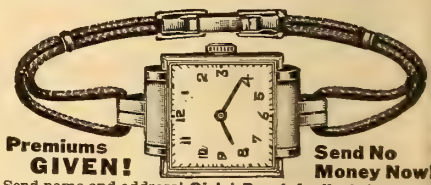


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it were about to be torn right off the ground. It was completely unprotected, up there on its hill. It wasn't a good spot to be in, and we all knew it.

We drank the hot coffee and Sara told a funny story she'd read in the paper and we all laughed. I was proud of Sara. She was badly frightened but she wasn't going to let anybody know it if she could help it. I noticed how she kept close to me. She touched me now and then, on the hand or the shoulder, and it was not only as if she were seeking solace and protection from being near me but as if she were saying, "Don't worry, darling. We're together."

Small branches and all kinds of debris kept hurtling past the house as if caught up and thrown by a giant force, and an old tree, about fifty yards away, went down with a mighty crash. Suddenly, the wooden shutter over one of the front windows was ripped away from its fastenings and went sailing off like a straw in the wind. The next instant, the window had blown in.

"Close up the opening!" Mr. Ansell shouted. "Use a mattress off one of the cots!"

Jack and I grabbed up the mattress and stuffed it into the opening. It wasn't much good and one of us had to hold it in place against the strength of the gale, but it was the best we could do till we could find something better. I turned around. Mrs. Ansell was standing there and blood was dripping from a gash in her arm.

"THE glass," she said. "The flying glass—"

I helped her over to the other cot and made her lie down. Then while Sara hovered over us, I put iodine on the cut and bandaged it as well as I could. It wasn't deep enough to need stitches, but the blood was hard to stop and I knew it hurt like the devil. Mrs. Ansell didn't say a word. She just got sort of white and clenched her teeth and let me do what I had to. When I'd finished, she looked up and tried to smile. "Thank you, Alan," she said. "It's a good thing to have someone who knows about medicine in the family."

Suddenly I realized what was happening. There were the five of us trapped there. Each of us had hurt the others in one way or another. And yet, facing the common danger, we'd all forgotten about the hurt and the antagonism and had united in a common cause and helped each other. During that long, timeless hour we had all known the house might go at any minute and yet we'd tried not to let the others suffer our fear. We'd each thought more of the others than of ourselves. It was the warm together-ness that people who are close should have, and which we five had never experienced before.

I looked at Sara and found her watching me. In her eyes, I read the same thing I was feeling and a lot more besides. At that moment, she looked more beautiful than I'd ever seen her. I went over and, in front of everybody, put my arms around her and held her close. We didn't say a word. We just held each other.

Then I thought of Jack. He and Mr. Ansell were at the window straining to hold that old, soggy mattress in place, but they both smiled at me. And I felt like going over and shaking hands with both of them.

I don't know how long after that it was that the storm began to die down. Thinking back on it now, it all seems

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like a nightmare. Because there was a time when the whole house trembled so that I instinctively grabbed Sara and put her behind me as if that would protect her if the roof went. That was the minute Jack selected to whistle, "How Dry I Am," and we all laughed hysterically. But I remember the panic I felt when I was saying inwardly, "Nothing must happen to Sara! Nothing must happen. . . ."

Finally it was over. It went almost as suddenly as it came. We went out and looked at the damage. Trees down, debris all over the ground, a corner of the porch gone. But the house had stood through it all.

We worked on the cars to get them started, and then we all got ready to go back to town. While we were standing there in the wet-smelling night, about to say goodbye, Jack said, "It's been quite a party. But before we leave, there's something I've got to say to the host and hostess."

He turned to Sara. "I know now you were right—about you and me, I mean. We didn't really love each other—we were just used to each other. I've known that for a long time but I never could bring myself to admit it. Hurt pride, I guess—or something. Anyway, I wished you luck and happiness once before. But now I'm doing it again and this time I mean it from the bottom of my heart."

SARA reached up and kissed him on the cheek. There were tears in her eyes. "Thank you, Jack. I'll always thank you for this."

Jack put his hand out to me. "I'm sorry, Alan. I didn't make it easy for you, I guess. But—I'm mighty glad you stuck it out and that you're still here and that—I—well—" He looked as if he didn't know how to say any more.

I grinned at him. "We'll name the first boy after you," I said.

Mrs. Ansell moved up beside Jack. "I've got a speech to make, too," she said to me. "I want to apologize, my dear, for the way I've acted. It's been hard on all of us, but we've made it unnecessarily hard for you, I know, and —well, I want to say that I'm proud to have you in the family, and—and I hope Little Jack makes his appearance very soon. Being a grandmother would be about the nicest thing that could happen to me." Then she blushed as if she were about eighteen, and kissed me.

"That goes for me, too," Mr. Ansell said, throwing his arm across my shoulder.

It was so darned *good*—to feel the way we all did then, I mean. It was as if, somehow, the storm had cleared away a lot of things—all the things that kept getting in our way and keeping us from knowing each other. As if, at last, we'd got down to fundamentals, got past all the little petty dislikes and the whisperings and shakings of heads, to the things that really mattered.

They got into the car then, and drove off. And I took Sara in my arms. She clung to me, half-crying. "I'm so sorry —Alan, I'm so sorry. It was wrong, what I said about love not being enough. It *is* enough—only you have to learn about love, the kind of love you live through the years with. . . ."

I kissed away the tears, and the lump in my throat was so big I couldn't say much of anything. Just, "Let's get in the car, honey, and drive home, and see if we can catch up with that elusive second honeymoon of ours!"

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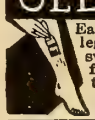
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Sugar Savers

(*Continued from page* 50)

with waxed paper and grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (375 degrees F.). Sift flour before measuring.

Measure into sifter
2 cups sifted cake flour
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
¾ tsp. salt
¾ cup sugar

Measure into bowl ½ cup vegetable shortening

Measure into cup
⅔ cup milk 1 tsp. vanilla

Have ready
½ cup corn syrup 2 eggs, unbeaten

Mix or stir shortening (by hand or with electric mixer at low speed) just enough to soften it. Sift in dry ingredients. Combine milk and syrup. Add half the liquid and the eggs to dry ingredients. Mix until all flour is dampened, then beat for 1 minute. Add remaining liquid, blend, then beat for 2 minutes longer. (Count only the actual beating time. Or count beating strokes, allowing 100 to 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater frequently.) Turn into pans and bake at 375 degrees F. until done, 25 minutes. Between layers and on top spread

Easy Fluffy Frosting

1 egg white
Pinch salt
½ cup corn syrup (light or dark)
½ tsp. vanilla

Beat together egg white and salt until stiff enough to stand in peaks. Pour syrup in fine stream onto egg whites, beating constantly, and continue beating until mixture reaches spreading consistency. Add vanilla.

For variety, bake Sugar Saving Quick Cake in a 10 x 10 x 2-inch pan (350 degree oven, 30 to 40 minutes), let it remain in the pan and while still hot cover with

Praline Topping

⅓ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 tbl. sifted cake flour
3 tbls. melted butter or margarine
1 tbl. water
⅓ cup finely chopped nut meats.

Combine ingredients and mix well. Spread, a small quantity at a time, over hot cake in pan and bake in 350 degree oven for 5 minutes. Cook and cut cake in pan.

Old-fashioned Sponge Roll

¾ cup sifted cake flour
¾ tsp. double-acting baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
4 eggs, unbeaten
¾ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla

Grease 15x10-inch pan, line with waxed paper to ½ inch of edge and grease again. Sift flour, then measure. Combine baking powder, salt and eggs in bowl, place over smaller bowl of hot water and beat with rotary beater, adding sugar gradually, until mixture becomes thick and light-colored. Remove bowl from hot water. Fold in flour. Add vanilla. Turn into pan and bake at 400 degrees F. for 13 minutes. Quickly cut off crisp edges of cake. Turn out onto cloth covered with powdered sugar and remove paper. Spread with Vanilla Filling and roll. Wrap in cloth and cool on rack, then cover with Bittersweet Chocolate Coating.

For vanilla filling use one package prepared vanilla pudding.

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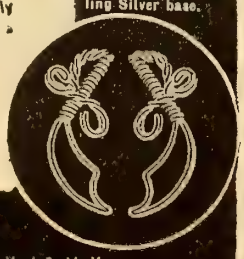
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The Two of Us

(*Continued from page 39*)

she was missing. I could have understood it if she and Tom didn't love each other, trust each other, so completely. Or Mom hadn't been there to look after Michael and Peter.

No, she had accepted narrowness and now she was afraid of even peeking over her prison walls.

Johnny and I went dancing. And it was a shock, perilously sweet, to find such delight in having a man's arms around you. I hadn't realized that his nearness would bring this suffocating tide rising into my throat. I wouldn't have believed that a man's voice humming a tune, off-key, in my ear could make my heart tremble and plunge in my body.

"Johnny—Sergeant Johnny—" and to save myself I couldn't keep from lingering over his name— "how did you known white camellias would match this dress when you brought them?"

"I didn't," he said, smiling down at me. "I was really thinking of how they would look in your hair—the white flowers against your red hair." We were at the edge of the dance floor now and back in the shadows. It was the work of a second to unpin the narrow long corsage. I bent my head and felt his fingers as they fumbled in the thick wave brushed back from my forehead, sensed their tenderness and pride as he adjusted the spray to his satisfaction.

Too late I saw my danger. It was only when his fingers brushed my cheek, when I heard his low whisper "There!—little darling!" that I realized how fast and far we had been moving in the three days I had known him. And it was my fault. I had done nothing to check this growing intimacy.

We found our table and quickly, shakily, I turned the conversation to impersonal things, all the things girls and boys since time began have talked about when they're afraid to talk about themselves. Had Johnny been to the amusement park yet? What movies had he seen recently? Had he read that article in last Sunday's paper about —? But somehow our talk drifted from things to people—and from people in general to ourselves in particular.

"YOU'RE so intense, Mary Ellen," Johnny said, and his face was sober. "You sound as if you were rushing into life with your chin up and banners flying. Why do you fight so hard against fate?"

"Fate? —phooey!" I answered inelegantly. "I'm not fighting life. All I want is to find my place in it where—"

"That's easy." he interrupted. "A woman's place—"

"If you say 'A woman's place is in the home,' I'll scream, Johnny Sutton! Maybe it is. I think home-making can be a lovely profession for a woman. But that's not what men mean when they say that. They say it patronizingly as if pushing a vacuum cleaner or polishing a floor were all the poor dears were good for, and as if they were afraid women might find some interest, as well, outside those four walls."

Johnny only grinned at me and got up, seizing my hand.

"Come on—they're playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' I want one more dance with you. Next Saturday is a long way off."

I went into his arms with a feeling of

intoxication. Next Saturday!—that meant he was taking it for granted that we would be seeing each other again! I knew then that I wanted to see him, to dance with him, to talk and argue with him, more than I had ever wanted anything in my life.

And while we danced and his arms held me tight and close under the artificial blue moonlight of the muted spotlights above the dance floor, an exquisite, hurting sweetness welled up inside me until I thought I couldn't stand it. Until I had to move away from him, slightly, so that his strong body could not touch me.

It was late and the house was dark when we came home. We lingered for a moment on the steps and Johnny's face was gloomy.

"Do you mean I can't see you for a whole week except after you get through work at the theater? Can't you take a vacation, Mary Ellen?" He hesitated for a moment, and then plunged on. "I—I hate to think of you working there. You look so darn cute in that uniform and it kills me to think of other men looking at you and trying to date you."

I felt myself stiffening in anger.

"THAT'S a horrible thing to say!—men looking at me! Girls are working in uniforms everywhere—in gas stations and running buses and in the Army, too. Do you think it will be any different when I'm a secretary and wearing dresses? It may not seem like much to you, but it's my job and I like it."

"Mary Ellen!" He was so alarmed that he gripped my shoulders, hard. "I'm sorry—I only wanted—I guess I'm just jealous. I guess when any man falls in love he feels like shutting his girl up in a castle so that no one else can look at her."

The silence that fell between us then was a hushed and waiting thing, alive. *When a man falls in love!* We looked at each other in startled, heart-caught awareness—the twinkle in his eyes changed to a kindling, burning glow—my own pulses had stopped beating. And then he was holding me, kissing me with a desperate hunger.

This is it, I remember thinking as his mouth closed on mine. This—this glorious tide that trembled through my body—this is the purpose and the meaning of being alive. This was the meaning of those restless, Spring-drenched days that had sent my feet wandering, tramping the hills, until my body was tired and I could sleep. This was the Unknown that dragged me from my bed on nights of harvest-moon to sit with my forehead pressed against cool panes, my heart aching with the beauty of it—and with an unnameable longing. This was the end—and the beginning. Johnny was not just another boy I had met. His arms around me belonged there and my lips under his answered his love. Then there were no more thoughts—they were swept away in the wave of feeling.

"Johnny—" I whispered, when I could finally get my breath—"I love you so much—and I'm so afraid our love will hurt us—" I couldn't go on. I couldn't put my fears into words.

"Hurt us?" He was perplexed. His hands trembled in my hair. "How could anything so wonderful hurt us? It's all so plain now—no more wondering, no more searching. Just us, from now on. The path is so clear, all marked out for us by all the other people who have fallen in love and got married



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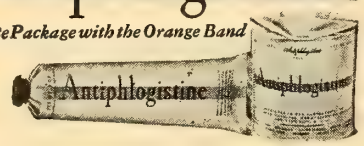
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and lived out their lives together." His voice was sure and confident and I lost my confusion in the tenderness of his kisses.

In the days that followed my love grew and grew. It was Johnny who filled my every waking thought and my last sleepy day-dream at night. When I found him waiting for me outside the theater, the dark streets took on brilliance. We lunched together in the cafeteria near the business school and my fingers would fly over the pothooks I scrawled in my stenographic notebook as I watched the hands of the clock inch to noontime.

Our coming home every night took on the air of a party. Mom outdid herself to feed Johnny on his favorite midnight snacks and Kate took to having a nap in the middle of the day so she could stay up and chat with us.

I could see how much these family gatherings meant to him.

"When the war is over, we'll have a home like that," he told me over and over again, with a longing that showed how much he had missed being one of a real family in his childhood.

But I wondered. Couldn't he see the pathetic emptiness that lay behind the warmth of our house—an emptiness that was only banished by his own presence? Couldn't he see the frustrations, the narrowness of Mom's life and of Kate's? Hadn't he seen the pleading in my mother's eyes when she hinted that Johnny and I should make our home with her after the war, when we were married?

I tried to put it into words but it was impossible. I loved my family so much . . . I couldn't discuss them.

"WHEN you come back," I would protest, lightly, "I'll be working in Purdy. I'll have a real job that will be worthwhile. We will have a home, Johnny, but you needn't think I'll just be sitting there waiting for you to come in nights. We'll be partners, you and I, and when evening comes we'll have all sorts of interesting, real things to tell each other."

"And what do you plan to do with Johnny, Junior? Put him in a filing cabinet while you sit in your office taking dictation?" he asked, the teasing twinkle coming into his eyes again.

"I can't seem to make you understand." Hopelessness tinged my voice. "Being a mother is a full-time job—yes. But children grow up. Nursery schools are wonderful things, where children can learn to get along with others, in rooms planned specially for them—with toys they can't break—without a mother always snatching things away and saying, 'Mustn't touch.' A home never stays the same. Children grow up and leave, conditions are different—I want to grow and change with them. I want a chance first, before there are children, to find out what I can do. I want to be in the swim of things, have outside interests of my own so that I'll never be useless or dependent, not stuck away on the sidestreets of my husband's life.'"

But the meaning of my words seemed to have escaped Johnny completely. He pulled me into his arms in a fierce gesture of love, burying his face in my hair.

"I don't think I can stand it, Mary Ellen." His voice was muffled. "It's so darned sweet—and so far away—our getting married and having a home and children—" his kiss was hungry on my lips.

There were only ten days left of his



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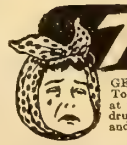
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furlough when I realized that Johnny was hinting at our getting married right away. And the thought terrified me. I wasn't ready for it—neither of us was ready for marriage when our hopes pulled us in different ways. It was a trap and we would be blundering into it without planning, without understanding. It seemed to me that the old ways, the old rules of married life were what Johnny thought he had found in loving me.

A wife who devoted herself exclusively to his comfort and the care of his children—who borrowed, repeated, all her ideas from her husband—who quoted his opinions on all subjects—who spent all her time and energies within the walls of her home. I remembered Johnny's words: *"When a man falls in love he feels like shutting his girl up in a castle"* and again *"the path is so clear, all marked out for us. . . ."*

But I didn't want that path. It seemed to me there were new rules—ones that women had fought for—and they should not be relinquished. Women had shown they could take responsibility in war-time work and do it well, that their minds were intelligent and their use in life something more than housekeeping and child-bearing.

If only I didn't love Johnny so much! The thought of perhaps being separated from him with only this glimpse for both of us of what love could be like, with the promise when our hands touched of what the reality of love could be—that was unfair, unnatural. I wanted us really to belong to each other. I wanted our letters to have tenderness and remembrance and promise to read between the lines . . . something to hold and cherish and come back to.

But marriage, to Johnny, with his passion for fatherhood, meant a home and children. And I wasn't ready for either—not on his and my Mom's terms.

It was on a Saturday when Mr. Tuthill, who ran the business school, called me into his office. When I left in fifteen minutes I was walking on wings. I could hardly wait to see Johnny, to reach our appointed meeting place near the old quarry, to tell him my news.

"'. . . the job is yours,' he said." I was so excited I failed to notice Johnny's tense stillness. "I'm to start work next week for the Doorne Tool Company in Purdy. Mr. Tuthill said I had the best record of any student in the school and I was 'eminently qualified' for the position. Oh, I'm so excited!"

"You mean you won't be here when I come back? I can't picture you any place else, somehow. I had thoughts of seeing you for the first time, coming out of your kitchen door, looking for me—with your Mom standing behind you with her apron twisted in her hands, like she always does when she gets excited—" he was stumbling slowly over his words, trying to give me the picture—"I had dreams of walking to

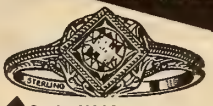
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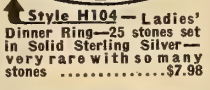
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the park with you and stopping to speak to everyone—"

There was more than just a wistful notion behind Johnny's dreams. I knew it was a way of life he wanted for me—safe and sheltered and waiting for him. It might have been Dad talking to Mom—or Tom telling Kate she wasn't to work because a man wasn't much if he couldn't support his wife and kids. These were thoughts and words I dreaded and now I was hearing them from Johnny. My heart plunged and then grew ice-still.

"Mary Ellen—honey—let's get married. Right now. I have a feeling you're slipping away from me. I can't be thinking of you in a strange place. I won't know what your thoughts are or who your friends are or what you're doing. Let's get married, darling."

"Not now, Johnny—" I said in a low tone, hardly able to speak over the pain. "Not now—don't hold me back."

When he spoke again his voice was harsh and terrible. "You're hard. It doesn't matter to you how I feel, or how I need you or your Mom needs you. I don't think you are capable of loving anyone."

His words were like knives, twisting in my heart. Hard! When the very core of being inside me melted at his touch, when I wanted nothing in the world so much as his happiness! The shock of his words, the sight of his cold, implacable face looking down at me, made me dizzy. I hardly knew the thoughts that were rushing through my head, the need that seemed so overwhelming to prove him wrong.

"HOW can you say that—that I'm not capable of loving you?" The words were torn from me. My hands were on his shoulders, entreating. "I do love you. Not for protection or security or safeness the way some women love." Now I was being swept away by the forces unleashed in me. It all seemed so clear—the only way I could prove to Johnny that I meant what I said. It was a way I had never before even considered, that an hour ago I would have rejected as horrible—unbelievable—but now it seemed right. Not only right, but joyous and brave.

"I can't marry you now, Johnny, because I won't be like Kate. If I were your wife you wouldn't let me go to Purdy. You'd be tortured with jealousy, you'd be wondering where I was and what I was doing. You'd grow to hate me. Or, if I stayed home I might hate you for putting me in prison. These are things for us to think out and work out and study, when you come back, so that our marriage will be beautiful for both of us." It wasn't I who was speaking; it seemed to be someone else—someone caught up in my love and hurt and driving need to be loved by Johnny. "You don't have to marry me, my darling. I can be yours, if you want me. I'm not afraid . . . because love is bigger than a ring or a ceremony. And I won't let it turn into a meal ticket."

The silence between us grew and grew, after I finished speaking. And slowly—sickeningly—the exaltation of sacrifice that had so filled me began to ebb away. What had I said?—what had I done to make Johnny stare at me as though I were a stranger? My hands dropped from his shoulders; I remember taking a step back in sudden fear.

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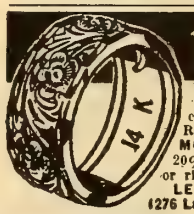
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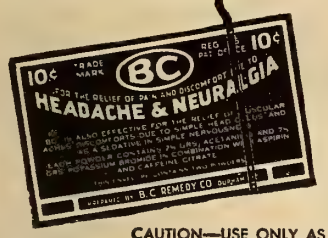
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anger that was smouldering in his eyes. Nothing to the betrayal I saw there.

"If I'd wanted that—I'd know where to find it! I was asking you to be my *wife!* I said you weren't capable of loving anyone and now I know it!" He was gone, raging down the quarry hill, hardly looking where he was going.

He had slapped me. But I hardly felt it. It was nothing to the brutality of what he had said. I sank down on the ground, too numb, too horrified, to cry.

What had I done? Slowly my own words came back to me with a terrible distinctness. And slowly the courage and the pride that had gone into their saying fell apart and only the cheap shabbiness remained. I hadn't meant it that way. It had seemed so right, so natural. I had wanted to give myself to Johnny to prove to him how much I loved . . . without any demand for security.

My thoughts swung like a pendulum, striking against pain and confusion, against hurt and bewilderment. New rules—new ideas—I had said. But there was only one rule, as old as time itself. A man and a woman brought together in their love, facing life together, honorably and courageously. What did it matter if one took an inferior place? What did it matter if the partnership were unequal? What more could a woman want than a man's love and protection and her place—no matter how small—in his life?

SUDDENLY my home seemed to me a wonderful place, a refuge. I got to my feet, almost running. I remembered the affection there had always been between Mom and Dad, between my brother-in-law and Kate. What was the secret these women had that I didn't? Was it something that enriched their lives instead of emptying it, as I had supposed? I wanted to run home and find that secret, to find the satisfaction it seemed to me they had found.

But when I reached home I couldn't find the right words to ask. Mom was in the kitchen, rocking slowly back and forth in her old, worn-out chair, her strong, stubby fingers expertly shelling peas. I kept my back to her so she wouldn't see my distressed face and pretended to need a glass of water at the sink.

"Mom—" I began, hesitatingly . . . "Mom, what are you thinking about? What did you and Dad talk about, all those years you were married?"

"Think! Talk!" Mom sniffed a little and settled back in her chair. "That's the trouble with you, Mary Ellen—with all you modern girls. You think and talk too much. What you need is a good husband and a family and you won't have time to think about anything but getting three meals a day and keeping the socks darned. Thinking doesn't get you any place—"

I had heard all this before and now I left the room, not even caring that I was being impolite. That wasn't the answer I wanted.

Besides, what was the use? What was the purpose in finding out where I had been wrong—when there was no hope of ever making things right again for Johnny and me? He wouldn't come back. He would never want to see me again. I had thrown away the wonderful thing we had and it was lying now in the mud.

I dragged myself to the theater the next night but it was an ordeal. In spite of myself I couldn't resist a hopeful start every time a khaki-uniformed figure swung through the outside door.

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But it was a hope that died and that pained, more and more, in the dying.

The box-office had closed and there was nothing more for me to do but to watch the cooling system and the sound; to check on the lounges for carelessly-dropped cigarettes; to smile politely at the townspeople I knew and to ask them if they had enjoyed the show. And, finally, nothing else to do but stand at the head of the aisle and watch the last reel of the show.

"Mary Ellen—" as if in a dream I heard the low, urgent voice behind me. And dreamlike I turned—to find Johnny standing there, his coming so noiseless on the thick lobby carpet I hadn't heard him.

"Oh—Johnny—" my voice broke. From the corner of my eye I could see the manager, Mr. Birne, come out of his office and lean against the staircase, watching me. It wouldn't do for me to be seen talking to Johnny.

Johnny saw my look and slipped quickly into an aisle seat near the back. My heart was pounding so that I was sure everyone in the theater could hear it. I couldn't go stand by Johnny's seat to talk to him, nor could he stay in the lobby with me, but I knew that if I walked slowly down and slowly back a few feet, we might be able to whisper without being caught. I moved into the dark aisle, trying to look as if I were making a mental survey of vacant seats.

AS I passed Johnny, he caught my hand, and I bent over to catch his words. "Mary Ellen—I don't know what to say, except that I was wrong. I—I *slapped* you! And you were just being sweet and brave and . . ." The whisper died out, and I backed away quickly, as a man scrambled across Johnny's legs, and out into the aisle, while Johnny got hastily to his feet to let him pass.

Johnny slid back into his seat, and the whisper came again. "But it wouldn't do for us, honey—not for us! The way I feel about you is the way a man feels about his wife—marriage is for us, sweetheart, and nothing else. Marriage—for always."

Heads were beginning to turn. Quickly I snapped on my flashlight and pretended to be looking for some lost object under the seats. This was dreadful! These were the things that should be said under the blessing of the moon, or close to a blazing fire in a shadowed room—not here, in the impersonal darkness of the theater, with a hundred people within hearing! And yet it never occurred to me, and apparently it didn't to Johnny, that we could wait a little. It was too important—no matter where we were, these were things that we had to say to each other *now*. Seconds were precious—they couldn't wait.

When we had been silent for a moment, our neighbors' attention was diverted from our love scene back to the one that was being played on the screen. But I couldn't keep still, couldn't stay away from Johnny.

"I know, I know," I whispered to him. "That's what I want, too—to marry you now, anytime, if you still want me, Johnny. I don't want a job. I won't go away!"

He twisted in the seat until his face was very close to mine. "That doesn't matter, honey—the job, I mean. I discovered that today. You'd be just as much my wife, just as real to me, if you were in Purdy, or here, or in—in Timbuktu! It's you—that's all that matters. Having you. What you're doing,



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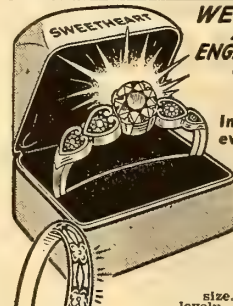
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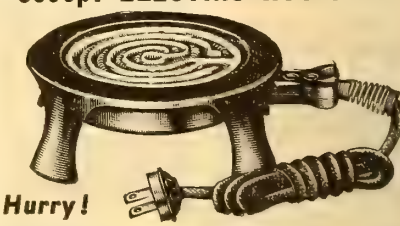
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or where you're doing it doesn't count at—"

"Shhhhhhh!" That was the woman in front of us. And heads all over the theater were turning. As quickly, as quietly as possible, I fled up the aisle.

Fortunately the picture was almost over and I could spend the next few minutes in the dressing room, changing out of my uniform. Fortunate—because I was too happy to stand still, too crazy with joy to remain at my post at the head of the aisle, too excited to really care what Mr. Birne thought or anyone else. I wanted Johnny.

We walked home, our steps echoing softly through the silent, sleepy streets; barely a light showing through any of the curtained windows to tell us there were still folks up and keeping us company. We didn't need people. There were the stars and the soft, shaded pool of the street lamp—and we had each other.

"I love your town, Mary Ellen, but without you in it it would be just houses and concrete and people living here I didn't give a darn about. And the same goes for your home—without you it would seem almost empty. If you go to Purdy then that will be home to me—because you are there."

"You really want me to go?" I asked, wonderingly.

HIS face was serious when he spoke and thoughtful. "I spent the day with Mrs. Gray—the woman I told you about who works in the war factory in Purdy and whose son is wounded. He was my friend overseas. She talked to me today." His hand groped for mine and found it. "She's been working ever since the war started and she told me, if it weren't for her son being in danger and then being wounded, this would almost be the happiest years of her life. She's useful and needed and she's doing a big job. She's alive. I saw her home. It isn't as neat and pretty as yours, but it has everything to make it a home. Comfort and warmth and space for fun and the little fixings that show it's a place where you can really enjoy yourself. I found out today you can't pour people into a mold and make them stay there. Big things are going on and both men and women have their place in them."

I could hardly believe this was really Johnny talking . . . saying the things I had always wanted him to say. This was the real meaning of love, I knew then—not imposing your will on the one you love, but loving him so much, or her so much, that you couldn't help but come around, sooner or later, to the loved one's way of thinking. Provided, of course, I admonished myself, that you meet him half way! And so I turned my face up to his, and my heart was singing.

"And I discovered, Johnny, that looking after a man, wanting to do things for him, is not a sacrifice. It doesn't put me in an inferior position. Wanting to do things for each other is a part of the way we love each other."

He stopped me then. Stopped me with his mouth on mine and his arms around me, holding me so tightly we seemed like one person and not two. And welling inside me was that trembling tide, made doubly precious by the anguish we had known and the danger we had just passed . . . the possibility that we might have lost each other and never again have known this feeling. And this kiss was like a pledge and we stayed that way for a long, long time. . . .

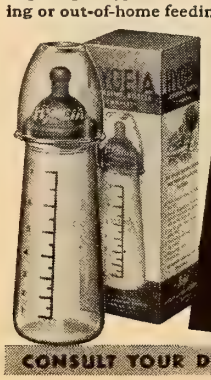

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What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 11)

around trying to get over another new program idea, which he's keeping a secret for the time being.

* * *

When Hollywood citizens speak of a movie as a quickie, they aren't always kidding. Harvey Harding, more familiar to you as a song star on Mutual than as a movie actor, reports that not so long ago, he went through the shortest life span in history—anyway, in the history of movies. He began working in this quickie movie at 9 A.M. one morning, playing the part of an eighteen year old boy and died, aged 78 in the script, at 3 A.M. the next day.

* * *

Hugh Studebaker, who plays Dr. Bob on Bachelor's Children, sometimes feels as though he had taken the Hippocratic oath when he first started on this job. He's been playing Dr. Bob for ten years, now. And it's no accident that Studebaker sometimes feels as though he were really a doctor. Bess Flynn, the writer of the show, patterned Dr. Bob after a well known pediatrician who is a personal friend of hers and many of the incidents, illnesses with which Dr. Bob is called upon to deal, are real life stories which she's gathered from her friend.

* * *

The finish of a radio program is always a source of great relief to the participants. The strain is over and no matter how it went, it's over. Expressions used by radio personalities are indicative of the tension they've been under. After the finish of a Truth and Consequences broadcast, for instance, Ralph Edwards invariably says, "Okay, boys—wrap it up." Jay Jostyn, Mr. D.A. to you, always wipes his brow and says, "Well, that's another." And maybe he's got a right to that "sweat on the brow", because he's one of the very few radio actors who insists on memorizing every script. Kate Smith's first words after the show is off the air are, "How did it go?" And two seconds after the final note of his broadcast, Danny O'Neil says simply but expressively, "Whew!"



Jerry Wayne, bobby-soxers' delight, has his own new variety show Fridays, CBS.

The sidelines of radio people are very interesting. Take Nathan Van Cleave, the musical director for This is Your FBI and star of his own show, Variations With Van Cleave. His sideline is not only interesting—it's lucrative as well.

Van Cleave wasn't satisfied with the recordings of his broadcasts and, in experimenting with new methods of making them, perfected new types of recording needles and devised new ways of measuring wave lengths and of cutting records. He also developed a way to reduce the vibrations of motors used in recordings and reproductions, and, in the process, created new tools. Many of these tools were utilized in the war effort.

* * *

Jerry Wald is always being compared with Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman. Personally, we think he's due to be called the Dorothy Parker of the clarinet. He's very fast on the snappy comeback and the neat phrase. He's the one who originated the crack that he hated "Brass that was louder than it was funnier". The piece of doggerel we like best though is, "I hate drummers who rush, announcers who gush, musicians who lush and swooners who mush."



Frances Greer of the Metropolitan is singing star of MBS's Music for Remembrance.

* * *

Here's a public spirited man. Delcevare King, board chairman of the Granite Trust Company in Quincy, Mass., has bought three hundred copies of Norman Corwin's "On a Note of Triumph", the special program that Corwin wrote for V-E Day. The books are being distributed to all the members of the U. S. Senate and to servicemen in King's home town.

Our hat's off to Mr. King. It's our feeling that everyone in the country ought to read and re-read Corwin's script. That way, we'd keep before us always the things that need to be done to have a permanent peace.

* * *

Sometimes you can find that you're able to do too much. Tony Barrett, for instance, who specializes in accents on the radio, recently found himself with two parts in the same show. That would have been all right. But he had to play two kid gangsters—one with a foreign accent and one that was a "Dead End" type—and for three solid pages of the script he had to talk back and forth to himself, shifting from accent to accent.



Cornelia Otis Skinner teams with Roland Young for the new NBC Johnny Presents show.

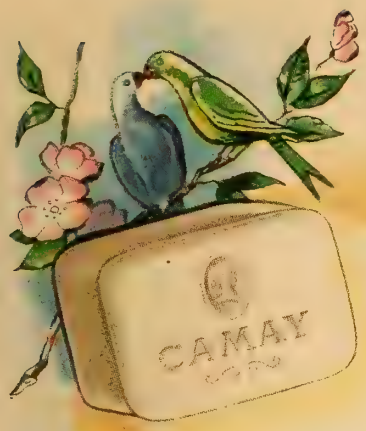
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GOSSIP FROM ALL AROUND . . . Ralph Edwards has bought Groucho Marx's home in Hollywood and will remain on the west coast. . . . Dick Todd has been signed to a five-year contract by the sponsors of the Hit Parade. . . . Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are working in an MGM movie, titled "No Leave, No Love". . . . Goodman Ace. Easy Aces star, is now doing the scripts for the Danny Kaye show. . . . Ed Wynn retired from radio because of ill health. . . . Sinatra will probably settle permanently in California, too, provided his sponsors okay the idea. Frankie says it's better for the kids out there. . . . The American Forum of the Air, over Mutual is in its 18th year now. . . . Charles Irving, narrator on CBS America in the Air was made an honorary chief by the Chippewa Tribe of Indians in Minnesota. The name given him on his recent trip out there is Chief Haha Ota, which means Laughing Boy. . . .

* * *

THOUGHTS FOR THANKSGIVING . . . that this year, we can really be thankful . . . that this year, maybe the large percentage of our boys will be home to celebrate the holiday with us . . . that this year, Thanksgiving Day should be an international holiday, not only an American one. For all over the world, the guns are still, the destruction has stopped, the people are turning their minds to building, not tearing down, the children don't cry out in the night with fear, terror of death-spitting darkness, the men and women are able to plan for the future . . . that this year, the peoples of the world are beginning to learn how to live and work together in peace and decency . . . that this year marks the beginning of a new era among men on earth, the era when peace will be the concern and the precious possession of all people, to be guarded by them, to be built by them, to be developed by them—together—into liberty for all men and equality for all men and hope for the world.

Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!





Fresher charm—appealing new softness—come to your skin with your *first* cake of Camay! Yes, new loveliness comes as quickly as that, when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion!

READ MRS. ROSS' STORY

Twenty—love! Ellen an art student, Jack in the Army Specialized Training Program, they meet and find happiness in tennis, swimming, lively sports. About her pink and white, Dresden-perfect skin, Ellen says, "I care for it with Camay—for with the first cake I used, my complexion sparkled clearer and fresher."





Moonlight—and Home! Ellen's thoughts turn to days ahead. "I want to keep 'just married' happiness. And to keep my Camay complexion, I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For *your* new beauty, pat on Camay—so mild *it cleanses without irritation.* Rinse warm. Add a COLD splash for oily skin. Repeat night and morning.

—the former Mary Ellen Nelson,

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It's still important—to make your Camay last! Precious war materials go into soap!



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Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

DECEMBER

15¢



HARRIET HILLIARD

Thanksgiving Day with Bachelor's Children

This *Christmas* give the priceless gift of Romance



Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

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The tin can is precious too!

PRECIOUS METAL! That's what tin is today. Postwar demands for tin far exceed the supply. According to Government authorities, it may be months before tin will be shipped to this country from the great mines in the Malay States formerly controlled by the Japanese. This means that the "tin mines" which are now available to America are in the kitchens of America . . . *your kitchen!*

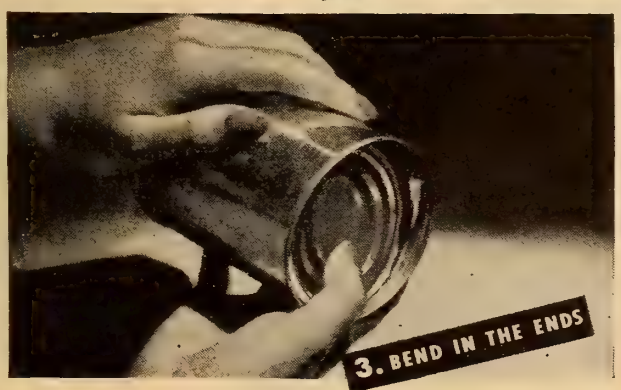
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Watch your daily papers for the announcement when tin cans will be collected. Then, don't forget to have your cans ready—washed, delabeled, flattened—for your collector.



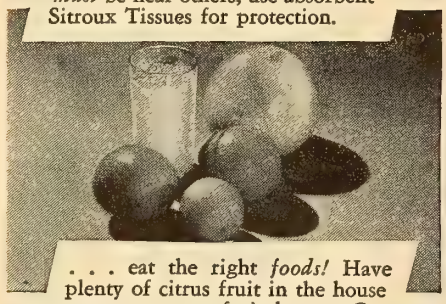




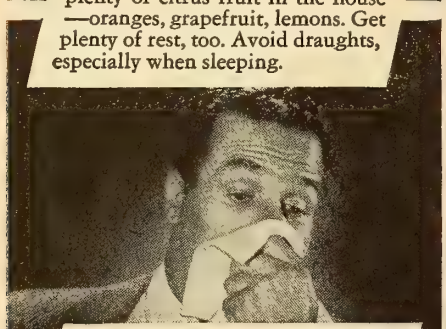




. . . avoid crowds when you have a cold. Not only do you expose *yourself* to other germs, you expose *other* people to *yours!* If you *must* be near others, use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for protection.



. . . eat the right *foods!* Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house —oranges, grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.



. . . use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for "overblown" noses! They're kind to tender skin—more *sanitary,* because you can so easily dispose of them! Saves laundry bills, too. (Use sparingly, don't waste Sitroux.*)



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

DECEMBER, 1945 VOL. 25, NO. 1

Radio Mirror
THE MAGAZINE OF
Radio Romances

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ON THE COVER—Harriet Hilliard, of CBS's Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet.

Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Valcour Studios.

Miss Hilliard's suit and muff, a "Capri Original", New York.

FRED R. SAMMIS, Editorial Director — DORIS McFERRAN, Editor — EVELYN L. FIORE, Assistant Editor — JACK ZASORIN, Art Director

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Are you in the know?



The lathered lady is —

- ☐ *Brushing up on beauty*
- ☐ *Banishing 5 o'clock shadow*
- ☐ *A little shaver*

Borrow Dad's shaving brush, soap your face, and start brushing up on beauty. It's stimulating . . . and the thorough cleansing helps, if you've a tendency to blackheads. Now is the time to safeguard your complexion. And, to safeguard your *daintiness.* You see, *now Kotex contains a deodorant* to help you stay daisy-fresh on certain days. Mind you, the deodorant can't shake out—because it is processed right into each Kotex pad, not merely dusted on! How carefree you'll feel with this new Kotex "extra"—and not one extra penny to pay!



It's a bright trick to go Christmas dating with —

- ☐ *Mistletoe on your mind*
- ☐ *Baubles in your hair*
- ☐ *Your heart on your sleeve*

Catch a beau with mistletoe? Or by letting him think you're a smitten kitten? Try a smarter way. Be original. Look charming. It's a bright trick to wear a wee cluster of Christmas tree ornaments in your hair. You can be the belle of Noel—and be poised for *all* occasions (even "those")—when your mind's at ease. Kotex keeps you so. Yes, thanks to the special *safety center* of Kotex you get *plus* protection, for this patented Kotex feature keeps moisture away from the sides of the pad. Helps spare you embarrassing accidents.



Is this nifty giftie —

- ☐ *A compact*
- ☐ *A bracelet*
- ☐ *Both*

Here's a fetching new twist for the wrist—a bracelet-compact (complete with mirror). Dreamed up to give you a free hand, at sports or whenever a purse seems cumbersome. For free action on *calendar* days, remember to choose the napkin designed to give you chafeless comfort: Kotex. There's lasting softness in Kotex—unlike pads that bunch and rope. Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.* Actually! You'll have nary a care with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Can you define the "Cold Shoulder"?

- ☐ *Spreading the frosting*
- ☐ *A call to arms*
- ☐ *A formal dress*

Just what its name implies—the little numbah illustrated. A new formal dress with one shoulder bare. (Relax—no barer than a bathing suit!) Very dapper indeed for party evenings, when you're set to defy competition. *Hold* that mood! At "those" times, too. With Kotex as your ally no revealing outlines *dare* compete with the smoothness of your frock, your poise. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. So, say goodbye to outlines!



A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX* NAPKIN

AT NO EXTRA COST . . .



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose KOTEX

than all other sanitary napkins

R M

Curt Massey works hard to please two audiences. For home consumption, he fiddles; on the radio, he sings.



Rich-voiced Nan Merriman is Serenade to America's soprano soloist on NBC.



Sleek hair, sleek singing, by Patti Clayton of CBS's Arthur Godfrey Show



FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

DINAH SHORE is having some tough luck. Last season her dad died. Now comes word that her father-in-law passed away.

* * *

It looks as though dusky Thelma Carpenter, who used to sing with Count Basie, will join Eddie Cantor's air show, succeeding Nora Martin.

* * *

Baritone Bob Graham has been signed for the Fanny Brice show.

* * *

Ethel Smith, attractive swing organist, has married film actor Ralph Bellamy . . . Gorgeous canary Mary Ashworth and bandleader Ted Steele are continuing the friendship started on the NBC cigarette show.

* * *

The Merry Macs are celebrating their tenth year of successful harmonies. Judd and Ted McMichael are still the original co-founders of the team. Younger brother, Joe, gave his life in the service of his country and Lynn Allen has replaced him. The distaff side of the group is represented by titian-haired Virginia Rees.

* * *

Those who know are predicting a bright future for blonde singer Kay Vernon. Bedridden for many years, Kay fully recovered and launched herself on a singing career.

* * *

Frank Sinatra will get $11,500 a week when he plays New York's Paramount theater shortly.

* * *

Jack Benny's singer, Larry Stevens, married his schoolday sweetheart, Barbara Williams.

* * *

RCA-Victor has come up with a new unbreakable record as its post-war contribution to platter fans.

* * *

Dick Kollmar, leading man on a dozen soap operas and a Broadway



The unbeatable verve and style of the Dick Haymes-Helen Forrest singing combination make wonderful music for the weekly Columbia Dick Haymes Show, Saturdays at 8:00 P.M.

When you wash your hair

USE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

as a precaution against

Infectious Dandruff



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

THE INFECTIOUS TYPE of dandruff is more prevalent than most people suppose . . . it may get a head start on you before you know it.

And, once started, it is nothing to laugh about; those ugly flakes and scales, that bothersome itching, may be symptoms of a troublesome condition that may persist a long time if neglected.

Be Constantly on Guard

As the name implies, infectious dandruff is "catching." For the sake of your scalp and hair the wise thing is to be always on guard against it.

Why not take sensible precautions regularly and often? Why not use this delightful antiseptic every time you wash your hair? Thousands of men and women are doing just that and are simply delighted with results.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

If the infection has already started, Listerine Antiseptic goes after it in a hurry . . . kills millions of the germs on your scalp, including Pityrosporum ovale, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" which many authorities recognize as a causative agent in the infectious type of dandruff. Both scalp and hair are given an antiseptic bath—which your common sense tells you is a sensible thing to do when infection is present.

Excess flakes and scales begin to disappear, irritation is quickly relieved, the hair feels delightfully fresh. Your scalp glows and tingles.

If the infection is not present the scalp and hair have had the benefit of an exhilarating and refreshing treatment.

76% Improved in Tests

Remember, the Listerine Antiseptic treatment is a tested method . . . its merit revealed in clinical research. In a series of tests 76% of the patients showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of the twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

***LAUGH*—with Billie Burke**

every Saturday morning over your C. B. S. Station.
See your local paper for time and station



OOH! DOMESTIC CRISIS!

Sue was *furious* at Tom for the way he'd been treating her. But *she* was really to blame! She should have known better, for she was no stranger to feminine hygiene. It was just that she had become *neglectful!* Her doctor straightened her out. "It's foolish to risk your marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene—even once!" he said. Then he advised her to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.



AH! DOMESTIC BLISS!

Heavenly is the word for Sue and Tom's home life now! Wise Sue immediately took her doctor's advice. Always, she uses Lysol for douching... knows for herself how *thoroughly* this proved germ-killer cleanses, yet how gently! Lysol is far more dependable than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "What's more," says Sue, "it's *easy* to use—*economical,* too!"

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of *every* woman. So, douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution . . . always! **Powerful cleanser**—Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic**—Lysol douching solution is *non-irritating,* not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; *deodorizes.* **More women** use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (*For* **FREE** *feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.*)



Copyright, 1945, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol Disinfectant **always!**

theatrical producer, is trying to get tenor Kenny Baker for his new musical show, "Slightly Perfect." I got a preview of the score written by veteran Harry Revel and there are several potential Hit Parade tunes in it.

* * *

Evelyn Knight, fresh from a South American triumph, has replaced Marion Hutton on that CBS perfume show.

Swooner, Western Style

The raw-boned rancher was giving his young son some sound advice and it had nothing to do with corrals, dogies, or branding. He had to cup his hand firmly around his mouth, because the noise was like the whining of a thousand cats. All around the pair were serious-faced fiddle-playing mountaineers, mostly grizzled natives, tuning up for the annual fiddlin' contest of Roswell, New Mexico.

"Now listen to me, son," the father said, "I've been teachin' you fiddle playin' since you were knee high and I aim to have one of us win this here contest. Don't do nothin' fancy."

For hours an almost endless array of violinists plucked away. But when the last mountain Menuhin had finished, there was no question about the winner. Twelve-year-old Dott Curt Massey copped the $50 prize.

Two important things came out of this memorable violin victory. The winner decided on a musical career, and at this writing it is in full flourish. Curt Massey, swooner, western style, is a CBS network and Columbia Recording favorite.

Curt dropped his strange first name of Dott, when it caused him great embarrassment, during his radio debut on a small New Mexico radio station.

With voice change, Curt switched to Kansas City, was soon conducting a dance band in that city's largest ballroom. Since the time he won the fiddle-playing competition, Curt had sharpened up his musical abilities with a course in harmony and voice technique at K.C.'s Horner Conservatory of Music.

It was while leading the band that he met his wife, Edythe. She was danc-



Lovely Jeri Sullavan sings to Jimmy Durante and Garry Moore each Friday on their CBS show.

ing on the floor and he was swinging the baton. Curt eyed the attractive girl, said to himself, "That's for me!"

Curt climbed off the bandstand and cut in. He did some very fast talking.

"You are very fresh, Mr. Massey," Edythe snapped.

But Curt knew twenty-four hours later he had made a permanent conquest. Edythe was back in the ballroom; this time alone. Edythe and Curt were married a few months later. That was thirteen years ago. They have one child, four-year-old Stephan Austin.

Shortly after his marriage, Curt suffered a nervous breakdown. The doctor ordered him to give up band work. The couple retreated to Roswell and spent a year on Dad Massey's ranch.

But then came a wire from sister Louise. She and her brother, Allen, husband Milton Mabie and a young singer named Larry Wellington had formed a singing unit. Would Curt join?

The Masseys and their partners clicked immediately on WLS, Chicago. They formed a corporation, rolled up an impressive recording library of western tunes. These discs are still being used on over 50 radio stations. Known as The Westerners, the singers soon went network, and radio veterans should remember their harmonies on the old Showboat, Plantation Party, Magic Key and Al Pearce shows.

Two years ago, when Louise retired, the act broke up and Curt went solo again. A booking agent suggested to Curt that he enter the swoon sweepstakes and tussle with Messers, Crosby, Sinatra, Haymes, and Russell. Curt was signed by a sponsor. A summer replacement for the Andrews Sisters, Curt clicked solidly and stayed on the show when the rhythmic trio returned, as well as singing for his own show.

RADIO MIRROR RECORD REFLECTIONS

WOODY HERMAN (Columbia) Harold Arlen's touching ballad "June Comes Around Every Year" gets good grooving while the Herman herd riffs out "Northwest Passage" on the reverse.

TOMMY DORSEY (Victor) Remember Hoagy Carmichael's strange rhythms of "Hong Kong Blues" in "To Have And Have Not." Well, T.D. spins it out in special style, pairing it with the theme song of another favorite flicker, "You Came Along."

JOAN EDWARDS (Cosmo) The Hit Parade Stylist swings out with "Gotta Be This Or That" and a memorable oldie, "Don't Blame Me."

XAVIER CUGAT (Columbia) The rumba king again demonstrates why he is top man with a maraca with this duo, "You Forgotcha Guitar" and "No Can Do." Lovely Leah Ray, long missing from radio and records, sings both sides and it's good to have her back.

BETTY HUTTON (Capitol) Nail down the carpets and close the windows or La Hutton's exuberance may cause your neighbors to complain. "Doin' It The Hard Way" is the appropriate title for the "A" side. Toned down on the reverse, Betty turns on the nostalgic "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes For" just as she does it in "Incendiary Blonde."

"The Girl Who Stayed Home"

IS A SLIM, TRIM BEAUTY NOW!

Fat and forgotten a few months ago, Virginia Josselyn of Denver, Colo., loses 49 pounds, becomes poised and popular.



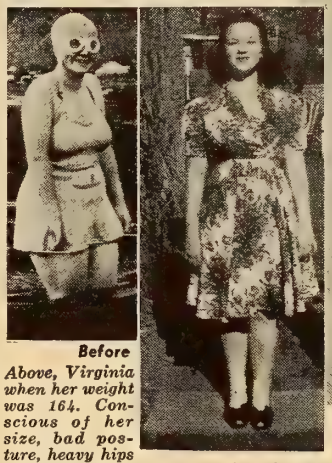
"I know what it is to be 14, fat, and forgotten," says Virginia Josselyn. "I was left out of the parties a school girl loves. And no wonder. I weighed 164 and was getting heavier. Then, with Mother's approval, I started the DuBarry Success Course right at home. In three months I lost 30 pounds, in five months, 49! Now, at 115 pounds, my dress size is 9 instead of 20! My skin is smooth and lovely and I've learned the art of subtle make-up.

"What a difference all this has made in my life. I've been to two formals—*something* for a freshman! My week is filled with dates and doings in the clubs and groups I now belong to. I have so much pep, I whiz through my housework in no time at all, then I'm off to go swimming, hiking, biking. You have made me a very happy girl, with a bright new future."

•

A WORD FROM VIRGINIA'S MOTHER

"For years we had been heartsick because of our daughter's handicap. I consulted our doctor about the Success Course, and he approved. She has completed it with such success, I can scarcely tell you how happy it has made us."
Mrs. L. V. Josselyn.



Before *After*

Above, Virginia when her weight was 164. Conscious of her size, bad posture, heavy hips and legs, she was ashamed to have pictures taken. Center, in three months, down to 143, she kept on, to achieve correct proportions. At right, lovely Virginia today, weight now 115, slender, poised, happy, confident.

VIRGINIA'S MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After	Change
WEIGHT	164 lbs.	115 lbs.	—49 lbs.
HEIGHT	5'2¾"	5'3"	+¼"
BUST	41"	34"	—7"
WAIST	33½"	24½"	—9"
ABDOMEN	38½"	29"	—9½"
HIPS	46"	36½"	—9½"
THIGH	28"	21"	—7"

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that you could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Home Success Course can help you.

Just five years ago, the DuBarry Success Course was founded, bringing to women all over America the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. Since then more than 225,000 women and girls of all ages from 12 to 60 have followed this practical plan for achieving beauty and vitality.

The Course is intensely practical. It fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight and body proportions to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour—look better, feel better, be at your best.

When the Success Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find out, without the slightest obligation, what it can do for you?

DuBarry Success Course RICHARD HUDNUT SALON
ANN DELAFIELD, *Directing* NEW YORK

Accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association



With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

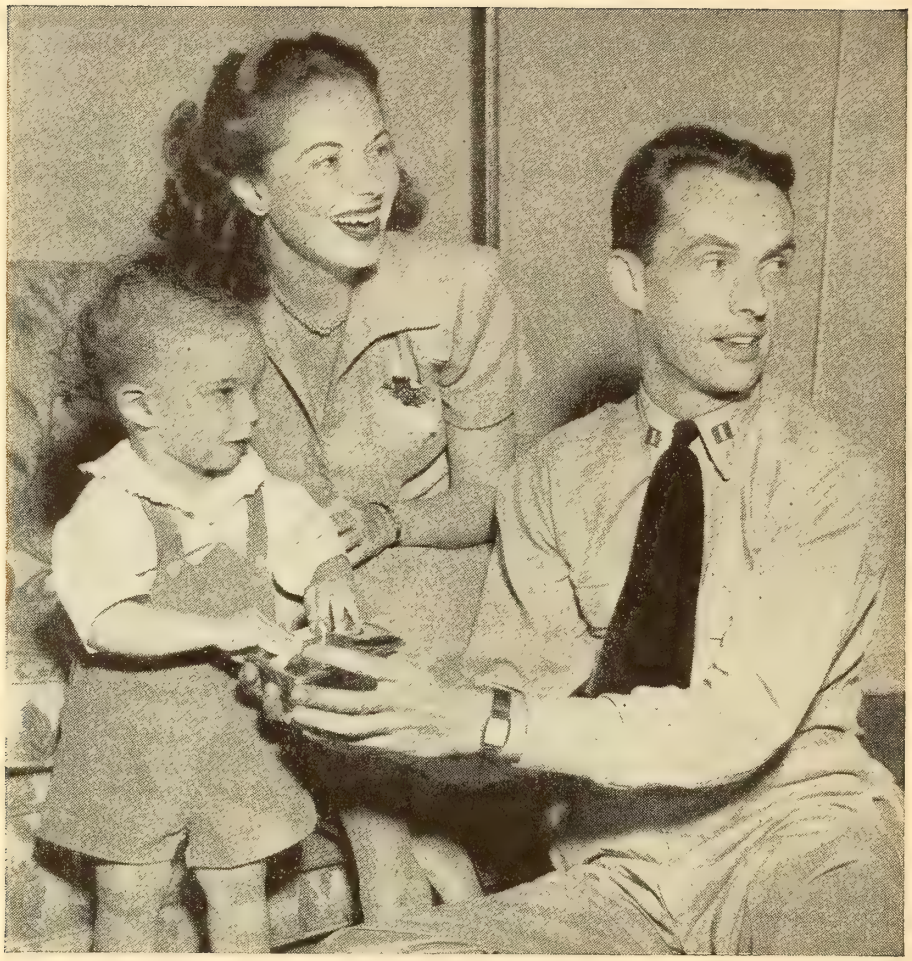
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Please send the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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*Mrs.*_____

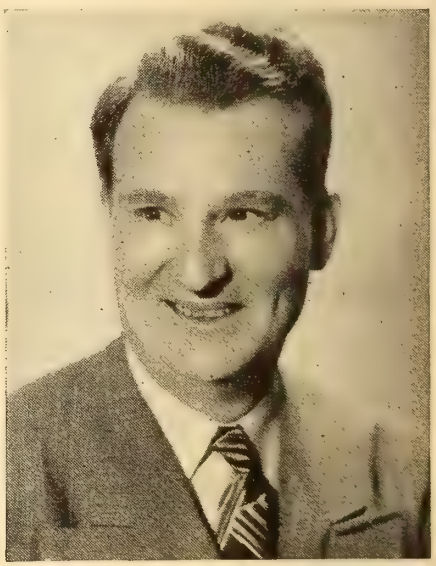
*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone No., if any*_____ *State*_____



Radio actress Cheer Brentson becomes exclusively Mrs. Robert Smith during the proud moments when the Lieutenant is around to review young Brent's progress.

Everett Mitchell reports on farm events and market conditions for NBC's National Farm and Home Hour.



WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



All of ABC's One Man's Family is proud of Cadet Nurse Teddy (actress Winifred Wolfe).

IT'S a long cry from these blustery days of December, but we like the story Patrice Munsel tells about her summer vacation in California. She and her mother stayed at a hotel.

Whenever her mother wanted Patrice, she would send a bellboy to find her. One day he came to the swimming pool and announced seriously, "Miss Munsel, your car is waiting."

Patrice was puzzled, because she knew she wasn't supposed to go anywhere. In fact, she'd just gone down for a swim while she waited for her singing teacher to turn up. Thinking of that, Patrice said, "You're sure my mother didn't say that my coach was waiting?"

The bellboy grinned, "Yeah," he said, "that's what she said, but that's too highfalutin' for me."

★ ★ ★

In case you've ever harbored any notions that people who write mystery stories and, especially, mystery radio shows are working off hidden phobias and sadistic instincts—which you probably never did stop to think about, as a matter of fact—you're all wrong.

Gene Wang, who writes Mutual's Adventures of the Falcon, says that his profession is not made up of frustrated Draculas who take their blood vicariously.

"In fact," he says, "we're a timid lot. Though we tend to pile body on body, I've known cases where the mere sight of borscht made a writer sick."

Asked why he thinks mystery writers choose that particular form of expression, he says it's because it's a way to make a living, and a pretty good one, at that.

"For some unknown reason," Gene grinned, "boy meets body pays off much better than boy meets girl."

★ ★ ★

Marion Loveridge is growing up fast these days. She's also finding that there's a lot to learn about life, even after you've done some growing up.

Not long ago, Marion found herself with a couple of free hours and decided

(*Continued on page* 10)

Now a Salon-Type COLD WAVE

PRICED WITHIN REACH OF ALL



Look for this head on the COLD WAVE Home Kit you buy. It is your assurance of receiving the best—there's none finer on the market, regardless of price.

A NEW COLD WAVE PERMANENT
In 2 to 3 Hours at Home

Now, give yourself the sensational guaranteed, easy-to-care-for COLD WAVE PERMANENT in the convenience of your own home . . . do it at a cost so low, it's amazing! Thanks to the wonderful discovery that's yours in the NEW CHARM-KURL SUPREME COLD Wave Kit, you can easily COLD WAVE your hair in 2 to 3 hours. Get the NEW Charm-Kurl Cold Wave and know the joy of soft, glamorous, natural looking long-lasting curls and waves . . . *by tonight!*

Simple, Easy, Convenient...Perfect Results or Money Back

Women everywhere demand permanents the new Cold Wave way and, no wonder. . . . An entirely new, gentle process, you just put your hair up in the curlers provided and let the CHARM-KURL Supreme Cold Waving solution, containing "KURLIUM," do all the work. Perfect comfort, no heat, no heavy clamps, no machinery, no ammonia. Yet, given closer to the scalp, your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave permanent results in longer lasting, safer, lustrous curls and waves that appear natural, glamorous, ravishing. Why put up with straight hair that is hard to dress in the latest fashion when you can know the joy of a real, honest-to-goodness genuine Cold Wave Permanent, *by tonight!* Ask for the NEW Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent, the new, easy-to-use home permanent kit today. Test, compare, you must be pleased beyond words or your money back.

—works "Like a million" on children's soft, fine hair.

Consider this Important Fact

Only Charm-Kurl contains ***"Kurlium"**** the quick working hair beautifier—that's why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less. No wonder women everywhere say Charm-Kurl SUPREME is the nation's biggest Home COLD WAVE value! Insist always on Charm-Kurl SUPREME with ***"Kurlium."****

*"*Kurlium.*" is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.

The New Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* 98¢ PLUS 14c TAX



Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type COLD WAVE solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight.

R M



Mailed To You Promptly

MATERNITY CLOTHES from Janne OF HOLLYWOOD

An adorable frock for around home or shopping while awaiting the new heir. Fetching shoulder scroll. Youthful wide shoulders with gathered-in waist effect to give the look of slimness and grace. And oh, so comfortable with clever tie-belt adjustment and button-down-the-front ease. Gracefully concealing lines and that smartly feminine look. Tailored for that Star event in crease-resistant Rayon Faille. Sizes, 10 to 20. Wine, Light Blue, Navy, Gray, Black, Green and Brown. **$7.98** plus handling and mailing costs. Mailed in plain wrapper.

SEND NO MONEY Just mail the coupon and pay postman on arrival. Ten days' examination privilege (money refunded if not delighted). Order direct from Janne of Hollywood for guaranteed satisfaction.

JANNE OF HOLLYWOOD
Dept. 95-M,
5071 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California

Please send "Heir Minded" Dress
☐ Wine ☐ Light Blue ☐ Navy ☐ Gray
☐ Black ☐ Green ☐ Brown (give 1st and 2nd choice). Size 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 (circle size).
(Order size you would normally wear.)

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....



Lovely Lesley Woods gives talented cooperation to CBS's Ellery Queen series.

to go shopping. It was her first such spree alone. Usually her mother accompanies her.

Marion went into a small, neat little hat shop on Madison Avenue and tried on a number of hats, finally picking one that seemed particularly gay to her. She was especially delighted with her choice when she heard the saleswoman say that it was only one fifty.

The hitch in the works came when Marion started to pay the bill. It was one hundred and fifty dollars. Which called for a weak smile from Marion and a hasty exit.

Did someone say something about prices going down?

★ ★ ★

Verna Felton has long been our favorite "unpleasant" woman on the air. She's played so many of the "horrors" that it's hard to recount them all. Our real delight was the way she did Donald Day's mother on the Jack Benny show. Remember?

For one who does such a slick job at being unpleasant, she's a surprise to meet. She's very jolly and even-tempered and generous. And completely untheatrical in any sense. She has a grown son and with him and her husband, Lee Millar, who is also a radio actor, she lives a quiet life, utterly without any of the glamourous fixings usually associated with radio success.

This lack of theatricalism is strange considering that Verna comes from a theatrical family. Her father used to run several stock companies on the West Coast and Verna grew up in those theaters. She was well known on the coast as a stage actress and had appeared on Broadway in several hits, before she finally turned to radio in 1933. Since that time, she's been on all the major network shows originating from the West.

★ ★ ★

For the what-next department—although we personally think modernizing education isn't a bad thing. Sammy Kaye got a letter from a teacher in Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, saying, "I am . . . most anxious to make my ninth grade English classes as interesting as possible. Grammar is especially difficult to vitalize for youngsters who aren't particularly interested in it in the first place. But—I've found a way. The dull adverbial phrase can be

SCALP ODOR *can't be "covered up"*



DON'T DEPEND on perfume to mask scalp odor. You've got to *prevent* it.

Even women who take careful precautions against body perspiration sometimes don't realize that the scalp perspires, too. And hair, particularly oily hair, absorbs unpleasant odors. *Scalp Odor* results.

Make sure *your* hair can stand a "nasal close-up." Shampoo it regularly with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This scientific shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. It cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly—leaves the hair fresh—fragrantly clean. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

Use Packer's and banish *Scalp Odor* forever.

At all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



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MAKE THE ONE **SPOT TEST**

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Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.



Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 7404, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

taught in terms adolescents can understand and really appreciate. Example: Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye. 'With Sammy Kaye' is the adverbial phrase answering the grammatical question 'how.' Amusing as all this may seem to you, it's a simple device which really works."

★ ★ ★

We're offering Art Ford as radio's endurance champion and we'll be perfectly willing to take a back seat if anyone in radio can top it.

To begin, Art is a disc jockey for WNEW's Milkman's Matinee, which keeps him in the studio every night of the week from midnight until 6:30 A.M. On Thursdays, the routine changes slightly. After he's rested up from his Thursday stint at WNEW, he goes to an NBC studio at two in the afternoon on Friday, for rehearsals on the Teen Timers show. These rehearsals last until 10 P.M. Friday night. Two hours later, Art starts his midnight hitch and spins discs until 6:30 A.M. Saturday. At 8 A.M. Saturday, Ford shuffles over to NBC for the Teen Timers dress rehearsal. At 10 A.M. Saturday the Teen Timers show goes on the air. This makes a total of about 23 studio hours out of 36. Which is pretty steady work—if you can last.

★ ★ ★

We'd be inclined to say that Max Marcin is in a bit of a rut. He not only clings to the old typewriter on which he has written some 260 of the scripts for his Crime Doctor, but he does all his writing on the same desk, in the same room, of the same apartment he occupied when he was writing Broadway shows five years ago.

★ ★ ★

Danny O'Neil likes to know where he's at and that he's going to stay there awhile! It all goes back to the days when Danny was a kid. Danny's father was a hotel auditor and his job took him from place to place constantly. And the family always went along. So—ranging from his kindergarten days to his high school diploma, Danny has report cards from 53 different places. Think of all the friends he must have made!

★ ★ ★

Reports have it that Tommy Dorsey is still shaking his head about his Victory Garden. Like all other patriotic

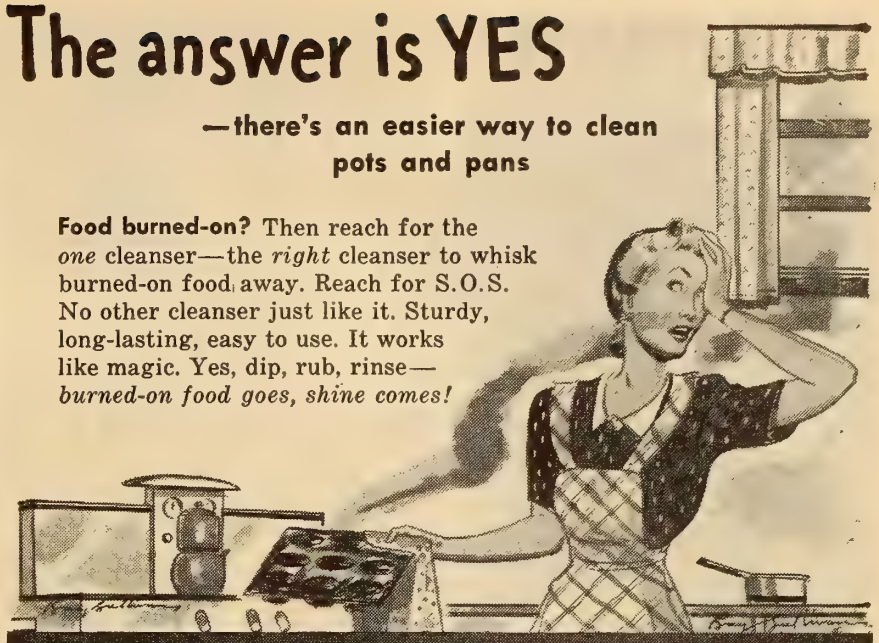


The man behind the throne —Jack Bailey M.C.'s Queen For A Day, each weekday, MBS.

The answer is YES

—there's an easier way to clean pots and pans

Food burned-on? Then reach for the *one* cleanser—the *right* cleanser to whisk burned-on food away. Reach for S.O.S. No other cleanser just like it. Sturdy, long-lasting, easy to use. It works like magic. Yes, dip, rub, rinse—*burned-on food goes, shine comes!*







Sick and tired of greasy pans? Then here's the cleanser that does a complete job—S.O.S.! The one cleanser you need to cut through greasy and sticky food. No bother with extra soaps, powders, rags or scouring aids. Try S.O.S.—*grease goes, shine comes!*

What makes it shine? The answer's S.O.S.—with soap in the pad, it's the best and easiest way to clean, scour and polish dull pans. Try S.O.S.—*dullness goes, shine comes!*



The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

ANN RUTHERFORD

glamorous Hollywood star featured in "Bedside Manner," an Andrew Stone Production



FOR YOUR HAIR

Spring Freshness the year 'round

So Clean...So Quick...So Lovely... thanks to Blended Vegetable Oils

Now—so effortlessly and with such ease—you can keep your hair lovely and bright—because GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo gives it "the shining beauty of captured sunlight!"

No other shampoo can make your hair more lustrous, more natural-looking with sparkling beauty, more exquisitely soft, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from blended vegetable oils that rinse out so effortlessly, without a trace of unsightly film . . . removing loose dandruff . . . leaving your scalp so clean your hair so brilliant! Ask for GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the Coupon.

Your Hair will be Lovelier with

GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo



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includes GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's original Mange Medicine and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—one complete application of each — with simple instructions for the famous Glover's 3-Way Treatment and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of the Hair."

MAIL COUPON NOW

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St. Dept. 5512, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

R
M

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____

Americans who had a few feet of dirt to dig in, Tommy went in for Victory Gardening during the war, too. But Tommy's a very busy guy, what with rehearsals, camp shows, one night stands and theater and radio engagements. Tommy had to hire a man to plant his Victory Garden—and then had to keep him on hand to cultivate it. Not long ago, Tommy figured the whole thing out on paper and the cold hard numbers revealed that each tomato that came out of his garden cost him about six dollars.

* * *

Mrs. Alice Clements, the producer of the Children's Hour program, is a firm believer in starting young, if you want a career. And she ought to know. Look at some of the stars of today, who started out with her as kids—just to name a very few, Carol Bruce, Ann Sheridan, Ezra Stone, Yvette, Joan Roberts, Eileen Barton.

* * *

All honor to the women. Joan Davis, star of her own comedy program, has risen from a "second guest" billing in 1941 to the top of the heap in radio. She is now the highest paid woman entertainer and "package deal" executive in the industry. In case you have to have figures to prove that point, Joan gets paid $17,500 a week for her show as a "package deal," which means that she's the boss lady and pays her own salary as well as those of the orchestra, writers, actors and all the rest on the show.

* * *

As assistant director of FBI in Peace and War, Betty Mandeville has turned in a couple of spectacular stunts. For instance: Donald Briggs was in the Army for five years. The day before the show returned to the air in the fall, the staff was in a dither. The show was ready—except for a leading man. On that afternoon, Briggs, who was still a lieutenant in the Army but in the process of being released, telephoned Betty, just to say hello and tell her he'd be around in a little while asking for a job. Betty had known him as an actor before he went into the Army. She recognized his voice at once and it struck her as the exactly right one for the leading man in the show. In a few minutes she had arranged an audition for Briggs, which he made still in his uniform. And Briggs walked out of the studio with a 45-week contract.

Pretty and blonde, Betty may look quiet and gentle, but she has a mind that works like a hair trigger.

* * *

Until Bing Crosby straightens out his multiple incomes and tax problems, don't expect the Groaner to tie himself up with any long-term radio series. Because of the huge tax Bing must pay on his income, it has become unprofitable for him to engage in too many activities, and since Crosby has dedicated himself to a free and easy life he isn't going to knock himself out for substantial monetary gain. One prospective sponsor has been trying to woo Bing with a novel idea. He wants Bing to record a flock of programs in advance and then relax. Since NBC and CBS refuse to air recorded programs, this would mean that Der Bingle would wind up on ABC or Mutual.

* * *

All hope of getting Judy Garland her own air show evaporated with news that Judy is expecting a blessed event.

* * *

Staats Cotsworth used to think he was mighty busy, when he had only a few minutes to get from one broadcast to another. Now, he's working on a second-to-second basis.

Cotsworth is the narrator on the C.M.H. program—that's the show that tells the stories of the men who've received the Congressional Medal of Honor—which is aired on Wednesdays at 11:30 P.M. But Cotsworth is also Lieutenant Weigand on the Mr. and Mrs. North opus, which goes on once at 8 P.M. on Wednesdays, but—and here's the catch—does a repeat performance for the West Coast at midnight. That leaves Staats with just about two seconds to get off the air on the C.M.H. show and on the air for the repeat performance. Happily, the two studios are practically next to one another—and, while it takes a bit of sprinting to get into the repeat show



Singer Danny O'Neil and co-star Jim Ameche welcome Elissa Landi as first guest on the CBS Powderbox Theater.



Baby Snooks has thought up a lot of new ways to drive Daddy Hanley Stafford to madness on the CBS Fanny Brice Show.



The comic-strip Nebbs have become flesh-and-blood Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, on Mutual's new Sunday afternoon program.

just before the ON THE AIR flash goes on, Staats manages and thinks he can go on indefinitely that way.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF. . . . The Chicago Theater of the Air is in its sixth season on Mutual now. . . . Guy Lombardo has a speaking part in the movie, "No Leave, No Love." He's been in three pictures before with his band, but never had a talking part until now. . . . We miss Alec Templeton as a regular feature on Star Theater, but his concert schedule keeps him too busy these days. . . . Ralph Edwards, Truth or Consequences zany, is working on his first starring part for RKO in "Bamboo Blonde." . . . The big million dollar production of the film Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood is under way. Besides Breneman, the stars will be Bonita Granville and Eddie Ryan—for romance—and Beulah Bondi, Raymond Walburn, Billie Burke and Margaret Early. . . . Gagsters "Senator" Ford, Harry Hershfield and Joe Laurie, Jr., have put out a book called "Can You Top This?" made up of the best gags on the show. The best part of the book, however, is the portion given over to what is called "thumbnose" sketches of the comedians, written by their wives—who ought to know. . . . Happy Holidays. . . .

★ ★ ★

VICTORY LOAN



WALTER THORNTON, originator of the Pin-Up Girl says: "I recommend Flame-Glo Lipstick to all of my pin-up models for extra beauty, extra glamour . . . no blurry edges!

LIZABETH SCOTT, former Walter Thornton Pin-Up Girl, now the movie rage!



What do Your Lips say about You?



Your lips talk about *you* to *every* one you meet! Do they say you're exotic, glamorous . . . *magnetic?* Strive to be a Pin-Up Girl with Flame-Glo . . . the lipstick that *always* makes you look your *best*, for its color vibrance *keeps* you kissable. What's more, Flame-Glo is water-repellent and alluring hours *longer* . . . no blurry edges *ever!* To be sure of *quality*, insist on Flame-Glo!

Choose your Favorite **FLAME-GLO** *Shade*

Royal Wine . . . a deep, regal color that combines blood-red with purple.

Glamour Red . . . A fiery, brilliant, true red, flattering and youthful.

Pink Fire . . . The newest and most exciting Flame-Glo shade . . . a deep pink tone.

Dynamic Red . . . Romantic dynamite, for its pink undertone develops into an exquisite shade on the lips, bespeaking love itself.

Raspberry . . . An exciting, fascinating shade especially for Brunettes.

Orchid . . . A soft, pastel tone that is right in fashion today.

Ruby Red . . . The ever-popular deep, fiery red in its most ravishing glory.

Pinwheel Red . . . A true glowing red tone with all the warmth of red blood.

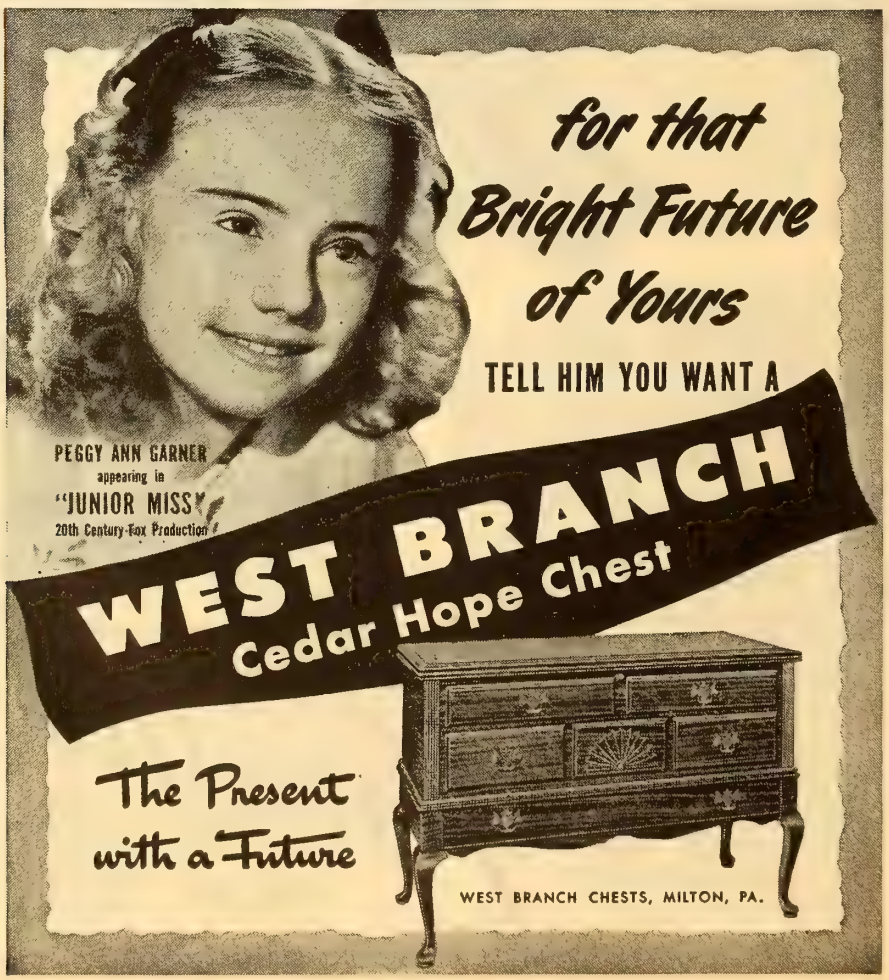
KEEP KISSABLE WITH Flame-Glo LIPSTICK

JUMBO SIZE 25¢

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AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS • MATCHING ROUGE & FACE POWDER





COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

IF you want to make Cover Girl Harriet Hilliard laugh heartily, just ask her the timeworn question, "Do you think marriage and careers mix?"

"Of course I do," she would tell you, "because mine are one and the same thing. Without my career I'd never have met my husband—and without my husband I wouldn't have had the career . . . to say nothing about our two sons!"

Neither the career nor the marriage would ever have happened, though, if Mother Nature hadn't arranged a cloudburst thunderstorm one day back in 1932, while Orchestra Leader Ozzie Nelson was playing the town of Des Moines, Iowa. At the time of the deluge, Ozzie had nothing on his mind but buying his mother a present. He instantly dodged into the nearest doorway for cover—the doorway being that of a movie theater. Once he'd established that, he bought a ticket and went inside to see the movie. It happened to be a Rudy Vallee short subject, and acting in it was the prettiest girl Ozzie had ever seen in his life. She was a luscious five feet five, she weighed 110 pounds, her hair was a soft brown and her eyes gray-green. Her name, of course, was Harriet Hilliard.

"That girl," he announced aloud in the darkness to the surprised theatergoers of Des Moines, "is the girl singer I need for my band!"—and ran right out into the storm again to reach the nearest phone booth and track the girl down. He did, although once tracked down, Harriet needed some convincing before she signed up.

"But I've never sung!" she protested.

"That I can teach you—and what I'm really after is a girl to exchange comedy lines with me before the band," Ozzie argued. At the time this had never been done before, and Harriet finally agreed to make the great experiment. Only, however, after Ozzie had solemnly promised her, "Don't worry about working all hours with a band-full of men. I'll make sure that everything is strictly business. *Strictly!*"

We will fade out on this earnest speech and fade in again three years later on October 8th, 1935—where we see Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson standing in the Nelson family living-room in Hackensack, New Jersey, saying "I do." Then we will fade out again and fade in now, which is ten years later. We see a charming white Williamsburg Colonial house set in spacious gardens in Hollywood, California. In-



Sunday night company for CBS listeners — Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson's Adventures are written by Ozzie himself.

side the house live Harriet and Ozzie and their two handsome sons, David Ozzie Nelson (aged 8) and Eric Hilliard Nelson (aged 5) . . . and there is no more entrancing home in Hollywood.

Her career and marriage continued to be entangled from the moment she became Mrs. Nelson—for she sang with Ozzie's band the night after their wedding, in New York City; and the next day she left for Hollywood (alone) to make her first movie, Follow the Fleet. She was back with him in three months; and since then she's made many movies—Coconut Grove, Boston Blackie, Honeymoon Lodge, The Falcon, and many more . . . but always when Ozzie was in Hollywood too.

For her main interest still centers around one Ozzie Nelson—both the man and the radio program he fathered. When she's not actually rehearsing or playing in the program with him, she's busy doing things around him—like repainting the porch furniture (which changes color every couple of months, thus completely bewildering the three Nelson men in her life). Or else she's trying to put over her favorite food, chicken a la king, just once more this week as dinner—while the Three Men protest vigorously! Or else she's roaring advice to a football team, sitting in the bleachers with her husband and two sons who are also roaring—because once Ozzie was Rutgers' prize football player, back in the dim days when he thought he was going to be a lawyer instead of a band leader.



Sure as Christmas, she'll love a Kromex Kākover

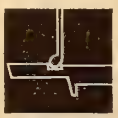
THE KROMEX KĀKOVER* has a positive genius for keeping cakes deliciously fresh longer! Here's one gift any homemaker on your Christmas list will be delighted to put right to work!

SHE'LL LOVE THE WAY the cover fits into the groove of the plate, because this exclusive KROMEX feature "locks" the moisture in and the air out. Naturally, her cakes will stay oven-fresh longer!

NOT FOR HER the bothersome shift to a serving plate. Smartly patterned glass makes the stunning KROMEX plate. And it's footed for easy handling. Topped off with the handsome, polished aluminum cover, it's a perfect gift. Be sure to insist on genuine KROMEX.

Wherever housewares and gifts are sold.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Only the KROMEX Kākover** has the grooved plate that forms a "lock" with the cover to keep the cake freshness in. It's a KROMEX feature smart homemakers swear by!

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ENDURINGLY BEAUTIFUL

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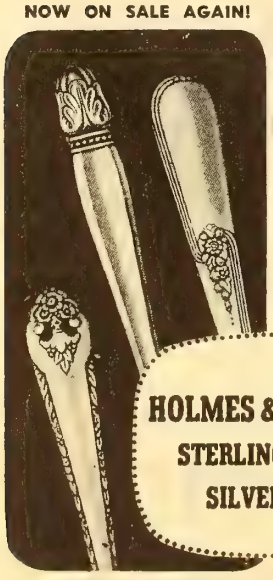
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Believe you me... I'm holding out for the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver





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SWEET SLEEP



Sleep won't give you the voice of Marion Hutton, but try it for hair that shines like hers, for her clear eyes, for vitality.

TO A GIRL like gorgeous Marion Hutton, featured singer, heaven is a place where you can spend a half hour getting ready for bed with lights out at 9 P.M. Though she loves her whirlwind life appearing in movies, on the stage, in radio, making records and singing with bands, Marion wishes she had more time to sleep.

Most of us do these busy days! For there's nothing like sleep to give us back our sense of humor, erase worry, sharpen our wits and start a new day right. As for your looks, your skin never seems clearer or your eyes brighter than after a good night's rest.

But there's more to sweet sleep than tucking in with windows open and lights out. There's the getting ready for bed that's so important as prelude to another day.

No matter how tired you are, says Marion, it's beauty heresy to go to bed before you've brushed the day's dust from your hair, removed all make-up and brushed your teeth well. Do at least that much. But do more if you've time. Go through some figure-improving exercises. Or take a wonderful relaxing bath, scented and softened with your favorite bath salts or oil. While you loll in the tub with cream on your face, you might work on the cuticle around finger and toe nails. Afterwards, apply lotion all over your body for, with cooler days ahead, your skin needs this softening follow-up. Pin up your curls tonight if they need it and cover them with a froth of soft colored veiling tied in a pretty bow atop your head. Since sleep consumes almost a third of our lives, looking pretty for the occasion is a fine idea, indeed.

But sometimes sleep eludes you just when you need and want sleep most. You lie and toss and think of things you wish you had or hadn't said today. You write imaginary letters. You review the upsets of the day or worry about things that will probably never happen.

If you really want to sleep, here's a trick. As you lie there, start writing down on a mental blackboard each demon-sleep-stealing thought that comes to you. But as fast as you write down a word, erase it, so that the sentence is never completed. For some it works better than counting sheep and isn't so monotonous.

The quality of your sleep influences the benefits you get from it, as much as the quantity does. Popping yourself determinedly into bed at nine-thirty of a night doesn't necessarily insure all the rest you need. Even if you do manage to fall asleep instantly, your sleep may be fitful and broken—particularly if you're a city dweller, by street noises, late-home-comers, nocturnal singers (and if you're a city dweller trying to sleep in the country home, you'll be as much disturbed by the gentle rural sounds of frog and cricket and splashing waterfall).

There are all sorts of mechanical devices worked out to give light and fitful sleepers a better chance. Try a black mask over your eyes, that will shut out any fugitive light-rays and close you into a black void in which you can't do anything *but* sleep.

If it's noises you're sensitive to, try a pair of efficient ear-plugs.

Then there is the matter of the pillow. It works both ways, Miss Hutton has decided. That is, suppose you're a with-pillow sleeper. Comes the night, and you can't sleep. All right—just this once, try it without the pillow. And if you're a without-pillow sleeper, vice versa. It works!

A glass of warm milk at bedtime helps too. Or you might sit up in bed, in the dark, and do this exercise: Drop your chin to your chest and rotate your head backwards and around to the front. Done two or three times, it may make you a little dizzy but will probably also make you sleep. Or try consciously to breathe slowly and deeply as you do when you're actually asleep. It's relaxing and gives the come-hither to the Sandman.



Texture? Cling? Fragrance? of course!

but—the real difference in face powder is color by

Revlon

Dare you to "taste" that new color—"Fatal Apple"

It gives you the look of Eve . . . which is the look of th
American woman of great chic this season. When waist-line
are cinched small and hip-lines frankly rounded . .
will you go on wearing the same old powder shade
Or will you dare to wear this new Revlon fashion
first color sensation? At your own risk, mind

One of eleven custom-mad
Revlon powder blends

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No other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! ✓ *Extra lustre*, up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!



Glamorous Hair-dos

for gala occasions

Here's FRANCINE COUNIHAN, lovely fashion model, cover girl and Drene Girl. You see her dining and dancing at New York's smartest clubs. All eyes focus on her at glittering parties. Francine shows you three hair-dos to go with the exciting clothes she'll be wearing this Holiday season.



CLUSTER OF ROMANTIC CURLS, at nape of her neck, accents the lovely lines of Francine's low-backed evening dress. Her soft, lustrous hair is a shining example of what Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action can do for you. No other shampoo can leave your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

BUTTERFLY BOW TOPKNOT . . . for a dramatic entrance. Sleek contrast to the quaint puff sleeves. Francine achieves this intriguing style by forming her Drene-lovely hair into big twin upright puffs. Center front hair forms knot of bow and is held with small combs. Francine's sleek shiny hair reveals the wonderful combination of lustre and smoothness found in no shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

THE "TAFFY TWIST" . . . delectable-looking, newer and smarter than braids! Here Francine's trick is to start the twist at right of crown. Small pearl-studded combs, placed upright, finish off sides. No shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action could make Francine's hair look so lovely!





Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

The Glory of it



The envelope looked like all the others Kit had sent Bob. But inside it was a letter that would break his heart

I SAT at my desk writing the most difficult letter of my life. Praying for the strength, the courage, to write it.

I was asking my husband for a divorce. Asking him to become a stranger—the man I loved so deeply that I knew, even then, I was killing part of me with that letter.

But I had to do it. The large picture of him that had stood on my desk during the year he had been overseas blurred in front of me. I brushed away the hot, bitter tears and picked it up. *Darling, I'm doing*

A LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS STORY



I could not believe it. It was like some miraculous reprieve that I had not dared hope for.

this for you. Please God, some day you will understand. It's only fair to release you now. If you came home knowing the truth you would never leave me. You are too loyal, too wonderful. And you would try to pretend that everything was the same. But oh, my dearest, it would not be. Not after what the doctor told me. So this is goodbye. . . .

Very carefully I put the picture back in its place and finished the letter. Then I went out to mail it, swiftly, before I could follow the thundering urge of my heart and tear it into a million pieces.

It was beginning to grow dark as I took the road away from town that led to the canyon. I could not bear to face mother and dad just then, with their gentle pity and the worried look in their eyes as they watched me. I had lived most of my life in this little California town where dad was postmaster and ran a general store, but now it seemed a strange place to me, unbelievably lonely. I kept remembering that day two years ago when a tall figure in uniform loomed up in the road ahead of me—and changed my world.

It had been a blistering hot afternoon and I was on my way to Lone Oak Canyon for a picnic when I saw him. He was standing there waiting to hitch

This story was inspired by a letter received by Leave It To



a ride to camp. I stopped for him, as I had done for dozens of other boys who were training at the big Army Air Base just a few miles away. But when he got in beside me something queer happened to my breathing that had never happened before. He was tall and sandy-haired, and he had a kind of shy smile that started at his blue eyes and spread infectiously.

"You're Kit Folger," he said. And his grin widened at my surprise. "I saw you at the dance last Saturday out at the Base."

We looked at each other and I felt a warm glow inside me as if a candle had been lit. Even my old rattletrap of a car seemed to enter into the conspiracy to help us know each other quickly. The engine started sputtering and Bob climbed out to fix it. "Don't worry," he reassured me. "I've tinkered with these things all my life." But it seemed to take quite some time.

"But aren't you due back at camp?" I asked teasingly.

"Not for a couple of hours yet." And we grinned at each other, like conspirators.

Afterwards, when he had the motor running smooth as silk, he went over to wash in a little stream beside a plum orchard and I had an idea. We could have the picnic lunch right there under the trees. Soldiers were always hungry. (And later I could explain to my "gang" why I had not met them up in the canyon. I'd think of something!)

Bob said, "Chocolate cake! *You* made it? Golly!" But I don't think either of us was very conscious of what we ate. We were too excitingly aware of each other. Bob did not say any of the things boys usually said. He had no "lines." He did not call me Little Brown Bombshell like the bombardier had the night before, or say anything about getting his "sights" on my grey eyes. He made no personal remark whatever. And yet I knew the attraction was there, that he was feeling what I felt.

Four months later we were married, in the Post chapel, standing before an altar banked with the wild flowers I loved so. There was something sacred and beautiful about that moment. I wanted it to last forever.

That night, our wedding night, when Bob took me in his arms, he said huskily, "I guess we both went up in smoke the first time we met, honey. We're two of the lucky ones. We *knew*—right from the start. I'll love you as long as I live." I clung to him frantically. *As long as I live.* . . . I had married a flyer, and he might be torn from me at any (*Continued on page* 63)

The Girls, MBS's Roundtable of Romance, produced by Martha Rountree. Broadcast time is 9:00 P. M. EST, on Saturdays.



I could not believe it. It was like some miraculous reprieve that I had not dared hope for.

this for you. Please God, some day you will understand. It's only fair to release you now. If you came home knowing the truth you would never leave me. You are too loyal, too wonderful. And you would try to pretend that everything was the same. But oh, my dearest, it would not be. Not after what the doctor told me. So this is goodbye. . . .

Very carefully I put the picture back in its place and finished the letter. Then I went out to mail it, swiftly, before I could follow the thundering urge of my heart and tear it into a million pieces.

It was beginning to grow dark as I took the road away from town that led to the canyon. I could not bear to face mother and dad just then, with their gentle pity and the worried look in their eyes as they watched me. I had lived most of my life in this little California town where dad was postmaster and ran a general store, but now it seemed a strange place to me, unbelievably lonely. I kept remembering that day two years ago when a tall figure in uniform loomed up in the road ahead of me—and changed my world.

It had been a blistering hot afternoon and I was on my way to Lone Oak Canyon for a picnic when I saw him. He was standing there waiting to hitch a ride to camp. I stopped for him, as I had done for dozens of other boys who were training at the big Army Air Base just a few miles away. But when he got in beside me something queer happened to my breathing that had never happened before. He was tall and sandy-haired, and he had a kind of shy smile that started at his blue eyes and spread infectiously.

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This story was inspired by a letter received by Leave It To The Girls, MBS's Roundtable of Romance, produced by Martha Rountree. Broadcast time is 9:00 P. M. EST, on Saturdays.

Thanksgiving Day with Bachelor's Children

A peacetime prayer that all our hearts will echo



THE warm kitchen smelled gently of Thanksgiving.

It was an enticing odor, nostalgic and indefinable, and Janet Ryder, coming in with Ruth Ann and Ellen, stopped in the middle of the floor and sniffed delightedly.

"What is it?" she said. "What is it about Thanksgiving that makes it smell like itself and not like any other time? It can't be the turkey—we have turkey for Christmas. It can't be just the cranberries. It—it's something special, something—"

Ellen walked over to the table that held the four covered pans. She raised the spotless dish towel and pursed her lips. "I don't know," she said as if she had no time for such philosophizing, "but I do know that if these rolls aren't ready for baking, Thanksgiving dinner's going to be late."

Ruth Ann came and stood beside her. "They look fine. Risen just enough, Ellen." Then she smiled warmly at her sister. "I'll take the cranberries out of the molds, dear, if you'll see about the table."

Janet smiled back. Ruth Ann always understood. She would be willing to bet that Ellen had been worrying about those rolls at intervals all morning, as they had driven into church and back. As if Ellen's rolls weren't always practically perfect!

Janet went on into the diningroom with its long table already set; all that remained was to arrange the autumn leaves in the center. Mentally she counted off the places: Dr. Bob at the head, Ruth Ann his wife at the foot, Ellen, the four children, her husband, Sam, and herself up and down the sides. A big family, she thought happily. Now if she put the biggest



Waiting as eagerly as the children for the feast to begin are Ruth Ann (Marjorie Hannan), Janet (Patricia Dunlap), Dr. Bob (Hugh Studebaker), Ellen (Hellen Van Tuyl), Sam (Olan Soule).

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branches of autumn leaves in the center low enough so they wouldn't get in the way of everybody seeing each other, and then trailed the smaller ones out toward the corners. . . .

It was true what she'd been thinking about Thanksgiving. It had its own unique flavor, centering around the kitchen. It wasn't just the dinner itself—not the pies, apple, lemon and mince, baked yesterday and now reposing on the pantry shelves. It wasn't the lusciousness of the sweet potatoes with marshmallows on top, nor the celery crisping in the ice box, nor the preserves or pickles. It was—well, what?

From the yard outside, she heard the voices of the youngsters, her own Mary Ann, Dr. Bob, and Ruth Ann's Jimmy, Bobby and Barbara. Bobby's was the loudest. "I'll show you. I'll show you how to do it," he was telling the others. As the oldest boy he assumed his male prerogative of knowing the only way to do things. It didn't matter that Barbara was exactly his age, and Mary Ann practically so. Jimmy, two-going-on-three, was too young to count. Janet laughed tenderly.

OVER across the field, she could see Sam and Dr. Bob heading slowly for the orchard. The doctor was undoubtedly showing Sam just what he intended to do to improve the farm. It was in rundown condition, and there was a lot to be done. She could almost hear what they were saying, deciding what was to be done first, what put off till next year.

And suddenly, her fingers busy with the scarlet leaves, Janet knew about Thanksgiving. It was the homey things—her sister and Ellen in the kitchen busy with the familiar ritual of food, it was the sense of being surrounded by one's loved ones, hearing the shrill little voices, watching the men plan—these were what made it special. It was because, in giving thanks on this one day, you grew doubly aware of the preciousness of all these things. All of them were hers and she belonged to all of them. It was a pattern that went deeply into her life, and made her rich.



This story was inspired by current happenings in CBS's weekday serial Bachelor's Children, as Dr. Bob and his family establish themselves on their new farm. Bachelor's Children, with original radio script by Bess Flynn, is heard mornings at 10:45.

And Janet stopped quite still for a moment, alone there in the dining-room, and felt her heart overflow with thanks. . . .

In the kitchen, Ellen bent down to look at the turkey in the oven. "It's a nice bird," she said with satisfaction. "Fourteen pounds, and tender. Those people down the road we bought it from said it would be."

"Yes," Ruth Ann said. "They're nice people. They'll be good neighbors."

Ellen pulled herself up. "You know, I thought we'd be lonely out here but maybe I was wrong. People can be really friendly, for all they live so far apart. . . . Now those rolls," she said worriedly.

"They're fine, Ellen. Really. Just ready to be put in."

"If they haven't risen *too* much. And with a strange oven—"

She'd been against moving out here to the farm from the first, she remembered. It would be inconvenient and lonely and the house, being old, harder to take care of. Not that Ellen minded work. But she wasn't as young as she used to be. Just now, stooping over to look in at the turkey, she'd realized she didn't have the agility or the energy of several years ago. But then, one did get older and there was nothing to do about it. And as for the extra work, why should she mind that when they were all so generous and so kind?

They were *her* family—all of them. No matter about the few misunderstandings and the many changes that had come since she first became Dr. Bob's housekeeper. Her family had just grown—that's all. From Dr. Bob alone, it had grown to include first the twins and then Sam Ryder and now the children, bless them. Yes, bless them all, she thought suddenly. Every one of them.

"I'm a lucky, lucky woman," Ellen said to herself as she put the last pan of rolls in the oven. . . .

The back door opened and Barbara came running in, her little face flushed with the cold. "Mummy," she said, "Mummy, we're getting hungry."

"Yes, dear," Ruth Ann said, "I know you are. But you won't have to wait much longer. Dinner will be ready as soon as Ellen's bread is done. You children run down to the swing and play till we call you."

Barbara gazed longingly at the cranberries. "We-e-ll," she said reluctantly. "But we really are *hungry*."

Janet gave her a little pat. "There will be lots and lots to eat. And look after Jimmy, won't you, dear? Remember he's littler and he can't run as fast as you."

Of course they were hungry. Probably a little tired, too, Ruth Ann reflected as she watched Barbara run out and join the others. A late dinner like this interrupted schedules. But Thanksgiving was important—special, as Janet had said, and they should all be together, no matter what schedules were interrupted. They could nap later.

And then, quite suddenly from nowhere, she was seeing again a newspaper picture. A picture of children like hers, hungry children. Only these had been hungry for a long, long time. They'd been bombed, too, and orphaned—many of them. They'd been made homeless and alone. They were Europe's children and China's, and all the others.

But they could have been her own. Oh, so easily they could have been Barbara and Jimmy and Bobby and Mary Ann. She felt an impulse to run out after them and grab them fiercely to her to reassure herself that they were safe, they were here, they would soon be fed and put warmly to bed. She pushed back the impulse and, instead, she said aloud:

"Thank God."

Then, as Ellen looked inquiringly at her, she went on, "I was just thinking of all the children not like ours and of the parents who have suffered so for those children. Oh, Ellen, don't let's ever forget about those others. Let's not be too smug and safe at not being really hurt by the war. Let's not forget the ones who were—ever."

"Yes," Ellen said soberly, "let's put our gratitude to work."

That was it, Ruth Ann thought. Feeling gratitude was not enough. You had to put the gratitude to work, both here and far away. This had to be a Thanksgiving that really meant something. And her eyes slowly filled with tears. . . .

Sam Ryder walked slowly through the orchard with Dr. Bob. They stopped occasionally, examining a tree, talking over the best spray to be used in the Spring, envisioning the crop they could expect. Then they'd stroll on, in silence. It was peaceful here, with the bright blue sky and the quiet earth. And their silence, Sam thought, was peaceful, too, and ultimately companionable. He and Bob Graham had been friends so long, they no longer had much need for words. They could usually understand each other whether they talked or not.

Sam looked critically at the trees. They all needed pruning. The whole place needed a lot of attention. But it was wonderful for the children. Wonderful for them all.

He looked sidewise at the doctor. "There's a lot to be done around here," he said. "But I'll bet you're rather looking forward to it, hard work or not."

Dr. Bob, stopping to knock out his pipe, grinned at his friend. "You're right. I'm really anxious to get at it. It's funny—there's something about working on a place that's your own, making it livable and practical and attractive. It makes it more your own somehow. The more you do, the more it belongs to you."

That was what he'd been trying to get at, Sam reflected as they walked on. That was exactly it. For a man to have something that was his, something he could work at with honest enjoyment to make it more his own—that



The new hopefulness of a world at peace is shared by the Grahams as, on this very special Thanksgiving Day, they and their children look toward a brightening future.

was what made people happy. It needn't be a farm or a physical place at all. It could be a job or a profession. It could even be a family. The more you loved them, the more you did for them, and then the more you loved them again. It was simple when you thought of it that way. So simple that you wondered a little at yourself for not being more aware of it all the time. And once seen like that, it was something to be thankful for with all your heart.

He didn't try to put it into words. He just said, "Think we'd better be starting back? They'll be calling us for dinner pretty soon . . . Thanksgiving dinner. . . ." And his face, usually laughing, was very serious as they turned and started back under the bare trees.

It was when they came out of the orchard and started across the field that they heard one of the children scream. It cut across the clear, quiet air like a knife.

"That was Barbara!" Dr. Bob cried. "Something's happened." And he started to run, Sam right behind him.

They raced up toward the house. They could see Ruth Ann and Ellen, followed by Janet, hurrying out the back door. Down by the swing, the children were clustered in a frightened group. Only one of them was crying now. That was Jimmy, whose lusty yells drowned out everything else.

Ruth Ann had him in her arms when the men rushed up. "He fell out of the swing," she said. "It's his knee, I think. . . . Hush, darling, Daddy's here now."

(*Continued on page* 90)



I took the combs out, and we laughed as my hair cascaded down.

false dreams

Eagerly, lovingly, Nancy fashioned a home to welcome her husband into warmth and happiness. She made it a beautiful place. But she forgot to look at it through her husband's eyes

I PLUMPED up the sofa cushions, my fingers cold, my mind spinning. Always before, in this room, to do any little task of house-wifery thrilled me. But not now. I looked around, as though I were in a strange house. The pictures were still there—the pictures I'd chosen myself. The rug was still lovely underfoot, glowing rose and green. The wing chair by the window, the small tables, the brightly-shaded lamps. This room breathed ease and beauty. Just what I'd wanted, everything I'd dreamed of. And worked for, and saved for, and bought piece by piece, after so much planning and shopping and careful, careful thinking.

Every night, coming home from the plant, this beauty warmed the weariness from me. This room was like a symbol, a prophecy. Balm and peace, and a sort of atonement for the loneliness that walked with me, because Kel was overseas. When Kel and I were married, three years ago, who'd ever have dared to dream a home of ours could be like this?

That's what I'd written him, proudly, the day I bought the first chair. "It's wonderful, darling. After the fighting, it'll seem like heaven to you! Oh, I can't wait for the long, peaceful evenings, for the time together here at home!"

You see, when Kel and I were married, we had nothing but our love. We were so young! My mother said uneasily, "Can't you wait, Nancy?"

She knew I loved Kel—she guessed by my starry eyes, the blood coming and going in my face when he was near, how it was with me. And Kel with his dark red curls, his big shoulders, the tiny, teasing smile that could widen, as he touched me, into a steady, worshipping expression—who could doubt that Kel loved me as wonderfully as I loved him?

"But you're only eighteen, Nancy," Mother said worriedly. "And Kel's in the Army—"

We'd known each other all our lives. But somehow, maybe because Kel worked in the radio station after school and didn't take girls to the movies Saturdays, we hadn't been especially friendly. Then, when he came home on his first furlough from the camp in Florida, we ran into each other on Main Street. I was trying to buy needles for Mother, and it was almost six, and the five-and-ten was out, and there was only the art-and-knitting shop left. I was hurrying along—and someone's big hand closed over my elbow.

"Nan!" a voice boomed. "Forgotten me—or don't you recognize soldiers?"

"Why, Kel Dwight!" My voice sounded high. I laughed a little. "Kel, you look—" He looked marvelous! Newly brown, so strong! There was a stronger set to his lean jaw, a new confidence in his eyes. I remembered then that Kel had always been a little shy. As though, because he worked so much harder than other boys, because his father was the railroad watchman at the gate, and didn't make enough money for a too-big family, he didn't feel sure of himself.

That was all changed now! Being with other men, getting out of the narrowness of Cloverdale had done something to Kel. I stared up at him, and even my wrists were pulsing now "Kel, you—golly, it's nice seeing you!"

"Nice enough to forget whatever you were hurrying for and come and have a cup of coffee with me? Come on!"

He steered me inside, and across the table his brown eyes—leafy brown, with red lights—looked at me in this new, different way. "You might have dropped the draftee a card," he said. "I kept thinking about you. Funny."

I hadn't thought about him. I'd hardly even noticed he was gone. I said quickly, "Well, I didn't know—"

And he finished, laughing, but somehow sober underneath, "You didn't know I was going to get some steel in my spine—and start reaching out for what I've always wanted!"

He told me about the camp, and the men he served with. He even told me he'd be sent over, soon. "That's why this furlough," he explained. "And my dad—I guess you heard?"

Ashamed, I admitted I'd heard vaguely that his father had been ill.

Harshly, Kel said, "He died. That's what I was doing on Main Street, at supper time." He finished, "But it was three months ago—he was old, and tired. He was always swell to me, I'll never forget him. But I figure this way he won't be worrying about me when I'm—overseas." His eyes changed. He reached across the table and grabbed my hands so hard they hurt. "Listen, Nancy! I won't get hurt. I'm coming back."

Kel asked me to marry him a week later. Against all the rules, I whispered, "Oh, darling, you didn't have to ask!" It was everything we had ever dreamed about, to be close, like this. To see the moon red in the trees as we stood on the porch, to feel the wind on our faces, Kel's arms around me, the deep, ecstatic silence as I lifted my lips.

(Continued on page 73)

THE STORY:

I MET John Dorn at the USO Center in Corona, my home town—met him, and his best friend Philip Hurst, at the same time. I'd always had a lot of fun with the boys at the Center, but I'd determined never to be serious about any of them—"All soldiers," as I told Philip, "have girls back home." But with John it was different; somehow, I couldn't maintain my gay, aloof attitude with him. He did have a girl back home, he told me—Mary Lou Walters. But he didn't love her, she didn't love him, and there was no sort of understanding between them. And so, I fell in love with John Dorn, and he with me. John and Philip and I had a wonderful time together those weeks. I learned everything—I thought—that there was to know about John; the reason, for instance, that Philip always stayed so close to him: because John still had spells of temporary amnesia as a result of sunstroke he'd had overseas. These were periods in which he "blacked out" on hot days, or when he was out in the strong sun for a long time.

While he was stationed at Corona, John got leave for a few days and went home to see his father and mother and sister Caroline, and Philip went with him. Shortly after they returned to Corona, both boys were sent away—John to another relocation center, Philip overseas to the Pacific. It was while John was away that he called me to tell me that Philip was missing in action. Then V-J Day came, and with it, John's discharge from the Army; he came straight to Corona, saying that he'd had a telegram from his father asking him to get home as quickly as possible. Urgent business, John thought it must be—he and his father were partners. Would I marry him, John asked—marry him that very day, and go home with him?

And so we were married, and went home to meet his family—and were greeted by the family with what seemed to be shock and horror at the news of our marriage. I was shown to the guest room while John talked to his family, and then John came to tell me the tragic news—Mary Lou Walters was going to have a baby. John's baby, she said.

IT COULDN'T be true. Surely John had not just said to me, "They expected me to marry Mary Lou. She's going to have a baby. She says it's mine." It was all a bad dream, and I would awake at any moment to find myself in my own room back in Corona. At any moment this queer blackish mist that covered everything would fade, and the queer swimmy feeling inside me would go away, and everything would be all right again.

There was pressure on my arm, on my shoulder; from a long way off a voice—John's voice—was saying, "Beth! Beth, please sit down. I'll get you some brandy—" I moved obediently, sat down, felt the stuff of the chair at my back, beneath my hands—the corded upholstery of the Dorns' chair that I hadn't wanted to sit in while I waited for John, because I'd thought the Dorns didn't like me.

". . . brandy," John was saying, and I shook my head, heard my own voice—faint and far-off, too—saying, "I'm all right. Only—I don't understand,"

John sat down on the edge of the bed. He was facing me directly, but through the blackish mist I saw him as a shadow, as you see something out of the farthest corner of your eye. "I don't understand, either," he said heavily. "I've been trying to remember, trying to make myself remember, and I can't—"

I swallowed, trying to down the dizzy feeling, trying to clear my head, to see. It was an effort to make my mind follow his words. "Remember?" I repeated. "Remember what?"

"The last day I was here when I came down on furlough. I blacked out that afternoon. I didn't tell you about it because I didn't want you to worry—"

That snapped me to attention. The mist cleared, and the dizzy feeling went away, and could see the room now, the bed with the tufted cover, the cut-glass jars on the dresser. I could see John, a wretched, dazed-looking John. I turned my eyes past him to the cut-glass jars. It wasn't decent to see him like that, with the look of a tortured, trapped animal. "Blacked out? What happened, John? I mean, from the beginning—"

He drew a deep breath. "I guess that's where I'd better start—from the beginning. I went to see Mary Lou the first night Philip and I got here . . . left Philip to take Caroline to the movies. I told Mary Lou about you that night, told her that I was in love with you and wanted to marry you. I've told you before that I never knew how she felt about me. We'd been good friends, and we'd seen a lot of each other until I went to war, but she'd always had a lot of other fellows, too. And even though everyone took for granted that she was my girl, there'd never been anything sentimental between us. And that night I told her about you—well, if I did mean anything special to her, she didn't let me know it. As I said, if it was an act, it was a good one. She asked the usual questions—what you looked like, and how I'd met you, and when we planned to be married—and she wished me happiness, and that was all there was to it. Mother had planned a party for me the next night, and Mary Lou came and seemed to have a wonderful time. I didn't see much of her because Philip was tagging after her, paying her a lot of attention—you know his way—and she seemed to enjoy that, too. Anyway, she was with him the next few nights when we went out with the crowd, and she seemed perfectly happy. Then, the last day, she changed—"

"Changed? How?"



A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

This story was adapted from one of the recent problems presented on John J. Anthony's MBS program, heard each weekday at 1:45 EST.

To the end of the Journey

Too numbed for misery, Beth waits for John's words, the words that will mean the end—or the joyous beginning—of their love



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THE STORY:

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And so we were married, and went home to meet his family—and were greeted by the family with what seemed to be shock and horror at the news of our marriage. I was shown to the guest room while John talked to his family, and then John came to tell me the tragic news—Mary Lou Walters was going to have a baby. John's baby, she said.

IT COULDN'T be true. Surely John had not just said to me, "They expected me to marry Mary Lou. She's going to have a baby. She says it's mine." It was all a bad dream, and I would awake at any moment to find myself in my own room back in Corona. At any moment this queer blackish mist that covered everything would fade, and the queer swimmy feeling inside me would go away, and everything would be all right again.

There was pressure on my arm, on my shoulder; from a long way off a voice—John's voice—was saying, "Beth! Beth, please sit down. I'll get you some brandy—" I moved obediently, sat down, felt the stuff of the chair at my back, beneath my hands—the corded upholstery of the Dorns' chair that I hadn't wanted to sit in while I waited for John, because I'd thought the Dorns didn't like me.

". . . brandy," John was saying, and I shook my head, heard my own voice—faint and far-off, too—saying, "I'm all right. Only—I don't understand."

John sat down on the edge of the bed. He was facing me directly, but through the blackish mist I saw him as a shadow, as you see something out of the farthest corner of your eye. "I don't understand, either," he said heavily. "I've been trying to remember, trying to make myself remember, and I can't—"

I swallowed, trying to down the dizzy feeling, trying to clear my head, to see. It was an effort to make my mind follow his words. "Remember?" I repeated. "Remember what?"

"The last day I was here when I came down on furlough. I blacked out that afternoon. I didn't tell you about it because I didn't want you to worry—"

That snapped me to attention. The mist cleared, and the dizzy feeling went away, and could see the room now, the bed with the tufted cover, the cut-glass jars on the dresser. I could see John, a wretched, dazed-looking John. I turned my eyes past him to the cut-glass jars. It wasn't decent to see him like that, with the look of a tortured, trapped animal. "Blacked out? What happened, John? I mean, from the beginning—"

He drew a deep breath. "I guess that's where I'd better start—from the beginning. I went to see Mary Lou the first night Philip and I got here . . . left Philip to take Caroline to the movies. I told Mary Lou about you that night, told her that I was in love with you and wanted to marry you. I've told you before that I never knew how she felt about me. We'd been good friends, and we'd seen a lot of each other until I went to war, but she'd always had a lot of other fellows, too. And even though everyone took for granted that she was my girl, there'd never been anything sentimental between us. And that night I told her about you—well, if I did mean anything special to her, she didn't let me know it. As I said, if it was an act, it was a good one. She asked the usual questions—what you looked like, and how I'd met you, and when we planned to be married—and she wished me happiness, and that was all there was to it. Mother had planned a party for me the next night, and Mary Lou came and seemed to have a wonderful time. I didn't see much of her because Philip was tagging after her, paying her a lot of attention—you know his way—and she seemed to enjoy that, too. Anyway, she was with him the next few nights when we went out with the crowd, and she seemed perfectly happy. Then, the last day, she changed—"

"Changed? How?"

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

This story was adapted from one of the recent problems presented on John J. Anthony's MBS program, heard each weekday at 1:45 EST.

John's mouth twisted wryly. "That's part of what I don't remember. I mean —I never did find out, exactly. The whole crowd of us went on a picnic that day, up the river. Mary Lou seemed rather quiet, but I didn't pay any attention until later in the afternoon, after we'd had lunch, when she asked if I'd walk upstream with her a little way, said she wanted to talk to me. We walked up to the Cove above Grumman's Point. I don't remember Mary Lou's saying much along the way, but then it was quite a walk and the weather was warm—hot for that time of year—and I began to get the funny, pressed-in feeling I'd had when I'd had attacks before. I kept wondering if I ought to go back, but I thought perhaps it would pass. But the last thing I remember is sitting on the sand, and Mary Lou's talking, saying something about how long we'd known each other. And that's all I do remember, except—" he reddened and finished doggedly, "—except that she started to cry, and I put my arm around her. The next thing I knew it was morning of the next day, and Philip was getting me up to catch the train."

I FORCED myself to look directly at him. "Then you think—" I couldn't finish.

He buried his face in his hands. "I don't *know*," he groaned. "I tell you I can't remember. It would have been a crime . . . Mary Lou. . . ."

I went cold with fear and resentment. *Mary Lou,* I thought. *Mary Lou. What about me, John?* But John might have been a thousand miles away. Or, rather, it was I who was far away, and John who was here, in his old home, in Maple Falls. It was as if all his past—his family and Mary Lou and everything familiar—had reached out to claim him, had shut me away from him. Perhaps Mary Lou already had claimed him irrevocably. . . . But my mind shied away from that thought; it was too monstrous. I said stubbornly, almost childishly, "I don't believe it."

He raised his head, and the look he gave me washed away all the hard cold feeling, all the resentment. There was so much of gratitude in it, so much appeal. "I don't believe it, either. I can't. It seems impossible. But—I can't disbelieve Mary Lou, either. She was with me."

"But you said that Philip brought you home—"

"Philip told me the next day that he'd found me walking around on the beach, and that he and Mary Lou had taken me home. That's all he said about it, and I didn't ask any questions. I didn't think there was any reason to, and then the doctors had told me that the less I thought about the condition, the less I worried about it, the sooner it was likely to disappear. That's why I didn't tell you, or my family. They weren't here when Philip brought me in, and they didn't know anything at all had happened to me."

"But they know now?"

He tried to smile. "Oh, yes. I told them . . . tonight, downstairs. It made them feel a little better about it, but it doesn't alter my responsibility."

I struggled to think, to get the fantastic facts straight in my mind. "But your visit home—that was months ago, in March. This is almost June." I hesitated, fearing that he might misunderstand the question I was about to ask, think that I was accusing him of a clandestine correspondence. "You haven't heard from Mary Lou since then?"

He didn't misunderstand. "Not a word. But then—she knew how I felt about you, and I suppose after I'd gone back to camp she decided to just—step out of the picture . . . until she found that she couldn't. She went to Doc Evans, and he told her she'd better tell her parents about it . . . and they told Mother and Dad. That's why Dad wired me. Only he didn't want to say why, in a telegram, so I thought it was something about the business. I never dreamed that it was anything like this. . . ."

I was staring at the jars on the dresser again, staring until my eyes hurt. There was another question that I had to ask. I didn't want to ask it, but I had to know. "Is—do you think that Mary Lou's in love with you?"

John spread his hands helplessly. "I don't know. I never did know, and I certainly didn't think so after I left here last time. But she's—well, intense. And she keeps things pretty much to herself, the things that matter. And she's proud. That's one of the ugly things about the whole ugly mess—the whole town knows about it. Her mother was so upset that she called my mother instead of coming to see her and blurted everything out over the party line. But as to her being in love with me—I don't know. I was sure she wasn't until the day of the picnic, and I'm not sure of anything about that day—"

I FLINCHED. I didn't want to be reminded of the day of the picnic. John reached over and caught my hand in both of his. "I'm sorry, Beth, for everything. Sorry, sorry, sorry. That isn't enough, I know. It's so little, that it's—it's silly. But it's all I can say."

I was sorry, too, bitterly sorry—for John. I ached to comfort him, to hold him as if he were a child, to smooth the tortured lines from his face. Now that the first shock had passed, all I could think of was that John was in trouble, serious trouble; I didn't fully realize how it affected me. With a quick movement I knelt beside him, put my arm around his shoulder. "It's not your fault," I whispered fiercely. "Whatever happened, it wasn't your fault. And maybe it isn't true, John. Mary Lou could be wrong, and the doctor, too. Doctors have been wrong before. If we just keep hoping and trusting that things will come out all right, maybe they will."

John turned his face away, pressed my hand so hard against his cheek that my fingers hurt. For a long moment he didn't move. Then he drew a deep shaky breath. "Thanks, Beth," he said huskily. "That's what I hoped you'd say. I—there's no one else like you, no one in the world. Thank God for you, darling—"

My eyes stung, and my heart swelled as it had the night that John had called me to tell me that Philip was missing, the night he had said, "I'm so *glad* of you—" as if just to know that I was there made anything bearable. I forgot Mary Lou then, forgot everything but that John needed me, turned to me in trouble, needed my love, and I felt privileged and humbly grateful that I could help. Then John rose, drew me up with him. "We'd better go downstairs," he said. "Mother has sandwiches and hot tea for us." He grinned crookedly. "That's Mother's remedy for everything—hot tea. She'll be upset if we refuse. I hope you don't mind coming down."

I did mind, a little. I wasn't in the least hungry, and I shrank from the very thought of seeing anyone. But I was willing to do whatever John wanted, and I felt equal to facing his family now. John loved me and needed me; so long as that was true, I could face anything. And somehow, in trying to reassure John, I'd succeeded in reassuring myself. Surely, things could not be as bad as they had seemed at first. The news that had been waiting for us in Maple Falls was like a bomb out of nowhere, thrown by circumstance; I could almost believe now that circumstance would somehow make things right.

We were a strained little foursome, gathered around the diningroom table for sandwiches and tea. Caroline was missing; she had been sent to stay with a school friend. "Her very best friend," Mrs. Dorn explained carefully. "They've gone all through school together, and Caroline's been begging to be allowed to stay with her. I thought that this was as good a time as any—" she caught herself—"I mean, they're both graduating from grammar school this June, and they've so much to talk about. Parties and clothes—"

I SMILED and nodded and said something about my own graduation from junior high. It was obvious that Caroline had been sent to stay with her friend because of my presence in the house, but I didn't mind. I was sorry for the Dorns. Neither of them looked very much like John—both of them small, Mr. Dorn small and plump, Mrs. Dorn small and thin. But Mr. Dorn's mouth, relaxed, had the same humorous quirk at the corners that John's had, and they both looked as if they were used to smiling a great deal, to getting a great deal of enjoyment out of life. I didn't mind the sympathy in Mrs. Dorn's eyes whenever she thought I wasn't noticing, didn't mind that both she and Mr. Dorn, no matter how sympathetic they felt, took care to treat me as a guest and not as a member of the family, took care to talk only about impersonal things, like Caroline's graduation, and the new wing that had been added to the high school, and the postwar highway that was planned to run between Maple Falls and Marshall, a larger town up the river. I didn't mind anything, so long as I could meet John's eyes across the table in a glance that was like a secret signal saying that the two of us were (*Continued on page* 54)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

The Right to Happiness



Carolyn Kramer's experience has taught her that happiness cannot be had for the asking. It is possible only to those who, like Carolyn, know that small pleasures must often be sacrificed for lasting emotional peace.



DICK CAMPBELL, now a Major in the Medical Corps, is the only man Carolyn Kramer ever genuinely loved. Though their courtship ended some time ago, and both married other people, Carolyn has never forgotten Dick, and his strong feeling for her is held in check only out of regard for his wife.
(played by Alex Scourby)



SUSAN WAKEFIELD is suffering from the common complaint of the young girl just coming out of adolescence—a violent passion for a man much older than herself. In Susan's case the man is Dwight Kramer. Hurt by Carolyn's divorce from him, Dwight has turned to Susan's belief in him for comfort.
(played by Charita Bauer)



DWIGHT KRAMER is fundamentally an intelligent and likeable person. Though the collapse of his marriage to Carolyn left him bewildered and hurt, his native strength of character will in time reassert itself, and he will regain his emotional poise. Carolyn, on her part, went through much mental struggle before she could finally bring herself to face the fact that she and Dwight were hopelessly incompatible, and to leave him. His need for her almost held her, but eventually her own inability to find any happiness with him won out. (Dwight Kramer played by David Gothard; Carolyn Kramer by Claudia Morgan)

The Right To Happiness is heard on NBC each weekday at 3:45 P.M. EST.





GINNY, Dick Campbell's young wife, thinks that by seeing more of Carolyn, with Dick, she will discourage his fondness for the girl he almost married. But Carolyn's hard-won peace of mind is threatened by her knowledge that the feeling between herself and Dick is so far from dead that it may soon make them all unhappy.
(Ginny played by Anne Sterrett)

TED WAKEFIELD is Constance Wakefield's young son. Bright, healthy, Ted is altogether typical of the American boy of high school age, except for a single important difference. The average high school boy doesn't give much of his time to the arts, but Ted has already shown a talent for music that amounts to genius.
(Ted played by Jimmie Dobson)



CONSTANCE WAKEFIELD, a movie actress, still works with her charming but overambitious ex-husband, Director ALEX DELAVAN, who is much attracted right now to Carolyn. It is in Constance's home that Carolyn and her two-year-old son Skippy have been making their home since her divorce. (Constance is Violet Heming; Alex, Staats Cotsworth)

All our tomorrows

Many women, like Jan, have found themselves in love with two men at once. But Jan's problem was different, because one of the men was dead



"DOWN, Jigger! Stop it, Gadget! . . . Muffet . . . can't you make your kittens behave?"

I think Muffet understood me—the plaintive tone of my voice—as I stood helplessly trying to balance a coffee tray while the two capering furry kittens played tug-of-war with my slack trousers. At any rate, the old mother cat immediately cuffed her two offspring into obedience.

When I was at last able to move I took a backward glance at the house. So did Muffet.

It was automatic with both of us . . . a foolish gesture of waiting suspense as if we still expected that beloved masculine form to step out of the French windows—stoop to pet Muffet—take the tray out of my hands—bend his tall head to kiss me lightly—the fragrance of his pipe curling around us—

I gave myself a little reproving shake and started off across the lawn, the old cat pattering after me. I *must* stop thinking of Bill—listening for him—waiting for him.

Bill was dead. My husband of a year and a half, really and actually my husband to live with and love with only four months, was dead. Killed in the Pacific.

The great, overwhelming grief was gone. It had spent itself in those first weeks of wildness and stupor and unbelief and, finally, of heartbreaking knowledge. Now there was tranquillity of a kind in me, the kind that comes after you have accepted the awful certainty of death and the added certainty that life must go on for you. I had Bill's cat, Muffet, and her kittens. I had the little white clapboard-and-greystone cottage we had planned together and built before we were married. I had my partnership in the Jan-Jay Hat Shop.

There was always sorrow, of course. And loneliness. But not the emptiness that usually comes with being lonely.

Whenever that threatened I remembered Bill's last words to me as we had said goodbye in this favorite corner of the garden. He had been sitting at this same white-painted barrel that served us as a table; I was on a pillow at his feet, my head in his lap.

"Remember, darling—if anything happens to me, it will be all right because our love is stronger than death.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I hope they aren't bothering you. They're a little spoiled."



I know you'll always be true to me."

I rarely needed to remember those words—consciously—when I was home. Because in the house and in the garden and in every corner of the low hedge there were memories so strong it seemed to me as if the actual presence of Bill walked every step of the way with me. So strong was that feeling, at times, that I would catch myself speaking out loud to him, asking his advice about the perennials, consulting him as to the beloved animals' diet, wondering if he would like the new blue curtains in the breakfast room. It was foolish, perhaps—but it never felt morbid. It felt—*right!*

The coffee in the thermos jug was hot and I poured myself a cup, content to sit for a moment contemplating the play of sunlight and late-afternoon shadow on the lawn, planning my gardening job for the next hour. The chrysanthemums needed tying back. They were getting scraggly. And there were leaves to be raked under the maples.

It was so quiet and so peaceful that when the door banged nearby it caught me by surprise and coffee spilled in a hot stream over my sleeve. The burn was a minor one and I paid no attention. I was staring, fascinated, in the direction from where the sound had come, from the house next door. It had been vacant so long that for a second I was frightened . . . frightened at the sight of a tall, slim man walking out of that back door. Walking as if he had a right to. Strolling across the lawn as if he owned the place.

And something told me he did. Something told me that I had a new neighbor in this hundred-year-old, run-down house next door.

All I could feel, immediately, was resentment. It had been so perfect here with no neighbors on that side and the tree-shaded gully on the other that I hated to think of what this newcomer's presence might mean. He probably had a wife who would want to chat with me over the hedge and run in and out of my house borrowing things. They would be feeling sorry for the "poor little widow" and invite me to parties I didn't like. They would talk to me about the war and pry into details of Bill's death. Something hot and scalding rose in my throat.

He was coming nearer and now I could see he was carrying a trowel and a spade. If he meant to do some gardening he would probably be working right across the hedge from me, in their patch of overgrown flowers and shrubs.

I dived to the ground and frantically busied myself with the chrysanthemums. Now I couldn't see him. I could only hear the "chunk" and the tearing, dirt-pulling sound of his spade. A whiff of his pipe tobacco drifted across, almost making me dizzy—it was so like Bill's. Once he whistled a little tune, aimlessly.

Muffet was acting strangely. She was so entirely a one-man cat, so much Bill's, that ordinarily she was rude and condescending to strangers. But now she sat, listening to that whistle, her

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"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I hope they aren't bothering you. They're a little spoiled."

eyes half-closed, her fur bristling. And slowly she moved towards the hedge.

I made a grab for her but missed. She paid no attention to me. For a moment there was a hushed feeling and I saw the dazed expression in Muffet's eyes—as if she were doing an act she was *compelled to do*. And there was something else. That quietening, loved-for-cared-for feeling that always made me sense the closeness of Bill's presence was suddenly very strong about us.

"Well—hello! Did you come over to welcome me to my new home?" I knew the stranger was speaking to Muffet and his words made me ashamed for my ungracious behavior.

I rose—and he was kneeling just across the hedge from me. He was scratching the cat, gently, just behind the ears. Just where Muffet liked to be scratched. He was knowledgeable about cats, this stranger. The kittens tore through the hedge after their mother and cavorted around them, gleefully.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I hope they aren't bothering you. They're a little spoiled, I'm afraid. I'm not very firm with them." He smiled at me and I saw he was young, but with an odd kind of maturity. I smiled back.

"Bothering me? I like them. I was planning to get one of my own but I think yours might not like an intruder and they can have the run of my place."

I hesitated a moment. "Perhaps your wife might object."

"I'M not married." He rose and dusted off his knees. "My name is Kirk Meryweather. I'm a new assistant professor in the math department at Parker College and I stumbled on this old house by accident yesterday. It's just what I've been looking for, what I used to dream about in the Army. I can't believe my luck."

So he had been in the Army—that would account for the slight limp when he walked, and for the young-old look of his.

"What about this hedge?" he went on. "Is it mine or yours? Do I take care of it?"

He must have seen my confusion, then. I *never* could trim it as smoothly as Bill had and now it was all dips and ridges.

"It's a community sort of hedge. It belongs to both of us," I answered. I found the clippers behind me and started to work. But he took them out of my hands.

"Then I think it's about my turn to do it."

After that it was impossible to be strangers. I told him my name—Jan Thurston. I even found I could talk to him about Parker, the small college where Bill and I had first met when we were both working our way through waiting on tables in the cafeteria. About the designing course I had taken. And how I had dropped out of school my junior year to start the hat shop. About Bill taking the job in the bank when he graduated so we could save money and get married before he went into the service.



There was gladness and joy in our kiss. And a strange, unbidden sense came over me that Bill was there, and still it was glad . . .

It was so easy to talk to Kirk. And after I had invited him over for what was left of the hot coffee in the thermos jug we were just that to each other—Kirk and Jan. I couldn't help liking him. He was companionable in an easy, masculine way I had missed. His laughter was infrequent but his smile was a steadying, warming thing that waited at the corner of his lips for any old excuse. The kittens were crazy about him.

But it was Muffet who puzzled me. She *accepted* Kirk so completely. Her head rested in his lap; her eyes seldom left off their wistful gaze into his face; her tail waved in majestic approbation.

Only once in a while did habit claim her again and she would begin her usual, pitiful, futile search for Bill. Once this had torn my heart—now I saw that Kirk could recall her to his side with one quiet word.

When I finally said goodnight and went into the house, I had a moment of chilling caution. Had I enjoyed this past hour *too* much? This gladness I felt in knowing Kirk—was that a sign I had been alone too much? I had my memories and up until now they had been enough. They would have to be enough. I must never *need* anyone. This love that was stronger than death between Bill and me would forever keep me from needing anyone—whether in marriage or love—or even in friendship.

But the uneasy feeling vanished with the pleasant remembrance of the conversation we had had and the work we had shared. And also with the strange conviction that there was no reproof against me here in the little world that was my house. Bill would want me to have friends; he wouldn't mind Kirk.

So every evening, when I got through work and my tiny supper and Kirk was through with his classes, we made our way to our neighboring gardens. For an hour or so we would work together across the hedge in a near-silence, speaking only when we felt like it. Sometimes he would bring examination papers with him to be graded and then he would use my table, sitting in Bill's old chair, while I worked to the accompaniment of the scratching of his pen or the pecking of his typewriter. Other times, I would bring the bookkeeping accounts from the shop home with me and Kirk would go over them, straightening out the confusion that figures always gave me.

It was nice to feel I could help him, too. It was I who could advise him about mulchs and about pruning his trees and about spraying for pests. It was on my suggestion that he searched for safe places for the little triangular bottles of ant poison he put out, to keep them from the inquisitive talons of the cats. Helping Kirk made me feel needed and useful, almost like a wife again.

And afterwards we would have coffee and cake, or, if it was an unusually warm evening, iced tea.

Once Kirk teased me into trying some of his own Italian spaghetti, his bachelor's pride, and we ate until we were torpid.

"That's the way I like to see a girl eat," he said, approvingly, when we



A "MY TRUE STORY"

This story was adapted from a script heard originally on My True Story, an American Broadcasting Company program, Monday through Friday, 10 A.M.



relaxed afterwards. "Most of them just peck at their food. But, then, most of them don't have your figure, Jan."

How could I help being thrilled a little at the admiration I saw in his eyes as they took in the high-breasted slimness revealed by the shorts and shirt I wore? Or help being glad that my hair curled naturally and stayed in place in spite of my being constantly up and down on hands and knees?

Although sometimes I would still question my right to have such a friend in so attractive a man, there was still no feeling that he was intruding. He was not robbing me of my closeness with Bill. Rather, he made a pleasant addition to my life—never stepping into that closed circle that bound me to my dead husband, but only making another circle that was Jan and Kirk.

If there were any danger of my becoming too interested in Kirk, I thought, surely I would have been jealous of his outside interests. I wasn't. I liked to hear the bits of gossip he would bring back after some faculty party. Although Kirk was totally unaware of his own charm I knew that the wives of his fellow-professors were earnestly match-making for him and constantly bringing some pretty girl for him to meet.

I would laugh with him over his description of these parties and teas, feeling a warm glow of pride in the admiration others must feel for him—for his strength and honesty, for the tenderness and good-humor that lay behind his reserve. Even for the handsomeness of his crisp, slightly-curling brown hair and the lean hollows of his tanned cheeks.

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For a moment my heart caught and lifted. It meant a lot to Kirk, then—these hours we spent together! And a strange, giddy happiness made me tremble all over.

The moment was dangerously, thrillingly sweet . . . and then reason whispered that Kirk had meant something different. Of course he liked these hours together. There was peace here and good work shared. He loved gardening and he liked to play with the dogs and he enjoyed planning with me the restoration of his old house. It was nothing more than that for him and it *couldn't* be more than that for me.

It couldn't, I told myself sternly. And silenced with a firm hand that tiny little wonder in my heart.

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eyes half-closed, her fur bristling. And slowly she moved towards the hedge.

I made a grab for her but missed. She paid no attention to me. For a moment there was a hushed feeling and I saw the dazed expression in Muffet's eyes—as if she were doing an act she was *compelled to do*. And there was something else. That quietening, loved-for-cared-for feeling that always made me sense the closeness of Bill's presence was suddenly very strong about us.

"Well—hello! Did you come over to welcome me to my new home?" I knew the stranger was speaking to Muffet and his words made me ashamed for my ungracious behavior.

I rose—and he was kneeling just across the hedge from me. He was scratching the cat, gently, just behind the ears. Just where Muffet liked to be scratched. He was knowledgeable about cats, this stranger. The kittens tore through the hedge after their mother and cavorted around them, gleefully.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "I hope they aren't bothering you. They're a little spoiled, I'm afraid. I'm not very firm with them." He smiled at me and I saw he was young, but with an odd kind of maturity. I smiled back.

"Bothering me? I like them. I was planning to get one of my own but I think yours might not like an intruder and they can have the run of my place."

I hesitated a moment. "Perhaps your wife might object."

"I'M not married." He rose and dusted off his knees. "My name is Kirk Meryweather. I'm a new assistant professor in the math department at Parker College and I stumbled on this old house by accident yesterday. It's just what I've been looking for, what I used to dream about in the Army. I can't believe my luck."

So he had been in the Army—that would account for the slight limp when he walked, and for the young-old look of his.

"What about this hedge?" he went on. "Is it mine or yours? Do I take care of it?"

He must have seen my confusion, then. I *never* could trim it as smoothly as Bill had and now it was all dips and ridges.

"It's a community sort of hedge. It belongs to both of us," I answered. I found the clippers behind me and started to work. But he took them out of my hands.

"Then I think it's about my turn to do it."

After that it was impossible to be strangers. I told him my name—Jan Thurston. I even found I could talk to him about Parker, the small college where Bill and I had first met when we were both working our way through waiting on tables in the cafeteria. About the designing course I had taken. And how I had dropped out of school my junior year to start the hat shop. About Bill taking the job in the bank when he graduated so we could save money and get married before he went into the service.



There was gladness and joy in our kiss. And a strange, unbidden sense came over me that Bill was there, and still it was glad . . .

It was so easy to talk to Kirk. And after I had invited him over for what was left of the hot coffee in the thermos jug we were just that to each other—Kirk and Jan. I couldn't help liking him. He was companionable in an easy, masculine way I had missed. His laughter was infrequent but his smile was a steadying, warming thing that waited at the corner of his lips for any old excuse. The kittens were crazy about him.

But it was Muffet who puzzled me. She *accepted* Kirk so completely. Her head rested in his lap; her eyes seldom left off their wistful gaze into his face; her tail waved in majestic approbation.

Only once in a while did habit claim her again and she would begin her usual, pitiful, futile search for Bill. Once this had torn my heart—now I saw that Kirk could recall her to his side with one quiet word.

When I finally said goodnight and went into the house, I had a moment of chilling caution. Had I enjoyed this past hour *too* much? This gladness I felt in knowing Kirk—was that a sign I had been alone too much? I had my memories and up until now they had been enough. They would have to be enough. I must never *need* anyone. This love that was stronger than death between Bill and me would forever keep me from needing anyone—whether in marriage or love—or even in friendship.

But the uneasy feeling vanished with the pleasant remembrance of the conversation we had had and the work we had shared. And also with the strange conviction that there was no reproof against me here in the little world that was my house. Bill would want me to have friends; he wouldn't mind Kirk.

So every evening, when I got through work and my tiny supper and Kirk was through with his classes, we made our way to our neighboring gardens. For an hour or so we would work together across the hedge in a near-silence, speaking only when we felt like it. Sometimes he would bring examination papers with him to be graded and then he would use my table, sitting in Bill's old chair, while I worked to the accompaniment of the scratching of his pen or the pecking of his typewriter. Other times, I would bring the bookkeeping accounts from the shop home with me and Kirk would go over them, straightening out the confusion that figures always gave me.

It was nice to feel I could help him, too. It was I who could advise him about mulchs and about pruning his trees and about spraying for pests. It was on my suggestion that he searched for safe places for the little triangular bottles of ant poison he put out, to keep them from the inquisitive talons of the cats. Helping Kirk made me feel needed and useful, almost like a wife again.

And afterwards we would have coffee and cake, or, if it was an unusually warm evening, iced tea.

Once Kirk teased me into trying some of his own Italian spaghetti, his bachelor's pride, and we ate until we were torpid.

"That's the way I like to see a girl eat," he said, approvingly, when we relaxed afterwards. "Most of them just peck at their food. But, then, most of them don't have your figure, Jan."

How could I help being thrilled a little at the admiration I saw in his eyes as they took in the high-breasted slimness revealed by the shorts and shirt I wore? Or help being glad that my hair curled naturally and stayed in place in spite of my being constantly up and down on hands and knees?

Although sometimes I would still question my right to have such a friend in so attractive a man, there was still no feeling that he was intruding. He was not robbing me of my closeness with Bill. Rather, he made a pleasant addition to my life—never stepping into that closed circle that bound me to my dead husband, but only making another circle that was Jan and Kirk.

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A "MY TRUE STORY"

This story was adapted from a script heard originally on My True Story, an American Broadcasting Company program, Monday through Friday, 10 A.M.

Unseen Enemy

By DR. JIM BRENT

This fight — for our children's lives — is like any other battle. We can't win until we know everything about the methods, weapons, power of the enemy

WHEN you are a doctor who is specializing in a certain branch of medicine, as I am; when you work in a specialized hospital, as I do here at the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, you sometimes tend to forget to think as much as you should about the troubles and diseases and medical problems outside your own specialization.

I was reminded of that the other day—reminded that rheumatic fever, one of the worst scourges of childhood, and one with far-reaching, long-lasting effects, was something I hadn't particularly thought about, or brought myself up to date on, for a long time. When I remembered that rheumatic fever strikes down more children every year than pneumonia, tuberculosis or infantile paralysis, I decided it was about time for me to do a little checking up, to see what I could do in helping these children. And that's why I'm writing this article.

What reminded me of this killer and crippler of children was a new patient at the Institute. He was a young man of about twenty-four. I don't want to go into the full history of his case, because it's very complicated. One of his real obsessions is that he's a chronic invalid. He can't do anything, he can't work or play, because he's sick. What's more, he can actually make himself physically ill, and does so frequently. This is common enough behavior in neurotics, and the important thing is to try to find out when it first began.

You can't get very far, of course, in a first interview, but I tried to get him to remember as well as he could when he first got the idea that he wasn't well.

"I remember something," he said. "It happened when I was little. I was sick, once. I had pains in my knees and arms."

"What kind of pains?" I asked.

"Well—" he pondered, "pains like rheumatism, I guess. I don't really remember—but I do remember it was very bad."

We delved a little more. He remembered that after that illness, his parents had begun treating him with great care. He was forced to eat special things. He wasn't allowed to run and play with other children and he often heard his parents mention his "bad heart," when they didn't think he was listening. He didn't go to school regularly and, when he did, he couldn't keep up with the other children. At any rate, this whole manner of treatment by his parents and teachers was a big contributing factor to laying the groundwork for his present mental illness.

As I said, this phase of it, this effect on the minds of some of the people who've had rheumatic fever, is an offshoot of the original illness. And this phase of it, at least, could be avoided. Children who've had rheumatic fever and as a result—an almost inevitable result, especially if the acute attacks recur frequently—have what are known as rheumatic hearts, do need special care. But not fussy care. Their resistence to all disease must be built up with balanced diets, their bodies must be kept healthy with fitting exercise. Properly handled and watched, a child can be nursed through rheumatic fever, the recurrences of the disease can be brought down to a minimum and, sometimes, prevented entirely. Such a child can grow into a healthy, normal individual.

If you want good proof of it, there are the 134 ex-patients of the rheumatic fever clinic of one New York hospital—all of them once sufferers from this disease, all of them cured—who were accepted for armed service in the war. They felt so fine and showed no signs of rheumatic fever histories, that they got away with not mentioning they'd ever had it. And not one of them had any recurrences of the disease during their training or service. Those are only the patients from one hospital.

After I'd finished talking to this young man, I went to see Carson—I'm sorry, Dr. McVicker. Not having as much background in psychiatry as she has, I wanted to know whether many cases like this were likely to turn up. Because, if they were, I felt that I wanted to know a great deal more about rheumatic fever than I did at the moment.

In our talk, the sad facts came out. Rheumatic fever is still a great mystery. Carson—I'll leave it like that, because that's what I call her when we're alone, anyway, and there's no need for hospital formalities here—has as extensive a library on the subject as exists. And a puny one it is, really, when compared with the books on diseases like tuberculosis and infantile paralysis.

Which is rather terrifying when you come to think of it. Because it was then that I remembered that strikes down more children every year than pneumonia, tuberculisis or infantile paralysis. It doesn't always kill, but even so it does kill about 40,000 a year—and that's only an estimate based on recognized cases. There may be many more which pass for some other disease. Rheumatic heart disease was the cause of half of the heart-defect rejections of Selective Service.

We did some digging into those books, Carson and I—and some talking.

The big thing that comes out in all these books is this—no one yet knows what causes rheumatic fever. One of the most extensive—and the most dramatic—studies we found was made by Dr. Alvin Coburn, who devoted his life to fighting this terror of childhood.

He was the first to seriously consider rheumatic fever almost strictly a disease that goes with poverty, poor food, lack of sunlight and overcrowding.

Dr. Coburn studied and noted and analyzed the *(Continued on page 99)*



Working together at the Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, Dr. Jim Brent (Matt Crowley) and Dr. Carson McVicker (Charlotte Manson) pool their medical knowledge for the fight against rheumatic fever, on NBC's Road of Life, weekdays at 10:45 A.M. EST.

To be

GRIF'S mother came hurrying through the gate that morning, calling me, waving the telegram.

"I got one too," I cried, running out upon my little square porch to meet her. "Oh, Mother Baird! He's really coming home!"

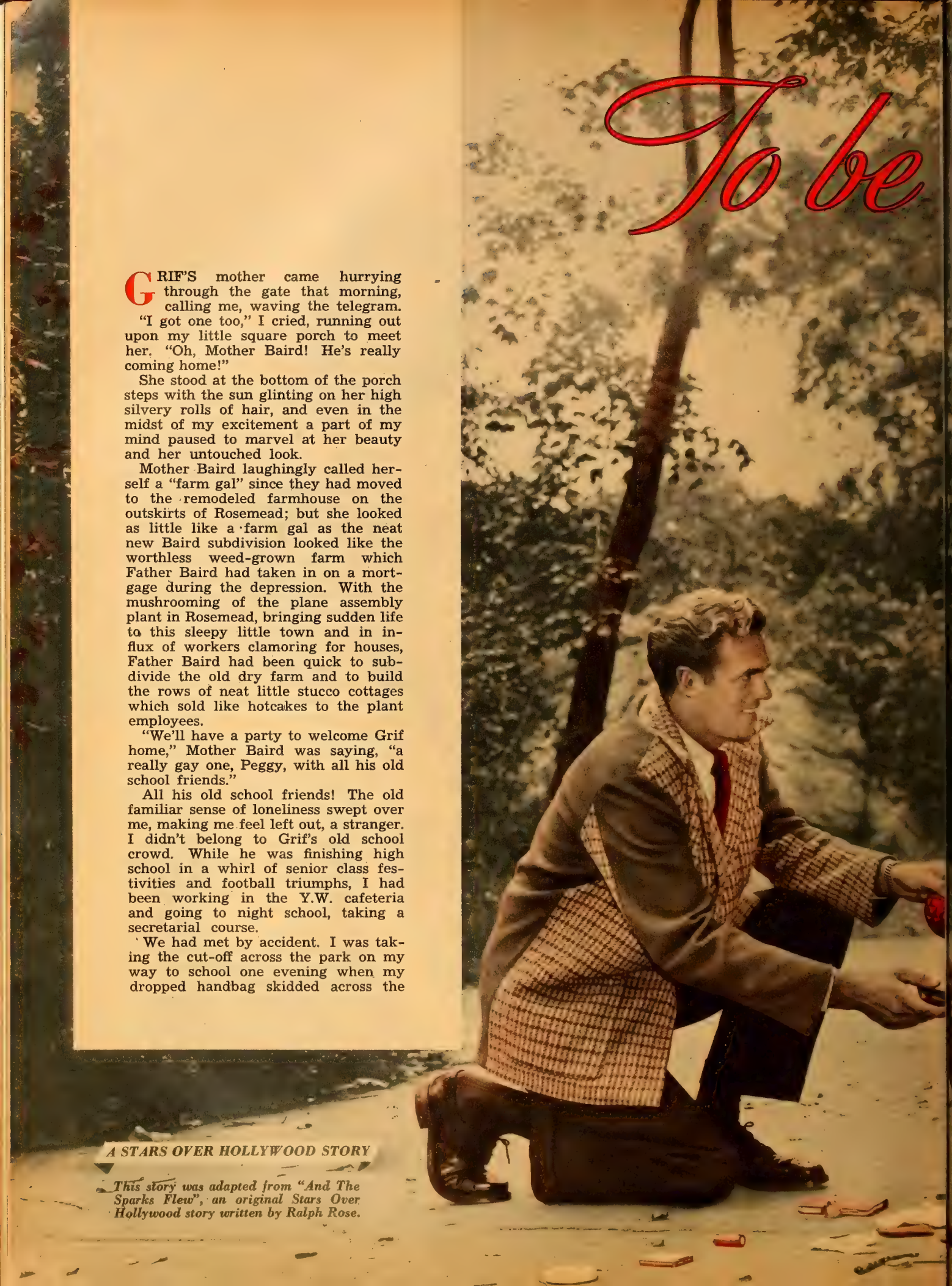
She stood at the bottom of the porch steps with the sun glinting on her high silvery rolls of hair, and even in the midst of my excitement a part of my mind paused to marvel at her beauty and her untouched look.

Mother Baird laughingly called herself a "farm gal" since they had moved to the remodeled farmhouse on the outskirts of Rosemead; but she looked as little like a farm gal as the neat new Baird subdivision looked like the worthless weed-grown farm which Father Baird had taken in on a mortgage during the depression. With the mushrooming of the plane assembly plant in Rosemead, bringing sudden life to this sleepy little town and in influx of workers clamoring for houses, Father Baird had been quick to subdivide the old dry farm and to build the rows of neat little stucco cottages which sold like hotcakes to the plant employees.

"We'll have a party to welcome Grif home," Mother Baird was saying, "a really gay one, Peggy, with all his old school friends."

All his old school friends! The old familiar sense of loneliness swept over me, making me feel left out, a stranger. I didn't belong to Grif's old school crowd. While he was finishing high school in a whirl of senior class festivities and football triumphs, I had been working in the Y.W. cafeteria and going to night school, taking a secretarial course.

We had met by accident. I was taking the cut-off across the park on my way to school one evening when my dropped handbag skidded across the



A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

This story was adapted from "And The Sparks Flew", an original Stars Over Hollywood story written by Ralph Rose.

really yours

Waiting for Grif to come home, loving him completely, Peggy didn't dream that she was waiting for a stranger



It's funny how you can meet the man you're going to love.

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"Medical discharge," Mother Baird's voice floated into my preoccupation. "That means, of course, that he'll be home for good. He will go right back into the office with his father, and everything will be the same again. We'll forget there ever was a war."

She was looking past me now, engrossed in plans of her own. She had looked exactly like this when she told us that Father Baird was going to build us a Model Home for a wedding present. It was to be located on the most attractive site in the new subdivision, right next to their old farmhouse. The new would stand out in smart contrast to

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Grif and I had only three weeks in the little house before he went into the Army. Three incredible weeks of waking at night to find myself in his arms, of waking in the morning to find the sun streaming through the gauzy gold curtains at the tiny bedroom windows, of loafing over the funnies and a last cup of coffee in the pint-sized nook off the kitchen.

"Gotta be gittin'." Grif would spring up, dumping me and the funnies out of his lap. "I almost forgot I'm supposed to be a business man now."

But he wasn't very good at selling real estate. He always blurted out the truth about termites and leaky roofs, and shrugged ruefully about the sales he had killed. He had gone into his father's office straight from high school, to learn the business. His desk was still so new that he laughed about not having any important deeds or documents to clear out of it before he left.

"Well," Mother Baird folded Grif's telegram and pushed it into the pocket of her smooth white skirt. "We mustn't stand here wasting time, Peggy. We've a million things to do before he arrives. Everything—*everything*—must be just exactly as Grif left it, so he can step right back into his old life and forget completely about the war. Isn't that right?"

She smiled and went briskly off through the gate which separated our little square yard from the lawn of the bigger house. I would have given my very heart to possess her looks and her poise, her calm acceptance of all the good things of life which seemed to fall so easily into her lap. Since the first day that Grif had brought me home to meet his parents I had felt coltish and clumsy beside her, and I'd tried my best to be like her in every way. I wanted so terribly to be perfect for Grif . . .

The hours slid past while I worked my way happily through the little house, cleaning and polishing in time to my own joyous whistling. At last everything was finished except for a final, last-minute flick of the dustcloth. The refrigerator was crammed to bursting with all the things Grif liked best to eat; every chair and book and ash tray was exactly as he had left it; there was fresh tobacco in the humidor beside his pipe rack. I brushed a last speck of dust from his old football letter, still thumb-tacked to the plaque board with other school mementos, including the ping-pong paddle with which he'd won the Inter-High tournament, and which bore the scribbled autographs of every member of his class.

"We'll use this later," he'd told me, when he hung it up, "to paddle any cocky little strangers who happen to come to live with us."

I stood still now, the dust cloth still in my hand, remembering how my heart had turned over inside me when he said it—remembering every single thing about those three precious weeks together, and that last day . . . the blue-and-white print dress I'd been wearing because it was his favorite, the way the sun slanted through the open front door and set his bright hair on fire, the way he cupped my face tight in his hands before he kissed me.

"Hold everything, Peg," he'd said. "I'll be right back."

That was what he said to me each morning as he went to work, and that was what he said then, going off to war. It was our real goodbye, not the chin-up, be-brave one at the depot, with a crowd around and everyone trying to think of cheerful things to day.

Two years ago . . . two years and seven months and exactly four hours and fifteen minutes by the little clock that had been ticking off the slow seconds ever since he left!

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine how it would be to hear his voice again, to feel his arms around me, his kisses sweet on my month. A tune we had danced to hummed through my head, and my eyes flew open. I must get out all his old favorite records and pile them up with the ones I'd collected since he left. Why—I mustn't stand here dreaming—I must hurry. Grif was coming home! Grif was coming home, and everything would be just as it had been in those few short, wonderful weeks, only better, because this time we'd have a thousand thousand tomorrows to look forward to . . . together.

AND then, at last, everything was done—and there was still time, time to fill before we could go to the station, infinitely long minutes to fill somehow before train time, before the time for me to begin to live again. I tied a handkerchief over my freshly shampooed hair, and took Penny, Grif's lop-eared cocker spaniel, for a walk. Far up the slope back of the Baird subdivision I unsnapped the leash and let her run while I lay in the sparse shade of an old eucalyptus tree, listening to the scratch of dry branches above my head, half-awake, but dreaming of those thousand, thousand tomorrows when Grif and I would be together. And in spite of all my impatience, I was nearly late. I heard Father Baird, who had come home early from the office to drive us to the station, halloo-ing to me from the bottom of the hill, and Penny and I raced down together.

I felt hot and breathless when I finally climbed into the car, my hair hastily combed, my old blue-and-white dress, saved for Grif's homecoming, quickly pulled into place over my head.



"I didn't mean to listen," I said,



but I'm glad I did. Because now you won't have to say it over again."

Mother Baird had a fresh silver rinse that made her prematurely grey hair a well-disciplined halo about her head. She looked wonderful in her new dove grey suit and the little wisp of a purple hat tilted smartly over one eye. She out-weighed me by twenty pounds, but I still felt heavy of foot and awkward beside her as we crossed the station platform.

The train was running late. Father Baird fell into conversation with a stranger, talking about a piece of land the man thought of buying, and Mother Baird settled down with a magazine from the newsstand, to wait. When the train finally whistled, far up the tracks, she was as fresh as a daisy, while I felt hot and disheveled in spite of countless trips to the ladies' room to re-comb my hair and powder my nose.

But in that first moment when I saw Grif, I forgot all about myself. There he was—*Grif,* leaning from the vestibule as the train slowed, scanning the station with . . . with eyes that didn't look like Grif's at all, they were so tired and old and unsmiling, even when he smiled with his lips when he saw us, and waved.

I heard Father Baird say, "My God, he's thin as a rail!"

"He was always thin, David," Mother Baird answered. "Don't you remember?"

The train was crawling to a stop. Grif was swinging down the steps, and my feet automatically carried me toward him, although a paralyzing thing I knew must be joy, but which was as overpowering as terror, held me in its grip. But suddenly I stopped. Grif had turned to offer his hand to the girl who followed him—slim brown suit, halo of blonde hair, luminous blue eyes shadowed by fabulous lashes. This was the girl—I knew her at once—who had come to our wedding, who had talked so much at the little reception in the church parlors afterwards, who had gone away to school somewhere up near San Francisco about the same time Grif went into the Army.

Mother Baird was calling hellos to both of them, running forward to tilt up her lips for Grif's kiss. Father Baird was gripping Grif's hand and saying, "Welcome home, my boy!" For one frenzied second I wanted to run away —from Mother Baird's poise and perfection, from Father Baird's voice, the same one he used to greet people who came to Rosemead to take part in War Bond drives, from this girl whose suit made my blue-and-white print look incredibly frumpish, whose sleek hair made my home-shampooed curls look like a child's. And then I came out of it with a start—why, this was homecoming. This was Grif, my Grif, and he was home!

Grif was looking at me now, and his eyes seemed to be asking a question, setting me apart from the station and the crowd and the family and looking straight into my heart. How could I say anything, how could I even smile, when my heart was squeezed so tight I couldn't breathe? Now was the moment —now I'd feel his arms again, and know his kiss again, (*Continued on page* 84)

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But he wasn't very good at selling real estate. He always blurted out the truth about termites and leaky roofs, and shrugged ruefully about the sales he had killed. He had gone into his father's office straight from high school, to learn the business. His desk was still so new that he laughed about not having any important deeds or documents to clear out of it before he left.

"Well," Mother Baird folded Grif's telegram and pushed it into the pocket of her smooth white skirt. "We mustn't stand here wasting time, Peggy. We've a million things to do before he arrives. Everything—*everything*—must be just exactly as Grif left it, so he can step right back into his old life and forget completely about the war. Isn't that right?"

She smiled and went briskly off through the gate which separated our little square yard from the lawn of the bigger house. I would have given my very heart to possess her looks and her poise, her calm acceptance of all the good things of life which seemed to fall so easily into her lap. Since the first day that Grif had brought me home to meet his parents I had felt coltish and clumsy beside her, and I'd tried my best to be like her in every way. I wanted so terribly to be perfect for Grif . . .

The hours slid past while I worked my way happily through the little house, cleaning and polishing in time to my own joyous whistling. At last everything was finished except for a final, last-minute flick of the dustcloth. The refrigerator was crammed to bursting with all the things Grif liked best to eat; every chair and book and ash tray was exactly as he had left it; there was fresh tobacco in the humidor beside his pipe rack. I brushed a last speck of dust from his old football letter, still thumb-tacked to the plaque board with other school mementos, including the ping-pong paddle with which he'd won the Inter-High tournament, and which bore the scribbled autographs of every member of his class.

"We'll use this later," he'd told me, when he hung it up, "to paddle any cocky little strangers who happen to come to live with us."

I stood still now, the dust cloth still in my hand, remembering how my heart had turned over inside me when he said it—remembering every single thing about those three precious weeks together, and that last day . . . the blue-and-white print dress I'd been wearing because it was his favorite, the way the sun slanted through the open front door and set his bright hair on fire, the way he cupped my face tight in his hands before he kissed me.

"Hold everything, Peg," he'd said. "I'll be right back."

That was what he said to me each morning as he went to work, and that was what he said then, going off to war. It was our real goodbye, not the chin-up, be-brave one at the depot, with a crowd around and everyone trying to think of cheerful things to day.

Two years ago . . . two years and seven months and exactly four hours and fifteen minutes by the little clock that had been ticking off the slow seconds ever since he left!

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine how it would be to hear his voice again, to feel his arms around me, his kisses sweet on my month. A tune we had danced to hummed through my head, and my eyes flew open. I must get out all his old favorite records and pile them up with the ones I'd collected since he left. Why—I mustn't stand here dreaming—I must hurry. Grif was coming home! Grif was coming home, and everything would be just as it had been in those few short, wonderful weeks, only better, because this time we'd have a thousand thousand tomorrows to look forward to . . . together.

AND then, at last, everything was done—and there was still time, time to fill before we could go to the station, infinitely long minutes to fill somehow before train time, before the time for me to begin to live again. I tied a handkerchief over my freshly shampooed hair, and took Penny, Grif's lop-eared cocker spaniel, for a walk. Far up the slope back of the Baird subdivision I unsnapped the leash and let her run while I lay in the sparse shade of an old eucalyptus tree, listening to the scratch of dry branches above my head, half-awake, but dreaming of those thousand, thousand tomorrows when Grif and I would be together. And in spite of all my impatience, I was nearly late. I heard Father Baird, who had come home early from the office to drive us to the station, halloo-ing to me from the bottom of the hill, and Penny and I raced down together.

I felt hot and breathless when I finally climbed into the car, my hair hastily combed, my old blue-and-white dress, saved for Grif's homecoming, quickly pulled into place over my head.



"I didn't mean to listen," I said, "but I'm glad I did. Because now you won't have to say it over again."

Mother Baird had a fresh silver rinse that made her prematurely grey hair a well-disciplined halo about her head. She looked wonderful in her new dove grey suit and the little wisp of a purple hat tilted smartly over one eye. She out-weighed me by twenty pounds, but I still felt heavy of foot and awkward beside her as we crossed the station platform.

The train was running late. Father Baird fell into conversation with a stranger, talking about a piece of land the man thought of buying, and Mother Baird settled down with a magazine from the newsstand, to wait. When the train finally whistled, far up the tracks, she was as fresh as a daisy, while I felt hot and disheveled in spite of countless trips to the ladies' room to re-comb my hair and powder my nose.

But in that first moment when I saw Grif, I forgot all about myself. There he was—Grif, leaning from the vestibule as the train slowed, scanning the station with . . . with eyes that didn't look like Grif's at all, they were so tired and old and unsmiling, even when he smiled with his lips when he saw us, and waved.

I heard Father Baird say, "My God, he's thin as a rail!"

"He was always thin, David," Mother Baird answered. "Don't you remember?"

The train was crawling to a stop. Grif was swinging down the steps, and my feet automatically carried me toward him, although a paralyzing thing I knew must be joy, but which was as overpowering as terror, held me in its grip. But suddenly I stopped. Grif had turned to offer his hand to the girl who followed him—slim brown suit, halo of blonde hair, luminous blue eyes shadowed by fabulous lashes. This was the girl—I knew her at once—who had come to our wedding, who had talked so much at the little reception in the church parlors afterwards, who had gone away to school somewhere up near San Francisco about the same time Grif went into the Army.

Mother Baird was calling hellos to both of them, running forward to tilt up her lips for Grif's kiss. Father Baird was gripping Grif's hand and saying, "Welcome home, my boy!" For one frenzied second I wanted to run away—from Mother Baird's poise and perfection, from Father Baird's voice, the same one he used to greet people who came to Rosemead to take part in War Bond drives, from this girl whose suit made my blue-and-white print look incredibly frumpish, whose sleek hair made my home-shampooed curls look like a child's. And then I came out of it with a start—why, this was homecoming. This was Grif, my Grif, and he was home!

Grif was looking at me now, and his eyes seemed to be asking a question, setting me apart from the station and the crowd and the family and looking straight into my heart. How could I say anything, how could I even smile, when my heart was squeezed so tight I couldn't breathe? Now was the moment—now I'd feel his arms again, and know his kiss again, (*Continued on page 84*)

"Most beautiful of all"

Winding through the love story of Rosemarie and Danny Thomas there's another story, wonderful and strange—the story of a modern miracle

By DANNY THOMAS

IN Detroit, in 1933, the Happy Hour on WMBC was the biggest thing in radio.

And Rosemarie Mantell was the biggest thing on the Happy Hour.

She was sixteen, a soprano, the show's brightest star, a distinction which was hers because she got oceans more fan mail than any of the dozen or so other youngsters who were regular performers on the program. Of those dozen "regulars," I was the newest, the most insignificant and the most scared. That Rosemarie would one day be Mrs. Amos Jacobs was unthinkable. (Just as it was unthinkable that Amos Jacobs, the Syrian kid from the wrong side of the tracks, should become Danny Thomas, a radio star.)

But to my family, who weren't afraid to wish for *anything*—Rosemarie was tabbed for my girl from the start. (And they were just as confident that their Amos would become a big-timer.)

The family started listening to the Happy Hour every afternoon because I was on it, but after a few days you would have thought to hear them go on that no one was on it but Rosemarie Mantell. Leave it to the Syrians to appreciate a sweet song and a sweet voice. And Rosemarie's voice was sweet.

My fame at home was not for my own songs and my own jokes any more but for my nodding acquaintance with the sweet singer.

"Why don't you bring her home to dinner, Amos," my Aunt Cecelia suggested matter-of-factly one day.

"Oh, I *couldn't*," I replied, choking at the thought. Why to Rosemarie, who had been a radio trouper since she was twelve, I was just a kid—an amateur.

"Why not," my next to oldest brother prodded me, "you make as much money as she does, don't you?"

That was a big family joke. Everyone on the Happy Hour got exactly the same salary: nothing. We were all amateurs in the exact sense—the biggest radio sensation in the city, maybe, but there was no money in it. My family—Syrians laugh easily—thought that was funny. I couldn't see the humor in it myself. Here I was sixteen years old, going on seventeen, and not supporting myself. It was humiliating.

"Go on, ask her," Aunt Cecelia said again, just when I thought they'd changed the subject. Syrians are persistent, too.

"Gwan, gwan," echoed all my brothers and sisters, all ten of them. "Dare ya. Dare ya."

So I asked her. Naturally. A dare is a dare. But you could have blown me down with a sneeze when she accepted.

She had a good time, too. My mother cooked her a big Syrian dinner, and after we fed her we sang songs for her and danced. And I told some jokes. She laughed and after awhile she sang us some songs, and we all wept a little and had a very fine time. It was as though she had known us all her life.

The fact that Rosemarie was the most famous young lady in Detroit and I was just a punk didn't seem important after that evening. And it wasn't really, when we had so much in common.

We lived in the same section of the city—the polyglot section of Poles and Armenians and Italians and Hungarians and Greeks. And Jews and Catholics and Protestants. America—like in the song.

Rosemarie was one of a big, Catholic Italian family, poor but singing folk. I was one of a big, Catholic Syrian family—even poorer, but full of tunes. We couldn't help (*Continued on page* 59)



Home-style movies with extra added attraction: Chita and Margo Thomas get their comedian dad's commentary.



When seventeen-year-old Danny Thomas fell in love with sixteen-year-old Rosemarie Mantell, it didn't look as if they could have much of a wedding. But suddenly, out of nowhere, there was a beautiful wedding with all the trimmings. And when Margo was born, the hospital bill looked like more than the Thomases could manage. But overnight there was enough money, and some to spare. How and why these things happened, Danny thinks he knows; and that's why he wants to build a shrine for St. Jude Thaddeus.

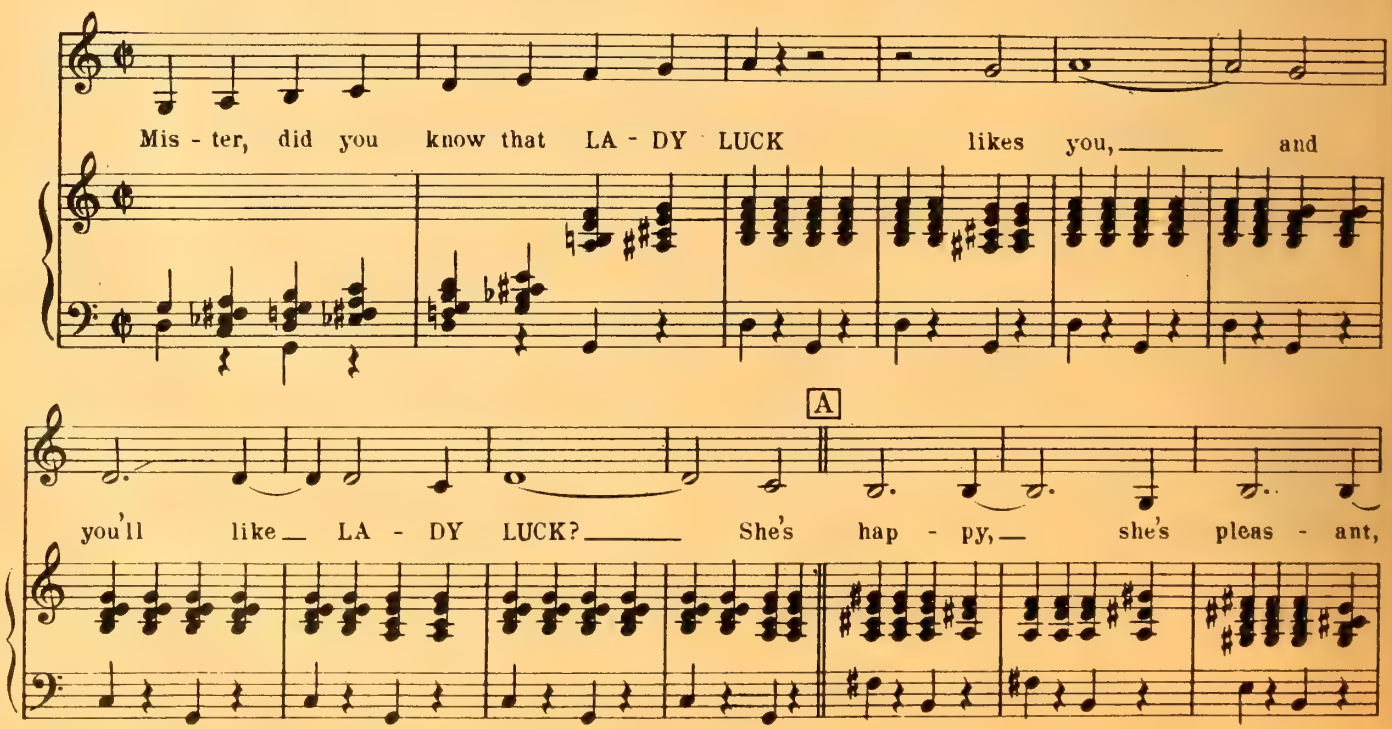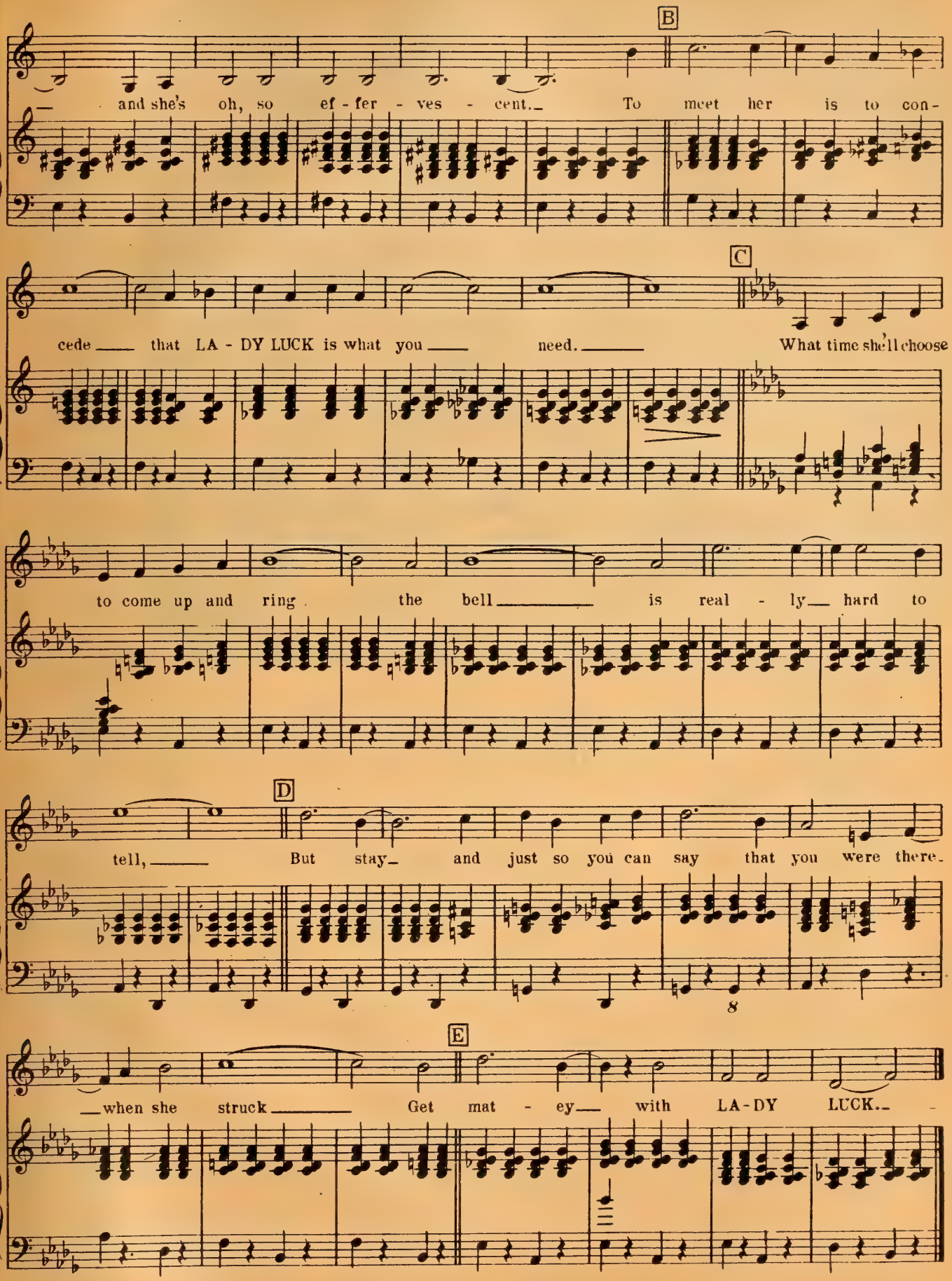


Every Wednesday evening from 8:30 to 9:00 P.M. on Mutual, Bert Wheeler involves himself and a group of hapless friends (including singer Ruth Davey) in the Wheeler variety of odd tomfoolery.

LADY LUCK

The Fresh-Up Show's theme song, as played by Dave Terry and his orchestra

Words and Music by
DAVID TERRY




B
— and she's oh, so ef - fer - ves - cent.— To meet her is to con-
C
cede — that LA - DY LUCK is what you — need. — What time she'll choose
to come up and ring the bell — is real - ly — hard to
D
tell, — But stay — and just so you can say that you were there.
8
E
— when she struck — Get mat - ey — with LA-DY LUCK.—



FOR CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

ONE of the nicest of our holiday customs is that of preparing homemade sweets to send as gifts to friends near and far and to serve to those who celebrate with us. This year, when Christmas and the New Year have such special significance, I am sure you will want to share with your loved ones gifts of your own making, so here are recipes which will help you to do so. Cookies for the boy or girl in Armed Services, cereal balls for the children, marmalade and jelly for the friend who has no time to make them for herself. Best of all, they have been worked out so that today's sugar supply will go a very long way.

THRIFTY MARMALADE

(Using Orange and Lemon Skins)

- 3½ cups prepared fruit
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 1¼ cups light corn syrup
- 1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, use skins from 6 medium oranges and 2 medium lemons and cut in quarters. Lay quarters flat; shave off and discard about half the white part. Put yellow rinds through food chopper twice. Add 1 cup sugar, 2½ cups water, juice from 1 medium lemon and ⅛ teaspoon soda. (This 1 cup sugar is in addition to the 1¼ cups specified above.) Bring to a boil and simmer, covered, 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Measure sugar and syrup in dish and set aside until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 3 to 4 quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water if necessary; place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar and syrup, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, ¼ teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 2 minutes. Skim, pour into containers. Pour melted paraffin over hot marmalade at once.

ORANGE MARMALADE

- 3½ cups prepared fruit
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 1¼ cups light corn syrup
- 1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, remove skins in quarters from 5 medium oranges and 1 medium lemon. Lay quarters flat; shave off and discard about half the white part. With a very sharp knife, cut remaining rind into fine shreds. Add 1½ cups water and ⅛ teaspoon soda.

Bring to a boil and simmer, covered, for just 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cut off tight skin of peeled fruit and slip pulp out of each section. Add pulp, juice and 1 cup sugar to cooked rind. Simmer, covered, 20 minutes longer. This cup of sugar is in addition to the 1¼ cups specified above.

Measure sugar and syrup into dish and set aside (*Continued on page 83*)

By KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR



Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, 8:30 EST.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:30	CBS:	The Jubalaires
		8:30	ABC:	Earl Wilde, pianist
		8:45	CBS:	Bennett Sisters
		9:00	MBS:	Young People's Church
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Correspondents Around the World
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	ABC:	White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	ABC:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
8:30	9:30	10:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30	MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
		12:00	MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Friendship Ranch
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Orson Welles
10:15	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Problems of the Peace
		1:45	NBC:	America United
10:30	12:30	1:30	ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30	MBS:	Sweetheart Time
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Harvest of Stars
11:00	1:00	2:00	MBS:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00		2:00	CBS:	Stradivari Orchestra
		2:00	ABC:	Dorothy Claire, songs
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	ABC:	National Vespers
		2:45	MBS:	Dale Carnegie
11:55		2:55	CBS:	Olin Dawns
		3:00	MBS:	20th Airforce Time
12:00	2:05	3:00	CBS:	CBS Symphony
		3:00	ABC:	Melodies to Remember
		3:00	NBC:	World Parade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30	MBS:	Land of the Lost
		4:00	NBC:	NBC Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	ABC:	Darts for Dough
		4:00	MBS:	Your America
		4:30	ABC:	Jones & I, drama
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
		4:30	MBS:	The Nebbs
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	ABC:	Mary Small Revue
		5:00	MBS:	The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Nick Carter
		5:30	ABC:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
		5:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Ozzie & Harriet
3:00	5:00	6:00	ABC:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	Quick as a Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:00		6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		6:30	ABC:	Phil Davis
		7:00	ABC:	Drew Pearson
		7:00	MBS:	Opinion Requested
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
9:00		7:00	CBS:	The Thin Man
		7:30	MBS:	California Melodies
8:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
	8:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:00	ABC:	Ford Hour
8:00	7:00	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Fred Allen
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
5:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Request Performance
5:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Hercule Poiret
7:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	ABC:	Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
8:15	8:30	9:45	ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45	MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Theatre Guild Series
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00	MBS:	Operatic Review
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We the People
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Searchinger
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story



NO MOSS ON THIS STONE . . .

There's no time for Paula Stone to collect any moss. Look at this for a schedule. Twice a week, she interviews Broadway and Hollywood celebrities on her Mutual show Tuesdays and Thursdays at 1:30 P.M. (EST)—not only handling the interviews on the air, but gathering the stars herself. She also acts as emcee Friday nights on Mutual's Leave It To the Girls. Daily she does a 15-minute Broadway news, gossip and interview show over WNEW, which is directed, produced and written by la Stone. Pretty full, isn't it—and that ain't all.

But Paula comes from a family from which enterprise and success are expected. Her father, Fred Stone, now aged 70, has just finished his autobiography "The Rolling Stones" and just a few months ago had completed a 43-week tour as the lead in "You Can't Take It With You." Another Stone, Dorothy, played in the show, too. Carol Stone, the youngest daughter in this famous family, is winning a big name for herself in the Broadway hit, "Dark of the Moon."

Paula, a gal who refused to trade on her father's well-established name in the theater, made an enviable niche for herself in Hollywood. She gave up her career in pictures, however, when her late husband, the orchestra leader Duke Daly, joined the RAF as a flyer. Paula preferred to be in the East near her husband to continuing on the West Coast without him.

When Paula got off the train in New York a couple of years ago, she had no plans for a career. Radio hadn't entered her mind. But when it was suggested, she couldn't see why she shouldn't try, although she had no experience in the field, at all. She started on WNEW, doing a news-and-views of Broadway and Hollywood show—for nothing. It wasn't long before she had a sizeable audience, but, better still, a contract.

When the station manager approached Paula about doing a show "across the board," the uninitiated Miss Stone accepted immediately, not knowing exactly what the term meant, but assuming it meant a steady job. When she discovered it involved six shows a week and daily guest stars, she just took a deep breath and went to the nearest telephone to start digging up available stars.

Not that radio occupies all of her time by a long shot. She's written a children's novel called "The Rain Prince." She speaks French, Italian and Spanish and is now busy learning to speak Russian. And, as if that weren't enough, she's shown such remarkable talent in the field of popular singing that several name band leaders have been trying to talk her into going to work for them.

MONDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	ABC:	Lisa Sergio
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	A Woman's Life
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS:	What's Your Idea?
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	From the Pacific
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Chicago Varieties
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
		2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:30	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS:	Johnson Family
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Superman
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carrol, Songs
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00	CBS:	Fulton Lewis, Jr.
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	5:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Cecil Brown
		8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Bulldog Drummond
		8:15	ABC:	Hedda Hopper
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Joan Davis
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Sherlock Holmes
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
		9:00	ABC:	Washington Story
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please
		9:30	MBS:	Spotlight Bands
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
		10:00	ABC:	Pacific Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
		10:00	MBS:	Leave It To Mike
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Stuart Erwin Show
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.
		10:30	ABC:	Win, Place or Show
		10:30	MBS:	The Better Half

TUESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:15	ABC:	Your Life Today
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun With Music
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
2:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	A Woman's Life
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	From the Pacific
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Margaret Macdonald
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:45	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:00	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Sing Alone
		3:30	MBS:	The Smoothies
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
2:15	4:00	5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	NBC:	Amos & Andy
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:35	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	ABC:	Headline Editor
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
		7:30	ABC:	County Fair
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Barry Fitzgerald
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Barry Woods, Roland Young, Cornelia Otis Skinner
		8:30	ABC:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date With Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Theatre of Romance
		8:30	MBS:	Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
		9:00	NBC:	Amos & Andy
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
		10:00	ABC:	Transatlantic Quiz
R 7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The Ford Show
M 10:30	10:30	10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
		10:30	MBS:	Return to Duty
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Hildegarde
		11:15	CBS:	Joan Brooks
		11:30	CBS:	Crime Photographer



LADY'S LADY . . .

When WABC was looking for just the right person to put over a special series of programs designed to recruit WACs for the General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Company, the executives, to a man decided Margaret Arlen was the one to do the job. And she did it. In one month's time, due to Miss Arlen's persuasive and logical talks, 1,475 applications were received. And this in spite of the fact that the war news at that time was good and that the girls who applied knew in advance that they weren't offering to sign up for any possible romantic overseas duty.

Miss Arlen is from North Carolina. Her father is the Rev. H. B. Hines of Oriental, North Carolina, and her mother still teaches school there. Margaret is an honor graduate of Meredith College, in Raleigh, N. C. and, since her graduation, much of her varied work was a sort of unconscious preparation for the regular program she now has on CBS at 8:45 A.M. (EST), Mondays through Saturdays.

Long before she ever thought of radio as a career, Margaret was laying the foundation for it. She was a teacher, for awhile, and a social worker. She also did a lot of writing and some editing. She did a lot of public speaking in the South, before women's clubs and civic groups and that led, eventually, to her attracting the attention of local radio executives.

Miss Arlen—then known as Margaret Early—finally got the job of director of women's activities at station WGBR in Goldsboro, N. C., which turned out to be a much larger job than the title indicates. Miss Early was at various times, on that station, a continuity writer, book reviewer, director of fashion shows and commentator. She also filled in as station organist and contralto soloist. All of which was excellent experience if a somewhat full schedule.

Then, Miss Arlen moved over to station WRAL, at Raleigh, N. C., again to do odd jobs, among them being a special events announcer—a job rarely given to women, since it includes announcing and broadcasting descriptions of sports events. Miss Arlen compromised on that part of the job, by describing the crowds at football games, while a sports announcer took over the actual game itself. She was later made program director for this station.

All her experience—as a teacher, a speaker, a writer—and all her accumulated impressions and knowledge, gathered over the years when she was doing all kinds of assignments and meeting all kinds of people, are the things that make her daily morning program the interesting, human show that it is. She knows and understands women and their needs and desires especially well. This understanding, no doubt, was effective in the strenuous campaign she waged to help recruit the needed WACs to take care of our wounded and disabled.

And with it all she remains charming, serene, always calm.

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East & Polly
6:15	2:30	9:10	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	A Woman's Life
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	From the Pacific
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Margaret Macdonald
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Chicago Varieties
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
		2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	ABC:	Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
		1:00	MBS:	The Smoothies
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
		4:15	ABC:	Beautiful Music
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:35	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	The Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:00		7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
		7:15	MBS:	Listen to the Waves
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Adventures of Ellery Queen
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
		7:30	MBS:	Cecil Brown
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:15	MBS:	Now It Can Be Told
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	Fishing and Hunting Club
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Evening With Romberg
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Curtain Time—Drama
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Maisie
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Swinging on the Golden Gate
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	Counter Spy
		10:00	MBS:	Human Adventure
7:30			CBS:	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Andrews Sisters
		10:30	MBS:	Ralph Slater
		10:30	ABC:	Lee Mortimer
		1:30	MBS:	Dance Band

THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15	CBS:	Arthur Godfrey
		9:30	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
	2:00	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		10:30	MBS:	Fun With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	What's Your Idea?
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	From the Pacific
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Margaret Macdonald
		1:30	MBS:	Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:40	12:45	1:45	ABC:	Chicago Varieties
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	ABC:	Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	CBS:	Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	ABC:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30	MBS:	The smoothies
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45	CBS:	Sing Along
		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	5:45	5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
6:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood Show
		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
		7:30	MBS:	Cecil Brown
		8:00	NBC:	Burns and Allen
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC:	Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	FBI in Peace and War
5:30	7:30	8:30	ABC:	America's Town Meeting
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Dinah Shore's Open House
		8:30	MBS:	Rogue's Gallery
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Chrysler Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
		9:30	MBS:	Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30	NBC:	Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	ABC:	One Foot In Heaven
		10:00	MBS:	Arch Oboler's Plays
		10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Romance, Rhythm & Ripley
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
		10:30	MBS:	Swing's the Thing



VALIANT IS THE WORD . . .

Hector Chevigny is one of the most prolific writers in radio. He writes the scripts for the five-a-week Morton Downey show. He contributes to the CBS Radio Theatre, to the Screen Guild Players, the NBC Mystery Theatre, Inner Sanctum and to the Cavalcade of America programs. Besides all this, in the past couple of war years, he's turned out ninety Treasury Parade scripts, which is a good bit more than any other single writer has done.

There is something special about all this productivity. For the last two years, Chevigny has been blind.

Chevigny is of French Canadian descent. He was born in Missoula, Montana, and he grew up in the West. He attended Gonzaga University, which also served as the schooling place of the Crosby brothers.

The itch to write came early to Hector Chevigny. He didn't stay at college long enough to get a degree, because before that happened he got a job as a commercial writer for station KOMO in Seattle. By 1932, he was writing dramatic shows and, in three years, had earned himself such a good reputation that he was made the script director for CBS in Hollywood. That job didn't call for enough writing, so Chevigny branched out a bit and pretty soon was selling to the movies and to leading magazines, as well as to radio.

Then, Chevigny went blind. He had three operations in as many months. Those were three bad months for him, quite aside from the operations. His first thought, of course, was that he was through as a writer.

But, once he learned that medical science couldn't help him to regain his sight, he realized that his first reaction had been wrong. A writer didn't *have* to see with his eyes. There were other ways to gather impressions from the outside world. He could hear and feel and think. Writing was a thing of ideas. He just had to change his methods of getting his ideas down on paper. Now, he dictates his scripts to a stenographer who takes them down directly on a machine. He also had a condition in hiring his secretary—a condition which rather surprised his friends. She had to be pretty. But his reasoning was sound enough. He feels that attractive girls are better adjusted, because they have fewer frustrations than less well endowed girls, and are therefore easier to work with, whether you can see them or not.

Chevigny is a familiar figure in the radio studios, both in New York and Hollywood. He's a quiet, thoughtful man. His inseparable companion—and his eyes—is a gentle giant of a dog named Wizard.

When Chevigny first went blind, his many friends in radio were deeply concerned about him. But five months after his operations, he was back at work and he goes dancing at least once a week with his wife and spends as much time as he can with his two sons, aged 13 and 10. He's learning to read Braille in his spare time.

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember?
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Ed East and Polly
		9:30	MBS:	Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	ABC:	My True Story
		10:15	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
		10:15	MBS:	From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Evelyn Winters
		10:30	ABC:	Betty Crocker
		10:30	NBC:	Road of Life
		10:30	MBS:	Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
		10:45	NBC:	Joyce Jordan
	9:45	10:45	ABC:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Fred Waring Show
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
		11:15	MBS:	Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:00	11:30	CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC:	Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS:	Take it Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	ABC:	Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		11:45	MBS:	What's Your Idea?
		12:00	ABC:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:15	MBS:	Morton Downey
		12:30	NBC:	From the Pacific
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	ABC:	Constance Bennett
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
		1:15	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernadine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty
		1:45	MBS:	John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	ABC:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
		2:15	ABC:	Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS:	Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30	ABC:	The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
		2:30	MBS:	Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CVS:	Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC:	Best Sellers
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	ABC:	Appointment With Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Michael Scott
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Sing Along Club
		3:30	ABC:	Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		4:00	ABC:	Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil, Songs
		4:45	ABC:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Danny O'Neil
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	American School of the Air
2:00	4:00	5:00	ABC:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When A Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS:	Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		5:15	MBS:	Superman
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	House of Mystery
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
		5:45	CBS:	Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	ABC:	Tennessee Jed
		5:45	MBS:	Tom Mix
		6:00	ABC:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Jimmy Carroll, Songs
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore & Eileen Farrell
		6:40	NBC:	Clem McCarthy
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
		6:45	ABC:	Charlie Chan
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
		7:00	ABC:	Headline Edition
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	Mommie & the Men
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
		7:15	ABC:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Jack Smith
4:00			NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Ginny Simms Show
	6:30	7:30	ABC:	The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
		8:00	ABC:	Blind Date
		8:30	ABC:	This Is Your FBI
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
	9:30	8:30	CBS:	Kate Smith Sings
		8:30	MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
		9:00	NBC:	People Are Funny
		9:15	MBS:	Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Those Websters
6:30	8:30	9:30	ABC:	The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
		9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:55	8:55	9:55	ABC:	Coronet Story Teller R
		10:00	MBS:	Leave It to Mike
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Molle Mystery Theater M
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore
		10:00	ABC:	Boxing Bouts
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Danny Kay's Show
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern

SATURDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time		
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	ABC:	United Nation News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Arlen
	8:00	9:00	ABC:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
		9:30	NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Give and Take
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Teentimers Show
		10:15	MBS:	Rainbow House
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30	NBC:	Doc. Duke and the Colonel
		10:30	ABC:	Johnny Thompson and Ilene Woods
8:00	10:00	11:00	ABC:	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	ABC:	Vagabonds
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30	MBS:	Hookey Hall
		11:45	ABC:	Note From a Dairy
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	ABC:	Piano Playhouse
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
		12:00	MBS:	House of Mystery
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	ABC:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
		12:45	MBS:	Red Cross Reporter
		1:30	NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	ABC:	Saturday Senior Swing
		1:00	MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
		1:00	NBC:	Farm & Home Hour
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Youth on Parade
		1:30	MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
		1:30	ABC:	Round-up Time
1:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Football—Ted Husing
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Football
		2:00	ABC:	Football
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		3:00	MBS:	This Is Halloran
		4:00	ABC:	Saturday Symphony
		4:30	MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		4:30	NBC:	World of Melody
		5:00	ABC:	Duke Ellington
2:00		5:00	CBS:	We Deliver the Goods
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
		5:15	MBS:	Sports Parade
2:30	4:40	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:00	MBS:	Hall of Montezuma
3:15		6:00	NBC:	Rhapsody of the Rockies
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	ABC:	Harry Wismer, Sports
3:30	5:30	6:30	ABC:	Hank D'Amice Orchestra
		6:30	MBS:	Hawaii Calls
		6:45	ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00	MBS:	Music for Remembrance
		7:00	ABC:	Jobs After Victory
		7:15	ABC:	David Willis
4:30	6:30	7:30	ABC:	Dick Tracy
		7:30	MBS:	Arthur Hale
		7:30	NBC:	Noah Webster
7:15	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Viva America
		8:00	MBS:	Frank Singiser
		8:00	ABC:	Woody Herman
		8:00	NBC:	Life of Riley
		8:30	ABC:	Man From G 2
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Mayor of the Town
		8:30	MBS:	Cosmo Tune Time
		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Ned Calmer
		9:00	MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
		9:00	ABC:	Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
		9:30	MBS:	The Whisper Men
		9:30	ABC:	Boston Symphony
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	ABC:	Coronet Quiz
		10:00	MBS:	Theater of the Air
	11:15	10:00	ABC:	Hoosier Hop
		10:00	NBC:	Judy Canova
R		10:15	CBS:	Report to the Nation
M				
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30	ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown
10:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks

To the End of the Journey

(*Continued from page 30*)

together whatever happened, forever.

I believed that, that night. I felt close to John, close as never before. I was given the guest room, and John was separated from me by the length of the house, in his old room at the back, but still I didn't feel apart from him. Deep down inside me I was afraid, and I tried to analyze my fear, tried to think what we were going to do, tried even to think about Mary Lou. But she wasn't a real person to me; nothing was real but John's saying brokenly, "Thank God for you, darling—" and I went to sleep with his voice in my ears, feeling as near to him as if I were in his arms.

I THINK that I was the only one in the house who slept at all that night. At the breakfast table Mr. and Mrs. Dorn were red-eyed from lack of sleep, and John's face was haggard and drawn. It was a silent meal, and when it was over, everyone escaped as soon as possible. Mr. Dorn put on his hat and went to the store; John went upstairs; Mrs. Dorn hurried the dishes into the kitchen. I followed her and picked up a towel, intending to help, but she stopped me. "Oh, no," she said nervously. "I'll do these." And then as if she were afraid she'd offended me, she added quickly, "You can help later, with my sewing, if you like. It's much more important—"

I didn't have time to be offended, because John came downstairs then and called me into the livingroom. "I'm going to have a talk with Mary Lou," he said. "You'll be all right, Beth? You'll find something to do—"

I nodded. "I'll be all right. Oh, John—" And then I could only look up at him, unable to finish, unable to say everything that was in my heart.

"I know." He held my hand tightly, briefly, and let it go. "I'll see you—" And then he was gone, but there was the feeling of one-ness between us again.

It carried me through the morning. Mrs. Dorn's sewing was salvage mending, old clothes that had been washed and sorted and were being repaired for the church missionary society. There was a great pile of them, and she used each piece as a springboard for general conversation. "Now this," she would say of a heavy woolen skirt, "came from the Endicott's. It was part of a suit Helen Endicott had made just before she broke her arm. She blamed her broken arm on the suit—said she had all sorts of bad luck every time she wore it, but she didn't dare throw it away because she had paid so much for it. You can see that it's a real imported tweed—"

And I would nod, and feel the material, and listen, and try not to watch the window and the clock. John was gone for two hours . . . and three. . . . By the time he returned, Mrs. Dorn had left me with the sewing and had gone out to the kitchen to start lunch. John came directly in to me, shut the door behind him. "Where's Mother?" he asked.

"In the kitchen." And then because something about him—a stillness, a heaviness—frightened me, I added pointedly, "She's getting lunch. It's nearly noon."

"I know," he said almost absently. Then he crossed over and took the chair his mother had vacated. He picked up one of the pieces of clothing, a child's shirt, turned it around in his hands, examined it as if it would somehow give him a starting point. Finally I could stand it no longer. "John! Please—"

He put the shirt down. "I'm sorry, Beth. I didn't mean to be gone so long. I left Mary Lou hours ago, and I've been walking around, trying to get things straight in my mind. I can't see any way out. Doc Evans told Mary Lou that there isn't a doubt in a hundred about the baby. That's about all there is to say, except that she feels worse than I do about everything. If that's possible. She was almost hysterical—"

My hands went cold in my lap, and the cold spread through my whole body until I felt turned to stone. I moistened my lips, swallowed to clear my throat. "What—then what are we—going to do? What do you want me to do?"

He spoke levelly, without expression. "It's not a question of what I want to do, or what I want you to do. It's what has to be done. It's the way out we've got to find out of this. The baby has to be cared for, and Mary Lou is so helpless—"

"What do you want me to do?" I repeated. They seemed to be the only words I knew.

He raised his eyes to mine, and the sick misery in them made me long to take him in my arms and comfort him, as I would comfort a lost child. When he spoke his voice was so dull, so low, that I could hardly hear the words, hardly make sense of them. But I did hear two words. I heard "divorce" and I heard "annulment."

They set free, those two words, the storm of fear, of anger, of protest, of appeal, that was pent up inside me.

"WHAT does it matter?" I cried. "What does it matter—divorce, annulment? What matters is that you mean that you want to—to tear our lives apart before we've had any life together, to make our marriage end almost before it begins, to—" I choked the words off, because I couldn't bear to hear them myself. Our marriage—everything John and I wanted and had planned together, the whole life we'd laid out for ourselves—couldn't, *couldn't* be dissolved because of an—an accident. "It's not fair!" I finished. "It isn't your fault! You aren't responsible, morally. No one in the world could blame you for it. It isn't fair that you and I should have to suffer for the sake of another person . . ."

"Two other people," John said. "That's what I can't get out of my mind, what I'd never get out of my mind. I told you that this business is all over town, but it isn't what the town thinks, or what Mother and Dad think I ought to do. It isn't even a matter of making things right for Mary Lou. It's how I'd feel about having started a life out in this world without giving it half a chance. It's all very well to argue in the abstract about what's right and what's wrong and what's proper and what isn't—if you're talking about other people. But we're talking about *us*—and us has somehow come to include Mary

(*Continued on page 56*)



Frances has honey-spun hair, delft-blue eyes—and a "mighty-like-a-rose" complexion.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY!

SHE USES POND'S!

Prominent Doctor's Daughter to wed Navy Captain's Son



HER RING is an Annapolis "miniature"

The engagement of Frances Hutchins
to Ensign Allister Carroll Anderson
has been announced by
Dr. and Mrs. Amos F. Hutchins
Stoakley House, Md.

BEAUTIFUL Stoakley House, where Frances lives, is one of the aristocratic old homes near Annapolis—so it's very natural that she is marrying into the Navy.

She's another engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look that just seems to belong to romance.

"I like Pond's Cold Cream better than any I've ever used," Frances says. "It feels simply *luscious*—and it certainly gives my skin perfectly grand help."

Here's the way she uses Pond's Cold Cream: She smooths snowy-soft Pond's all over her face and throat and pats "with good brisk little pats" to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She *rinses* with *more* Pond's for *extra* cleansing and softening—creaming her face with little circles of her Pond's covered fingers. "This twice-over cleansing leaves my skin so soft and smooth," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Frances' way—every night, every morning, and for daytime clean-ups. It's no accident so many more women prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price. Get a big luxurious jar today!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Lady Edward Montagu · Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III · Viscountess Milton · Miss Anne Morgan



ANOTHER POND'S "CANTEEN GIRL"—Frances helped organize the canteen sponsored by Ogontz Junior College near Philadelphia. The girls in her college have made it a big part of their own special war work—serving coffee and "snacks." Volunteer workers are needed more than ever for recreation centers—can *you* help?





(*Continued from page 54*)

Lou, now, and the—the baby. Not someone else—and someone else's baby.

"Beth—please, Beth! Try to understand, to see things my way. I hoped you would, after what you said last night—because I still feel that if we do the right thing now, and have faith enough, somehow things will turn out right—"

I shook my head blindly. I was aware that John was pleading, aware of the heartbreak, the misery, in his voice. And yet it did not reach me. Because it wasn't my John who was pleading with me. He wasn't my John any longer; we weren't one person, with a problem to face together. Oh, I'd been able to talk about faith and hope and trust last night—but that was before I'd realized that we might actually have to be separated. We weren't together now, and the feeling of one-ness I'd clung to was gone. We were two persons, set against each other. . .

I STOOD up, stumbled against the chair, pushed John's hand away as he reached to help me. "I don't know," I said. "I don't know what to say. I want time to think—"

John turned and went swiftly out of the room, and I lay down on the bed and tried to think. But I couldn't think it out—perhaps because I knew, deep in my heart, that there should be no alternative to my going. Perhaps, if I had been able to think, I would have packed my bags then and there, and gone back to Corona by the next train.

But my mind was a blank. There were no coherent thoughts in it, and I couldn't make myself do even so simple a thing as pack my bag. John's mother came up in the middle of the afternoon to ask, rather timidly, if I was all right, and whether I wouldn't like a cup of tea. Behind the worry in her eyes, I saw compassion for me, too. I told her that I had a headache. She dosed me with aspirin, and went away again, and still my mind was dull and empty.

A few minutes later she came up again. "Your mother is on the phone, Beth—calling from Corona. Do you feel—?"

My mother! I'd forgotten about my parents. Or, rather, I'd forgotten that they didn't know anything of what had happened. I couldn't tell them now, over the telephone, couldn't even write it to them. Panic gripped me. "Mrs. Dorn—would you—could you tell her that I have a bad headache, and that I'll call her later?" I must have time to think—only I couldn't think!

"I did mention your headache." She hesitated, pink staining her face. "I believe she wants to talk to you about your wedding gifts, Beth. The girls at the office, she said, are buying you linens and they want to know about monograms, and your father wants to get you silver—" She broke off, then, and the pity I had sensed before was in her face, her voice. "My dear—you need time, I know. Time to decide how to tell them. I'll go tell your Mother that—well, I'll tell her something. You can call her later and reassure her." And she hastened out of the room.

I closed my eyes tightly, to keep the weak tears from sliding out. I'd forgotten that there would be wedding presents, and all the things that went with weddings. Mother's phone call

started me thinking of all those things —and of what it would be like to go back to Corona, to face everyone, to explain. . .

I couldn't go back to Corona—I couldn't! Could I go somewhere else —anywhere that John and I weren't known? Where could I go—what could I do? But no answers to the pounding questions would come, and I lay once more in a state of blank, dull uncaring.

Presently Mrs. Dorn came up again. Wouldn't I come down to dinner—or would I like a tray? John, she explained, had had to go to Middleton on some very urgent business for his father, and wouldn't be back until sometime tomorrow. Through my apathy, I felt a warm little feeling of gratitude toward them. They were giving me time—time to think this through, to get my bearings, to make my plans. And I knew, then, that that was all they were giving me—it had never entered Mrs. Dorn's head that there could be any answer to all of this but the one answer of my going away, of the breaking up of our marriage.

It's hard to realize now how I could have regarded another few hours in Maple Falls as another few hours of grace. Mr. and Mrs. Dorn were kindness itself when I came down to dinner, but they treated me as an outsider. It showed in little things, in Mr. Dorn's almost imperceptible, unconscious hesitation before he addressed me by my first name, in Mrs. Dorn's refusal to let me help her with anything but the "nicer" housework—dish drying, the missionary mending which we took up again after dinner.

I CALLED Mother that evening and told her that I'd write very soon, but meanwhile she must discourage gift-giving because John was thinking of going into a business that might take us out of town, and we didn't know where we would be living. It was a lie, but the truth was too much for me to tell over the impersonal telephone. It wasn't even a very plausible lie to anyone who'd heard John talk enthusiastically about Maple Falls, and I told it only to gain time.

I went to bed that night longing for sleep, knowing that sleep would not come until I'd suffered hours of tormenting thought, of turning this way and that in my mind, and finding no solution, no help. And sleep, when it came, was no refuge. I dreamed—dreams in which John was always walking toward me, and then turning away before I could touch him. I dreamed, too, that I was dancing with Philip back at the service center in Corona, explaining to Philip that I never made dates with soldiers, because all soldiers had girls back home. In the dream, Philip agreed with me. "All of them," he said clearly. "Even John has a girl back home—Mary Lou Walters. He's never known whether or not she loved him, but he's loved her all his life—"

I awoke from that dream sick and cold, thinking, "Suppose it's true?" And then I cried, because I wanted so badly to run to John, to huddle close in his arms for reassurance—and could not.

The next day was Sunday, and John had come back from his trip to Middleton—probably late last night, after I'd gone to my room. I awakened late, and heard voices below stairs—John's

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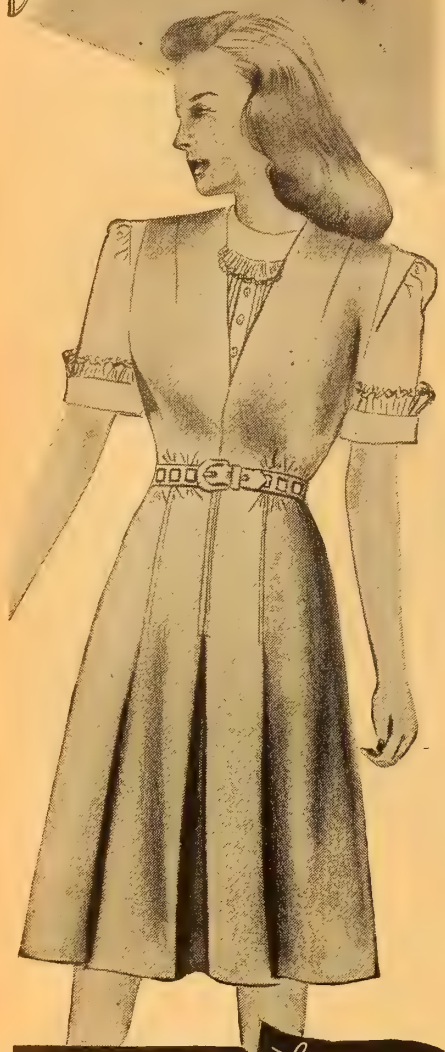


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parents preparing to leave for church. I heard John's voice, too, and thought that he had gone with them. I waited a while, half-dozing, and then got up and went downstairs to make myself a cup of coffee—and found that I wasn't alone in the house. John was there, in the kitchen, and evidently he had just finished breakfast; he was standing at the sink, rinsing off a few dishes under a violently rushing stream of water.

The sound must have covered my footsteps. John didn't turn, and for a moment I just stood there looking at him, thinking how broad his shoulders were under the white shirt, how big their muscles for the littleness of their present task, how large and how clumsily gentle his hands were on the fragile dishes. I couldn't help what I did then. I forgot about Mary Lou, forgot about everything except John and how much I loved him. I crossed over to him, put my arms around his waist, rested my head in the sloping place between his shoulder blades.

John stiffened; the tap water was snapped off. "Don't, Beth—"

I didn't let go—couldn't have let go right then if it had meant my life. John turned in the circle of my arms, put his hands on my shoulders, roughly, shoved me away and held me away. "Listen—" he said, and his voice was tight, half-strangled with the effort he made to control it. "I know you're here. I know it every minute of the day, every minute of the night. And if you think I've changed at all—I feel guilty as sin about Mary Lou, and sorry for her—but that hasn't changed how I've felt about you from the night I first met you. Nothing can ever change that. How do you think I feel, seeing you here, sleeping a few doors away from you at night—and knowing I can't be with you? Beth, if you've any mercy, let me alone—" He was shaking me, his fingers digging painfully into my shoulders.

I couldn't speak. Without a word I twisted away from him and walked into the livingroom—strode into the livingroom, my heart pounding with a fierce exultation, every drop of blood in my body stingingly, sweetly alive. John was still mine, always would be mine. He had to be no matter what—and in that moment, suddenly, primitively, I hated Mary Lou. She had never before been real to me; she'd been a vague figure built of words, snatches of description, a vaguely pitiable figure, vaguely threatening. But she was real now, and the threat of her was real, and I hated her with a simple, savage hatred.

Everything was settled then. Everything that happened afterward was an outgrowth of it, an anti-climax. John came into the livingroom, with his suit-coat on, in control of himself once more. "Look," he said, "let's go for a walk. It'll do us both good."

We walked for perhaps half an hour, saying little. And then, as we turned homeward, we met Mary Lou. I knew it was she even before I felt John stiffen beside me, and hesitate, and stop, halting me with him. Something in her wide dark eyes told me, in the small, set face she lifted to his.

Mary Lou hesitated too, and stopped, and for a moment no one spoke. Then John said, "Beth, this is Mary Lou Walters. Mary Lou, this is Beth."

Beth. Just Beth—not "my wife, Beth." I didn't hear anything after that, didn't know how Mary Lou acknowledged the introduction, if she did, didn't know what I said. I was too furious; in that moment I hated John quite as much as I hated Mary Lou.

I told him when we reached home, on the porch steps, just before we went into the house. Somehow I got it out, somehow made my words crisp and steady. "You know, don't you," I said, "that I'm not going to agree to an annulment? I'm alive, too, John, and I've a right to happiness, too. I'll fight for it. I'll fight any action you start against me."

John said nothing, but I'll never forget how he looked at me then—as if he'd never seen me before, as if I were some terrible stranger.

I went straight up to my room, then, and once more began thinking. I still had only the vaguest of plans, but I was no longer sick with fear. I had made up my mind to do something—to fight back, instead of running away. And I kept thinking, through all the long hours—*John is here. John is close by. Even if he can't come to me, he's near me. And he loves me—he loves me!*

But the next morning, John was gone. He did not come down to breakfast, and when Mrs. Dorn went up to call him, I listened and somehow knew that there would be no answer. John had taken the only way out that he could see — he had gone away. He had left me alone, in the home of his parents who looked on me not as their daughter-in-law but as the unfortunate accident that separated their son from the girl who rightfully should be his wife.

Her marriage over before it has begun—what can Beth do now, in the face of this shocking news? Read the final installment of To the End of the Journey in January RADIO MIRROR, *on sale Wednesday, December 12.*

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"Most Beautiful of All"

(*Continued from page 47*)

getting together. For me, she was a Godsent wife.

But how could I talk about marriage? I, who had to walk five and a half miles to the radio station to save carfare if I wanted to buy her a five cent candy bar?

So we didn't talk about marriage, but we kept constant company from the start. We met on the streetcar each day to ride to work together, and after the broadcast we took the same streetcar home. And in my secret heart I worried and wondered about how I was ever going to afford to get married.

And then the first little break came.

The cast of the Happy Hour was organized into a stage attraction, and began playing two and three shows a day —first in the Big Capitol Theatre, then in the neighborhoods all over town. We were an instantaneous hit—and why not, with enough *relatives* of performers in town to pack every theater to the eaves. We were too obviously professional by now to be exploited any longer as amateurs. They began paying us—$2 a day each.

On the strength of future wealth this implied, and with seven actual dollars in my pocket, I felt secure enough to propose to Rosemarie.

We were riding toward home on the streetcar, late at night.

"What are you doing three weeks from next Wednesday?" I asked, as casually as I could.

"OH, nothing," she said. What was there to do—except work, and eat and sleep and work?

"Then," I said, still keeping a straight face, "how about meeting me in front of our Lady of Sorrows church at nine o'clock in the morning?"

She looked at me hard. She understood. And then she started to bawl like the big baby she is.

It broke my heart that I couldn't arrange a big wedding, with an organ and all that, but she said she understood.

But then, on three weeks from Wednesday morning, it was my turn to be surprised. I was at the church a good twenty minutes early, feeling awkward and embarrassed in my rented morning suit.

But I forgot all that in a moment. Even the church was all dressed up in uncommon finery—with a white strip of cloth from the curbing, clear across the sidewalk, up the steps and down the aisle to the altar railing, a bright red canopy over the entrance arch, and white satin on the kneeling benches. There was Rosemarie more beautiful than you could believe anyone could be in white satin, and with a gauzy white veil so long it took three train bearers to hold it off the ground. And to make the miracle complete, there was the organ blasting "Ave Marias" as though we were the richest pair in the parish.

The good old Bohemian grapevine, I thought, with a great big lump in my throat. And it was a good guess. My family, and Rosemarie's, and all of our friends and the parish priest had conspired together to make this wedding the kind that every young couple dreams of.

It was the most beautiful of all weddings, on the sunniest of all wedding days, January 15, 1936. What did we care if we couldn't afford a honeymoon? What did it matter that the only vine covered cottage we had was a furnished

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16 Exciting Shades

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room with cooking privileges?

The church was packed. The organ blasted, everybody cried. It was a lovely wedding.

Life was good then, and I was let off worrying for awhile. Our theater dates continued, and our salaries went up. Sometimes now, in the bigger houses, we were paid $7 a day a piece. And both Rosemarie and I landed night club jobs which—together—padded out the budget some more.

Our $5 a week room seemed almost like home, for our Syrian landlady—a friend of my Aunt Cecelia's—liked us and let us use the livingroom whenever we had company.

Then, early in 1937, Rosemarie told me we were going to have a baby.

I KISSED her, and we laughed and cried and told the landlady and phoned our families, and then we sat down and faced some facts.

"You have to quit work," I said. I had been wanting her to quit ever since New Year's Eve when her boss at the night club had refused to pay her for overtime after keeping her on the job—a kid, was all she was—until almost dawn. She had cried, when she came home, like her heart would break. I had been angry, angry enough to demand that she quit. But when we were calmer, we both knew that we couldn't afford it. But this did it.

"You're not going back there, not even tonight," I said. "And I will find us a house."

"But how can we pay for it?" Rosemarie wondered.

"I'll make more money. Somehow," I said. *I* had to.

But how? The truth was I couldn't make more money, and Rosemarie's quitting cut what income we did have in two. I worried my regular worrying schedule, and overtime to boot—but months passed and nothing happened. Suddenly it was close on to Rosemarie's time and we had no money saved for the doctor or hospital bills.

I began to do my worrying out loud, fortunately. For one night a stage hand who heard me moaning about my dilemma pulled me aside.

"I couldn't help overhearing," he said, "and I think I can help."

He told me the story of a miracle, of his wife who lay dying and who was cured—when he prayed one night to a forgotten saint, St. Jude Thaddeus.

"St. Jude is the saint of hopeless cases," this strange man told me. "He will help you too."

What could I lose? I had to try it. So late that night, after the last show, I stopped at the church and lighted a candle for St. Jude. I talked to him,



all alone there in the dark church, man to man.

"Look here, St. Jude," I said, "I am in big trouble. I am famous man in Detroit. Everybody in town knows me, can call me by my name—but I am making no money. I work twenty hours a day, but I make no money. It didn't matter at first, but now—it's getting serious. My Rosemarie is going to the hospital any day now and, frankly, St. Jude, I haven't any money for the bills."

I felt better, just getting it off my chest.

St. Jude had heard me, it was obvious at once. The very next morning, it was a Monday, I had a call from Jam Handy recordings. They needed someone to play a Persian on a transcription. There was a quick $75 dollars. Not that I think St. Jude worries about dollars and cents—but obviously he thought my Rosemarie deserved to have her first baby in style. The next day I got a call from Charlie Penman at WJR, Detroit's biggest radio station, where they were desperate for someone who could talk and sing like Al Jolson for a spot on the News Comes to Life Show. I did an imitation of Jolson every night at the club—I was a cinch. That was another $75, *and* my first break into big time radio. If this kept up our baby could afford to go to college. That was Tuesday. On Wednesday we went to the hospital.

Grace Memorial Hospital. What a big, forbidding place it had seemed every time I had passed it in the preceding months. Now—it was nothing.

"Show Mrs. Jacobs to a private room," I said grandly as we entered.

The night clerk coughed politely.

"There is the small matter," he said, "of a deposit."

"Show the lady to a room, sir," I repeated grimly. "She is in pain." Rosemarie was not feeling good, not good at all.

I guess he gathered I meant it.

"I will not pay a deposit," I added, after she had gone off with a nurse, "I prefer to pay the whole bill."

That, he said, would not be necessary.

"But I'd rather," I said.

IT was not convenient, he said. Records, you know. They're locked up for the night.

"Get 'em out," I thundered.

He got 'em.

And in a few hours there were three of us, Amos and Rosemarie and Margaret Julia. Owing not a cent to anybody—except, of course, to St. Jude.

From that time on, everything good happened—St. Jude sticks by you once he likes you, it seems.

When the baby was still a wee thing, I decided to leave Detroit—a step I never would have dared before.

I took my four hundred dollars savings (from more Jam Handies, and more appearances at WJR) out of the bank, left $150 of it with my wife and daughter at my mother's house and with the other $250 I descended on Chicago where I didn't know a soul, on the hunt for a job.

The first week I was in the city I broke into radio there. And I took a night job at a little known spot, the 5100 Club. The 5100 gave me $50 a week to start. With the job I took a new name, Danny Thomas, compounded of my oldest and youngest brothers' names. I stayed at the 5100 Club for three years—the club prospered, and so did Danny Thomas. Thank you, St. Jude. Pretty soon, my $50 a week had multiplied twelve times. Long before

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this, of course, my two girls had joined me. And my third—although we didn't know yet it was to be a girl—was on the way.

Between Chicago and La Martinique—New York's big time—I detoured for only one week, to play the Bowery in Detroit. I had played in the Bowery before, for $65 a week. This time my weekly check was $1100. That was just for fun, and St. Jude Thaddeus.

In New York, after that, in four weeks at night clubs and theaters I made $10,000. That cured me of my old disease of worrying, for good. Before that money had been terribly, frighteningly important. Even in the three steady years at the 5100 Club I had been unable to forget that terrible week before our first daughter was born. But now I knew that whatever I needed—even if it was something unlikely like a million dollars—if I really needed it, it would be there.

The new viewpoint came very suddenly. I think my agents were surprised when I turned down a new list of profitable bookings.

"This is no time to make a million dollars," I said. "There is a war on. I would like to go overseas and entertain the troops."

I went, of course, with Marlene Dietrich and her company. We followed the armies to North Africa, Sicily, Sardinia, Italy. We were in Rome eighteen hours after the city fell.

I came back to find that my agents (with the help, I feel, of St. Jude) had signed me for a year on the radio with Fanny Brice.

So now Rosemarie and Amos, who used to sing for nothing on the Happy Hour, are in Hollywood—and so are Margo (she's Margaret) and Chita (she's the baby, Theresa Cecelia, born November 9, 1942).

And we are not afraid of anything. One day—before too many years go by—we will build a Shrine for St. Jude Thaddeus, the forgotten saint.

And over the threshold will be written:

"This is a Shrine dedicated to St. Jude Thaddeus, where Men May Honor God—where the poor, the meek, the humble, the helpless, the sinful and the hopeless may pray for spiritual, and physical and mental aid."

For I was all of these, and he heard.

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We will continue to accept one-year subscriptions for the members of the armed forces.

The Glory of It

(*Continued from page 21*)

moment. He kissed the tip of my nose and then my lips, a kiss that sent a tremor running through my body so that I forgot to be frightened. I forgot everything in the realization of his love. It was wonderful to share my thoughts and secret dreams with Bob. Sometimes, when he took me on his lap and brushed back my hair the way he liked to do, we'd plan our future, that magical time when the war would be over. Once he said, "You're so young to have so much understanding, darling." I didn't know quite what he meant; I was nineteen, Bob twenty-four. But I had sensed a loneliness in him, a need in him, which I had tried to fill. Love had taught me to do that. Love teaches you many things.

WHEN Bob was ordered to a base in Arizona as an instructor he was worried about taking me along. "We'll have to rough it, Kit. It's pretty rugged country around there."

"We can always use a pup-tent!" I said. "Anyway, I'm going to follow my man as long as I can." He scooped me up and kissed me for that.

But I admit I did not expect anything so rugged as the shack we finally moved into—the only place near camp we could find. There was a fancy guest house we could have rented, more than an hour's drive from the Base. But when a person is working as hard as Bob was, he can't afford to spend two hours driving back and forth every day. So we took the shack, leaky roof, lean-to kitchen and all. We were surrounded mostly by desert and sagebrush, and with Bob gone so much of the time I was desperately lonely. I thought with longing of my cool, comfortable home in California, and of the friends I'd grown up with, of all the fun we'd had. I lost a great deal of weight and Bob wanted to send me back. But I refused to go; there was no comfort for me in any place that didn't hold him. When we were together I could forget the dreadful little shack and the sand sifting in through every crack.

We were only a five-minutes run from the field, and I tried to have a good dinner ready for Bob every night. "You're spoiling me," he teased. Then his face grew serious. "Kit, you know the Johnsons? They've moved into that guest house at the ranch you said was too far away. And you were right, Kit. Bill looks tired as the devil."

Lt. Johnson and his wife, Alison, were a handsome couple. But Alison was very unpopular at the Base. Too "uppish," everyone said. Bob went on, "I'm sorry about Johnson; his wife's more of a drain on him than a comfort. It's Alison first, with her. Poor guy!"

I could see he was really troubled. The next day when I ran into Alison Johnson at the Post Exchange, I thought of trying to talk to her. But as soon as she sensed my purpose, she said sharply, "I'm young and I *am not* going to be cooped up for any man. I want my fun—and I'm having it." And that was that.

(Subsequently, Bill Johnson went overseas with my Bob and became one of the most decorated men in the 8th Air Force. But as soon as he was discharged, and the thrill of being married to an airman was over, Alison divorced him. I had hated her for it, for the hurt she had given him. . . .



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But now, I realized with sickening shock, *when he received that letter Bob would class me with her.* The thought made me ill, so that I had to sit down for a moment at the side of the road. It was terrible, the thing that had happened to our marriage. And there was nothing I could do about it. Nothing. But still the memories persisted, sweet and torturing.)

There was the night of the cloudburst when two of the training planes were believed lost. Bob was in one of them. For two hours I sat in the control room, rigid. The radio operator tried again and again to make contact. Little beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He said once, "Better drink some coffee, Mrs. Reynolds. You're white as a sheet." I tried, but I could not swallow. The commanding officer paced up and down, smoking endless cigarettes. All the men's faces were gray. And then, when we had almost given up hope, a plane came in. Then the second broke through the low ceiling. With maddening slowness, they came to rest on the flooded field, and we ran toward them, breathlessly. Two minutes later I was in Bob's arms.

I would not let him out of my sight. I wanted to keep touching him, to make sure he was real. When we reached home he sank exhausted into the one comfortable chair and pulled me down to him. He buried his face in my shoulder and held me tight for long moments, not saying anything, until my trembling had stopped. It was as if we gave strength to each other, as if we were one, and I thought, *This is what marriage means—the glory of it.* We kissed each other, gently at first, then with the deep ardent desire of two people who have really found one another.

I knew in an offhand way that Bob was sincerely fond of children. The youngsters who lived around the field were always tagging after him, getting him to umpire their football games and settle their arguments. But it was not until little Butch came to the Base that I realized how much they meant to him. Butch was the five-year-old son of one of Bob's pals—a sturdy, rebellious kid who would obey no one but Bob. And Bob he worshipped. They were always together. One of Butch's favorite pastimes was watching Bob shave. It was funny to see the tall, thin figure of my husband bending over and solemnly putting lather on the chubby little cheeks of the boy. Then he would hand Butch a spoon so that he too could "shave."

Watching this procedure one Sunday morning, I asked Bob teasingly, "I take it you would not mind too much having a son of your own?"

He straightened instantly and the light that leaped into his face was so radiant that I caught my breath. "Kit!"

"Well, it's not too impossible, you know," I said to tantalize him. He caught me by the shoulders and lifted my face. What he saw there made him give a cry of sheer joy. He drew me up to him and kissed my forehead and eyes and nose and mouth. My arms, closed around him, felt his trembling. "My darling," he whispered, "My darling, darling Kit . . ."

That night neither of us could sleep. The air from the desert was sweet and

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to bring the boys back home!

clean, and in the soft darkness Bob told me things he had never put into words before. How lonely he himself had been as a youngster, with both parents dead. How, later, fighting for a living and an education, he had dreamed of a family of his own. The things other people take for granted spelled heaven to him. Just coming home and finding someone you love there . . . being able to hold your own child in your arms . . . "We'll have a *big* family, four or five," I said softly. "A man as fine as you ought to have fine sons to come after him."

"Just stay prejudiced like that, honey. That's all I ask!" he laughed, but there was a little choke in the laughter. We clung to each other wordlessly.

IN the days that followed I felt strangely humble in the face of his happiness. I might have been giving him the whole world tied up in pink ribbon. He started buying toys—toys that no child could possibly use until he was at least two. He asked Butch's dad innumerable questions. He went around in a glowing daze—except when he was flying. The cadets he instructed often dropped by the house, and they would talk "wing talk" for hours. Then he was lost in a man's world. I had no part in it; but that didn't matter. "He's the greatest guy on earth," the cadets told me often. "You could land on a dime when he's through teaching you." And I would try to look properly modest through the soaring elation of my own heart agreeing *he's the greatest guy on earth.*

Then, in the sudden way the Army does things, Bob's orders to go overseas came through. He hated leaving me, but I knew he felt his real job was over there. We made a pact: there would be no "goodbye." We would go on a picnic as we had done the first day we met. . . . My hands shook as I packed the luncheon. But I was determined to make this a gay memory. There was a chocolate cake like the one we'd had the first time, "Dagwood" sandwiches, which were Bob's favorites. We drove to a little arroyo and spread the lunch under a cottonwood. We pretended we were having a terrific flirtation, and teased each other, and laughed a lot. And none of it was any good. You can't keep up a pretense when your heart is so sore.

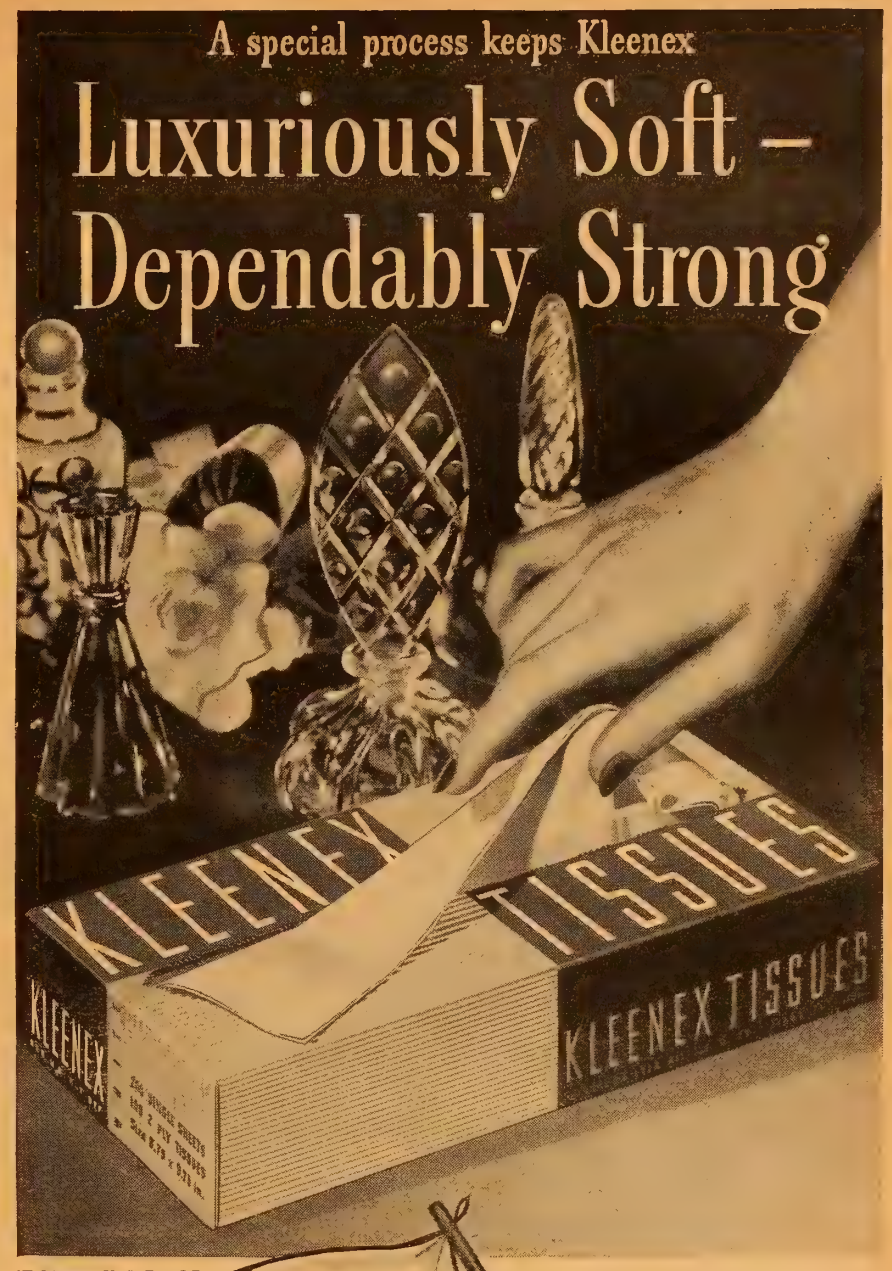
Bob came over and put his head in my lap and we were quiet for a long while. I cupped my hands behind his head and leaned over to kiss him. "I just want you to know I love you, soldier. I never really lived until you came along. . . ." I whispered the words and there was a hard lump in my throat. Bob turned. He caught me to him fiercely. His kiss burned straight through to my heart. Passionate, hard . . . and exquisitely sweet. . . .

When he had gone, I went back home to California to wait for our child to be born. We wrote daily, pouring our love out across the six thousand miles that separated us. I tried to resume my old life; so many other girls were doing the same thing. But the zest was gone. Days fell into a monotonous pattern. Helping mother with the housework, sewing for the baby, working down at the Red Cross. . . .

And then abruptly something happened. All my life I had been strong and healthy, but now energy suddenly left me. I collapsed one afternoon and old Dr. Watson took me straight to the hospital. There were X-rays, tests, consultations. Through a blur of pain I

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saw my father's haggard face, heard him say hoarsely, "Keep fighting, Kit. . . . Please God, let her keep fighting."

Everything seemed dim and far away. All I wanted was Bob. If only I could hold tight to his hand, know that he was all right. . . . From a great distance I heard a nurse say, "It's too bad. He would have been a beautiful baby. Look how well-shaped his little head is."

Would have been. . . .

My baby was dead. I had lost Bob's son. Perhaps I had lost Bob too. I went down in a great gulf of blackness then from which there seemed little chance of my returning.

Later, when I drifted slowly and painfully back to consciousness, I learned there had been an emergency operation to save my life. Mine had been saved, but I would never, as long as I lived, be able to give life to others. "Why did you do it?" I asked the doctor bitterly. "It would have been so much better to let me go."

Dr. Watson patted my hand. "Kit, I've known you since you were just a little tyke. D'you think I wouldn't do my best to save you for that good-looking flying husband of yours? He'll be coming back soon, too. Things have been happening in Europe since you were taken sick. The war is over in that section."

"Over?" I asked weakly.

"That's right, Kit. And Bob probably will be home before the summer is over. . . . I don't want you to be getting any crazy notions, either. This is *not* going to make any difference between the two of you. Kids mean more to a woman than to a man anyhow. All Bob wants is you."

He was trying to be kind, but he didn't understand. None of them did. I kept hearing Bob's words as I lay in his arms there in the soft darkness of the shack: *"A youngster of our own, darling!* . . . Maybe it's because I was so alone as a kid, but I've dreamed of having a son . . . of taking him fishing, and to the circus . . . of watching his eyes pop at Christmas time. You know—all the little things that add up to a swell family life. . . . Oh sweetheart, if you knew what this means to me!"

No, I was not going to deny Bob that happiness. He was not going to be bound to an empty shell of a girl who

YOUR WASTE PAPER ISN'T WASTE PAPER UNLESS YOU WASTE IT!



could never make his life complete. It was better to make a clean break now, even if it would hurt him terribly, than to wait until he came home. Because I knew in my secret heart that once I saw him again, felt his kiss on my lips, I would never have the courage to let him go.

He knew that we had lost little Timmy. But he did not know about the doctor's verdict. He would never know about that. Some day he would find another girl, a girl who could bear him wonderful children, and they would take up life together. . . . But I had to close the door quickly on that thought because it was such agony.

MY letters to him became stilted, filled with gay, silly chatter about the "fun" I was having with the old crowd. Impersonal letters that I hated. From his replies I knew that he was puzzled and hurt. I told mother and dad that Bob and I were "through," that I would prefer not to mention him again. They were shocked, unbelieving. But because I had been so ill, they did not protest much. "You will feel differently when you are stronger," mother said anxiously.

"I want to forget that I was ever married!" I cried and my voice broke uncontrollably.

Forget the happiest months I had ever known, the love Bob and I had shared? As if I could!

Then one day came his jubilant cable about being shipped back home.

My answer was the letter asking for a divorce.

"It was all such a mistake, Bob," I had written. *"Perhaps I was too young. . . . I want to be free now to enjoy everything I missed. . . . Please don't try to contact me. . . ."* Horrible little words that I forced myself to write across the pages. Words to sicken a man and kill his love. There would be no turning back now. The letter was mailed.

Ahead of me, dusk had settled in the canyon and the mountains were shrouded. "This is like death," I thought. "Only worse, because part of me has to go on living." Slowly I got to my feet and made my way back to town.

Sooner or later every person carrying around an empty heart finds there is only one relief—helping others. And there were plenty to help, even with the end of the war in sight. The big Army Air Base near town had been converted into a redistribution center, and there was also a General Hospital filled to overflowing with wounded from the Pacific. I worked with the Special Services department of the Red Cross, and there was plenty to do. We did it all—from locating missing families for servicemen to channeling war orphans from foreign countries into good homes there in the San Joachin Valley. I liked the latter work particularly.

I had been afraid, when my mother and dad suggested it, that things I had tried to kill would come alive again—that other people's children would hurt unbearably. But, actually, it seemed to help. There were not so many who came through, but those that did had such shy, hopeful little faces. There were the bright-eyed small Martanis from Italy who were on their way to their uncle's near Santa Rosa. Their home in Naples had been bombed and they had been looked after by a group of American combat engineers until the Red Cross had located this uncle in the States. Then there were the two chil-



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dren from Holland, wistful, frightened, who wanted nothing more out of life than to own again a duck named "Wigge." (The first "Wigge" had been stolen by the Nazis.)

But the child who went straight to my heart was Hank. Dr. Watson had made him my special charge, "Because he's sandy-haired," the doctor said with a smile that ignored the sudden pain in my face. The name on Hank's card said, "Charles Pierre Henri L'Atour." But that was for France; now, he told me in very halting English, his name was "Hank," for America. Since my French was as bad as his English our conversation lagged. It didn't matter. We understood each other quite well, Hank and I. He was seven, with hair that really was like Bob's and deep-set blue eyes that took in everything. He was scheduled for the Cavell ranch about forty miles out of town. But before we left, I drove him around to Dad's store for some after-dinner ice-cream. He said surprisingly, in pure Americanese, "A so*da!* Oh boy!"

Dad laughed, and for the first time in weeks I felt warm inside.

From sheer force of habit I went to the other side of the store, which was the post-office, to see if there was any mail for me. There was none, of course. Why should Bob write? I had not heard from him since I had sent that dreadful letter. He had taken me at my word and that was the way I wanted it. . . . The way it *had* to be.

"Good news coming over the radio, Kit," Dad said. "Looks as if the Japs were going to surrender any minute."

I took Hank's hand. A trembling seized me. Bob had had sixty-three missions in Europe. If this news were true he would not have to go to the South Pacific. That, at least, he would be spared.

Going out to the Cavell ranch, Hank sat beside me with his sturdy little legs straight out in front of him. Every once in a while he would say something very fast in French but all I could catch was the word "Pop." He was obviously excited. He tried to tell me something and his cheeks grew redder and redder. Finally he began bouncing up and down on the seat yell-

JANUARY RADIO MIRROR ON SALE Wednesday, December 12th

Transportation difficulties are still a problem, and we find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for January will go on sale Wednesday, December 12th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!

ing *"Pop—Pop!"* until I thought his little lungs would burst.

I switched on the radio to quiet him. Switched it on just in time to hear those electrifying words, "This is it . . . this is it . . . *the war is over!*"

The road disappeared; I had to stop the car and shakily wipe my eyes. The war is over! I caught Hank to me and kissed his little button nose. For him the war never would be over. It had taken too much toll: both parents, his home. . . . He was standing up now, pressing his little head into my shoulder. "Look, Hank," I said just as if he understood. "I don't know anything about these Cavells. There must be special arrangements or the Red Cross would not be sending you to them. But just the same I'm going to keep an eye on you too. So don't worry."

For answer he planted a big wet kiss on my cheek and yelled lustily, "Pop!"

THE Cavell ranch, I had to admit, was in a beautiful setting. It was on a rise of land, and a brook babbled along at the foot of it. There were prune and apple orchards, great sweeping acres of wine grapes golden in the sun. The house itself was low-spreading, and painted white. As we came to a stop on the gravel drive, a fat spaniel puppy waddled out to meet us. Hank was entranced. He jumped out and squatted beside the puppy and murmured, *"C'est joli. C'est tres joli!"*

Hank was going to be happy here. I had that feeling about it even before I saw the woman on the porch. She was older, worn, but there was a look of gentleness about her, a certain peace. Her warm greeting made us really welcome as she led us into the pleasant chintz-draped livingroom. There was a pitcher of cold milk on the table and a plate of enormous homemade cookies —little-boy language all over the world! Hank ate solemnly. And all the while his eyes searched the room, the doors, the windows, as if he expected someone to come in momentarily. Mrs. Cavell spoke to him in French, words I could not understand. After a moment of watchful attention, a wide smile broke over his little face.

"A great many years ago I lived in France," Mrs. Cavell explained to me, "before my husband and I came to California. But this has been my home now for so long that I don't believe I could be happy anywhere else. When I had to sell it recently I was heartbroken. But"—and her face lit up with pleasure —"the new owners insisted that I stay and help run it. I was so glad, particularly glad when I heard about Hank," she added gently. "You must come out often to see him."

I looked at hm, absorbed now with the puppy in the middle of the floor. He seemed at home already. "I'd love to come!" I said with more enthusiasm than I'd known in months.

After that I made every excuse I could think of to go out to the Cavell ranch. There were some new toys that Dad got in the store that I thought would be just the thing for a seven-year-old. Another time I ran across a cute sailor suit that seemed made for Hank. In all, I made three trips that first week to see him. And each time he crept a little deeper into my heart. I thought that I had stopped feeling any emotion, that it was dried up in me. But Hank quickened it again. He was always so glad to see me. He accepted me with such complete trust.

"Why don't you come out to supper on Sunday?" Mrs. Cavell said. And I needed no urging.

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I arrived early and Hank and I went down to the brook to go wading. It was cool and still in the shadows and the water felt wonderfully good. Hank had so much to show me—the colored stones he had found, the darting minnows, the way the puppy could swim. We were watching the little fellow splash about when a shadow, darker than the rest, fell across me. I looked up.

"Pop!" Hank cried joyfully, and hurled himself at the man who stood on the bank above us. A tall, sandy-haired man with a shy smile that started at his blue eyes and spread infectiously.

I could not speak. Bob, *my Bob*, was there, holding the wet, tousled youngster. Our eyes clung together over the small head buried on his chest. He spoke, but I could only watch his lips, his eyes. It *was* Bob! His words began to make sense. "I guess you know by now how much Hank needs you. *How much I need you.* This is home, Kit—for the three of us."

I could not believe it. It was like some miraculous reprieve that I had not dared to hope for. Bob was here. And he still loved me. It was in his face, in his gesture as he held out a hand to help me up the little bank. His touch had the same magic for me, making my pulse leap; his voice held low, unsteady, "You're lovelier than ever, Kit." We were two people in a moment so spellbound that it seemed made of gossamer. No—three people.

Bob took my hand on one side and Hank's one the other and walked us toward the little grove of trees that bordered the brook. A picnic lunch had been spread out beneath them. "This whole thing started at a picnic. . . . Remember? More than two years ago." Bob's voice held a caress.

We stood motionless, facing each other. Then Hank said peremptorily, "The puppy ees ate!"

Bob grinned. "His English gets better every day! You can almost understand him. What he means is that the puppy snitched a sandwich. . . . It's all right, Hank. Supposing we all have one."

"Where—where did you find him?" I managed to say against the hard lump in my throat.

"In a haymow, to be exact. And he was scared to death." And sitting there beside me on the grassy bank, Bob told me the whole story. Hank came from a little town in France near the Belgian border. After his parents were killed he was sent to a nearby chateau which had been converted into an orphanage. The day Bob's squadron established their quarters in a wing of the chateau, the jerries came over on a surprise raid. Bob found the little fellow in the barn, white-faced and completely terror-stricken. After that, Hank officially "adopted" Bob. He would wait for him at night to come in from the flying field, then they would have supper together. It was always Bob who put him to bed. "I wanted to adopt him legally even then. But I didn't know how you would feel," Bob said. "He somehow reminded me of you, Kit . . ."

Hank had gone off to wade in the brook again. We watched him silently for a moment Then I turned to my husband. Again the spell was upon us. "I didn't want you to know about me, Bob. I tried to keep it from you. After Tim was born. . . ."

He took me in his arms then and crushed me to him. All the barriers of restraint and pride were down. "You little fool. What do you think marriage is—a square dance where you change your partner to the tune of a fiddler? Kit, don't you know you're a living, breathing part of me . . . nothing could make me feel differently towards you. *Nothing on God's earth. . . .*"

Long moments later he said, his cheek hard against my own, "When I got that last letter I knew something was wrong. Terribly wrong. My Kit could never be as insensitive and shallow as you sounded in that letter. I got an emergency furlough and flew West immediately. And—don't hold it against them, dear—but I had a private session with your folks. Then I saw old Dr. Watson. He told me we would have to work things out pretty carefully because you were in a serious condition. Fortunately I had enough points to get a discharge from the Army quickly. I bought this ranch and arranged to have Hank sent over from France in charge of one of my pals. Part of our plan was to get you interested in war orphans through the Red Cross." *We'll make Hank yours because he's sandy-haired . . .*

"You don't mind—not having sons of your own?" I had to say it. I had to know.

For answer, his arms tightened around me.

There was a joyful shouting from the brook. Hank was waving both arms excitedly, "Pop! Ees Mom yet?"

Bob and I stood up and went to him. "That's right, son," Bob said. "She is your Mom now—and always."

Can she "really understand" him now?

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False Dreams

(*Continued from page 27*)

My mother didn't like it. Not that we'd ever had much, mother and I. It was just that she fretted because he was in the Army, because nobody knew what might happen. But I wouldn't listen—and we were married before Kel left.

There are some things there simply aren't words for. The way I loved Kel was like that. The happiness we had, in the little cabin on the side of the highway where we spent our three-day honeymoon. No words, either, for the look in Kel's eyes, that morning he bid me goodbye.

"Don't go to the station with me, honey," he said, almost harshly. His big hand caressed the soft fall of bright hair on my shoulder. "Let me remember you like this." His voice was unsteady, low in his throat, and then convulsively his arms were around me. "Wait for me, darling. I'm coming back!"

THREE years. And I worked. At first, because it was somehow like being closer to Kel. And then because with the money—even after buying bonds, even after helping Mother, and seeing worry fade from her eyes—with the money, I fashioned our home, mine and Kel's. The home I hadn't so much as dared to dream about, before.

I wrote Kel, "I was a child when we married, darling. But I'm twenty-one now. Three years, and I've grown up. Except loving you—I haven't grown out of that, it's as magic as the first time! Oh, darling, how I love you. But about our home—I look at other people's homes—like my boss, when I had dinner with her and her husband. He's an executive at the plant, too. They have a lovely livingroom. Chinese carpet. Well, I'm reading all the home and decorating magazines, and right now I'm shopping for drapes. You'll love our home, Kel. It's wonderful how earning money changes things. Oh, darling, we'll have such a good life!"

When did the beauty of my home, the luxury of it, begin to blot out the real purpose of home? When did I stop knowing that a home is only a shelter for the people in it, only a shell around the love it harbors? All I know is that the night Kel came home—the first night, after the long, long waiting—I pulled out of his arms to cry, "Isn't it beautiful, darling?"

He looked at me. My Kel, so weary-looking, none of the triumph of winning a war easing the lean lines of his face, his eyes hungry. "Isn't what beautiful?" he asked, almost puzzled.

"Our home, darling! This livingroom!"

"Oh." He scratched his dark red hair. Indulgently, as he might humor a child, he said, "Oh, sure. Swell."

A little disappointed stab hit me. I'd worked so hard, planned so absorbedly.

I had dreamed of Kel saying, "Am I in the right house?" Of Kel taking me in his arms. "Nancy, it's marvelous!" I had thought, in my dreams, that Kel would be inspired to promise, "I'll work like a beaver—I'll be the most successful darned radio engineer in the whole world, so we can always have a place like this, or a better one."

Or something like that. . . . Silly? I was so wrapped up in the dreams I didn't see, then, that I'd put material things—the *outsides* of things, the things that shouldn't matter, deeply—before the spiritual furnishings of marriage.

But that first night, it was only a moment, and then the joy and wonder of having Kel home swamped me; I was back in his arms. No time for chairs and rugs, no time for speaking of the importance and the achievement earning money had taught me. No time to drag out of our minds each other's ideas on how life should be lived. Only Kel's arms mattered, and his lips, and the deep sound of his shaken voice, in my ears.

For a week, I was tremulous and disbelieving still. "And you won't have to go back! Oh, darling, I didn't want you to be hurt . . . but it's nothing, nothing!" A shell splinter, in his thigh. He wouldn't even limp!

Kel touched my hair, that was upswept now. "You shouldn't have changed it," he said gravely. "It was like silk, the other way. It's too neat now."

Immediately, I took out the grip combs. We laughed as my hair cascaded down. "There!"

The sound of our laughter danced through the open windows. The sound of Kel's feet, running after me whenever I darted into the kitchen. "Eating's not that important. I get lonely when you go away."

And the sound of music was everywhere. Great strains of it, from the radio, as we lay on the wonderful, expensive, beautiful sofa in the wonderful, expensive, beautiful livingroom.

I planned out loud, "Two more months—and we can have a new bedroom set. Oh, I didn't want to buy that until you were home anyway, Kel." Heat mantled my cheeks. I burrowed down against his shoulder. "You'll have to like it. Twin beds, with a double headboard. Satin. Padded. And when we fight—we can push the beds apart."

"Bedroom?" he frowned, above me. "What's the matter with the stuff upstairs?"

"But that—why that's just the old things from your father's house." I sat up. "Why do you think I'm keeping on working? Besides, Kel, life's so—oh, simple and easy, when the money's there. The little things—going out whenever we feel like it, never worrying about trying to make a dollar stretch to do the work of two . . ."

KEL sat up, too. Very straight. He stared at me, and his eyes were dark and unreadable. The little dancing flecks of reddish gold had been snuffed out. I was almost frightened.

"You mean you're going back to work, Nancy? For a bedroom?" Incredulously he repeated, "For a bedroom?"

"Going back? But I never quit, Kel!" I stood up, my knees shaky. Was this going to be a quarrel? It couldn't be—Kel had only been home a week. We mustn't quarrel—but I thought it had all been understood! We hadn't discussed it—it had seemed to me to be so self-evident. What if Kel did have his old job as control engineer at the local radio station? What if he did make enough to keep us? It was just enough. It wasn't enough for new things, and for extra fun. I didn't want to live that way!

"Kel—you know how it is, without enough money," I stammered. "Neither of us had anything before. You didn't

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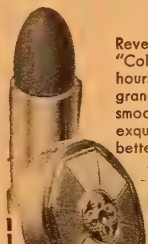
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earn a lot, and the one job I had before I went to the plant payed hardly enough to live on. Now that I've learned —now that—"

I looked around my beautiful living-room, the room I had built with work and sacrifice and careful planning and self-denial, the room where I'd been so sure we'd be happy. Tears stung against my eyelids. "Kel, can't you see? It's a—a way of life. This room, and then the bedroom. Always the best, the loveliest we can possibly manage. It's —it's putting beauty into our lives."

"It's putting a taste for luxury into them," he protested. "I can't give you luxury, Nancy. Never."

"But if I work—" I touched his arm, and Kel shook my fingers off.

"If you have to work, if you feel you'll be lonely and bored all day, why don't you get your old job back in the filing department of the radio station? At least, we could be together all day, and we'd go to work together and come home together at night." His voice showed that he knew he was offering a compromise, and that even the compromise didn't please him.

He didn't understand! "Kel—that job payed sixteen dollars a week! Why should I slave all day for that, when—"

"Why should you slave all day at all?" he interrupted. "You don't *have* to work, Nancy."

"But it's not slavery when you have something to show for it!" I exploded. "Then it's fun—saving the money until you've enough to buy something, and —" My voice fell away. He didn't understand, and perhaps he never would, but I couldn't give up my job!

Kel's voice was low and toneless, after a little pause. "Didn't you ever stop to think, Nancy, that the plant will be shutting down, laying off workers? You can't work forever."

"I don't intend to work forever. Just until—"

His big shoulders slumped. He slashed his hands into his pockets. "I wish you'd stay home, Nancy." He turned, abruptly. The straightness of his back blurred before me, the little appealing rough shine of the short hairs over the tanned back of his neck. I bit my lips, as he strode outdoors. The front door slammed.

Alone in this room I had labored so hard to make lovely, I had the incredulous sensation of something crashing around me. Through the roar of the ruins, I heard the radio, still droning out music. Stiffly, I crossed the soft rug. I almost stumbled as I snapped it off.

I dashed the tears away, angrily. Kel would see, soon enough, money *was* important! Even if I didn't buy anything for the bedroom, just having plenty of money—two salaries, instead of one—just never scrimping and saving, never having to budget, took half the struggle out of living! Oh, couldn't Kel remember how it used to be, when he delivered groceries while other boys played football? I thought of the winter days I'd gone to school in year-before-last's too-short coat. My chin came up. I wouldn't quit!

I saw that the pillows of my sofa were dented, where we had been sitting. With cold, steady fingers, I

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plumped the cushions up. But for the first time, there was no sensuous thrill, no delight, in the rich feel of the brocade. The down-filled cushions were not symbols of achievement, any more. The fluffiness of them was somehow thickly foggy, like this wispy fog between Kel and me. . . .

So I didn't give up my job. Oddly, Kel said no more about it. Every morning, he helped me squeeze the oranges, make the coffee, pile the dishes in the sink after our hasty breakfast. We went downtown together, without much conversation.

Coming home, Kel pitched in. I got home earlier than he did, and he usually found me wrestling with supper, my hair slipping out of its moorings, some of the groceries still on the porcelain table in their brown paper bags.

IT WASN'T as easy, keeping house for two, as for one. I had to do my personal laundry and Kel's things on Sunday. Somehow, there was never time for the sweet little lazinesses we had reveled in, that first week. Or was that because the feathery fog had come all the way down—between us? Barriers of silence, never mentioned now, held us apart.

Yet it was triumph to have my pay envelope on Saturday nights. "We could go to a nightclub, Kel," I said once.

"Aren't you too tired?"

"Well, we could have people in." Trying not to admit the sick, lost feeling of being here with him, yet somehow far apart, shut out, I persisted brightly, "I've lots of friends I made while you were away. They were nice to me. And you've made friends at the station, haven't you?"

"Yes," he said. A little smile twitched one corner of his wide, firm mouth. "Ab Brant—you'd like him. He's got four kids, and he's crazy about them." Now the red-gold lights were back in Kel's eyes. "Twins, the older ones. I've stopped in several times on my way home. They're swell, those kids!"

"Have them over, then!"

But I hadn't counted on boisterous children rampaging through my carefully kept livingroom that Sunday. I hadn't counted on fingerprints on my pink wallpaper, and inquisitive little hands taking down china decorations from my bric-a-brac shelves!

Ab Brant was a short, merry man who was chief engineer at the transmitter. His wife was fat, very simple. "I gave up trying to be stylish long ago, honey!" she said, settling down on my sofa with a sigh and sticking her feet out ruefully. "With a family like mine, it's impossible. Why, you know how many potatoes I have to peel, at a crack? And the beds—and the picking-up after those fiends!"

The twins, about nine years old, towheaded and brimming with mischief, dived behind the sofa then. "Come out of there, brats!" she laughed. "Go out into the back yard, please."

The boys crawled out, unwillingly. There was a slight thud from the kitchen then. "That's Peg," one of the boys said. "She always climbs up on chairs in new kitchens and gets her own drink of water. After that, she says, she feels at home."

"Peg's five," Mary Brant explained. Bumpsie was three—and it was Bumpsie who precipitated the awful scene. Kel and Ab had been shop-talking, while Mary helped me make sandwiches, in the kitchen.

I was taking cheese out of the refrigerator when the crash of glass

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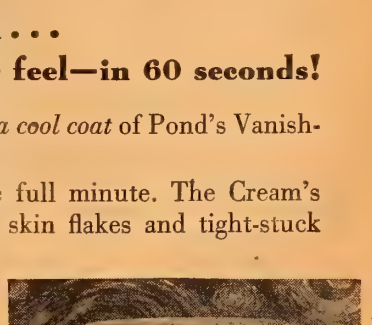
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came. My head jerked up. "What on earth—" I dropped the cheese.

With a cry, Mary ran into the living-room. I followed swiftly. "Oh Kel!" I wailed, my heart diving, "Kel, *look* what she did!"

My cocktail table, my beautiful cocktail-table lay on its side. Glass all over the rug, one polished handle wrenched from the frame of the tray—"It's ruined!" I choked.

Ab was lifting the child up from the floor.

Nobody paid any attention to me. Mary examined the child's hands. "Sure you aren't cut, Bumpsie?" she whispered tightly. "Ab, look at her legs. Does it hurt anywhere, darling?"

My lips were dry as I realized, suddenly, that I had thought first of the cocktail table—before I thought of the child.

Afterward—thank heaven, they went home at once—Kel said grimly, "I think I finally understand how you feel about your furniture, your *things*, Nancy. They mean an awful lot to you, don't they? More than anything else!"

Ashamed, but angry too, I cried, "Did they have to wreck the whole house, those children? It wasn't just the table—they went through like a tornado. I never saw such wild little Indians—"

Very quietly, his eyes holding mine, Kel asked, "Did you ever have children in this house before, Nancy?" And then he answered himself, "No, I suppose not. It doesn't look as if children—or anyone, very much—had disturbed it."

I stood very still, feeling suddenly sick. It wasn't right! If only he'd put his arms around me, if only he'd say, "Never mind, darling—we'll clean up, and buy another table, and forget the whole thing!" If only he'd say, understandingly, "I realize how you feel, too, Nancy. But he didn't. He just stood there, blaming me. Condemning me, because for a moment I had spoken before I thought. Because I hadn't realized that the child might be hurt.

He looked very grim. I wanted desperately to come close to him, feeling shut out, and furious because I was shut out. Something had been missing

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between us for a long time—ever since I had gone back to work. The light laughter, the little words—they had retreated into silence with Kel, and our lives had been empty.

But this was even worse. As I looked at my husband, as my love and my hurt cried out to him, it flashed through my mind in a swift, vividly painful intuition that our marriage had left the safe harbor where our love had been secure. We were on tossing seas now—the seas of fear and mistrust and —worse—not caring, that I'd heard about, read about. And I knew then that no matter what, we must get back together. I had thought of the laughter, the fun, that had retreated into silence with him. But what of me? I hadn't helped. There had been no spontaneous little kisses dropped on his forehead as he read during the evening, no lingering touch of my hand on his arm when he passed me as we went about the house, none of the funny little endearments he loved so much. Just to work, to get the meals cooked, to keep the house in order, I had raced madly against time. And time had cheated me of the moments that ought to have been left over for the little things . . .

SOMETHING tore apart inside me, and I wanted to fling myself into his arms. I wanted to cry. "Darling, darling—take me back, hold me tight!"

But I had waited a moment too long. For Kel was looking slowly around the livingroom, saying in a wondering, confused voice, "I don't understand! I'll never understand how all—all this—could mean so much to you. How these things of yours ever came to take the first place in your thoughts, the first affection of your heart. It's not just that you didn't think of the child first. It's me, too. You think of all these things before you think of me. You put them first, above everything else." He made a weary, heavy gesture of dismissal. "You put money first, and what it can buy. You're not the same—you're not the girl I married at all!"

He couldn't be saying this to me! And I thought, with a mind that was pain-quickened, that if he showed anguish, or anger, there would be hope for me. If he'd been bitter—but he was dull and bleak, as if it didn't really matter, as if he were talking about some stranger to whom something had happened—something that was too bad, but which didn't much affect him. "We haven't anything left, Nan."

"Kel—" My voice shook on a sob, and I put out my hand to him.

"Don't." He half-turned away, almost in distaste. That shook me to the foundations of my being—Kel, whose hand had always been stretched out to meet mine half way! Kel, in whose arms I had found the meaning of happiness, for whom I'd defied my mother, for whom I'd worked and waited—he didn't care. He didn't care that I was crying. He didn't care about the fear, the pleading, that must be so obvious in my eyes. Somehow, I had killed his love, and all the pleading in the world would not bring it back to life again.

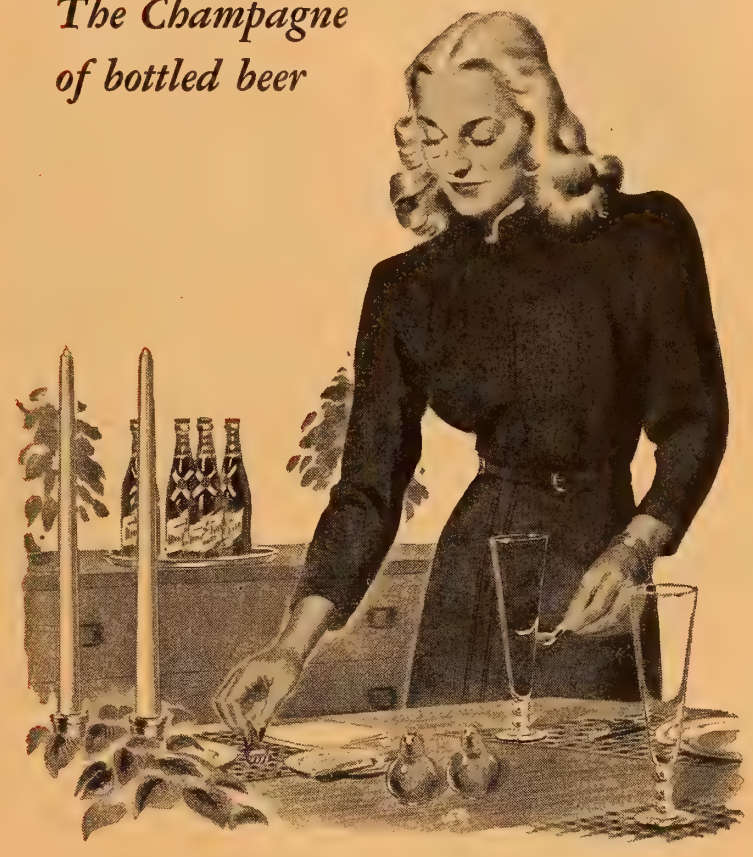
And so the shock of Kel's turning away stiffened me. My fingers curled into cold fists at my side, and I said, "All right, Kel. All right. What were you going to say?"

Something new and strange leaped into his eyes. Decision. Decision as tangible as the chairs I'd bought, as solid and real as the remnants of the coffee table here on the floor. . . .

"It'll be better," he said tonelessly,

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"if I—if I just leave." With a little spark out of the past, pain crossed his lips and was gone. "You don't understand me and I don't understand you any more, Nan. We want different things. Money . . . well, I wanted you. A wife."

Like a rock flung into the still pool of my mind, the word sank. "Wanted." Past tense. Not, "I want you." Kel had said, "I wanted you."

Fierce, raging protest ripped me. He couldn't leave me! I loved him too much! "Everything I did, I did for you!" I whispered. "This home, better than we could have had unless—" I stopped. His eyes! So sad. And so pitying! As though, for the sake of what we once had, Kel pitied me. . . . But there was no real compassion, nothing I could hold on to, that would keep him here.

My lungs were huge and hot in my chest, but my pride forced my eyes up. Up, up, to meet his. To forsake the pleading, the cringing that brought only his pity. I was half-mad with sick realization that somehow all I had lived for had slipped away. Yet I could still say, almost steadily, "All right, Kel. If that's what you want . . ."

Is love ever over so simply? Two people who cared the way Kel and I cared—can they say goodbye and take up life as though the thing that made it worth living had not been cut away?

THE bitter, raging loss began in that moment. Holding myself in, keeping down fear and panic with an iron will, while Kel went upstairs. To pack. To live somewhere else.

"You'll be glad," he said inadequately. "It's hard at first, Nan. But it's best for both of us." His hand touched mine. "I can't take it any more, not this way."

I had to hurt him. "That's just a lame excuse! No man walks out on his wife because she wants to keep on working!"

"I'm not walking out on you." Kel's lips tightened. "You walked out, Nan. That day you said you wouldn't quit. I—I've lived with a ghost, ever since."

The deep-down defeat, the sick knowledge that nothing was left for me, didn't come until morning. I sat up all night. Where had Kel gone? Could there be someone else? Impatiently I brushed that aside. Not Kel. Kel with his glowing eyes, the lips so firm and thrilling on mine . . . Kel had never looked at another girl.

But I had lost him. Other things swamped me, as I wandered through the useless, forsaken house, whose beauty was a mockery now. What would I tell Mother? And the people in the plant . . . they all knew my husband was back. Humiliation seared me. "Kel left me!" No! I thought of Mary Brant, and Ab. He'd never leave her, though she was fat and plain. . . . I thought of their children. Wild, undisciplined. Or must children grow up gay and careless and full of spirit? If we had had children, Kel and I—

The pang ripping through me was more than I could bear.

I couldn't go to work that day. I stayed inside my empty, my foolish house. Time limped by. I couldn't even phone, to say I was ill.

What would I do? I beat the sofa cushions, uselessly. "I can't live without you, Kel! How could you leave me? Why didn't you take me into your arms—why didn't you *order* me to quit work?"

The money. How he'd harped on money! The money that made his own earnings not important. A man's earnings must be the mainstay. . . . As



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though a veil had been struck from my eyes, I saw suddenly that while Kel was away I had learned independence, a competence that, because I flaunted it, shamed him. . . . Were there many wives, like me, clinging to their pay envelopes, losing their husbands, now that the need for their labor was gone?

In my livingroom I looked at what I'd bought. Things, things. Chairs and rugs I had put before our love. What if at night Kel came home to a livingroom without luxury? What if the lamps weren't silk-shaded? I caught my breath. I'd been such a fool! Buying my own dresses, saying proudly, "Look, Kel, isn't it pretty?" I should have asked him, "Kel, I need a new housedress!" In gingham he had paid for himself, wouldn't Kel have found me lovelier than in crepe I selected, paid for, wore ostentatiously—because I gave it to myself?

No gift he could ever give me, I saw clearly, had any value—while I had my own pay envelope, while our marriage was crammed into the fringes of my days. . . .

Kel hadn't had a home at all.

In the shrieking silence of this house he'd left, I remembered one other thing.

The night that Kel had talked to me about his job, about his chances for advancement . . . "I learned radio engineering in the Army," he'd said. "I just worked around the control room before, you know, repairing, moving equipment, setting up remote jobs, and things like that. But I've got my license now. And Ab Brant says that if I study nights, there's a chance that—"

And I hadn't even really listened. I'd been thinking about my own work, of something I'd left undone, trying to track down in my mind where a mistake had been made. And I'd been making so much bigger a mistake right then! I should have gone across the room, I should have sat on the floor beside him, my head against his knee, the way he used to like so much. I should have praised him, should have let him think he was the smartest, most wonderful man in the world. No, not "let him think"—let him know that I thought he was, to me!

Words from me, real faith, real pride, from me would have meant the world to him then. Those were the things

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that would have counted. And I flung myself on my beautiful sofa, and wept again.

I couldn't go to work the second day, either. But I knew that soon I'd have to. I'd need the money, now. . . .

In the afternoon I got dressed and went downtown. I didn't have any plan, but my feet led me somehow to the radio station. I thought vaguely of seeing Kel, of talking to him.

But once I was there, I knew it was no good, and I sank down in a chair in the lobby to rest a moment, to still the trembling of my knees at being so near to Kel, and so far away. It wouldn't do any good to talk to him, I knew. It was too late for words. They wouldn't mean anything. It was too late, even, for actions. It was too late for anything, for us. . . .

IDLY, I listened to the loudspeaker in the lobby. The network was on—one of the daytime serials was playing. I thought for a moment how much fun they must be to listen to all day as you went about your work. If you had time to listen. If you were a—housewife, and not a working girl. . . .

It was a man's voice, coming out of the speaker. "It won't do you any good," he was saying. "It's too late for crying, too late to say that you're sorry. What's done is done, and words from you don't mean anything, anyway. I've seen too often how lightly you use them. It's too late even to do anything—nothing that you'd do would have your heart behind it—"

That, I knew, was what would be wrong with talking to Kel now. He had heard too much of my talk, all the wrong kind. And even if I said the right words, he wouldn't believe that my heart was behind them. . . .

Wearily, I rose to go. And as I stood by the elevator, I heard one of the girls who worked in the station talking to the switchboard operator. "It's too bad," she was saying. "Ab can't stay away—he hasn't enough men as it is, and most of them are green hands like Kel Dwight."

"What's the matter with Mary?" The switchboard girl asked.

And I found myself walking across to the desk, saying, "Are you talking about Ab Brant and his wife? They—they're friends of ours. Is something wrong?"

The girl smiled. "Why yes. His wife's sick—quite sick, I guess. And they can't find a nurse, and there's no room at the hospital, so there's no one to take care of Mary, let alone the children. They—"

But I wasn't listening any more. Something quite outside myself was propelling me to the elevator, and then out into the street. My hands were idle, my heart was empty. I could do something—heaven knows I had nothing else to do. I didn't stop to analyze the impulse. If I had, I probably wouldn't have found the answer. This pity, this warm desire to help, was too new for me to put a name to it. I wouldn't have known that in suffering myself, I wanted to alleviate someone else's suffering.

The Brant house was a shabby place, comfortable looking, with a red wagon on the front porch and a scooter bike leaning against a wicker chair that needed a coat of paint.

Before I could ring, a tow-headed boy opened the door. He stared at me. "My mom's sick," he said.

He had a big apron tied around him, and his hands were wet. "I know," I said. "I came to help." I smiled at him. "Don't you remember me?"

"You're the lady who—who got so mad when Bumpsie broke your table," he said.

I walked into the house. If anything could reproach the sterile, severe orderliness of my own livingroom, it was this littered room speaking so eloquently of love and living! Books out of place, and a teddybear on the sofa, and two airplanes hanging from a bridge lamp, as though in flight. A boy's jacket was on the back of a chair, and someone's forgotten bedroom slipper on the floor. But it didn't look messy, somehow—it looked warm and sweet, and inviting.

Bumpsie peered down the railing from upstairs, then. "Oh!" Her small, elfin face flushed. She remembered me too.

"I've come to take you to my house, Bumpsie," I said, smiling. "It'll make it quiet here for your mother, and she won't worry about you."

The other twin came in from the kitchen. Frowning, he said, "Those eggs won't scramble. I dropped one on the floor, Hal."

HAL looked at me, and I was flinging down my hat. "I'll fix it, kids!" Happiness blossomed inside me. I was needed!

The four children trailed upstairs with me, a few minutes later, as I brought the tray with the food up to Ab Brant's wife, Mary.

Mary lay in bed, pale, circles under her eyes, worry a gaunt specter around her. "Oh, children—" she began. Then she saw me. For a moment, she could not speak.

Gently, I set the tray across her lap. I punched the pillow up, and said gaily, "The kids really did most of this. They're wonderful!"

"But they can't do it all—" Tears burned her eyes. She bit her lip. "If I'd only get better. But I'm so weak . . ." In a whisper, she added, "The doctor wants me to go to the hospital, but there isn't any room."

"Listen," I said swiftly, "I came to take the children to my house. Oh, Mary, don't worry about them! I'll take good care of them." I tried to smile. "I—I won't be severe with them. If they—if they bang the whole place up, make firewood of the furniture, it'll be all right. . . ." It trembled on my lips, that Kel had left me. But Mary had troubles enough of her own. I mustn't distress her now with my woes.

"And my mother will come over here and look after you," I finished comfortingly. "She's a good practical nurse, and what's more, she enjoys it!"

I broke off a bit of toast and buttered it. "Here, dear. Eat."

The children were all agog at coming home with me. Bumpsie was a bit uncertain, shuffling her little foot back and forth across the rug and looking up at me covertly. "But I might—do something b-bad again," she whispered.

I stooped to hug her. "Don't worry, darling! I won't care, even if there are *ten* accidents!"

They packed the clothes they'd need then. Hal stuffed in overalls and shirts; Tommy made a big to-do about a boat he wanted to take which wouldn't fit. It was very noisy. But I didn't mind, somehow. This was absorbing as decorating my livingroom had never been. We all piled into a cab at last, after the stark moment when Mary kissed each child goodbye and held her hand out to me tremulously. "I don't know how to thank you," she whispered.

"Don't then." I smiled at her. "My





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—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

mother's coming in a few minutes."

And that night, in the midst of the hubbub, as I raced back and forth from the kitchen, making supper for the children, Kel walked in.

I didn't see him at first, because I was bending over, my back to the door. Hal and Tommy were apologetically sweeping up the remains of a vase they had just shattered. I was saying, calmly, pointing to a piece of porcelain under the sofa, "Every single bit of it, now. Whatever you mess up, boys, you'll have to clean!"

Kel whispered, "Nancy!"

I straightened. My heart shook. Kel! His eyes were weary. "I couldn't stay away. No matter what—" And then he made a puzzled gesture. "What are they doing here?"

I saw then that Bumpsie was jumping up and down on the wing chair. Playing horsey. I'd learned by now that playing horsey was her favorite game, that's why they called her Bumpsie. On the floor, turning the pages of a comic book, was Ab Junior, oblivious to the noise and the bits of shattered vase. Hal was sweeping around him.

Kel stared at me. I went to him quickly. "Mary's sick. She may have to go to the hospital. Oh, Kel, I—I'm so glad you came back!" All the things that had lain between us, sharp pointed swords, were gone. "These kids are a handful. I need help."

He stared at the shambles of what had been my precious, sacred living-room. "You're keeping the children here, until she gets well?"

"Oh, darling," I said, softly. "The children are more important than—than the silly things I—" Shame touched me, and a new humbleness. "Will you stay, Kel? Honestly, I'm afraid I can't m-manage without you."

"Will I stay, Nancy? Oh, darling!"

We didn't say a word about my job, about the things that had separated us. We didn't have to. Because later, after Kel had bathed the boys and I'd gotten Bumpsie into her pajamas, as we faced each other across the kitchen table, I said ruefully, "Imagine, keeping an interior-decorator livingroom in a house full of children! It just can't be done."

Kel said nothing, he only looked at me. I smiled secretly. "I'm so glad I have this chance to—to care for four children," I finished. "Remember when you asked me if I'd ever had any children in this house? Well, you were right—I hadn't. And this—well having these here sort of prepares me for what it will be like when—"

Kel grinned down at me. "When what, Nan?"

"When we produce some little wild Indians of our own," I finished. "And Kel—*that* would keep me busy. Do you think I couldn't be a—a good mother?"

His arm closed tightly about my shoulders. "The girl I married," he said firmly, "would make the very best mother in the whole world. And the girl I married—" He paused, and tilted my chin up—"the girl I married has come back to stay, it seems." And then he kissed me—and it was like a first kiss—full of promise of things to come, of things to share.

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(*Continued from page* 50)

until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 3 to 4 quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water if necessary; place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar and syrup, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, ¼ teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 2 minutes. Remove from fire, skim off froth and pour quickly into containers. Pour melted paraffin over hot marmalade at once.

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- 3 cups sugar
- 2 cups bottled grape juice
- ½ bottle fruit pectin

Bring sugar and grape juice to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once.

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- 3½ cups juice
- 5 cups sugar
- 2 cups light corn syrup
- 1 bottle fruit pectin

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Measure sugar, syrup and juice into large saucepan and mix.

Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

CRUNCHIES

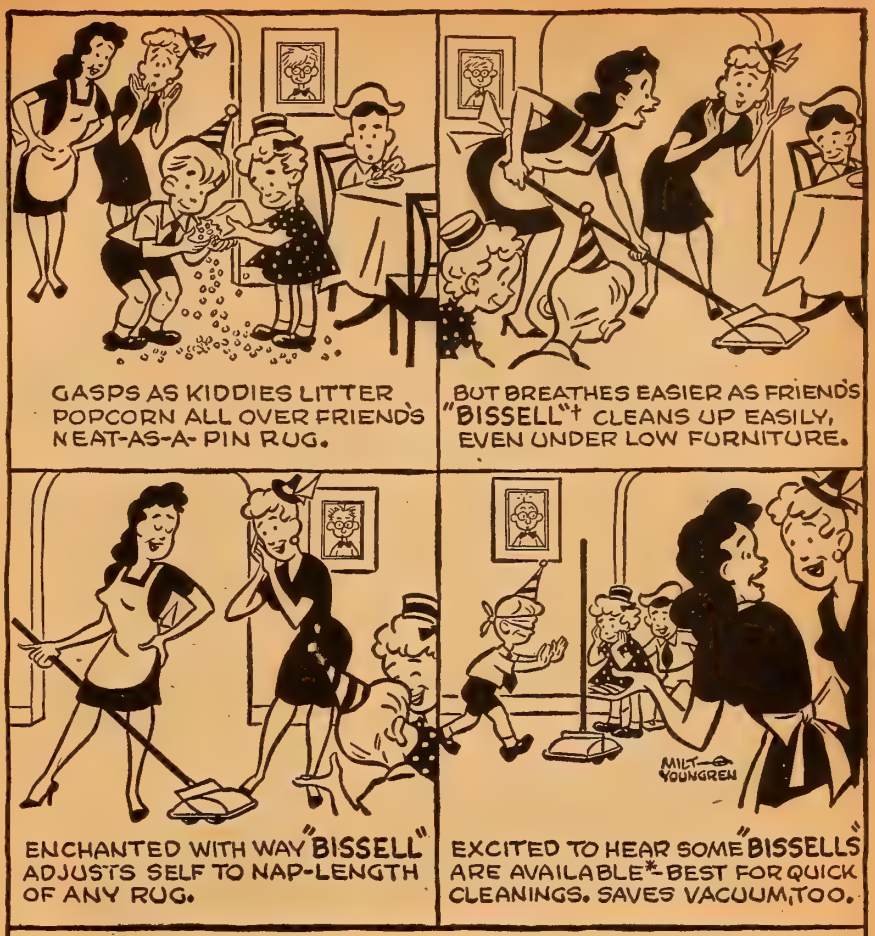
- ½ cup honey
- ¼ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ tablespoon butter or margarine
- 6 cups corn flakes

Combine honey, sugar, and salt and cook until a small amount of syrup forms a firm ball in cold water (246° F.), about 10 minutes. Add butter. Combine cereal and honey mixture, stirring lightly to coat flakes. Shape into small balls and serve as cookies or candy. Note: Add ⅓ cup chopped nut meats, if desired.

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- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
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- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- ½ teaspoon soda

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and ginger, and sift again. Heat molasses, remove from fire; add shortening and soda. Add flour gradually, mixing well. Chill until firm enough to shape. Shape into small balls about ¾ inch in diameter. Place about 2 inches apart on greased baking sheet. Press flat with bottom of glass covered with damp cloth. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes, or until done. Remove from pan carefully. Cool.



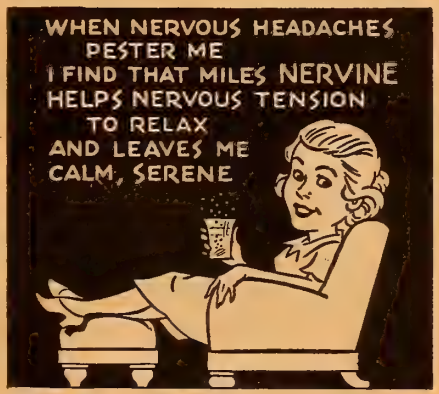
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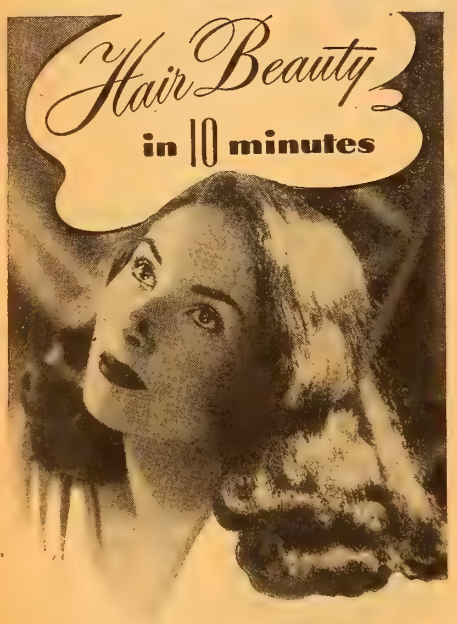
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To Be Really Yours

(*Continued from page 45*)

and the whole world would go back into focus. But he said, before he kissed me—before he even kissed me!—"You remember Belinda Corey, don't you Peg?"

It didn't matter that I couldn't answer, for Grif kissed me then. But I could still hear the voices, everyone talking at once. I could still hear them, still see everyone around me, because that kiss was just a kiss. Tender, and sweet—but not the magic I'd waited for, not the heaven on earth I'd dreamed of.

"So nice to see you again, Belinda. . . . Are you home for the summer? . . . Oh, yes, home to stay—didn't you know? Doesn't Grif look marvelous? . . . Well, I should say so, especially when you recall that he's been fighting a war and winning buckets of medals. Medals! But where are they, darling? . . . Probably in his pocket. You know how modest Grif's been all his life. . . ."

All his life. All the time they'd been growing up together, Grif and this girl. Belinda was the girl who had worn his class pin, whose autograph was right in the middle of that old ping-pong paddle on the wall. Oh, what was wrong . . . *what was wrong?*

AND then Griff's arm, ever so gently, fell about my shoulders, and much of what was wrong disappeared. No, not disappeared, but went back into the limbo of forgotten things for the moment, banished by his nearness.

"Pure luck we came home on the same train," Belinda was saying, her eyes on Grif's face. "We never dreamed it would take a war . . ."

Father Baird's voice drowned the rest of it.

"Want to drive, son?"

Grif shook his head. "No thanks—I'm afraid of these contraptions!"

More laughter because Grif, who had driven a tank through flaming war, was afraid of traffic on a suburban highway. We were all in the car now, Grif last after stowing the baggage and tipping the porter. Belinda, it seemed, had left school a week early. She was surprising her folks, so we were driving her home.

We pulled up to the curb a few moments later. Dogs barked. A small brother came running down the drive from the Corey place. The whole scene jiggled like a maddening dream before my eyes—people running across a porch, laughter and kisses and a scramble after bags. A smooth roll of blonde hair, blue eyes smiling up into Grif's.

"It's been fun, Grif darling. Thanks so much—"

"Don't you remember—you were never going to thank me for anything."

Things between them, things shared before he knew that I was alive . . . Belinda and Grif! That's what his mother had meant when she had said one day that everyone in town had taken it for granted that they would marry someday. . . . And I had laughed about it! Laughed, secure in Grif's love those three brief weeks—well, two months and a half, if I counted the whole time since we'd met—and Belinda had had all their lives!

We were in the back seat alone now, Grif and I. And quickly, impulsively, his hand came out to cover mine, to squeeze it. My heart lurched—perhaps it was all right. Perhaps I was just imagining things. Why couldn't I re-

member and put into practice all the things I'd read about how to treat returning soldiers, what to expect from them? After all, Grif had been away the best part of three years. For each of those years we'd had only a week of living together as husband and wife. What did I expect? It would take time, the readjustment. It would be like getting acquainted all over again.

Only—only I didn't have to get acquainted all over again. I knew Grif, I knew him as well as I knew my own mind, my own heart. And it hurt, it hurt unbearably, to know that I had not been as close to him in all these months of separation as he had been to me.

THEN we were home. The Bairds waved us gaily up the walk and drove on to their own house, calling back a reminder that we were to come over for dinner in a little while.

We went silently into the house. When I turned from hanging my coat in the hall closet, Grif was standing there, his bags still in his hands, looking into the livingroom with its little alcove that we laughingly called his den. I watched his eyes swing across the whole thing and focus upon the plaque board on the wall—the football letter, the crazy, autographed ping-pong paddle. Suddenly, passionately, I found myself praying that somehow the sight of these small things in the little house we shared might bring him back to me from whatever those reserves were into which he had retreated so frighteningly.

I said, shakily, "Well, here it is—just as you left it."

He looked a moment longer before he answered, his eyes traveling around the room. "Yes," he said, and there was only bitter impatience in his voice, in his tired eyes. "Exactly as I left it, Peggy." And, after a moment, "I guess I'll shower and change clothes. The folks are expecting us."

Halfway down the hall he paused suddenly and pushed a hand against his ribs. Instinctively frightened, I covered the distance between us, crying, "Grif, what is it? Is anything wrong?"

He shook his head slowly and smiled at me, and it seemed to me as if the smile was reluctant, not something belonging to us now, but something left over from the past—from the past when we never looked at each other without smiling. Then his eyes swung away, as if he couldn't bear to look at me.

"Just a stitch. No, Peggy, nothing's wrong. Everthing's wonderful — perfect," he ended bitterly. And then, from halfway up the stairs, he turned again, and this time his voice was gentle. "Sorry, baby—I guess it isn't your fault."

What isn't my fault? I cried silently after him. *What isn't my fault?* It wasn't my fault that he had met Belinda Corey again, if that was what was wrong. It wasn't my fault that he had discovered that he had made a mistake in marrying me, that he should have married her—if *that* was what was wrong. But how could it be? How could it be that? You can't mistake love—and Grif had loved me. He'd *loved* me so. . . .

I heard the thud of his bags as he dropped them upstairs. The sound of his shoes, as he put them down. The whisper of his feet crossing the hall to the bathroom. The squeak of the shower faucet as he turned it on. Grif had come home. Once again I'd find his discarded shirts in untidy heaps behind the closet door. Once again there would be socks to mend. His feet would leave long, wet tracks on the bathroom floor, avoiding, for some reason known only to himself, the bathmat carefully laid out for him. Grif was home, and he was farther away from me than he had been when we were separated by half a world of oceans and islands and continents.

Blindly I changed my dress, combed, and took out my lipstick. I smeared it and wiped it off, and tried again. I was still there, staring dully at my reflection in the glass, when Grif came into the bedroom in fresh clothes, his red hair damp and smooth.

"Ready?" he asked briefly. "Let's go." And we went out and down the steps up which Grif had carried me, laughing, a thousand years ago.

Quickly, almost not of my own volition, I put a hand on his arm to stay him. "Grif, wait. What's wrong, Grif? What's wrong between us? What have I done? You *have* to tell me—I can't stand this."

HE smiled down at me very gently. "Yes," he admitted. "Something's wrong. It's nothing you've done, Peggy. It's what you haven't done, you, and Mother and—look, I want to get it settled with the folks first. Let me talk to them, and then, tonight, I'll tell you. But let me get settled with them first, please, Peggy!"

Then he hurried me across the lawn, and I had to be content with that.

Grif sat across the table from me in the Baird diningroom, listening while Mother Baird described gaily her battle with the butcher over the steak, the trouble she'd had borrowing red ration points. Grif ate slowly, carefully, as if



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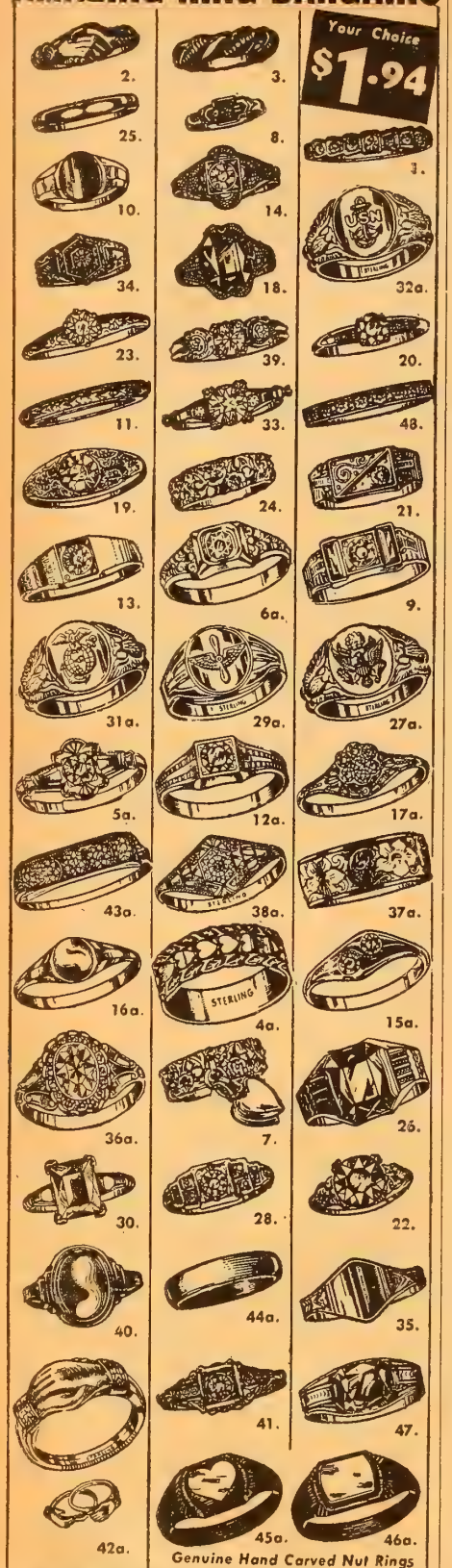
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every bite were an enormous effort.

There was a lot of laughter, old family jokes repeated. But Grif wasn't laughing. A taut irritation grew in his haggard eyes and the sharp line of his jaws as he listened to Father Baird recounting the details of the new subdivision.

"These people are flocking to the coast to work," Father Baird was saying, "making more money than they've ever seen in their lives, and they haven't the faintest idea of the value of property. They'll pay the asking price for a house, and finish the painting themselves."

"So you take them for a ride, sir," Grif said evenly. "It seems to be an old Baird custom to pick up a sucker wherever you find him."

Father Baird's fork stopped with a bite of steak half way to his mouth, and an angry flush ran up into the thin hair on his forehead. Into the sudden silence Mother Baird said, "Griffith! You sound almost impertinent."

It was as if she were speaking to a small child, not to a man who carried nearly three years of war behind his tired eyes.

I said quickly, "I . . . I guess we are all sort of mixed up and tired. Grif and I have a few things to talk over, if you will excuse us now . . ."

I got to my feet and forced myself to walk, not run, from the room. The threat of a quarrel always filled me with this sense of panic. I had lived through so many of them in my childhood.

Grif got to his feet, also, but he didn't follow me out of the room. He just said, "See you later, Peg. I want to talk to the folks."

I was dismissed. I walked down the hall, leaned against the front door for a moment. And Grif's voice caught and held me there. The words were wrong.

He was saying, "I thought for a while that maybe I was wrong about all this. I thought perhaps the war would have shaken you out of your complacency. But it didn't. To you it was nothing but another big deal, another lucky break for the Bairds. And now that it's over, and the plane plant will close down pretty soon, the guys you have swindled on these little jerry-built houses will find themselves stuck with blown-up payments they can't possibly meet. So you'll re-possess these cute little boxes you've frosted over with stucco, take them back on the mortgages, the way you got the old farm in the first place, and after a while you'll re-sell them to the next batch of suckers."

"Griffith, darling," Mother Baird's voice was soft as velvet, as if she were persuading a madman, "you are unstrung by your terrible experiences. You must rest, dear . . ."

"I've done nothing but rest since they carted me into the hospital at Kweilin," Grif broke in. "All I could do was lie there and rest and watch other people sweating their hearts out trying to make two hands do the work of six. I'm so tired of resting and doing nothing about the whole thing that I could push these damned smug walls down."

"Griffith, you have never used such language in your whole life!"

"Sorry," Grif apologized briefly. "But it all adds up to this: I'm going back to China. Got a job lined up in rehabilitation work."

"You're . . . going back?" Mother Baird sounded faint.

"Yes. A long way back . . . maybe two thousand years or so, and work my way forward with them. I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that there are people in the world who still grind their meal on a rock, who are born hungry and stay hungry as long as they live."

"But you have a medical discharge," Mother Baird reminded him. "You can't go back."

"Not in the Army. Not with my old crew . . ." Grif's voice sank down into his throat and rose again. "Maybe I can't handle a tank any more, but I can walk. Those people over there have been walking for centuries, carrying their lives tied up in a dirty sack on their backs."

"Mother," Father Baird's voice broke in sarcastically, "I think the boy has got religion. He's going to be a missionary among the sore-eyed heathen."

"Oh, Griffith, is that it, dear?" Mother Baird wailed.

"I wouldn't know," Grif told them, his voice held low. "I'm not even sure I know just what you mean by religion. Aside from driving to church every other Sunday in a nice washed and polished car, I haven't had much contact with it."

For a moment there was dead silence in the diningroom. Into that silence Mother Baird said briskly, "Come, darling. Let's just forget the whole thing until tomorrow."

"Yes," Grif said bitterly. "Let's forget the whole thing until tomorrow. Let's not think about anything unpleasant *now*. We're the Bairds, and we can't be bothered with the agonies of people who are not as lucky as ourselves, or maybe just not as sharp."

"Look here, young man," Father Baird blustered, "You're being cocky and insolent. I won't have you talking like this to your mother."

"I'm not talking to my mother," Grif told him quietly. "My mother died in a waterfront shack after they pulled her out of San Pedro harbor. She had given me away because Dad died and she hadn't had anything to eat for quite a while. After she got over the shock of it she realized what she had done; but it was too late. She had signed the adoption papers, and you wouldn't give me back to her. So she walked off the dock. . . ."

The silence was like something tangible. It was wind and cold rain, and waves washing against a harbor dock. Grif's words echoed through it, repeating themselves in my mind until I grasped the full meaning of what he had said. Not their son at all. . . .

Father Baird was saying haltingly, "Who told you all this?"

"Guy I met in the Army. Used to know my folks when they were teaching in a mission school, before Dad got sick and everything went wrong for them."

"But Griffith," Mother Baird broke in, "We did what we thought was best for you. It seemed wiser not to tell you."

"I think I sort of knew it all the time," Grif's voice was so low I could hardly make out the words. "I can't

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remember when I didn't feel it. Maybe it was just because I was always so lonesome around here."

"Of all the ungrateful pups!" Father Baird roared, "We take a homeless waif into our home, even give him my name . . ."

"I'm not ungrateful. I appreciate all you've done for me, but I would be pretty stupid not to realize why you have done it. You need a son to carry on the name, to manage the business for you when you decide to retire. I'm sorry, sir, but I'm afraid I won't be able to make your investment pay off."

HE added, "I'm leaving for Frisco tomorrow morning to iron out last details before taking over this new job in China. That's what I came home for—to tell you all this. I'd like to have Peg keep the house, if you don't mind. It means a lot to her, and I'll arrange about the payments. Just let her go on thinking that it was an outright gift, with no strings attached, will you?"

I didn't wait to hear any more. I was out of the house and across the garden, running as fast as I could, not caring where I went, wishing that I might never come back. Grif was going away tomorrow . . . tomorrow . . . tomorrow.

The word became a sick chant in my mind as I climbed the hill path, winding up and up until I came out on the summit where an old warped wagon wheel had been set upright in a slab of cement as a memorial to the pioneers who died there in an Indian ambush. I stood there gripping the spokes of the old wheel in both my hands, staring blindly at the wedge of sky beyond, with its impersonal half-moon floating serenely across it.

Grif was going away tomorrow, and this time he would not be coming back. Everything else—the revelations of that overheard conversation, the shock of seeing Mother and Father Baird in their true character for the first time—was pushed into the background of my thoughts. Tomorrow Grif would be gone, and I'd never see him again.

I was still standing there when Grif walked out of the night. He came up over the summit of the hill and stood for a moment silhouetted against the sky, blotting out the moon, a tall lank figure, pausing to push a hand into his ribs, sending a shaft into my heart.

"Peggy?" he called uncertainly.

I must have answered, for he came toward me and said, "I thought I saw you on the slope a while ago. I've been talking to the folks'"

"I know." The words stuck in my throat. "I was in the hall. I didn't mean to listen, but I'm glad I did. Because . . . now you won't have to say it all over again."

After a pause, he said, "Well, that's it. I've arranged everything with the folks. You're to keep the house."

"I don't want it!" I cried, "I don't *want* it!"

"You . . . don't?" he was really astonished.

Funny he didn't know that all I wanted. . . . I jerked my mind away from the thought and said, "You're not their son at all."

"No." He was looking at me strangely. "Sorry. I didn't know about that, of course, when I asked you to marry me."

"How could that make any difference?" I cried, winking back the tears that kept stinging my eyes. "Except that now it may make a difference to Belinda. The Coreys are the sort of people who care about such things."

There! It was out—the wild jealousy which had been tearing me to pieces. This was the core of the whole thing, the cause for Grif's change toward me. What else could it be but another girl? What else could have made him want to leave me?

"I'm a little slow on the uptake," Grif was saying, "I didn't get what you were saying about Belinda Corey."

"It's so darned obvious!" I was trying hard to keep my voice from shaking. "And so right. I can see it all now. You and Belinda growing up together in the same crowd, and you going away, and her letters, and everything. I guess women are pretty blind about such things. I didn't even guess, until I saw you getting off the train together. But now I can see how it is. You're just *right* for each other, that's all. You have so many things in common."

GRIF was still looking at me through the stiff spokes of the old wheel. I was glad it stood between us, to keep me from being crazy and flinging myself into his arms.

"Yes," he drawled, and there was the old familiar edge of laughter in his voice. "So many things in common, such as the battle of the dining car on a crowded train, and sharing the same seat in a chair car after I finally convinced her that it was a war that caused the cancellation of her pullman reservations."

I guess I didn't breathe for a while. Finally I said, "You mean . . . that's all?"

"That's all."

I felt the earth shaking under me, or maybe it was just my own body. "Grif . . . would you mind saying that





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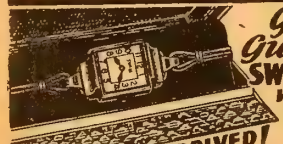
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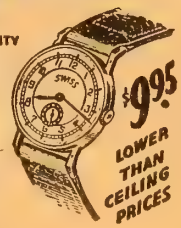
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all over again?" And I waited, tensely.

He was coming around the wheel, catching my taut hands off the spokes and holding them in fingers that were like a vise.

"Hey!" he said in a funny voice, "I didn't know you cared like this."

"You didn't know!"

"No, I didn't."

His voice was still funny and far away, as if he were talking to himself more than to me. "I thought it was just something I dreamed—feather stuff, soft music, rosy lights. Your letters, for example—nothing but casual, and shiny as a new paint job. You had a new hat. The stores were fresh out of your size in really good hose. Stuff like that. From where I was standing, the whole thing began to sound pretty thin and phony."

"But that's what they kept telling me to write!"

"Who told you?"

"Everyone. The magazine articles. People. Mother Baird."

"SOUNDS like Mother Baird," he said. "Fact is, if your handwriting hadn't been different, I wouldn't have been able to tell which one of you was talking."

"You mean," I was staring up at him in amazement and unbelief, "you didn't want me to be like Mother Baird . . . not *ever?*"

"Does a man . . . any man . . . want a beautiful spoiled brat for a wife?"

"That's funny!" The tears were suddenly flooding down my face and I didn't even try to check them. "That's so very funny I could laugh myself to death." Anger washed over me, taking the place of hurt and misery. "And all the time I was dying to tell you about the bugs that ate up my victory garden and the furniture I built for the day nursery. It would have been so much fun to tell you what a time I was having trying to take care of twenty-seven little wigglers while their mothers worked in the plane plant, and how the paint curled up and came off the porch floor and had to be scraped with a knife and steel wool before I could paint it again. But of course I musn't worry you with such things. Everything must be perfect for dear little Grif. He mustn't be bothered with the blisters on my hands."

Grif stood there for a long time, just looking down at me, then turned my hands over and pushed his face down into my cupped palms.

After a while he said, "How could I be *married* to a girl and know so little about her?"

"Because it was never really our marriage. It was theirs! They planned it down to the last crumb of wedding cake. They cut out our homesite and pasted a paper house on it, and I was too dumb to realize that they were merely using me for bait—a model house and starry-eyed bride to show the prospective buyers."

I jerked my hands away and rubbed the tears off my cheeks savagely. Words were crowding my throat now, jerking up from my heart.

"So you never had a chance to know me, really, because I was always trying to be like Mother Baird. I . . . oh, can't you understand? I never had anything when I was growing up. My mother and I built the only home we ever had out of scrap lumber and tar paper we salvaged from an abandoned warehouse. Our furniture was empty cheese crates and nail kegs picked up beside the tracks in Kansas City. Mom died of an infection because she was too proud to call a doctor she couldn't pay. My father got drunk all the time and slapped us around. One night he killed a man in a drunken fight and died in jail before his trial was finished.

"Those people in China," I hurried on, "I know just how they feel. I never had enough to eat, either, until I got big enough to work out on a farm in Kansas, helping to cook for harvest hands. The first time the woman I worked for told me to sit down at the big table and eat anything I wanted, I thought she was crazy."

Grif stood there, not moving, as the words spilled out. "You wouldn't know, of course, that I hitch-hiked west in clothes from a rummage sale, with three dollars I had saved from a summer's work. They were swell to me at the Y . . ."

I hunted for a handkerchief and Grif pushed his into my hand.

"I didn't want you to know," I was mopping angrily at my tears, "I thought you would be ashamed. But that's only the beginning of it. There are plenty of other things we never really knew."

"Yes," Grif caught my hands and folded them tight between his own. "Things like how much I love you, Peg."

"Then why don't you take me with you? I just don't understand how a man can love his wife, and want to go off and leave her."

"He can't," Grif's arms were around me, now, his face pressed down tight against mine.

"Forgive me, Peg," he said gently, "for being so blind. All the time I was in the hospital over there I was threshing it out. No nylons, no electric cake mixers, maybe only a mud hut to live in. A girl like Peg had to be where things are smooth and easy. She wouldn't understand why I had to go back and work in a mess like that. Yes, believe it or not, that's what I kept telling myself."

We both laughed, then, and just stood there, looking at each other. The old wagon wheel waited quietly.

I PUT out a hand and touched it gently and said. "The pioneers must have had a great life, really, pushing off into new country, never knowing what lay ahead."

"That's what we'll be doing in China, Peg. It's a new country, but it's so pitifully old and tired. Does that make sense? Remind me to tell you what I mean sometime."

"Tell me now," I laughed.

Grif was looking down at me in the moonlight. I could feel his heart pounding hard against mine as he pulled me close.

"No," he said slowly. "Not now. . . ."

The moon was a pale gray ghost and the sunrise was rosy when we started down the mountain, our hands locked together and swinging between us.

"Funny, isn't it," I said, "yesterday at this time everything was all mixed up between us."

"But that was yesterday." A lock of rusty hair blew down across his forehead and he lifted my hand, inside his own, to brush it back. "Who was the fellow who said 'this yesterday is not an ancient bone to gnaw upon in futile numb regret. It is a cloud that floats beyond the hill, dissolved in distance, something to forget' . . . ?"

If I had known the poet's name, I wouldn't have been able to remember it now. For Grif had stopped again on the hill path to catch me up close in his arms.

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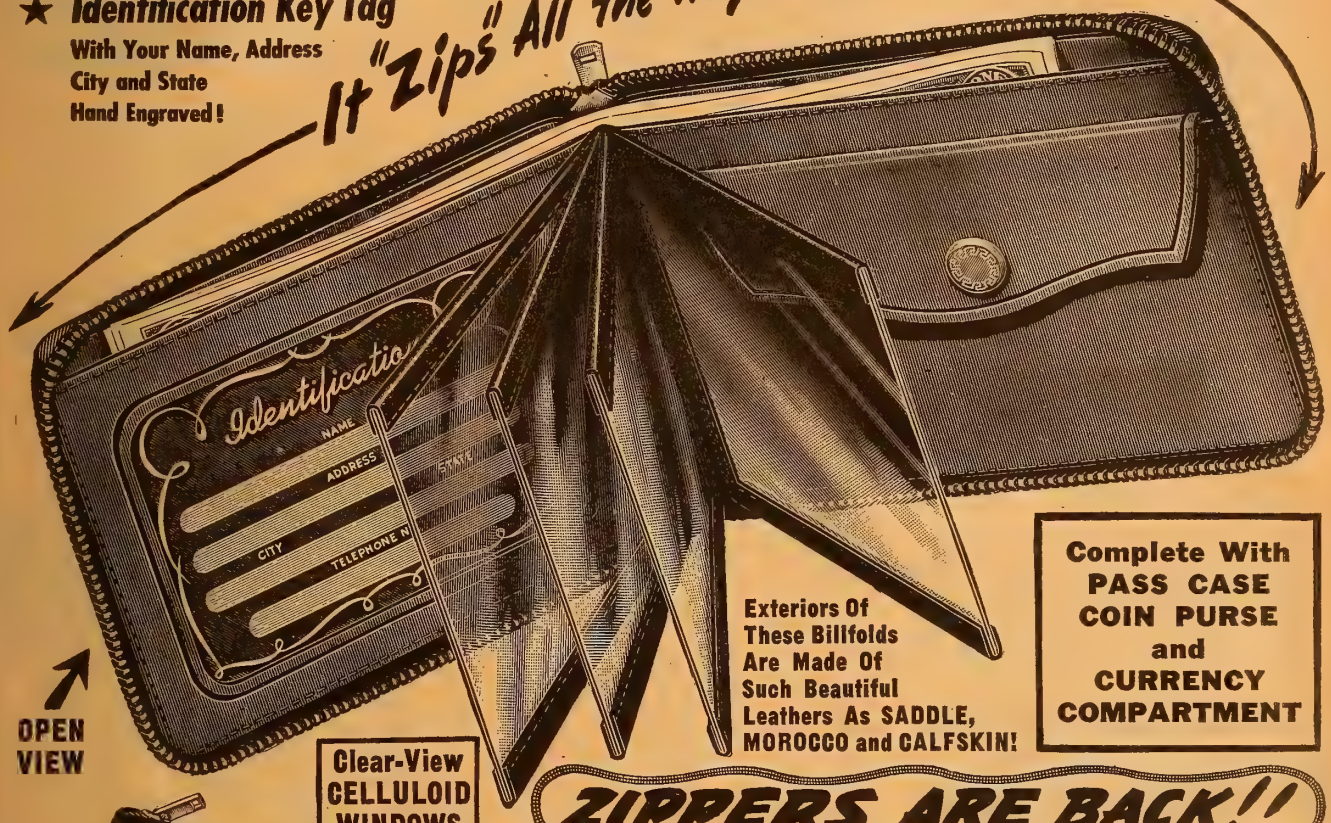
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Just rub it on the gums

Thanksgiving Day with Bachelor's Children

(*Continued from page 25*)

She gave the child to Dr. Bob, and all her confidence in him was in her gesture as she looked at him.

"We didn't mean to let him fall," Mary Ann was explaining in a frightened voice. "We were *holding* him—"

"We just gave the swing a little push—a real little one," Bobby chimed in. "And then he—he—"

"He just fell out!" Barbara looked ready to start crying again at any moment.

"It's all right, darlings," Janet said. They herded the children to the house.

Ellen was following after the Grahams making little soothing noises at every step. "There, there," she kept saying. "There, there."

"I think it's okay," Dr. Bob called over his shoulder. "Just a skinned knee."

But *was* it only that, Ellen thought. Could Dr. Bob only be trying to calm them? She hovered outside the study door, after it shut behind him and Ruth Ann and Jimmy.

THEN the door opened and the doctor came out. "Just as I thought," he said cheerfully. "A little skin rubbed off—that's all." Over his shoulder Ellen could see Jimmy, his tears dried, sitting on his mother's lap and regarding the bandage on his knee proudly.

Ellen gave a sigh of relief, and then a little shriek. "The rolls!" she cried. And she flew back to the kitchen.

Janet found her there a moment later, looking ruefully at one blackened pan. "Burned to a crisp!" she declared. "They're uneatable. The dinner's ruined!"

"Of course it isn't," Janet comforted her. "Look, the other three pans are all right, and they'll be plenty for us."

To Dr. Bob, alone in his study, the house, after its small flurry of excitement, was very still. It hummed softly with only the small, ordinary sounds—distant sounds from the kitchen, distant voices from the livingroom where the children played more quietly with Sam, the faint crackle of the fire in the fireplace. There are moments when for no reason, the most everyday things take on a new and clear significance, and this was such a moment for him.

There was peace. Peace here in this house, in his heart, and in the world. The guns had been stilled only a short time ago and everywhere, weary people were trying to find what he had, right now, in this quiet room of an old farmhouse. What was it? For himself, he had his skill, his home, his wife, his children and his friends. And in all of them, he found a surpassing love and contentment. That should be enough. But it wasn't quite. There was more to it than that. Somehow, before you could know it fully in yourself, you had to make sure that other people had it too. That was it. Somehow. . . .

Ruth Ann knocked at the door. "Dinner, dear," she called. "Dinner's ready."

Dr. Bob walked slowly into the diningroom. They were all there, waiting for him. Somehow he had to tell them what he felt. There was, really, only one way.

His voice was deep with emotion as he bowed his head and said aloud: "Dear Lord, make us *truly* thankful. . . ."



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All Our Tomorrows

(*Continued from page 39*)

his favorite spot. But sometimes his presence, real or fancied, had seemed restless. As though Bill wanted to communicate with me and could not.

Now, since Kirk was beside me, the restlessness had vanished. The loneliness had disappeared. There were three of us here—it seemed to me—and we were friends.

Proof that Kirk wanted no more of me than these easy hours we spent together—*I had thought*—was that he never questioned my not inviting him into my house. I couldn't do it. Inside those walls were all the real and intangible things that bound me to Bill.

Others — strangers — could come in that door, and leave no imprint of their being there. But Kirk . . . no! . . . I was afraid. Afraid that his coming would shatter that mystic exclusiveness of a union that was stronger than death.

No, I believed, Kirk understood. He had no wish to intrude . . . to come closer to me.

But I was wrong.

IT was an evening when we were sitting, tired and relaxed, after two hours of steady digging to uncover the last tender bulbs and pack them away in warm, dirt-covered boxes for protection against the coming frost. Now it was dusk. Kirk had donned a thick sweater and I had thrown a heavy scarf around my shoulders for protection against the chill of the evening.

"Jan, it looks as if this might be one of the last evenings we can spend like this out-of-doors. I hate to see the fall go, but it's been so long since I've seen snow—real snow—we can have four-foot logs inside winter evenings and roast those chestnuts we gathered."

Without thinking I let myself be drawn into this delightful planning.

"And there's Basby's Hill. It's perfect for sledding. I haven't been on a sleigh since I was a kid but I saw a big one and still good in your barn the other day when we were cleaning it out." Crisp, moonlit night. The freezing wind that whipped the blood in your cheeks to a ruddy glow. The feel of strong arms holding you on the swooping, perilous slide. I could feel myself getting more and more excited.

"Thanksgiving dinner!" he was matching my mood. "Last Thanksgiving I ate in a mess hall with a hundred other guys and it was pouring rain and the enemy guns were too darn close for comfort. But this year—I'll help you cook it, Jan. We'll light those candles I've seen in your bay window and stuff ourselves and then take ourselves for a walk and come back and eat cold turkey—"

He stopped suddenly. He must, even in the dusk, have seen the fearful awareness in my face; felt the stiffening in my body.

Kirk in my house! Kirk lighting the candles that Bill had placed there in the window against his own homecoming! I couldn't—it couldn't be!

And yet I knew that this was a crossroads. I had been stupid to think that Kirk would be content to disappear from my life except for a casual sleigh ride or two.

I had been stupid not to see that Kirk was falling in love with me.

And what about me? Could I give him up? Could I wrench out of my life this wonderful, precious closeness with him? Turn my back and return

Before and after





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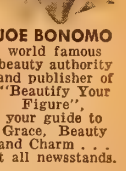
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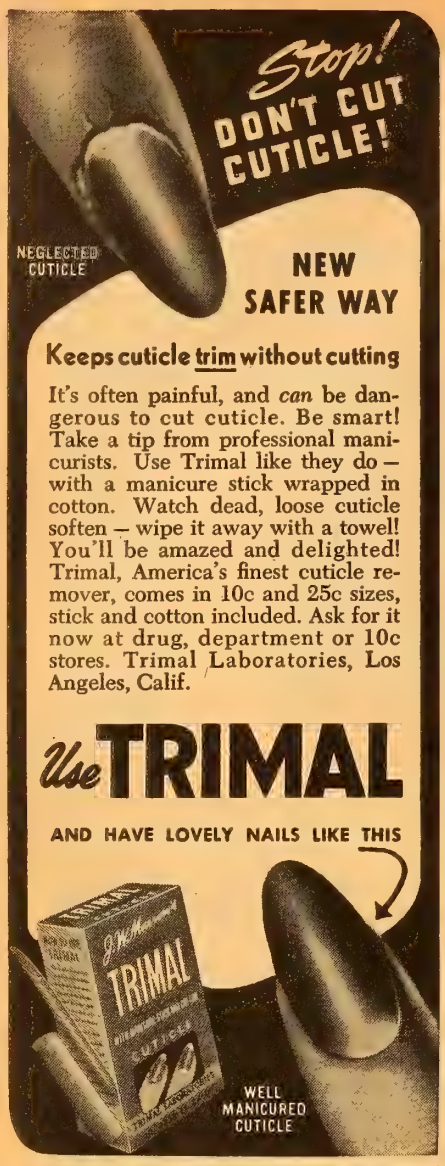
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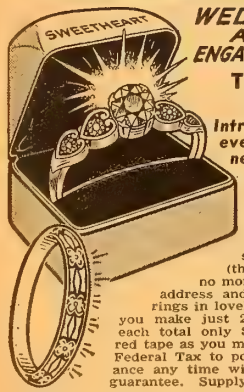
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to loneliness? Give up everything I suddenly saw he had come to mean to me? Kirk! . . . darling! . . .

I was in his arms. They were strong and sure around me, holding me as if we rightfully, naturally, belonged together. His mouth was on mine. It had been so long since a man had kissed me—but Kirk was not just anyone. He loved me and my lips were not stiff and cold and unyielding but shaped in the forever answer to his seeking. The tight, closed shell of my heart opened and the sweeping, yielding tide of passion rushed over me.

This was not my first kiss. And I was not a girl. I was a woman who knew the meaning of a man's desire and now my body moved irresistibly close to his in near-surrender. All of the deep physical needs in me that had been denied so long were on the surface now, heightened by the hard firmness of his arms around me, by the maddening closeness of his strength.

There was gladness and joy in our kiss. It was right. It was good. And a strange, unbidden sense came over me that Bill was there and still it was glad and joyful.

BUT only for a second. The thought of Bill came and came back—and lingered—and changed. Even as I drew away from that embrace, even as I felt Kirk's eyes tenderly lingering on mine—memories were thrusting themselves upon me. Memories of Bill.

But this was Kirk! My heart swung in agony. I fought to forget—but the words came back to me, those words of over a year ago, insistently reminding:

"Remember, darling—if anything happens to me, it will be all right because our love is stronger than death. I know you'll always be true to me." Bill's last words to me.

Kirk was looking at me, startled and puzzled, and I realized that I had repeated those words aloud.

"What is it, Jan? What are you saying?" he asked, and there was a waiting dread in his low voice.

"My husband said that to me before—before he was killed." I had drawn away from Kirk and there was a little space between us. Only, to me, in my imagination, that space was filled—with the ghost of a tall, beloved, uniformed figure.

"I'm sorry, Kirk. I had no right to let you kiss me." Now the words came hurrying from me. "Although that's not quite honest. I wanted you to. But it was a momentary weakness. There can never be anyone else for me because, you see, it's true. Bill is alive to me even now."

There was understanding in Kirk's eyes, and pain. He did not attempt to touch me.

"Are you sure you know what he meant, darling? I know that you love Bill and your feeling for him will never die. I couldn't resent it. It could only make you a richer person. But he *is* dead." Now his voice was gentle. "You can't give him all there is of passion and love in you for the living—for me."

I shook my head and the shining drops fell on my cheeks. "Can't you understand? It's a pledge, Kirk. Bill knows I will always be true to him."

"'To thine own self be true—it follows as the night the day—thou can'st not then be false to any man'" he quoted. "Shakespeare knew what he was talking about. Surely you can see that, Jan—that that is what Bill meant. Surely you can see that denial of this thing between us is wrong?"

For a moment I wavered. His words had struck a deep core of *knowing*—but then my betrayal of Bill rose up and confronted me. My promise to him had been a dedication and I must not falter again from that trust. I could not stand that the ghost of Bill should leave me or linger, accusingly, outside the circle that would be Jan and Kirk.

I turned and stumbled up the path. Behind me, Muffet crouched on the flagstones at Kirk's feet, bewildered. I had to call, in tear-choked voice, over and over again before the old cat rose and unwillingly followed me into the house.

I must not see Kirk again. That resolve was firm and stubborn in me, though it meant tearing out of my heart this new, this budding, love by its very roots. Somehow I would have to forget him. Somehow I would have to regain that old tranquillity, that choking-off of emotions, which had meant peace to me before I met Kirk.

That it wouldn't be easy I knew. Lying on my bed that night I could feel the remembered rapture of his kiss stealing over me. Every word he had said to me; the way he would turn his head, slowly, to look at me over those examination papers; the hours we had spent together; the fun we had had in prowling through his old house and barn, exclaiming over some new-found treasure buried under the debris of years; the beautiful panelling we had uncovered together by stripping away the layers of cheap wallpaper in his diningroom—

Unable to sleep I wandered downstairs. In my first days of grief over Bill's death I had often done this and each time, with every step through the house, I had felt his presence more strongly, more closely—until my grief had been overpowered by the comfort of his reality to me.

IT was a ritual I knew and my feet carried me slowly through every familiar path of the way. Here, by the old clock—here I would find him—or, perhaps, here in the kitchen doorway where he used to lounge and watch me working—

But Bill was not there! I couldn't find him!

The coldness and the emptiness I encountered became a terrifying thing. And when I reached the bay window seat and the candles he had placed for me I was shaking with fear. What had I done that Bill had gone away from me! Frantically I whispered to him there in the dark:

"I'm yours, darling—I always will be. Forgive me for that one moment of forgetting. It won't happen again. There will always be just the two of us. Tell me again that our love is stronger than death. Tell me, darling!"

I waited, listening. Before, whether I pretended it had been an actual whisper from the dark around me, or whether I knew it was only the fulness of my heart speaking, there had always been an answer to my yearnings. But now there was nothing.

Nothing but the wind sighing outside in the trees. Nothing but the little settling creakings of a house at nighttime. Not even the purrings of Muffet who was usually at my heels on these nocturnal pilgrimages.

I had never been so alone in my life—alone—and deserted.

The days that followed were no better. Like a candle that has been snuffed, the glow had gone from my house. There was no one, no presence, there beside me. (*Continued on page* 94)

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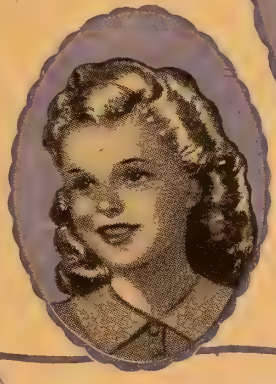
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(*Continued from page 92*)

Even Muffet refused to come in except to eat and sleep. She haunted that corner of the garden that Bill had called his favorite and where Kirk and I had discovered our love. At night I could hear her keening mournfully, as cats do when they sense trouble or when they lose someone they love. Her kittens were my only company and at times I could hardly bear their unthinking, uncaring absorption in their own play.

I made a point of never meeting Kirk on the street or venturing out to the tool shed if I knew he was home. Our hours of work were different so the problem was slight.

And only once did he send me a message, a folded piece of paper wadded into Muffet's collar. My heart ached as I read it, but it was a numb ache, stunned by the discipline I had imposed upon it:

"Jan, darling—I could fight the living for you, but not the dead. I can't reason against your obstinate loyalty except to say that it is wrong. Please say, over and over again to yourself—Kirk loves me. Kirk loves me. There aren't any other words."

AFTER that first night I had never again tried to find Bill's guidance. It was my heart that would have to be changed, the new treacherous love torn out—I was convinced—before I could find him again. Those hours I had spent with Kirk had meant a slow, sure, steady growth of feeling that was more powerful than anything I could imagine. I wanted Kirk in a thousand different ways: to talk to, to work with, to laugh with, to hold me in his arms and kiss me over and over again.

Only time could destroy those yearnings. Only time could give me back my former sense of completeness and tranquil satisfaction.

Perhaps it wasn't love I felt for Kirk. Couldn't it have been just that he was there and attractive and I was lonely? Couldn't it have been that the desires awakened in me by my marriage, frustrated so long, had spilled over and called themselves "love"? That it had only been a sex-attraction, trying to justify itself?

I couldn't be in love with two men at one time.

The evenings I dreaded most of all, especially those hours I had been accustomed to spending with Kirk. Then unhappiness would settle on me like a weight, the slow hours and unbearable oppression. That particular day two weeks later was one of those special ones—crisp, miraculous—that October sometimes gives us in her caprice. What leaves still remained on the trees were wine-stained against the clear blue of the skies. The air set your blood tingling—even mine, even in spite of the terrible lassitude that had crept over me those past weeks. Coming home from work my feet scuffed the dried leaves on the pavement and the breeze played madly in my hair.

I had to pass Kirk's house. Usually I turned my head the other way, in spite of the fact that I knew he wouldn't be home at this hour.

But today something caught my eyes. It was a stooping, elderly overalled figure and I knew him too well to pass by without saying hello.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Parker. When are you coming over to put up my storm windows for me?" Mr. Parker was odd-jobs man for our small town and we had been acquaintances for years.

"In a day or two, Miz Thurston. Just

as soon as I get through with this job here and then one more—"

"This job here?" I echoed him. Then he moved aside and I saw what he had been accidentally obstructing from my view.

A sign. A For Sale sign, on Kirk's lawn. And now I realized other things—that furniture was piled up on the front porch, some of it crated, all of it ready for moving. Already the house had a deserted look, forlorn and untenanted.

I could hardly speak over the painful lump in my throat. Fear and panic were making my heart race.

"Is—is Mr. Meryweather leaving?"

"Aye—moving clear across town." Mr. Parker answered, cheerfully. "This is nearly the last of it. I'll have just one more small load tomorrow—beds and stuff. Guess Mr. Meryweather's planning to sleep here tonight but after that you'll be losing a neighbor."

I moved on with dragging feet. It was a shock I couldn't quite grasp—Kirk's leaving. He'd be way across town from me; his work at the college and mine in the hat shop would never again bring us, even accidentally, in touch.

I knew what it meant. Kirk had finally accepted my decision and was doing what he could to help me. He was moving away so that we would not be so painfully conscious of each other's nearness. This was the end.

IT had been a lie I had been living. I had persuaded myself I was trying to put Kirk out of my heart, yet I had never once forgotten that he was there next door, that at any time I could have run across to him and his waiting arms. It had been something held in reserve, a well-if-it-doesn't-work-out-I-can-always—sort of feeling. And it had been self-deceit.

Now I was having my wish and it was Kirk who was giving it to me. I would really be left alone with my memories and my past. He would not be there to intrude, except in my dreams. The pain inside me swelled until I could hardly stand it. Kirk gone! Not even that light in his window to remind me that he was there—

But he was right. If I were ever to get over caring for him, it would be much easier if he were gone. After tomorrow I wouldn't see him again. This was our last night as neighbors.

Suddenly a gust of wind blew through the house. The French window leading out into the garden banged violently open. I sat—astounded and afraid. I was sure I had latched that door!

I got up slowly to close it. For some reason my heart was beginning to beat violently. I neared the door, moving like someone in a dream, feeling a strange sense of compulsion, a confused sense of being *led* against my will.

And when I reached the door the cold wind that had been making me shiver, stopped. Stopped suddenly and completely. Around me there was a stillness and an unnatural, a wonderful, feeling of warmth—protective and comforting. How long I stood there with

CORRECTION

Drigo's Serenade, Song of the Month in the October issue of Radio Romances, was printed by permission of Galaxy Music Corporation, New York, on behalf of J. & W. Chester, Ltd., London. In error this information was omitted from Page 48 of the October issue.

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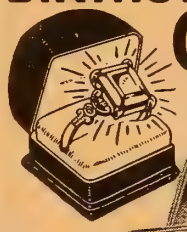
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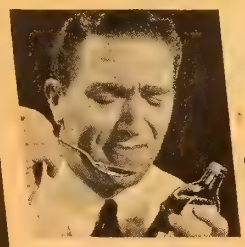
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my hand on the door I do not know. I know that it was long enough for the fear in my heart to soften, quietly. Long enough for a strength that wasn't my own and a calm that didn't come from within me to settle itself around me like a cloak thrown around my shoulders by a loving hand.

I didn't close the door. I didn't want to. I walked, unthinking, unasking, unquestioning, along the path I knew so well, the path that led to that one corner of the garden. To Bill's corner. And the sheltering warmth went with me. I felt nothing—not the cold that made the stars so clear overhead, nor the wind I saw ruffling through the trees. I went as in a daze. My heart seemed suspended in my body and that strange, unreal calm never left me.

Was it real?—did love so transcend the barriers of time and space and death—that it led me and guided me that night? Or was it only my own heart and desire? *Those are the questions I ask myself today in the cold light of reason, now that it is all over. But that night I didn't question. I didn't want to know.*

THAT one corner of the garden was my destination. *Hurry, Hurry!* something seemed to whisper urgently in my ear.

And then I heard it—the insistent, mournful wailing of a cat.

It was Muffet, lying there under the shelter of the hedge where she had crawled in an effort to get through, to Kirk's side. Her head was turned—not towards me—but to the house next door and I realized that her howls had been going on for some time, rising in crescendo when the wind failed, barely audible when the wind rose again in fury. And even as I reached her I saw lights flash on in Kirk's kitchen and I knew he had heard the wailing, too.

I knelt down beside her—and all the calm and peace deserted me! It was as if a giant hand had squeezed my hand in terror. For Muffet was dying. Even as I knelt and tried to lift her, the old cat gave one last shudder and stiffened in death.

For the little space that I held my breath I couldn't believe it. Why had I been brought out here in so strange a way—why had I been led there, to this tragedy? Why had the impulse—if that was what it was—come too late? When Muffet was already beyond hope? Muffet . . . whom Bill had loved most dearly next to me? There was no sense or reason in what had happened, in remembering the untroubled peace that had descended upon me when I walked out through those French windows a few minutes ago.

Tears blinded my eyes as I stroked Muffet's head for the last time. I stood up, my body shaking with grief.

The banging of Kirk's kitchen door was like a pistol shot, startling me so that I stumbled and my foot kicked against a hard object that rang like glass. It rolled under my foot and, absent-mindedly, I picked it up. I turned it over and over in my hand, not really seeing it. Across the wide expanse of wintry lawn that stretched between our two houses I recognized Kirk's silhouette against the light of his kitchen door. Then it was gone and I knew he was walking toward me, slowly, hesitantly.

The little object in my hand was beginning to make an impression on my brain. I couldn't see it—but I knew it was familiar to me. My mind groped for recognition. Then, suddenly I knew!



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The ant poison! The little bottle half-filled with poisonous liquid that Kirk had put in what he thought was a "safe place"! It had been that that had killed Muffet! Somehow the old cat had ferreted it out. Somehow she had managed to get the top off and drink the sweet-tasting liquid! Horror held me motionless.

But if, outside, I was rigid and turned to stone, inside I was seething with chaotic emotions. Unbelief—and self-reproach—and pity—

But it was hate that emerged the strongest. Hate for the man who had done this to Muffet! Hate for Kirk who had been—even though unwittingly—the instrument of Muffet's death.

Had this been why I had been guided here? So that I would see that this man was evil to me and mine? So that I would realize he had come into the Garden of Eden Bill and I had made, to kill and betray? First it had been my loyalty and my heart he had taken away from my dead husband—now it was Muffet whom Bill had given me for a protection and a reminder.

Kirk was coming—still too far away for me to see his face distinctly. But he would be beside me in a minute. I fanned the anger inside of me to a white-hot glow, to give me the courage to say the cruel things I knew were necessary if I were to drive this man away from me and out of my life. The words trembled on my lips. I took a step forward.

Go back! I wanted to scream. *Leave us alone—you have no place here in my garden! Leave me alone with my dead and my memories. The dead that you have killed and the memories you have tried to spoil!*

THE wind tore around me, chilling me to the bone, forcing me to stop, to bend against its will. Everything around me seemed unfamiliar, the trees and shrubs distorted in the wind's fury. I was glad of that—glad that nothing was the same to remind me of the hours I had spent there with Kirk and the sweetness that had grown betwen us.

I could keep faith with Bill now. I could say the things that would hurt and drive Kirk away.

And then, suddenly—that sheltering, protecting *warmth* was back again, enveloping me!

"To thine own self be true—"

The words came loudly, spoken clearly. I looked across at Kirk but he was still too far away. It couldn't have been he who had spoken. The words had come from *behind* me. Slowly I turned, knowing even as I did so, that I wouldn't find anyone there.

But I had heard those words! *"To thine own self be true—"* the words that Kirk had used, but the voice was not Kirk's. Had it really been Bill, reaching across to me from that last barrier, coming to me because I needed him so greatly?

It seemed unbelievable—beyond human understanding. But I knew that the words had been real. I knew, too, that, with one clean stroke, they had wiped away the whole of the anger that had been pouring white-hot through my body. Like a caress they had healed me. Like a veil torn away they had opened my eyes.

Had it really been Bill who had guided me here—but for another purpose than the one I had first supposed? Thoughts tumbled through my mind in the swift second that Kirk reached the hedge. It seemed to me that in that same second I was being re-born—all my ideas and values turned upside

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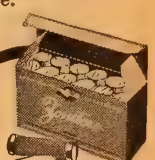
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Could it have been that Bill knew I loved Kirk? Knew and approved? Knew that there was only this one night left to bring us together? Had he seen that the half-mystic, half-fleshly bonds that held me to the dead were wrong? Bill knew my stubborn pride and my more stubborn loyalty. Had he seen that I would never go to Kirk of my own accord or give up the falsity and the emptiness that held me to the past?

I remembered other things—that it had been Muffet who had first brought me to Kirk. It had been the cat who had made possible the beginnings of our friendship. If Muffet's death were a sacrifice, was that a cause for grief and hatred? The cat was old and she had never been really happy since Bill had gone away. Maybe she was happier now. Perhaps Bill had known that she was my last living tie with him and that in a new life she would be a constant reminder of the old. A new life that Muffet might never have adjusted to.

BILL wanted me to marry Kirk! I was suddenly, completely, sure of that. The enchantment that had surrounded our afternoons in the garden had been almost unearthly at times. The peace that had enfolded and nurtured our growing love was like a gift from someone who wished us well.

Perhaps Bill had never come back to me, really. Those things I couldn't pretend to understand. Perhaps it had only been my own heart refusing to contain that awful, unnatural hatred I had forced into it. But I believed in what Bill had said to me: ". . . *love is stronger than death.*" More than that I didn't need to know.

And now Kirk was beside me.

"Jan—oh, my poor darling!" he had seen Muffet. "I thought I heard her wailing. I couldn't sleep, knowing that this was my last night near you." He crouched down to touch her and then straightened.

His arms reached out for me. Behind my back I threw away the little glass jar. Kirk must never know what had caused Muffet's death.

I walked gratefully into his embrace. "Hold me tight, Kirk. Never let me go. I want to cry a little bit because she was so sweet."

"She never liked to see you cry, Jan." His voice was gentle and his lips on my cheek were tender. "It was her time to go. She was an old, old cat." But I knew he cared, too. "I'll never let you go again, Jan. I don't know what the miracle is that has changed you and brought us together but, whatever it is, it will be the two of us, for always."

The two of us. Bill would live with me now only in memories that were beautiful and good. If he *had* come back to me in that moment when I needed him so much, then he must know now that his mission was complete. His work was passed on to us, the living. It would be just Kirk and I, now, to fulfill the things for which Bill had died—freedom and a house to live in, love that was decent and honorable, the children to grow up after us and believe in the ideals for which Bill had fought and died.

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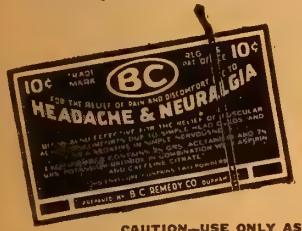
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Unseen Enemy

(*Continued from page 41*)

symptoms of some three thousand sufferers from rheumatic fever. He checked his findings against the symptoms of thousands of patients who had every other disease but rheumatic fever. Then he selected a group of one hundred and sixty-two rheumatic patients for a long study. He writes that he selected these particulars cases, because they were the sickest, but at the same time the cleverest and brightest. He said it was remarkable how intelligent these painfully sick children were, especially about their own illness. He calls them his co-workers.

These cases showed some amazing things. But in all his long studies, one thing stood out most prominently. He checked and rechecked until he was certain. Rheumatism, rheumatic heart failure, not only the recurrences, but new cases, too, generally came ten days or two weeks after the patient had had a cold, or a sore throat—especially a sore throat.

THERE'S the case of one fourteen-year-old boy, a tough, hardy, fighting New York boy. After a sore throat, from which he recovered all right, this boy had had an attack of sore joints and shortness of breath—a symptom that generally goes with some form of heart disease. It took months in the hospital, but he got well and returned to his normal life. Dr. Coburn knew the boy's heart had been affected by the rheumatic fever, but it didn't seem to bother the boy much, or keep him from his usual and strenuous activities.

Then the boy got pneumonia. They only saved his life by keeping him in an oxygen tent for a week. But the peculiar thing was that, while pneumonia microbes were teeming in his body and almost killed him, his heart never showed the least sign of weakening. He got better and was sent home. In a few weeks, he had a violent case of boils—and boils are also caused by very destructive microbes. But, still, his heart never fluttered.

Then, this boy got an ordinary sore throat again. A couple of weeks after his throat was better, he was rushed to the hospital. He had pains in his back and such terrific pains over his heart that he could hardly stand it. His heart was now galloping and pumping furiously. In sixteen days, he was dead. He died not of a sore throat, mind you, but of rheumatism.

Not every sore throat leads to this. Remember that. A great deal of diligent research has led to the discovery that it takes a special kind of sore throat, caused by a special kind of microbe—and that the sore throat has to attack a victim who is especially susceptible to rheumatic fever.

At the moment, there isn't even any specific treatment for rheumatic fever. The best that can be done is to give sedatives and narcotics to ease the pain. Some doctors hold out the hope that by using sulfa drugs—in advance, before the sore throats are realities—the disease can be prevented altogether. But that's just an idea, at the moment, and there are many arguments against it—one of the big ones being that patients so treated may find they're growing a special type of sulfa-resistant microbe. All doctors agree that it's important to guard against sore throats and colds as much as possible and by every means—keeping in good condi-

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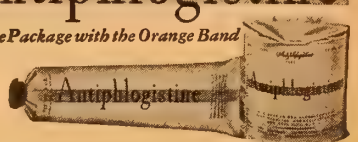
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tion, eating properly, avoiding overexertion and preventing chills in bad weather.

Dr. Coburn, in the course of his studies, also discovered that rheumatic fever is practically unknown in warm and very sunny climates. A tropical country like Puerto Rico has almost no cases among its residents. And this made Dr. Coburn think. Because Puerto Rico is riddled with poverty—one of the contributing factors, Dr. Coburn felt, to the prevalence of the disease in northern places. Dr. Coburn set out to find out why this was so. He took ten of the sickest children in his ward—one of them close to death—to Puerto Rico for six months. In six months, every one of those children was completely cured. Dr. Coburn proved that climate had something to do with it. He couldn't prove how.

He was able to take those ten children to Puerto Rico, because a generous couple gave him the money. He had to bring them back after six months, because the money gave out. The next spring, three of those cured and healthy children suffered recurrent attacks of rheumatic fever—and died. The months between February and May are the most dangerous for susceptible people.

The point is that most people can't afford to send their children to Puerto Rico, or Florida, or California for several months out of every year to guard them against death. The thing that needs to be done is to concentrate as much attention on this killer and crippler of children as has been given to tuberculosis and infantile paralysis. There have been huge campaigns to raise money to fight the other two diseases. So far, there have been none to raise money to fight this one.

More and more doctors and health authorities are coming round to the view that rheumatic fever must be taken as seriously as tuberculosis and infantile paralysis. In some places this has already started.

In Syracuse, for instance, there is a city-wide program to fight this disease. The Syracuse University College of Medicine, the Syracuse Memorial Hospital, public schools and parochial schools and numerous other agencies are tackling rheumatic fever in a concentrated fashion. The funds come from American Legion Post No. 41 and from various service clubs and private individuals. They are doing a heroic job. But even they are falling far short of what would be an adequate program to fight this menace on a realistic basis.

Such a program would require:

That all doctors, nurses and teachers in the country's school system be specially trained to recognize rheumatic fever in school children;

That every community in these United States have specially trained medical and nursing staffs at public clinics—open to all—to check every child suspected of having rheumatic fever. And, since there's a suspicion that the tendency to this disease is hereditary, adequate staffs to check each child's family;

That every community should have enough visiting nurses and social workers to make sure that rheumatic children—once they are released from hospitals—get the proper care at home. Since this proper care can often be beyond the means of the majority of families in which rheumatic fever turns up, every community should have sufficient funds to provide each child with the proper care. By proper care is meant, children should sleep alone in well ventilated rooms, lots of warmth, a balanced diet rich in resistence building foods, and parents who learn that overexertion and getting chilled are bad for the rheumatic child, but outdoor exercise with other children is not;

That there should be plenty of sanatoriums so that every child in the acute stages of first attack or recurrences may have a bed and expert care. And that each such institution should have teachers and occupational therapists in sufficient number to keep the children up in their school work and to develop new interests;

That there should be lots of convalescent homes, where children can be built up after their long stay at hospitals;

And that there should be large sums of money for research, so that the real cause of rheumatic fever can be found and then a cure and then a real preventive. Funds are also needed to educate doctors on what is so far known about this disease and, almost as important, to teach the public as much about rheumatic fever as it has been taught about tuberculosis.



This is a big program. But so was the program against tuberculosis. So was the program against infantile paralysis. But remember, this disease attacks more children than either one of these two. Then, remember this—that millions of dollars are spent on infantile paralysis research, to every hundred thousand spent on rheumatic fever. The Federal Children's Bureau estimates that the only way a real fight can be carried on against this disease would be to spend about fifteen million dollars a year on it, for at least five years.

A lot of interest has to be aroused in a program, before that much money can be raised. That kind of interest was aroused over tuberculosis and infantile paralysis. Now it's rheumatic fever's turn.

There is interest in it. Doctors are interested. Parents and teachers are interested. And children—most of all.

The story of rheumatic fever carries its own moral. I hope that people will heed it. Having seen many cases of rheumatic fever, when I was working in a general hospital, having watched the suffering it causes and knowing what desperate inroads it makes into the hearts of its victims for all their lives, I hope very much that people will heed that moral.

If we are really going to make our children's world a better one, we'll have to make their bodies as free from disease as science can. But science needs our help; we must understand and spread its discoveries.

If you want your children to have a chance to grow up healthy and strong—you may have to fight for it.



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